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G. Vertue Sculp

M. Francis Beaumont



Tortue Sculp.

M. John Fletcher



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THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont,*

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher.*

IN TEN VOLUMES.

Collated with all the former Editions,
and Corrected.

With NOTES Critical and Explanatory.

BY

The late Mr. *THEOBALD,*

Mr. *SEWARD* of *Eyam* in *Derbyshire,*

AND

Mr. *SYMPSON* of *Gainsborough.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand.*

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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont,*

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher.*

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

The MAID'S TRAGEDY.

PHILASTER; *or, LOVE lies a BLEEDING.*

A KING and no KING.

AND

The SCORNFUL LADY.

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. THEOBALD.

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Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand.*

M D C C L.

To the Right Honourable

W I L L O U G H B Y

EARL *of* ABINGDON,

BARON NORREYS *of* RYCOT,

The following PLAYS of the justly celebrated Writers

Mr. BEAUMONT *and* Mr. FLETCHER,

Are humbly Inscribed and Dedicated,

As a grateful Testimony of the many and great Favours
conferr'd by his Lordship,

upon his much oblig'd

and very humble Servant,

JOHN SYMPSON,



P R E F A C E,

By T. SEWARD.



THE Public at length receives a new Edition of the two great *Poets*, who, with a Fate in each case alike unjust, were extoll'd for near a Century after their Deaths, as *Equals*; *Rivals*, nay, *Superiors* to the immortal *Shakespear*; but in the present Age have been depress'd beneath the smooth-polished enervate Issue of the *Modern Drama*. And as their Fame has been so different with respect to other Poets, so has it varied also between Themselves. *Fletcher* was a while supposed unable to rise to any Height of Eminence, had not *Beaumont's* stronger Arm bore him upwards. Yet no sooner had he lost that Aid, and demonstrated that it was Delight and Love, not Necessity, which made him *soar abreast* with his amiable Friend; but the still injurious World began to strip the Plumes from *Beaumont*, and to dress *Fletcher* in the whole Fame, leaving to the former nothing but the mere *Pruning* of *Fletcher's* luxuriant Wit, the *Limæ Labor*,

the *Plummet* and the *Rule*, but neither the *Plan*, *Materials*, *Composition*, or *Ornaments*. This is directly asserted in Mr. *Cartwright's* Commendatory Poem on *Fletcher*.

*Who therefore wisely did submit each Birth
To knowing Beaumont e'er it did come forth,
Working again until he said, 'twas fit,
And made him the Sobriety of his Wit.
Tho' thus he call'd his Judge into his Fame,
And for that Aid allow'd him half the Name, &c.*

See *Cartwright's* Poem below.

Mr. *Harris*, in his Commendatory Poem, makes *Beaumont* a mere dead Weight hanging on the Boughs of *Fletcher's* Palm.

————— *When thou didst sit
But as a joint Commissioner in Wit;
When it had Plummetts hung on to suppress
Its too luxuriant growing Mightiness.
Till as that Tree which scorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'st to govern the whole Stage alone.*

I believe this extremely injurious to *Beaumont*; but as the Opinion, or something like it, has lived for Ages, and is frequent at this Day, it is time at length to restore *Beaumont* to the full Rank of Fellowship which he possess'd when living, and to fix the Standard of their respective Merits, before we shew the Degree in which their united Fame ought to be placed on the *British* Theatre.

Mr. *Cartwright* and Mr. *Harris* wrote thirty Years after *Beaumont's* Death, and twenty after *Fletcher's*; and

and none of the numerous contemporary Poems, published with theirs before the first Folio Edition of our Authors, degrade *Beaumont* so very low as these. Sir *John Berkenhead* allows him a full *Moiety* of the Fame, but seems to think his Genius more turned to *grave Sublimity* than to Sprightlinefs of Imagination.

Fletcher's *keen Treble, and deep Beaumont's Base.*

Thus has this Line of Sir *John's* been hitherto read and understood, but its Authenticity in this Light will be disputed when we come to that Poem, and the Justness of the Character at present. We have among the Commendatory Poems, One of Mr. *Earle's* wrote immediately after *Beaumont's* Death, and ten Years before *Fletcher's*: He seems to have been an Acquaintance as well as Contemporary, and his Testimony ought to have much more Weight than all the Traditional Opinions of those who wrote thirty Years after. He ascribes to *Beaumont* three first-rate Plays; *The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and The King and No-King.* The first of these has a *grave Sublimity* mingled with more *Horror and Fury* than are frequently seen among the *gay-spirited* Scenes of *Fletcher*, and probably gave rise to the report of *Beaumont's* deep Base. But there is scarce a more lively-spirited Character in all their Plays than *Philaster*, and I believe *Beaumont* aimed at drawing a *Hamlet* racked with *Othello's* Love and Jealousy. *The King and No King* too is extremely spirited in all its Characters; *Arbaces* holds up a Mirrour to all Men of *virtuous Principles* but *violent Passions*: Hence he is as it were at once *Magnanimity* and *Pride, Patience* and *Fury, Gentleness* and *Rigour,*

Chastity and *Incest*, and is one of the finest Mixture of Virtues and Vices that any Poet has drawn, except the *Hot-spur* of *Shakespeare*, and the *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*, of *Homer*. (For a Defence of this Character against Mr. *Rhymer's* Cavils, see Note the 2d in *The King and No King*.) *Bessus* and his two *Swordsmen* in this Play are infinitely the liveliest Comic Characters of mere bragging Cowards which we have in our Language; and if they do not upon the whole equal the extensive and inimitable Humours of *Falstaff* and his *Companions*, they leave all other Characters of the same Species, ev'n *Shakespeare's* own *Parolles* far behind them.

Our excellent *Congreve* has consolidated the two *Swordsmen* to form his *Captain Bluff*. And be it his Honour to have imitated so well, tho' he is far from reaching the Originals. *Beaumont* lived in the Age of *Duelling* upon every slight Punctilio. *Congreve* wrote his *Bluff* in the *Flanders War*: Times when a Braggart was the most ridiculous of all Characters; and so far was *Beaumont* from the supposed grave solemn *Tragic Poet* only, that *Comic Humour*, particularly in drawing *Cowardise*, seems his peculiar Talent. For the Spirit of *Bessus paulum mutatus*, chang'd only so as to give a proper Novelty of Character, appears again in *The Nice Valour*, or *Passionate Madman*. The Traces of the same Hand, so strongly mark'd in this Play, strike a new Light upon *Beaumont's* Character. For in a Letter to *Jonson*, printed at the end of *The Nice Valour*, Vol. X. pag. 365. he speaks of himself not as a mere *Corrector* of others Works, but as a Poet of acknowledged Eminence, and of *The Nice Valour*, and some other Comedy, (which the Publisher of the
second

second Folio * took for the *Woman-Hater*) as his Plays (which must be understood indeed as chiefly his, not excluding *Fletcher's* Assistance.) Now these two Plays totally differ in their *Manner* from all that *Fletcher* wrote alone: They consist not of Characters from real Life, as *Fletcher* and *Shakespeare* draw theirs, but of *Passions* and *Humours personiz'd*, as *Cowardise* in *Lapet*, *Nice Honour* in *Shamont*, the Madness of different Passions in *The Madman*, the Love of nice Eating in *Lazarillo*, the Hate of Women in *Gonderino*. This is *Jonson's* Manner, to whom in the Letter quoted above, *Beaumont* indeed acknowledges that he owed it.

Fate once again
 Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
 The way of Knowledge for me, and then I
 Who have no good but in thy Company,
 Protest it will my greatest Comfort be
 T'acknowledge all I have to flow from Thee.
 Ben, when these Scenes are perfect we'll taste Wine:
 I'll drink thy Muses Health, thou shalt quaff mine.

* The Publishers of the second Folio added several genuine Songs, Prologues, Epilogues, and some Lines in particular Plays not contained in any former Edition, which, by the Account given, they perhaps got from either an old Actor, or a Playhouse-Prompter; they say, from a Gentleman who had been intimate with both the Authors, they probably were directed by Lights received from him to place *The Woman-Hater* directly before *The Nice Valour*, and to make this the other Play which *Beaumont* claims. *The Little French Lawyer*, and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, are most certainly two Plays which *Beaumont* had a large Share in, for his Hand is very visible in the extreme droll Character of *The French Lawyer* who runs *Duello—mad*; the Prologue talks of the Authors in the Plural Number, and the Strain of high Burlesque appears very similar in the two Characters of *Lazarillo* in *The Woman-Hater*, and *Ralpho* in *The Burning Pestle*. *Beaumont's* Name too is put first in the Title-page of the first Quarto of this last Play, published a few Years after *Fletcher's* Death.

Does *Jonson* (who is said constantly to have consulted *Beaumont*, and to have paid the greatest Deference to his Judgment) does he, I say, treat him in his Answer as a meer *Critic*, and *Judge* of others Works only? No, but as an *eminent Poet*, whom he lov'd with a Zeal enough to kindle a Love to his Memory, as long as Poetry delights the Understanding, or Friendship warms the Heart.

*How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such Religion use!*

*How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent Thought thy Pen drops forth!*

See the Remainder of this *Poem* III. of the *Commendatory Verses*; see also the *first* of these *Poems* by *Beaumont* himself, the Close of which will sufficiently confirm both his Vigour of *Imagination* and *Sprightliness* of *Humour*. Having thus, we hope, dispers'd the Cloud that for Ages has darken'd *Beaumont's* Fame, let it again shine in full Lustre *Britanniæ Sidus alterum et Decus gemellum*. And let us now examine the Order and Magnitude of this *Poetic Constellation*, and view the joint Characters of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

These *Authors* are in a direct *Mean* between *Shakespeare* and *Jonson*, they do not reach the *amazing Rapidity* and *immortal Flights* of the former, but they soar with *more Ease* and to *nobler Heights* than the latter; They have less of the *Os magna sonans*, the *Vivida Vis Animi*, the *noble Enthusiasm*, the *Muse of Fire*, the *terrible Graces* of *Shakespeare*, but they have much more of all these than *Jonson*. On the other hand, in *Literature* they much excel the former, and are excell'd by
the

the latter ; and therefore they are more *regular* in their *Plots* and more *correct* in their *Sentiments* and *Diſtion* than *Shakeſpear*, but leſs ſo than *Jonſon*. Thus far *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are *One*, but as hinted above in this they differ ; *Beaumont* ſtudied and follow'd *Jonſon*'s Manner, *perſoniz'd* the *Paſſions* and drew *Nature* in her *Extremes* ; *Fletcher* follow'd *Shakeſpear* and *Nature* in her *uſual Dreſs* (this *Diſtinction* only holds with regard to their *Comic Works*, for in *Tragedies* they all chiefly paint from *real Life*.) Which of theſe *Manners* is moſt excellent may be difficult to ſay ; the former ſeems moſt *ſtriking*, the latter more *pleaſing*, the former ſhews *Vice* and *Folly* in the moſt ridiculous *Lights*, the latter more fully ſhews each Man himſelf, and unlocks the inmoſt *Receſſes* of the *Heart*.

Great are the Names of the various *Maſters* who follow'd the one and the other *Manner*. *Jonſon*, *Beaumont* and *Moliere* liſt on one Side ; *Terence*, *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* on the other.

But to return to our *Duumvirate*, between whom two other ſmall Differences are obſervable. *Beaumont*, as appears by various *Teſtimonies* and chiefly by his own *Letter* prefix'd to the old Folio Edition of *Chaucer*, was a hard Student ; and for one whom the World loſt before he was *thirty*, had a ſurpriſing Compaſs of *Literature* : *Fletcher* was a *polite* rather than a *deep Scholar*, and converſed with *Men* at leaſt as much as with *Books*. Hence the *gay Sprightlineſs* and natural *Eaſe* of his young Gentleman are allow'd to be inimitable ; in theſe he has been preferred by Judges of *Candour* even to *Shakeſpear* himſelf. If *Beaumont* does not equal him in this, yet being by his *Fortune* converſant alſo in high *Life* (the Son of a Judge, as the other of a *Biſhop*)

He is in this too *alter ab illo*, a good *second*, and almost a *second self*, as *Philaster*, *Amintor*, *Bacurius* in the three first Plays, *Count Valore*, *Oriana*, *Clerimont*, *Valentine*, and others evidently shew.

This small Difference observ'd, another appears by no means similar to it: *Beaumont*, we said, chiefly studied *Books* and *Jonson*; *Fletcher*, *Nature* and *Shakespear*, yet so far was the *first* from following his *Friend* and *Master* in his frequent close and almost servile Imitations of the ancient *Classics*, that he seems to have had a much greater Confidence in the *Fertility* and *Richness* of his own Imagination than even *Fletcher* himself: The *latter* in his *Masterpiece*, *The Faithful Shepherdes*, frequently imitates *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; in *Rollo* has taken whole Scenes from *Seneca*, and almost whole Acts from *Lucan* in *The False One*. I do not blame him for this, his Imitations have not the *Stifness*, which sometimes appears (tho' not often) in *Jonson*, but breathe the free and full Air of *Originals*; and accordingly *Rollo* and **The False One* are two of *Fletcher's* *First-rate Plays*. But *Beaumont*, I believe, never condescended to *translate* and rarely to *imitate*; However largely he was supplied with *Classic Streams*, from his own *Urn* all flows *pure* and *untinctured*. Here the two *Friends* change *Places*: *Beaumont* rises in *Merit* towards *Shakespear*, and *Fletcher* descends towards *Jonson*.

* *Rollo* is in the first Edition in Quarto ascribed to *Fletcher* alone, *The False One* is one of those Plays that is more dubious as to its *Authors*. The Prologue speaks of them in the Plural Number and 'tis probable that *Beaumont* assisted in the latter Part of it, but I believe not much in the two first Acts, as these are so very much taken from *Lucan*, and the Observation of *Beaumont's* not indulging himself in such *Liberties* holds good in all the Plays in which he is known to have had the largest Share.

Having thus seen the Features of these *Twins* of Poetry greatly *resembling* yet still distinct from each other, let us conclude that all Reports which separate and lessen the Fame of either of them are ill-grounded and false, that they were as Sir *John Berkenhead* calls them, *two full congenial Souls*, or, as either *Fletcher* himself, or his still greater *Colleague Shakespear* expresses it in their *Two Noble Kinsmen*. Vol. X. p. 33.

*They were an endless Mine to one another ;
They were each others Wife, ever begetting
New Births of Wit.*

They were both extremely remarkable for their ready Flow of Wit in *Conversation* as well as *Composition*, and *Gentlemen* that remembered them, says *Shirly*, declare that on every Occasion they *talk'd a Comedy*. As therefore they were so *twinn'd* in *Genius*, *Worth and Wit*, so *lovely and pleasant in their Lives*, after *Death*, let not their *Fame* be ever again *divided*.

And now, Reader, when thou art fired into *Rage* or melted into *Pity* by their *Tragic Scenes*, charmed with the genteel *Elegance* or buriting into *Laughter* at their *Comic Humour*, canst thou not drop the intervening *Ages*, steal into *Jonson*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Club-Room* at the *Mer-Maid*, on a *Night* when *Shakespear*, *Donn* and others visited them, and there join in *Society* with as great *Wits* as ever this *Nation*, or perhaps ever *Greece* or *Rome* could at one time boast? where animated each by the other's *Presence*, they even excell'd themselves ;

————— *For Wit is like a Rest,
Held up at Tennis, which Men do the best*

With

*With the best Gamesters. What things have we seen
 Done at the Mer-maid! heard Words that have been
 So nimble and so full of subtle Flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole Wit in a Jest,
 And had resolv'd to live a Fool the rest
 Of his dull Life; then when there hath been thrown
 Wit able' enough to justify the Town
 For three Days past; Wit that might Warrant be
 For the whole City to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone
 We left an Air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next Companies
 Right witty; tho' but downright Fools, meer Wife.*

Beaumont's Letter to Jonson, Vol. x. p. 366.

Hitherto the Reader has received only the *Portraits* of our Authors without any Proof of the Similitude and Justice of the *Draught*; nor can we hope that it will appear just from a mere cursory View of the Originals. Many People read Plays chiefly for the sake of the *Plot*, hurrying still on for that Discovery. The happy Contrivance of surprising but natural Incidents is certainly a very great Beauty in the *Drama*, and little Writers have often made their Advantages of it; they could contrive *Incidents* to embarrass and perplex the *Plot*, and by that alone have succeeded and pleased, without perhaps a single Line of *nervous Poetry*, a single *Sentiment* worthy of Memory, without a *Passion* worked up with natural Vigour, or a Character

rafter of any distinguished Marks. The best *Poets* have rarely made this *Dramatic Mechanism* their Point. Neither *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Terence*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher* or *Jonson*, are at all remarkable for forming a *Labyrinth* of *Incidents* and entangling their Readers in a *pleasing Perplexity*: Our late *Dramatic Poets* learnt this from the *French*, and they from *Romance Writers* and *Novelists*. We could almost wish the Readers of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* to drop the Expectation of the Event of each Story, to attend with more Care to the Beauty and Energy of the *Sentiments*, *Diction*, *Passions* and *Characters*. Every good Author pleases more, the more he is examined; (hence perhaps that *Partiality* of *Editors* to their *own Authors*; by a more intimate Acquaintance, they discover more of their Beauties than they do of others) especially when the *Stile* and *Manner* are quite *old-fashioned*, and the Beauties hid under the Uncouthness of the Dress. The *Taste* and *Fashion* of Poetry varies in every Age, and tho' our old *Dramatic Writers* are as preferable to the Modern as *Vandike* and *Rubens* to our Modern Painters, yet most Eyes must be accustomed to their *Manner* before they can discern their *Excellencies*. Thus the very best Plays of *Shakespear* were forced to be dressed *fashionably* by the *Poetic Taylors* of the late Ages before they could be admitted upon the Stage, and a very few Years since his *Comedies* in general were under the highest Contempt. Few very few durst speak of them with any sort of Regard, till the many excellent *Criticisms* upon that Author made People study him, and some excellent *Actors* revived these *Comedies*, which compleatly open'd Mens Eyes,

and it is now become as *fashionable* to admire as it had been to decry them.

Shakespear therefore even in his *second-best Manner* being now generally admired, we shall endeavour to prove that his *second-rate* and our Author's *first-rate Beauties* are so near upon a Par that they are scarce distinguishable. A Preface allows not Room for sufficient Proofs of this, but we will produce at least some Parallels of Poetic *Diction* and *Sentiments*, and refer to some of the *Characters* and *Passions*.

The Instances shall be divided into three Classes: The first of Passages where our Authors fall short in comparison of *Shakespear*; the second of such as are not easily discerned from him; the third of those where *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have the Advantage.

In *The Maid's Tragedy* there is a similar Passage to one of *Shakespear*, the Comparison of which alone will be no bad Scale to judge of their different Excellencies. *Melantius* the General thus speaks of his Friend *Amintor*.

*His Worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his Life his own
If his Friend need it: When he was a Boy
As oft as I returned (as, without boast
I brought home Conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one Limb
The Virtue lay to do those things he heard:
Then would He wish to see my Sword, and feel
The Quickness of the Edge, and in his Hand
Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;*

His

*His Youth did promise much, and his ripe Age
Will see it all performed.*

Vol. I. pag. 5.

A Youth gazing on every Limb of the victorious Chief, then begging his Sword, feeling its Edge, and poising it in his Arm, are Attitudes nobly expressive of the inward Ardor and Ecstasy of Soul: But what is most observable is,

————— *And in his Hand
Weigh it ——— He oft, &c.*

By this beautiful Pause or Break, the *Action* and *Picture* continue in View, and the Poet, like *Homer*, is *eloquent in Silence*. It is a Species of Beauty that shews an Intimacy with that *Father of Poetry*, in whom it occurs extremely often*. *Milton* has an exceeding fine one in the Description of his *Lazar-House*.

————— *Despair*

*'Tended the Sick, busiest from Couch to Couch,
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook,—but delay'd to strike, &c.*

Paradise lost, Book II. lin. 492.

As *Shakespeare* did not study *Verseification* so much as those Poets who were conversant in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I don't remember in him any striking Instance of this Species of Beauty. But he even wanted it not, his *Sentiments* are so amazingly striking, that they pierce the Heart at once; and *Diſtion* and *Numbers*, which are the *Beauty* and *Nerves* adorning and invigorating the *Thoughts* of other Poets, to

* See two noble Instances at l. 141. of the 13th *Book* of the *Iliad*, and in the Application of the same Simile a few Lines below.

him are but like the *Bodies of Angels, azure Vehicles,* thro' which the whole *Soul* shines transparent. Of this take the following Instance. The old *Belarius* in *Cymbeline* is describing the in-born Royalty of the two *Princes* whom he had bred up as Peasants in his Cave.

————— *This Paladour, (whom
The King his Father call'd Guiderius) Jove!
When on my three-foot Stool I sit, and tell
The warlike Feats I've done, his Spirits fly out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my Foot on's Neck—even then
The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in
Posture
That acts my Words.—*

Cymbeline, Act III. Scene 3.

Much the same Difference as between these two Passages occurs likewise in the following Pictures of *Rural Melancholy*, the first of *Innocence forlorn*, the second of *Philosophic Tenderness*.

————— *I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods I hope to this Intent,
Not yet seen in the Court. Hunting the Buck
I found him sitting by a Fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his Thirst,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears;
A Garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several Flowers, bred in the Bay,*

Stuck

*Stuck in that mystic Order that the Rareness
 Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
 His tender Eyes upon them, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make them grow again.
 Seeing such pretty helpless Innocence
 Dwell in his Face, I ask'd him all his Story;
 He told me, that his Parents gentle died,
 Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
 Which gave him Roots, and of the Crystal Springs
 Which did not stop their Courses; and the Sun
 Which still he thank'd him, yielded him his Light.
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every Flower, as Country People hold,
 Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
 Express'd his Grief; and to my Thoughts did read
 The prettiest Lecture of his Country Art
 That could be wish'd, so that methought I could
 Have studied it.— Philaster, Vol. I. p. 108.*

*Jaques in As you like it is Moralizing upon the
 Fate of the Deer goared by the Hunters in their
 native Confines.*

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,

*To Day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an Oak, whose antique Root peeps out
 Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood;
 To the which Place a poor sequestered Stag,
 That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,*

*Did come to languish ; and indeed, My Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,
That their Discharge did stretch his leathern Coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round Tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose
In piteous Chase ; and thus the hairy Fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest Verge of the swift Brook,
Augmenting it with Tears.*

Duke. *But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this Spectacle ?*

I Lord. *O yes into a thousand Similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless Stream ;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a Testament
As Worldings do, giving thy Sum of more
To that which had too much ; then being alone
Left and abandon'd by his Velvet Friends :
'Tis right, quoth he, thus Misery doth part
The Flux of Company : anon a careless Herd,
Full of the Pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on ye fat and greasie Citizens,
'Tis just the Fashion. &c.*

As you like it, Act II. Scene I.

Shakespear is certainly much preferable, but 'tis only as a *Raphael* is preferable to a *Guido*—*Philaster* alone would afford Numbers of Passages similar to some of *Shakespear*'s, upon which the same Observation will hold true, they are not equal to his very best Manner, but they approach near it. As I have mentioned *Jonson* being in Poetic Energy about

about the same Distance below our Authors, as *Shakespear* is above them. I shall quote three Passages which seem to me in this very *Scale*. *Jonson* translates verbatim from *Salust* great part of *Catiline's* Speech to his Soldiers, but adds in the Close :

*Methinks, I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do ; and all the Heaven at leisure
For the great Spectacle. Draw then your Swords :
And if our Destiny envy our Virtue,
The Honour of the Day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a Price, as may
Undo the World to buy us ; and make Fate
While she tempts ours to fear her own Estate.*

Catiline, Act V.

Jonson has here added greatly to the *Ferocity*, *Terror* and *Despair* of *Catiline's* Speech, but it is consonant to his Character both in his Life and Death. The Image in the three first Lines is extremely noble, and may be said to emulate tho' not quite to reach the poetic Extacy of the following Passage in *Bonduca*. *Suetonius* the Roman General having his small Army hem'd round by Multitudes, tells his Soldiers that the Number of the Foes,

*Is but to stick more Honour on your Actions,
Load you with virtuous Names, and to your
Memories*

Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.

Go on in full Assurance, draw your Swords

As daring and as confident as Justice.

The Gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye

*Pitch'd on the toplefs Apennine, and blows
To all the under World, all Nations, Seas,
And unfrequented Defarts where the Snow dwells;
Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there
Informs again * the dead Bones with your Virtues.*

The four first Lines are extremely nervous, but the Image which appears to excel the noble one of *Jonson* above, is *Fame* pitch'd on Mount *Apennine* (whose Top is supposed viewless from its stupendous Height) and from thence founding their *Virtues* so loud that the dead awake and are re-animated to hear them. The close of the Sentiment is extremely in the Spirit of *Shakespear* and *Milton*, the former says of a Storm—

That with the Hurly Death itself awakes,

(See the Passage from whence this Line is taken compared to another of our Authors in Vol. IX. p. 101 of this Edition.) *Milton* in *Comus*, describing a Lady's singing, says;

* *The dead Bones with your Virtues.*] As I was much engaged when the Play of *Bonduca* was published under Mr. *Sympson's* Care, tho' I had pointed this Passage in the manner I here give it, I forgot to acquaint him with it, and he follow'd the old Pointing, which I believe wrong both here and in the Lines which follow it, they stand thus.

————— *And there*
Informs again the dead Bones. With your Virtues
Go on, I say: Valiant and wise, rule Heav'n,
And all the great Aspects attend 'em.

Here their *Virtues*, which shou'd raise the dead to Life, are left to the next Sentence; and then they are call'd valiant and wise, and bid to rule Heav'n, with which Sense the remaining Part of the Sentence will scarce make Grammar. The Comma after *wise* shou'd be struck out, for it is a Translation of the *Latin Axiom* *Sapiens dominabitur Astris; Wise Men rule Heaven, &c.* If the Reader assents, he is desired to correct the Pointing.

*He took in Sounds that might create a Soul
Under the Ribs of Death.*

To return to *Shakespear*—With him we must soar far above the *topless Apennine*, and there behold an Image much nobler than our Author's *Fame*.

* *For now sits Expectation in the Air,
And hides a Sword from Hilt unto the Point
With Crowns Imperial.*——

Chorus in Henry V. Act II. Scene 1.

As we shall now go on to the second Class, and quote Passages where the Hand of *Shakespear* is not so easily discern'd from our *Author's*, if the Reader happens to remember neither, it may be entertaining to be left to guess at the different Hands. Thus each of them describing a beautiful Boy.

———*Dear Lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy Years
That say thou art a Man : Diana's Lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small Pipe*

* *For now sits Expectation, &c.*] See Mr. *Warburton's* just Observation on the Beauty of the Imagery here. But, as *similar Beauties* do not always strike the same Taste alike, another Passage in this Play that seems to deserve the same Admiration is rejected by this great Man as not *Shakespear's*. The *French King* speaking of the *Black Prince's* Victory at *Cressy*, says,

*While that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing,
" Up in the Air crown'd with the Golden Sun,
Saw his Heroic Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Work of Nature.* Henry V. Act II. Scene 4.

I have mark'd the Line rejected,“ and which seems to breathe the full Soul of *Shakespear*. The Reader will find a Defence and Explanation of the whole Passage at Vol. X. p. 172. of this Edition.

*Is as the Maidens Organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a Woman's Part.*

The other is

Alas ! what kind of Grief can thy Years know ?

*Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as Waters be
When no Breath troubles them : Believe me, Boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled Brows and hollow Eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.*

The one is in *Philaster*, Page 118. The other in *Twelfth-Night*, Act I. Scene 5.—In the same Page of *Philaster*, there is a Description of *Love*, which the Reader, if he pleases, may compare to two Descriptions of *Love* in *As you like it*—both by *Silvia*, but neither preferable to our Author's. I cannot quote half of those which occur in the Play of *Philaster* alone, which bear the same Degree of Likeness as the last quoted Passages, *i. e.* where the Hands are scarce to be distinguished ; but I will give one Parallel more from thence, because the Passages are both extremely fine, tho' the Hands from one single Expression of *Shakespeare's* are more visible, a Prince depriv'd of his Throne and betray'd as he thought in *Love*, thus mourns his melancholy State.

*Oh ! that I had been nourish'd in these Woods
With Milk of Goats and Acorns, and not known
The Right of Crowns, or the dissembling Train
Of Womens Looks ; but dig'd myself a Cave,
* Where I, my Fire, my Cattle and my Bed,
Might have been shut together in one Shed ;*

* *Juvenal Sat. VI.*

*And then had taken me some Mountain Girl,
 Beaten with Winds, chaste as the barden'd Rocks
 Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my Bed
 With Leaves and Reeds, and with the Skins of
 Beasts
 Our Neighbours; and have born at her big Breasts
 My large coarse Issue!*

In the other, a King thus compares the State of Royalty to that of a private Life.

*No not all these thrice gorgeous Ceremonies,
 Not all these laid in Bed majestic,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched Slave;
 Who with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
 Gets him to Rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread;
 Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
 * But, like a Lackey, from the Rise to Set,
 Sweats*

* *But, like a Lackey,*] There is either a gross Absurdity, or a great Difficulty of Construction here. The King is describing the most laborious Country Drudge, that has no Respite from his Toil, but through his whole Life slaves and sweats from Morn till Night, like what? why, like the idlest of all Servants a *Lackey*, a *Pedissequus*, a *Footman*, one whose chief Business is to follow his Master's Steps for Pomp only. So *Shakespear* constantly uses the Word, as in a Metaphor of a Flag floating to and fro in the Water in *Anthony and Cleopatra*; --- *lacking the Tide*, say the old Editions, but Mr. *Theobald* corrected it very happily *lacquying the Tide*; and this the two late great Editors confirm by their Adoption. The Simile therefore in this general Sense of the Word *Lacquey* being too absurd to be admitted here, we should most probably read,

*And like his Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 Sweats in the Eye of Phœbus.*

*Sweats in the Eye of Phœbus, and all Night
Sleeps in Elysium, next Day after Dawn,*

Doth

His Lacquey, i. e. the Lacquey of Phœbus, one who follows the Motions of the Sun as constant as a Lacquey does those of his Master: that this is the Meaning, the Connection it has with the following noble Metaphor evidently shews, he is no sooner become the Lacquey of the Sun, but he performs to him the Office of a Lacquey.

- - - - - And next Day after Dawn

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his Horse.

We see here how from a small *Stream* the Poet's Imagination swells into the noblest *Flood*, the *Spring-head* of which without this Interpretation will be totally lost. It is therefore not a sufficient Objection, that the *Antecedent* (in Construction of the Sentence) *Phœbus* is placed so far behind the *Relative* HIS. This is a *Latin Arrangement* of Sentences which our antient *English* Poets frequently, and all our Poets sometimes use. I will give three Instances, one from *Milton*, one from *Shakespear*, and one from our Authers.

Thus *Milton*, - - - - - *What if all*

Her Stores were open'd, and this Firmament

Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire?

Book II. lin. 176.

As for more Words, whose Greatness answers Words,

Let this my Sword report what Speech forbears.

Henry VI. Part. II. Act 4. Sc. 9.

Sword is here the *Antecedent*, and *whose* relates to it; and tho' the late Editions transpose the Words to make this more evident, it seems only a modern Refinement.

So in *Thierry and Theodoret*,

- - - - - You may imagine

Which cozens all the World but chiefly Women,

The Name of Greatness justifies your Actions.

Vol. X. p. 122.

The Name of Greatness is the *Antecedent* to *which*; and though a Transposition of the Lines might render this more visible to many Readers, yet I am persuaded the genuine Text is as it was always printed. The inaccurate Position of the Relatives *He, Which, They,* &c.

*Doth rise and helps Hyperion to his Horse,
And follows so the ever-running Year
With profitable Labour to his Grave.
And (but for Ceremony) such a Wretch
Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
Hath the Foreband and' Vantage of a King.*

The

&c. have misled the greatest Men. See a remarkable Instance at Note 1. in *The Little French Lawyer*, Vol. IV. pag. 178. Another Instance occurs of a *Latin* Arrangement of Words, which has wrapt a Passage of *Shakespear's* in Darkness, and given Rise to a very plausible Conjecture of Mr. *Theobald's*, and a most exceeding ingenious one of Mr. *Warburton*. After the young *Prince* in *Richard the Third* had observed that *Truth* should live through all Ages.

Richard says half a Side.

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. *What say you, Uncle?*

Glo. *I say without Characters, Fame lives long.*

*Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two Meanings in one Word.*

[*Aside:*

Mr. *Theobald* thinks that in the old *English Moralities* or *Moral Farces* in vogue in and before *Shakespear's* Age, the *Vice*, which was a general Name for the *Buffoon* of each Play, when he assumed a graver Aspect, was called *Iniquity*, and therefore reads,

*Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two Meanings in one Word.*

Mr. *Warburton* disallows this, and reads,

*Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity,
I moralize; two Meanings in one Word.*

This Reading he makes such good Sense, and defends with so much Ingenuity, that even his Mistakes convey more Learning than the truest Interpretations of many Critics. The old Reading owes all its Obscurity to the Accusative Case being placed before the Verb. The *formal Vice* is *Religious Hypocrisy* (whether considered in the Abstract, or as *personiz'd* in the old Farces.) Like *Religious Hypocrisy*, says *Richard*, *I moralize Iniquity*, i. e. I turn my iniquitous Meaning, that of murdering the *Prince*, into a moral one.

Thus

The Instances of these two Classes, particularly the former, where the exquisite Beauties of *Shakespeare* are not quite reach'd, are most numerous; and tho' the Design of the Notes in this Edition was in general only to settle the Text, yet in three of the Plays, *The Faithful Shepherdes*, *The False One*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, that Design is much enlarged, for Reasons there assigned. And if the Reader pleases to turn to these, he will find several Parallels between *Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, and *Milton*, that are most of them to be ranged under one of these Classes: But there is a third Class of those Instances where our Authors have been so happy as to soar above *Shakespeare*, and even where *Shakespeare* is not greatly beneath himself.

In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the forlorn *Julia*, disguis'd as a Boy, being ask'd of *Silvia* how tall *Julia* was, answers:

*About my Stature: For at Pentecost,
When all our Pageants of Delight were play'd,
Our Youth got me to play the Woman's Part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's Gown,
And at that Time I made her weep a-good.
For I did play a lamentable Part.*

*Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity
Imoralize; two Meanings in one Word.*

So in *Hamlet*, - - - - - Often with
*Devotion's Visage we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself.*

And thus in the Reverse of this, when good Men extract Good from Evil,

They make a Moral of the Devil himself.

Henry V.

Madam,

*Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' Perjury and unjust Flight;
Which I so lively acted with my Tears,
That my poor Mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and wou'd I might be dead,
* If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.*

ACT IV. Scene the last.

There is something extremely tender, innocent, and delicate, in these Lines of *Shakespear*, but our Authors are far beyond this Praise in their Allusion to the same Story. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Aspatia* in like manner forsaken by her Lover, finds her Maid *Antiphila* working a Picture of *Ariadne*; and after several fine Reflexions upon *Theseus*, says;

But where's the Lady?

Ant. *There, Madam.*

* *If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.*] Whoever fully catches the tender Melancholy of these Lines, will know that *Julia* under such Distress could not feign a Case so exactly the Parallel of her own, without such Emotions as would speak themselves in every Feature, and flow in Tears from her Eyes. She adds the last Line therefore to take off the Suspicion of her being the real *Julia*; But would she only say, that she felt *Julia's* Sorrow formerly, when she saw her weep? No! She must excuse the present Perturbation of her Countenance, and the true Reading most probably is:

And would I might be dead,

If I in Thought feel not her very Sorrow.

This better agrees with the double Meaning intended, and with *Silvia's* Reply, who says,

She is beholden to Thee, gentle Youth.

I weep myself to think upon thy Words.

Asp.

Asp. *Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
 These Colours are not dull and pale enough,
 To shew a Soul so full of Misery
 As this sad Lady's was; do it by me;
 Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
 And you shall find all true.----Put me' on th' wild
 Island*.* I

* *Put me' on th' wild Island.*] I have given these Lines as I think we ought to read them, but very different from what are printed in this Edition. Four of the old *Quarto's*, the *Folio*, and the late *Octavo* read,

*And you shall find all true but the wild Island.
 I stand upon the Sea beach now, and think, &c.*

I observed to Mr. *Theobald*, that here was a glaring *Poetical Contradiction*. He says, you'll find all true except the *wild Island*, and instantly she is upon the *Island*.

I stand upon the Sea-beach now, &c.

The wild *Island* therefore in her *Imagination* is as true as the rest: The *Enthusiasm* is noble, but wants a proper *Introduction*, which the *Change* only of a *b* for a *p* will tolerably give.

*And you shall find all true.---Put the wild Island;
 I stand, &c.*

But as there are numberless Instances of many Words, and particularly *Monosyllables*, being dropt from the *Text* (of which there is one in the same Page with these Lines, and another in the same Play, Vol. I. p. 59. very remarkable) I suppose this to have happened here; for by reading *Put me on the wild Island;---I stand upon, &c.* How nobly does she start as it were from *Fancy* to *Reality*, from the *Picture* into the *Life*? *Me' on th'* by *Elisions* common to all our old Poets, may become one Syllable in the Pronunciation; but if we speak them full, and make a twelve Syllable Verse, it will have a hundred Fellows in our Authors, and should have had one but three Lines below the Passage here quoted.

*Make a dull Silence, till you feel a sudden Sadness
 Give us new Souls.*

As *Aspatia's* Grief had been of long Continuance, *sudden* was evidently corrupt, and I therefore propos'd to Mr. *Theobald* to read *sullen*, which is an Epithet perfectly proper and extremely nervous; but as he could by no means be persuaded to mention the former Conjecture, and the
 only

*I stand upon the Sea-beach now, and think
 Mine Arms thus, and mine Hair blown by the Wind,
 Wild as that Desert, and let all about me
 Be Teachers of my Story; do my Face
 (If thou hadst ever Feeling of a Sorrow)
 Thus, thus, Antiphila; strive to make me look
 Like Sorrow's Monument; and the Trees about me
 Let them be dry and leafless; let the Rocks
 Groan with continual Surges, and behind me
 Make all a Desolation; see, see, Wenches,
 A miserable Life of this poor Picture.*

Vol. I. pag. 32.

Whoever has seen either the Original or Print of *Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne* will have the best Comment on these Lines. In both are the Arms extended, the Hair blown by the Wind, the barren Roughness of the Rocks, the broken Trunks of leafless Trees, and in both she looks like *Sorrow's Monument*. So that exactly *ut Pictura Poesis*; and hard it is to say, whether our *Authors* or *Guido* painted best. I shall refer to the Note below for a farther Comment, and proceed to another Instance of superior Excellence in our *Authors*, and where they have more evidently built on *Shakespeare's* Foundation. At the latter-end of *King John* the King has receiv'd a *burning Poison*; and being asked,

only Objection he urged was, that it made a Twelve-syllable Verse, he would not let one of twelve Syllables remain so near it; and therefore without Authority of any prior Edition, discarded the Epithet intirely from the Text, and adopted the Reading of the first Quarto in the former Passage.

Suppose *I stand upon the Sea-beach now, &c.*

As this is much the most unpoetical of all the Readings, and the first Introducers of the Text in the intermediate Editions claim their Corrections from the original Manuscript, I can by no means approve the Choice he has made.

How

How fares your Majesty?

K. John. *Poison'd, ill Fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy Fingers in my Maw;
Nor let my Kingdoms Rivers take their Course
Thro' my burnt Bosom; nor intreat the North
To make his bleak Winds kiss my parched Lips,
And comfort me with Cold——I ask not much,
I beg cold Comfort.*

The first and last Lines are to be rang'd among the *Faults* that so much disgrace *Shakespear*, which he committed to please the corrupt Taste of the Age he liv'd in, but to which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* Learning and Fortune made them superior. The intermediate Lines are extremely beautiful, and mark'd as such by the late great Editor, but yet are much improv'd in two Plays of our Authors, the first in *Valentinian*, where the *Emperor* poison'd in the same Manner, dies with more *Violence, Fury,* and *Horror*, than King *John*; but the Passage which I shall quote is from *A Wife for a Month*, a Play which does not upon the whole equal the poetic Sublimity of *Valentinian*, tho' it rather excels it in the poisoning Scene. The Prince *Alphonso*, who had been long in a Phrensy of Melancholy, is poison'd with a hot fiery Potion; under the Agonies of which he thus raves.

*Give me more Air, more Air, Air; blow, blow, blow,
Open thou Eastern Gate, and blow upon me;
Distil thy cold Dews, O thou icy Moon,
And Rivers run thro' my afflicted Spirit.*

I am

*I am all Fire, Fire, Fire; the raging Dog-Star
Reigns in my Blood; Ob! which Way shall I turn
me?*

Ætna and all her Flames burn in my Head.

Fling me into the Ocean or I perish.

*Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the Springs fly up,
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into
them,*

*And bathe my scorch'd Limbs in their purling
Pleasures;*

Or shoot me into the higher Region,

*Where Treasures of delicious Snow are nourish'd,
And Banquets of sweet Hail.*

Rug. *Hold him fast, Fryar,*

O how he burns!

Alph. *What, will ye sacrifice me?*

Upon the Altar lay my willing Body,

And pile your Wood up, fling your holy Incense;

And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,

Consuming Flame. Stand off me, or you're Ashes.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Mart. *To Bed, good Sir.*

Alph. *My Bed will burn about me;*

Like Phaeton, in all-consuming Flashes

Am I inclos'd; let me fly, let me fly, give Room;

* 'Twixt the cold Bears, far from the raging Lion,
Lies my safe Way; O for a Cake of Ice now
To clap unto my Heart to comfort me.
Decrepit Winter hang upon my Shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen Isicles,
Like Jewels round about my Head, to cool me.
My Eyes burn out and sink into their Sockets,
And my infected Brain like Brimstone boils;

* 'Twixt the cold Bears, far from the raging Lion] I have inserted here a Reading very different from what the Reader will find in this or any of the Editions; for it occur'd to me only now in transcribing the Passage.

The former Reading is,

Betwixt the cold Bear and the raging Lion.

The learned Reader need not be told that the *Bear* and *Lion* here, by a beautiful *Synecdoche*, stand for the *frigid* and the *torrid* Zones, and betwixt the two Means the *temperate* Zone: But does Safety dwell here to a Man wrapt in Flames? No, the *frigid* Zone only, which might quench their Violence, can bring him Safety, and all his other Wishes hurry him.

*To Night and Cold, to nipping Frosts and Winds,
That cut the stubborn Rocks and make them shiver.*

The Absurdity therefore of the old Reading was no sooner observed than a Probability occur'd of the manner how it came into the Text. I believe the Author's Manuscript had accidentally omitted the *s* in *Bears*, and run thus:

'Twixt the cold Bear, far from the raging Lion,
Lies my safe Way.

A Playhouse Prompter, or common Corrector of the Press, thinking this not *English*, without entering into the Spirit of the Author, would naturally correct it into the old Text:

Betwixt the cold Bear and the raging Lion.

And that I have therefore only restored the Original is further probable from hence: The Allusion to *Phaeton* is evidently carried on in this Line, and *Quid* makes *Phabus* advise him particularly to avoid the *Serpent*, *i. e.* the *Constellation* that lies betwixt the two *Bears*. The Reverse of this therefore would naturally occur on this Occasion.

*I live in Hell and several Furies vex me.
 O carry me where never Sun e'er shew'd yet
 A Face of Comfort, where the Earth is Crystal,
 Never to be dissolv'd, where nought inhabits
 But Night and Cold, and nipping Frosts and
 Winds,
 That cut the stubborn Rocks, and make them
 shiver;
 Set me there Friends.—————*

Every Reader of Taste will see how superior this is to the Quotation from *Shakespear*. The Images are vastly more numerous, more judicious, more nervous, and the Passions are wrought up to the highest Pitch; so that it may be fairly preferred to every thing of its Kind in all *Shakespear*, except one Scene of *Lear's* Madness, which it would emulate too, could we see such an excellent Comment on it as *Lear* receives from his Representative on the Stage.

As these last Quotations are not only Specimens of *Diction* and *Sentiment*, but of *Passions* inflam'd into *Poetic Enthusiasm*; I shall refer the Reader to some other Parallels of *Passions* and *Characters* that greatly resemble, and sometimes rival the Spirit and Sublimity of *Shakespear*. He will please therefore to compare the *Phrensy* and the whole sweet *Character* of the *Foaler's Daughter* in the *Two noble Kinsmen* to *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, where the *Copy* is so extremely like the *Original* that either the same *Hand* drew both, or *Fletcher's* is not to be distinguish'd from *Shakespear's*: — To compare the Deaths of *Pontius* and *Æcius* in *Valentinian* with that of *Cassius*, *Brutus* and their Friends in *Julius*

Cæsar, and if he *admires* a little less, he will *weep* much more; it more excels in the *Pathetic* than it falls short in *Dignity*:—To compare the *Character* and *Passions* of *Cleopatra* in the *False One*, to those of *Shakespear's Cleopatra*:—To compare the pious *Deprecations* and *Grief-mingled Fury* of *Edith* (upon the Murder of her Father by *Rollo*, in the *Bloody Brother*) to the *Grief* and *Fury* of *Macduff*, upon his Wife and Children's Murder. Our Authors will not, we hope, be found *light* in the *Scale* in any of these Instances, tho' their *Beam* in general fly some little *upwards*, it will sometimes at least tug hard for a *Poise*. But be it allowed, that as in *Diſtion* and *Sentiment*, so in *Characters* and *Passions*, *Shakespear* in general excels, yet here too a very strong Instance occurs of *Preeminence* in our *Authors*. It is *Juliana* in the *Double Marriage*, who, thro' her whole *Character*, in conjugal *Fidelity*, unshaken *Constancy* and amiable *Tenderness*, ev'n more than rivals the *Portia* of *Shakespear*, and her *Death* not only far excels the others, but e'en the most *pathetic Deaths* that *Shakespear* has any where describ'd or exhibited; *King Lear's* with *Cordelia* dead in his Arms, most resembles; but by no Means equals it; The *Grief*, in this Case, only pushes an *old Man* into the *Grave*, already *half buried* with Age and Misfortunes; In the other, it is such *consummate Horror*, as in a few Minutes *freezes Youth and Beauty* into a *Monumental Statue*. The last Parallel I shall mention, shall give *Shakespear* his due Preference, where our *Authors* very visibly emulate but cannot reach him. It is the *Quarrel* of *Amintor and Melantius* in the *Maids Tragedy* compared to that of *Brutus and Cassius*. The Beginning of the *Quarrel* is upon as just Grounds,
and

and the Passions are wrought up to as great Violence, but there is not such extreme *Dignity* of Character, nor such noble Sentiments of *Morality* in either *Amintor* or *Melantius* as in *Brutus*.*

Having thus giv'n, we hope, pretty strong Proofs of our *Authors* Excellence in the *Sublime*, and shewn how near they approach in Splendor to the *great Sun* of the *British Theatre*; Let us now just touch on their *Comedies* and draw one Parallel of a very different Kind. *Horace* makes a Doubt whether *Comedy* should be call'd *Poetry* or not, *i. e.* whether the *Comedies* of *Terence*, *Plautus*, *Menander*, &c. should be esteem'd such, for in its own Nature there is a *Comic Poetic Diction* as well as a *Tragic* one; a *Diction* which *Horace* himself was a great Master of, tho' it had not then been used in the *Drama*; for ev'n the sublimest Sentiments of *Terence*, when

* One Key to *Amintor's* Heroism and Distress, will, I believe, solve all the Objections that have been rais'd to this Scene; which will vanish at once by only an *occasional Conformity* to our Authors *ethical* and *political* Principles. They held *Passive Obedience* and *Non-resistance to Princes* an indispensable Duty; a Doctrine which *Queen Elizabeth's* Goodness made her Subjects fond of imbibing, and which her *Successor's* *King-craft* with far different Views, carried to its highest Pitch. In this Period, our Authors wrote, and we may as well quarrel with *Tasso* for Popery, or with *Homer* and *Virgil* for *Heathenism*, as with our Authors for this Principle. It is therefore the violent Shocks of the highest Provocations struggling with what *Amintor* thought his eternal Duty; of *Nature* rebelling against *Principles* (as a famous *Partisan* for this Doctrine in *Queen Ann's* Reign express'd it, when he happen'd not to be in the Ministry) which drive the *Heroic Youth* into that *Phrensy*, which makes him challenge his dearest Friend for espousing too revengefully his own Quarrel against the *sacred Majesty* of the most abandonedly *wicked King*. The same Key is necessary to the Heroism of *Æcius*, *Aubrey*, *Archas*, and many others of our Author's Characters; in all which the Reader will perhaps think, there is something unnatural and absurd; but the Absurdity is wholly chargeable on the Doctrine not on the Poets.

his *Comedy* raises its Voice to the greatest Dignity, are still not cloath'd in *Poetic Diction*. The *British Drama* which before *Jonson* receiv'd only some little Improvement from the *Models of Greece and Rome*, but sprung chiefly from their own *Moralities*, and *religious Farces*; and had a Birth extremely similar to what the *Grecian Drama* originally sprung from; differed in its Growth from the *Greeks* chiefly in two Particulars. The latter separated the solemn Parts of their religious Shews from the *Satiric Farcical* Parts of them, and so form'd the distinct Species of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; the *Britons* were not so happy, but suffer'd them to continue united, ev'n in Hands of as great or greater Poets than *Sophocles* and *Euripides*. But they had far better Success in the second Instance. The *Greeks* appropriated the Spirit and Nerves of Poetry to *Tragedy* only, and tho' they did not wholly deprive the *Comedy* of Metre, they left it not the Shadow of *Poetic Diction* and *Sentiment*;

*Idcirco quidam, Comædia necne Poema
Esset, quæsiuere: quod acer Spiritus ac Vis
Nec Verbis nec rebus inest.*

The *Britons* not only retain'd Metre in their *Comedies*, but also all the *acer Spiritus*, all the Strength and Nerves of Poetry, which was in a good Measure owing to the Happiness of our blank Verse, which at the same time that it is capable of the highest *Sublimity*, the most extensive and noblest *Harmony* of the *Tragic* and *Epic*; yet when used familiarly is so near the *Sermo Pedestris*, so easy and natural as to be well adapted ev'n to the drollest *Comic Dialogue*. The *French* common Metre is the
very

very Reverse of this; it is much too stiff and formal either for *Tragedy* or *Comedy*, unable to rise with proper Dignity to the Sublimity of the one, or to descend with Ease to the jocular Familiarity of the other. Besides the Cramp of Rhime every Line is cut asunder by so strong a *Cæsura*, that in *English* we should divide it into the *three-foot Stanza*, as

*When Fanny blooming Fair
First caught my ravish'd Sight,
Struck with her Shape and Air
I felt a strange Delight.*

Take one of the Rhimes from these, and write them in two Lines, they are exactly the same with the *French Tragic* and *Epic Metre*.

*When Fanny blooming Fair, first caught my ra-
vish'd Sight,
Struck with her Air and Shape, I felt a strange
Delight.*

In a Language where this is their sublimest Measure, no wonder that their greatest Poet should write his *Telemaque* an *Epic Poem* in *Prose*. Every one must know that the *genteel Parts of Comedy*, Descriptions of polite Life, moral Sentences, paternal Fondness, filial Duty, generous Friendship, and particularly the Delicacy and Tenderness of Lovers' Sentiments are equally proper to Poetry in *Comedy* as *Tragedy*; in these Things there is no sort of real Difference between the two, and what the *Greeks* and *Latins* form'd had no Foundation in Nature; our old Poets therefore made no such Difference,

and their Comedies in this Respect vastly excel the *Latins* and *Greeks*. *Jonson* who reform'd many Faults of our *Drama*, and follow'd the Plans of *Greece* and *Rome* very closely in most Instances, yet preserv'd the Poetic Fire and Diction of Comedy as a great Excellence, How many Instances of inimitable *Poetic Beauties* might one produce from *Shakespear's Comedies*? Not so many yet extremely numerous are those of our Authors, and such as in an ancient Classic would be thought *Beauties* of the first Magnitude. These lie before me in such Variety, that I scarce know where to fix. But I'll confine myself chiefly to *Moral Sentiments*. In the *Elder Brother*, *Charles* the Scholar thus speaks of the Joys of *Literature*; being ask'd by his Father——

——— Nor will you
 Take care of my Estate? Char. But in my Wishes;
 For know, Sir, that the Wings on which my Soul
 Is mounted, have long since born her too high
 To stoop at any Prey that soars not upwards.
 Sordid and Dunghill Minds, compos'd of Earth,
 In that gross Element fix all their Happiness;
 But purer Spirits, purg'd, refin'd, shake off
 That Clog of human Frailty. Give me leave
 T'enjoy myself; that Place that does contain
 My Books, my best Companions, is to me
 A glorious Court, where hourly I converse
 With the old Sages and Philosophers;
 And sometimes, for Variety, I confer
 With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their
 Counsels;

Calling

*Calling their Victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict Account, and, in my Fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues.*

Vol. II. Page 3.

In *Monsieur Thomas*, a Youth in Love with his *Friend's* intended Wife, after resisting the greatest Temptations of *Passion*, is thus encouraged by the young *Lady* to persevere in his Integrity.

Francis. *Whither do you drive me?*

Cellide. *Back to your Honesty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a strong-built Castle seated high,
That draws on all Ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: there are thousand Foes,
Beside the Tyrant Beauty will assail it.
Look to your Centinels that watch it hourly,
Your Eyes, let them not wander,*————

————— *Keep your Ears,
The two main Ports that may betray ye, strongly
From light Belief first, then from Flattery,
Especially where Woman beats the Parley;
The Body of your Strength, your noble Heart
From ever yielding to dishonest Ends,
Ridg'd round about with Virtue, that no
Breaches,
No subtle Mines may find you,**

As

* Our Authors, in carrying the Metaphor of a *Citadel* compar'd to the *Mind* thro' so many Divisions, seem to have built on the Foundation of *St. Paul*, who in like manner carries on a Metaphor from *Armour* thro' its several Parts. *Ephesians* vi. 11.

As *Cellide* had before us'd a *light Behaviour* in Trial of his Virtue, upon finding it only a *Trial*, and receiving from her this virtuous Lecture, he rejoins ;

How

Put on the whole Armour of God—having your *Loins* girt about with *Truth*, and having on the *Breast-plate* of *Righteousness*.—Above all, taking the *Shield* of *Faith*, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the *fiery Darts* of the wicked ; and take the *Helmet* of *Salvation*, and the *Sword* of the *Spirit* which is the *Word of God*. See also the same Metaphor in *Isaiab* lix. 17. from whom *St. Paul* took his. Were I to quote our Author's frequent Resemblance to the *Stile* and *Sentiments* of the *Scriptures*, another very large Field would open to us ; and this would help us to the *Solution* of two *Questions*, which they who have a just *Taste* of the *Excellencies* of our old *English* Poets naturally ask: 1. How came the *British Muse* in the very *Infancy* of *Literature*, when but just sprung from the dark *Womb* of monkish *Superstition*, to rise at once to such *Maturity*, as she did in *Spenser*, *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Jonson* and *Massenger* ? 2. What *Spirit* is it that has animated the *frozen Foggy Genius* of *Britain*, into a nobler and fiercer *Flame* of *Poetry* than was ever yet kindled in the bright invigorating *Climes* of *France* and modern *Italy* ; infomuch, that a *Gallic* and *Italian Eye* is dazled and offended at the *Brightness* of the noblest *Expressions* of *Milton*, and the *Authors* above-mention'd ? We answer. It was no less a *Spirit* than the *Spirit of God*, it was the *Sun of Righteousness*, the *hallow'd Light* of the *Scriptures* that was just then risen on the *British Clime*, but is still hid in *Clouds* and *Darkness* to *France* and *Italy*. A *Light* to which the brightest *Strokes* of *Milton* and *Shakespeare* are but as the *Rays* of the *Mid-day Sun*, when compared to that *ineffable inconceivable Lustre* which surrounds the *Throne* of *God*. When the *Zeal* of *Religion* ran high, and a *Collection* of far the *noblest Poems* that were ever wrote in the *World*, those of *Job*, *David*, *Isaiab* and all the *Prophets* were daily read, and publicly, solemnly and learnedly commented upon, in almost every *Town* in the *Kingdom* ; when every *Man* thought it a *Disgrace* not to study them in private, and not to treasure the noblest *Parts* of them in his *Memory*, what wonder was it that our *Poets* should catch so much of the *sacred Fire*, or that the *British Genius* should be array'd with the *Beams* of the *East* ? But when the *Love* of the *Scriptures* waxed faint, the *Nerves* of our *Poetry* grew in the same *Proportion* weak and languid. One of the best *Means* therefore to gain a true *Taste* of the extreme *Poetic Sublimity* of the sacred *Scriptures*, is to converse with those *Poets* whose *Stile* and *Sentiments* most resemble them. And the very best *Means* to restore the *British Genius* to its *pristin Vigour*, and to create

—How like the Sun
 Labouring in his Eclipse, dark and prodigious
 She shew'd till now? when having won his way,
 How full of Wonder he breaks out again
 And sheds his virtuous Beams?

Such Passages as these are frequent in our *Authors Comedies*; were they express'd only in genteel Prose, they would rank with the very noblest Passages of *Terence*, but what Reason upon Earth can be assign'd, but *meer Fashion*, why, because they are Parts of *Comedies*, they should be weakened and flatned into Prose by drawing the *Sinews* of their *Strength* and eclipsing those *poetic Beams* that shed Vigour, Life and Lustre on every Sentiment?—

Such *Poetic Excellence* therefore will the Reader find in the genteel Parts of our *Author's Comedies*, but, as before hinted, there is a *Poetic Stile* often equally proper and excellent ev'n in the lowest *Drollery of Comedy*. Thus when the jocosè old *Miramont* in the *Elder Brother* catches austere solemn *Magistrate Brisac* endeavouring to debauch his *Servant's Wife*—Before he breaks in upon him, he says;

O,

create other *Shakespears* and other *Miltons*, is to promote the Study, Love and Admiration of those Scriptures.

A concurrent Cause, which raised the Spirit of *Poetry* to such a Height in *Queen Elizabeth's Reign*, was the Encouragement and Influence of the *Queen* herself; to whom *polite Literature* was the most courtly Accomplishment. Look into *Spenser's* Description of her Lords and Favourites, and you'll find a *learned Queen* made a whole Court of Poets, just as an *amorous Monarch* afterwards made every flow'ry Courtier write Romance; and Martial Princes have turn'd intimidated Armies into Heroes.

† There is much less *Prose* left in this Edition than there was in all the former; in which the *Measure* was often most miserably neglected

O, th' infinite Frights that will assail this Gentleman!

The Quartans, Tertians, and Quotidians,
That'll hang, like Sergeants, on his Worship's
Shoulders!

How will those solemn Looks appear to me,
And that severe Face that spake Chains and
Shackles!

How small a Change of the Comic Words would turn this into the Sublime? suppose it spoke of *Nero* by one who knew he would be at once deserted by the *Senate* and *Army*, and giv'n up to the Fury of the *People*.

What infinite Frights will soon assail the Tyrant?
What Terrors like stern Victors will arrest him?
How will that fierce terrific Eye appear,
Whose slightest Bend spake Dungeons, Chains, and
Death?

Such as the former, is the general Stile of our *Author's* Drollery, particularly of *Fletcher's*; *Beaumont* deals chiefly in another Species, the *Burlesque Epic*. Thus when the little *Comic French Lawyer* is run *Fighting-mad*, and his *Antagonist* excepts against his Shirt for not being *laced* (as *Gentlemen's Shirts* of that Age used to be) he answers,

neglected. *Wit without Money*, the very first Play which fell to my Lot to prepare for the Press after Mr. *Theobald's* Death, was all printed as Prose, except about twenty Lines towards the End; but the Reader will now find it as true Measure as almost any *Comedy* of our *Authors*.

*Base and degenerate Cousin, dost not know
 An old and tatter'd Colours to an Enemy,
 Is of more Honour, and shews more ominous?
 This Shirt five Times victorious I've fought under,
 And cut thro' Squadrons of your curious Cut-works,
 As I will do thro' thine; shake and be satisfy'd.*

This *Stile* runs thro' many of *Beaumont's* Characters, beside *La-writ's*, as *Lazrillo*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Bessus's* two *Swordsmen*, &c. and he has frequent Allusions to and ev'n Parodies of the sublimest Parts of *Shakespear*; which both *Mr. Sympson* and *Mr. Theobald* look upon as *Sneers* upon a Poet of greater Eminence than the supposed *Sneerer* (a very great * Crime if true) but I believe it an entire *Mistake*. The Nature of this *Burlesque Epic* requires the frequent Use of the most known and most acknowledged Expressions of Sublimity, which apply'd to low Objects render *them*, not the *Author* of those Expressions, ridiculous. Almost all Men of Wit make the same use of *Shakespear* and *Milton's* Expressions in common Conversation without the least Thought of sneering either; and indeed if every Quotation from *Shakespear* thus jocularly apply'd in

* For a further Defence of our Authors from this Imputation, see Note 31 of *The Little French Lawyer*, Vol. IV. page 248; and Note 29 of *The Woman-Hater*, Vol. X. page 250. In both which there is a Mistake with regard to the *Author* of those Plays. When I wrote the Notes, I suppos'd it *Fletcher*, till *Beaumont's* Letter at the End of *The Nice Valour*, gave me a Key, which is given to the Reader in the first Section of the Preface, and which explains the Difference of *Manner* between *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

a real *Sneer* upon him, then all *Burlesque Sublime* is a *Sneer* upon the *real Sublime*, and *Beaumont* sneer'd himself as well as *Shakespear*.

From these three short Specimens the Reader will form, we hope, a just Idea of the three Stiles used in our *Author's Comedies*, the *Sublime*, the *droll Poetic*, and the *burlesque Sublime*. There is indeed a small Mixture of *Prose*, which is the only Part of our old Dramatic Poets Stile that Moderns have vouchsafed to imitate. Did they acknowledge the Truth, and confess their Inability to rise to the *Spirit*, *Vigour*, and *Dignity* of the other *Stiles*, they were pardonable. But far from it, our reform'd Taste calls for *Prose* only, and before *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* Plays can be endur'd by such *Attic Ears*, they must be *corrected* into *Prose*, as if, because well-brew'd *Porter* is a wholesom Draught, therefore *Claret* and *Burgundy* must be dashed with *Porter* before they were drinkable. For a true Specimen of our *Modern Taste*, we will give the Reader one Cup of our *Author's Wine* thus *porteriz'd*, and that by *One* who perfectly knew the *Palate* of the *Age*, who pleas'd it greatly in this very Instance, and some of whose *Comedies* have as much or more Merit than any Moderns except *Congreve*. Mr. *Cibber* has consolidated two of our *Author's* Plays, *The Elder Brother*, and *The Custom of the Country*, to form his *Love makes a Man; or, The Fop's Fortune*. In the former there are two old *French Noblemen*, *Lewis* and *Brisac*, the first proud of his Family and Fortune, the other of his Magisterial Power and Dignity; neither Men of Learning, and therefore both preferring courtly Accomplishments, and the Knowledge of the World, to the deepest Knowledge

ledge of Books, and the most extensive Literature. Such Characters exclude not good Sense in general, but in that Part of their Characters only where their Foibles lie; (as *Polonius* in *Hamlet* is a Fool in his pedantic Foibles, and a Man of Sense in all other Instances) accordingly *Fletcher* makes *Brisac* and *Lewis* thus treat of a Marriage between their Children.

Bri. Good Monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself
 Much honour'd in your clear Intent to join
 Our ancient Families, and make them one;
 And'twill take from my Age and Cares, to live
 And see what you have purpos'd put in Act;
 Of which your Visit at this present is
 A hopeful Omen; I each Minute expecting
 Th' Arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
 Their Birth for want of Means and Education;
 To shape them to that Course each was addicted;
 And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,
 Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
 You first shall take a strict Perusal of them,
 And then from your Allowance, your fair
 Daughter

May fashion her Affection. *Lew.* Monsieur
 Brisac,

You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
 In the same Line of Honour; and, I hope,
 Being blest but with one Daughter, I shall not
 Appear impertinently curious,
 Though, with my utmost Vigilance and Study,

I labour to bestow her to her Worth:

Let others speak her Form, and future Fortune

From me descending to her, I in that

Sit down with Silence. Bri. You may, my Lord, securely

Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her Perfections,

Commanding all Mens Tongues to sing her Praises.

I quote not this as an Instance of the Sublime, but of our *Authors genteel Dialogue* enliven'd by a few *Poetic Figures*, as in the last Lines *Fame* is *personis'd* and commands the Tongues of Men. Now let us see this Dialogue *modernis'd*: The Names of the old Gentlemen being chang'd to *Antonio* and *Charino*, they thus confer.

Ant. Without Compliment, my old Friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both ancient, our Children young, and able to support 'em; and I think the sooner we set 'em to work the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same Line of Honour; and I hope, since I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a troublesome old Fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her Worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake Hands, a Word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable Questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the first Place, you say you have two Sons.

Ant. Exactly.

Cha.

Cha. *And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my Daughter ?*

Ant. *Willing.*

Cha. *My Daughter Angelina ?*

Ant. *Angelina.*

Cha. *And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em she pleases ?*

Ant. *Content.*

Cha. *And you farther promise, that the Person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole Heir ; that is to say, shall be in a conditional Possession, of at least three Parts of your Estate. You know the Conditions, and this you positively promise ?*

Ant. *To perform.*

Cha. *Why then, as the last Token of my full Consent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.*

Ant. *There's mine.*

Cha. *Is't a Match ?*

Ant. *A Match.*

Cha. *Done.*

Ant. *Done.*

Cha. *And done !——that's enough——*

Strike out an Expression or two of *Fletcher's*, and a couple of *Grafiere*s would have put more Sense into an *Ox-bargain*. I blame not the *Author*, if a Man's Customers resolve to pay the Price of *Champaign*, and yet insist upon *Mild and Stale*, who would refuse it them ? This is only a Specimen of the *Taste* of the late *wonderfully enlightned Age*. But as *Shakespear* and *Milton* have already in a good measure dispers'd the Clouds of *Prejudice* which had long obscur'd their Excellencies ; 'tis to be

1 P R E F A C E.

hop'd that our Eyes are now inur'd to bear the Lustre of such *Poets*, who most resemble these *Suns* of Britain. To such Readers therefore who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the Excellencies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I shall beg leave to recommend their Plays to be read in the following Order, beginning with which Species they like best.

C L A S S I.

Tragedies and Tragi-Comedies.	Pastoral.	Comedies.
Maid's Tragedy vol. 1	Faithful Shepherdes vol. 3	Elder Brother vol. 2
Philaster vol. 1		Ruler a Wife and have a Wife vol. 3
King and no King vol. 1		Little <i>French</i> Lawyer vol. 4
The Two Noble Kinsmen vol. 10		Wit without Money vol. 2
The Double Marriage vol. 7		<i>Spanish</i> Curate vol. 2
The Bloody Brother, or <i>Rollo</i> vol. 5		Nice Valour, or Passionate Mad-Man vol. 10
The False One vol. 4		
The Knight of <i>Malta</i> vol. 7		
<i>Valentinian</i> vol. 4		

C L A S S II.

	Burlesque Sublime.	
Laws of Candy vol. 4		Fair Maid of the Mill.
Loyal Subject vol. 3		Fair Maid of the Inn.
The Island Princess vol. 8		Wild-goose Chase.
<i>Tbierry</i> and <i>Theodoret</i> vol. 10		Monsieur <i>Thomas</i> .
Wife for a Month vol. 5		The Chances.
<i>Bonduca</i> vol. 6		Honest Man's Fortune.
		Custom of the Country.
		Beggar's Bush.
		The Captain.
		The Sea-Voyage.
		Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid.
		Coxcomb.
	The Knight of the Burning Pestle vol. 6	Woman-Hater.
		Wit at several Weapons.
		Women pleas'd.
		Tamer tam'd.

C L A S S III.

The Coronation vol. 9	Mask vol. 10	Pilgrim vol. 5
The Queen of <i>Corinth</i> vol. 6	Moral Representations vol. 10	Love's Pilgrimage vol. 7
The Lover's Progress vol. 5		Night-Walker vol. 8
The Prophets vol. 6		Noble Gentleman vol. 8
Cupid's Revenge vol. 9		

The

The Reader will find many excellent things in this last Class, for the Plays of our Authors do not differ from each other near so much as those of *Shakespear*. The three last Tragedies are detrudd so low on Account of their *Magic* and *Machinery*, in which our Authors fall shorter of *Shakespear* than in any other of their Attempts to imitate him. What is the Reason of this? Is it that their *Genius* improv'd by Literature and polite Conversation, could well describe *Men* and *Manners*, but had not that *poetic* that *creative Power* to form new Beings and new Worlds,

———— and give to airy Nothings
A local Habitation and a Name.————

as *Shakespear* excellently describes his own *Genius*? I believe not. The *Entbusiasm* of *Passions* which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are so frequently rapt into, and the vast Variety of distinguish'd Characters which they have so admirably drawn, shew as strong Powers of Invention as the Creation of *Witches* and raising of Ghosts. Their Deficiency therefore in *Magic* is accountable from a Cause far different from a *Poverty of Imagination*; it was the accidental *Disadvantage of a liberal and learned Education*: *Sorcery*, *Witchcraft*, *Astrology*, *Ghosts*, and *Apparitions*, were then the universal Belief of both the *great Vulgar* and the *small*, nay they were even the *Parliamentary*, the *National Creed*; only some *early-enlightned Minds* saw and contemn'd the whole superstitious Trumpery: Among these our *Authors* were probably initiated from their School-days into a deep-grounded Contempt of it, which breaks out in many parts of their Works, and particularly in

The Bloody Brother and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, where they began that admirable Banter which the excellent *Butler* carry'd on exactly in the same Strain, and which, with such a *Second*, has at last drove the *Bugbears* from the Minds of almost all Men of common Understanding. But here was our Authors Disadvantage; the Taste of their Age call'd aloud for the Assistance of *Ghosts* and *Sorcery* to heighten the Horror of *Tragedy*; this Horror they had never felt, never heard of but with Contempt, and consequently they had no *Arche-types* in their own Breasts of what they were call'd on to describe. Whereas *Shakespear* from his low Education had believ'd and felt all the Horrors he painted; for tho' the Universities and Inns of Court were in some degree freed from these Dreams of Superstition, the Banks of the *Avon* were then haunted on every Side.

*There tript with printless Foot the Elves of Hills,
Brooks, Lakes, and Groves; there Sorcery bedimn'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War, &c. Tempest.*

So that *Shakespear* can scarcely be said to create a new World in his *Magic*; he went but back to his native Country, and only dress'd their *Goblins* in poetic Weeds; hence ev'n *Theseus* is not attended by his own Deities, *Minerva*, *Venus*, the *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, &c. but by *Oberon* and his *Fairies*: Whereas our *Authors* however awkwardly they treat of *Ghosts* and *Sorcerers*, yet when they get back to *Greece* (which was as it were their *native Soil*) they introduce the *Classic Deities* with Ease and Dignity, as
Fletcher

Fletcher in particular does in his *Faithful Shepherdes*, and both of them in their *Masks*; the last of which is put in the third Class not from any Deficiency in the Composition, but from the Nature of the allegorical Mask which, when no real Characters are intermix'd, ought in general to rank below Tragedy and Comedy. Our Authors, who wrote them because they were in Fashion, have themselves shew'd how light they held them.

*They must commend their King, and speak in praise
Of the Assembly; bless the Bride and Bridegroom
In Person of some God; they're ty'd to Rules
Of Flattery.* —————

Maid's Tragedy, Act 1. Scene 1.

This was probably wrote by *Beaumont* with an eye to the *Mask at Gray's Inn*, as well as *Masks* in general. The Reader will find a farther Account of our Authors Plays, and what Share Mr. *Shirley* is suppos'd to have had in the Completion of some that were left imperfect in Mr. *Sympson's Lives of the Authors*. But before I finish my Account of them, it is necessary to apologise for a Fault which must shock every modest Reader: It is their frequent use of *gross* and *indecent* Expressions. They have this Fault in common with *Shakespeare*, who is sometimes more gross than they ever are; but I think Grossness does not occur quite so often in him. In the second Class of Parallel Passages where the Hands of *Shakespeare* and our Authors were not distinguishable, I omitted one Instance for Decency sake, but I will insert it here as proper to the Subject we are now upon. *Philaster* being violently agitated by Jealousy, and firmly believing his Mistress

to have been loose, thus speaks of a Letter which he has just receiv'd from her,

———— ———— O, *let all Women*
That love black Deeds learn to dissemble here!
Here, by this Paper, she doth write to me,
As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant
To all the World beside; but unto me,
A Maiden Snow that melted with my Looks.

Vol. 1. Page 131, of this Edit.

Strength and Delicacy are here in perfect Union. In like manner *Posthumus* in *Cymbeline*, Act 2. agitated by as violent a Jealousy of his Wife, thus describes her seeming Modesty:

———— ———— O *Vengeance! Vengeance!*
Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance, did it with
A Pudency so rosy, the sweet Look on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
thought her
As chaste as unshinn'd Snow.——

This is a most amiable Picture of conjugal Delicacy, but it may be justly objected that it draws the Curtains of the Marriage-bed, and exposes it to the View of the World; and if the Reader turns to the Speech of which it is a Part, he will find much grosser Expressions in the Sequel. But these were so far from offending the Ears of our Ancestors, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, tho' so often guilty of them, are perpetually celebrated by the Writers of their own and of the following Age, as the great *Reformers* of the *Drama* from *Bawdry*
 and

and *Ribaldry*. Thus when *Fletcher's* charming Pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdes*, had been damn'd by its first Night's Audience, *Jonson* says that they damn'd it for want of the vitious and bawdy Scenes which they had been accustom'd to, and then breaks out in a Rapture worthy of *Jonson*, worthy of *Fletcher*.

*I that am glad thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wish that all the Muses Blood was spilt
In such a Martyrdom, to vex their Eyes
Do crown thy murder'd Poem, &c.*

Yet even this Pattern of Chastity is not free from Expressions which would now be justly deem'd too gross for the Stage. Sir *John Berkenhead*, speaking of *Fletcher's* Works in general, says,

*And as thy Thoughts were clear, so innocent,
Thy Fancy gave no unswept Language Vent,
Slander'st no Laws, prophan'st no holy Page,
As if thy * Father's Crozier rul'd the Stage.*

Our Poets frequently boast of this *Chastity* of Language themselves. See the Prologue to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. *Lovelace*, a Poet of no small Eminence, speaks of the great Delicacy of Expression ev'n in the *Custom of the Country*.

*View here a loose Thought said with such a Grace,
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' Face,
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
But Cupid had Diana's Linnen on.*

* *Fletcher* Bishop of London.

Yet of this Play *Dryden* asserts that it contains more Bawdry than all his Plays together. What must we say of these different Accounts? Why 'tis clear as Day, that the Stile of the Age was so chang'd, that what was formerly not esteem'd in the least Degree indecent, was now become very much so; just as in *Chaucer*, the very filthiest Words are us'd without Disguise, and says *Beaumont* in excuse for him, he gave those Expressions to low Characters, with whom they were then in common Use, and whom he could not therefore draw naturally without them. The same Plea is now necessary for *Beaumont* himself and all his contemporary Dramatic Poets; but there is this grand and essential Difference between the gross Expressions of our old Poets, and the more delicate Lewdness of modern Plays. In the former, gross Expressions are generally the Language of low Life, and are giv'n to Characters which are set in despicable Lights: In the latter, *Lewdness* is frequently the Characteristic of the *Hero* of the Comedy, and so intended to inflame the Passions and corrupt the Heart. Thus much is necessary in Defence, not only of our *Authors*, but of Mr. *Symson* and myself, for engaging in the Publication of Works which contain a great many Indecencies, which we could have wish'd to have been omitted; and which, when I began to prepare my Part of the Work for the Press, I had actually struck off, as far as I could do it without injuring the Connection of the Context; but the Booksellers press'd, and indeed insisted upon their Restoration: They very sensibly urged the last-mentioned Plea, and thought that the bare Notion of a curtail'd Edition would greatly prejudice the Sale of it. We hope therefore that the Reader will not be too severe on the Editors

of *Works* which have great Excellencies, and which in general tend to promote Virtue and Chastity, tho' the Custom of the *Age* made the Authors not entirely abstain from Expressions not then esteem'd gross, but which now must offend every modest Ear.

Hitherto we have treated of our Authors and their Merit, something must be added of the Attempt of the present Editors to clear them from that Mass of Confusion and Obscurity flung upon them by the Inaccuracy of former Editors, or what was worse, by the Wilfulness and Ignorance of our old Players, who kept most of their Plays many Years in Manuscript as mere Play-house Properties, to be changed and mangled by every new Actor's Humour and Fancy. As this was the Case of most of our old Plays, the learned Mr. *Upton* seems strangely mistaken in asserting that no more Liberty ought to be taken in the Correction of the old [mangled] Text of *Shakespear*, than with the two first [accurate] Editions of *Paradise Lost*. Upon this groundless Assertion are built those very undeserved Reflections upon the eminent *Editors* of *Shakespear* who are compar'd to the *Vice* of the old Comedy beating their Author's original Text with their Daggers of Lath. Surely something very different from such Sarcasm is due from every true Lover of *Shakespear* to those Editors whose Emendations have clear'd so many Obscurities, and made so many Readers study and perceive innumerable Excellencies which had otherwise been pass'd over unnoted and perhaps despis'd. For verbal Criticism, when it means the restoring the true Reading to the mangled Text, very justly holds the Palm from every other Species of Criticism, as it cannot be perform'd
with

with Success without comprehending all the rest ; it must clearly perceive the Stile, Manner, Characters, Beauties and Defects : And to this must be added some Sparks of that *original Fire* that animated the *Poet's own Invention*. No sooner therefore were *Criticisms* wrote on our *English Poets*, but each deep-read Scholar whose severer Studies had made him frown with contempt on Poems and Plays, was taken in to read, to study, to be enamour'd : He rejoic'd to try his Strength with the Editor, and to become a *Critic* himself : Nay, even Dr. *Bentley's* strange Absurdities in his Notes on *Milton*, had this good Effect, that they engag'd a *Pierce* to answer, and perhaps were the first Motives to induce the greatest *Poet*, the most universal *Genius*, One of the greatest *Orators*, and One of the most *industrious Scholars* in the Kingdom each to become Editors of *Shakespear*. A *Pope*, a *Warburton*, and a *Hanmer* did Honour to the *Science* by engaging in Criticism ; but the Worth of that *Science* is most apparent from the Distinction Mr. *Theobald* gain'd in the learned World, who had no other Claim to Honour but as a *Critic* on *Shakespear*. In this Light his Fame remains fresh and unblasted tho' the *Lightning* of Mr. *Pope* and the *Thunder* of Mr. *Warburton* have been both lanch'd at his Head. Mr. *Pope* being far too great an *Original* himself to submit his own Taste to that of *Shakespear's* was fairly driven out of the Field of Criticism by the plain force of Reason and Argument ; but he soon retir'd to his *poetic Citadel*, and from thence play'd such a *Volley* of *Wit* and *Humour* on his *Antagonist*, as gave him a very grotesque *Profile* on his Left ; but he never drove him from his *Hold* on *Shakespear*, and his Countenance on that Side is still clear and unspotted.

Mr.

Mr. *Warburton's* Attack was more dangerous, but tho' he was angry from the apprehension of personal Injuries, yet his Justice has still left Mr. *Theobald* in possession of great Numbers of excellent Emendations, which will always render his Name respectable. The mention of the Merit of *Criticism* in establishing the Taste of the Age, in raising Respect in the Contemptuous, and Attention in the careless Readers of our old Poets, naturally leads us to an Enquiry. Whence it comes to pass, that whilst almost every One buys and reads the Works of our late Critical Editors, nay almost every Man of Learning aims at imitating them and making Emendations himself, yet it is still the Fashion to flurt at the Names of *Critic* and *Commentator*, and almost to treat the very Science with Derision. The Enquiry has been often made by *Critics* themselves, and all have said, that it was owing to the strange Mistakes and Blunders of former Critics, to Mens engaging in a *Science* which they had neither Learning nor Talents to manage and adorn. Each thinking himself exempt from the Censure, and each having it retorted upon him in his Turn. If this is the Case, I'm afraid all Remedy is hopeless; if the great Names above-mentioned did really want Abilities for the Province they undertook, who shall dare to hope that he possesses them? If frequent Mistakes in an Editor are totally to sink his Merit, who can escape the common Wreck?--- But I am far from thinking this to be the sole or even the principal Cause; and the two, which I shall assign as much greater Inlets to this Disgrace on the Art of Criticism, are such as admit of the easiest Remedy in the World, a Remedy in the Power of *Critics* themselves, and which their own Interest loudly calls on them all to apply. The first Cause

is ;

is; that in a Science the most fallible of all others, depending in a great Measure on the tottering Bottom of mere *Conjecture*, almost every Critic assumes the Air of *Certainty*, *Positiveness* and *Infallibility*; he seems sure never to miss his Way, tho' in a Wilderness of Confusion, never to stumble in a Path always gloomy, and sometimes as dark as Midnight. Hence he *dogmatizes*, when he should only *propose*, and dictates his *Guesses* in the *Despotic Stile*. The Reader, and every Rival Editor, catches the same Spirit, all his Faults become unpardonable, and the Demerit of a few Mistakes shall o'erwhelm the Merit of all his just Emendations: He deems himself perfect, and Perfection is demanded at his Hands; and this being no where else found but by each Writer in his own Works, every *Putter-forth* of two or three Emendations swells as big, and flings his Spittle as liberally on a *Warburton*, a *Hanmer*, or a *Theobald*, as if he were the *Giant* and they the *Dwarfs* of Criticism; and he has, upon the Supposition of Perfection being necessary, this evident Advantage of them, that an Editor of three or four Emendations has a much better Chance to avoid Mistakes than the Editors of three or four thousand; tho' it has generally happen'd, that they who were very obscure in Merit have had their Demerits as glaring as the most voluminous Editors.

From the same Source arises the second still more remarkable Cause of *Critical Disgrace*, it is the *ill Language* and *ungentleman-like Treatment* which *Critics* have so frequently given their Rivals. If the Professors of the same *Science* are continually cuffing and buffeting each other, the World will set them on, laugh at, and enjoy the ridiculous Scuffle. Is it not amazing, that *ignorant*, *absurd*, *blundering*
Dunces

Dunces and *Blockheads* should be the common Epithets and Titles, that Gentlemen of Learning and liberal Education bestow on each other, for such Mistakes as they know that all their *Brother Critics* have been constantly guilty of, and which nothing but the vainest Self-sufficiency can make them suppose themselves exempt from?

—*eheu*

Quam temere in nosmet Legem sancimus iniquam!

If we ourselves are guilty of the very same sort of Mistakes for which we stigmatize others as *Blunderers* and *Blockheads*, we brand our own Foreheads by our own *Verdict*, *Obloquy* upon us is bare *Justice*, and we become *Blunderers* and *Blockheads* upon *Record*. The first remarkable Introducer of Critical Editions of our *English* Poets thought his superior Learning gave him a Right to tyrannize and trample upon all his Rival Editors; but having none to exercise his Fury upon, in his Edition of *Paradise Lost*, he raised a *Phantom Editor*, in the Person of whom he flung Dirt upon *Milton himself*. But the present worthy *Bishop of Bangor* not only clear'd his *beloved Poet* from such unjust Aspersions, but shew'd that he could answer Slander, Sneer and Obloquy, with Decency, Candour, and good Manners. Happy had it been for the learned World, had those excellent Notes been at first joined to *Milton's Text*; that his *Candour*, and not the other's *Coarseness*, might have been the Standard of Critical Language; but as great Part of those Notes are now engrafted into Dr. *Newton's* elegant Edition, it is to be hop'd that they will henceforth become so. Happy for us had it been too, if Sir *Thomas Hanmer* had

had carry'd on that *Candour* and *good Manners* which appear in his *Preface* into a Body of Notes upon his Author; he had not only placed his Emendations in a much fairer and more conspicuous Light; he had not only avoided the Objection which some have made of an arbitrary Infertion of his Alterations into the Text; but he would have fet us an Example of Elegance and Politenefs of Stile, which we must perhaps in vain hope for from any Man, that has not been long exercis'd in one of the great Schools of *Rhetoric*, the *Houses of Parliament*; unlesſ some other *eminent Orator* or another *Speaker* ſhould become an Editor, as well as a Patron of Criticiſms. Mr. *Theobald*, who was a much better Critic on *Shakeſpear* than Dr. *Bentley* had been on *Milton*, yet follow'd the Doctor's *Stile* and *Manner*, and in ſome meaſure deſerv'd the Laſh he ſmarted under in the *Dunciad*; for tho' he had a right to correct Mr. *Pope's* Errors upon *Shakeſpear*, he had none to uſe ſo exalted a Character with the leaſt Diſreſpect, much leſs with Deriſion and Contempt. Mr. *Upton* a Gentleman of very diſtinguiſh'd Literature, has in his *Remarks* on *Shakeſpear* follow'd this Stile of Triumph and Inſult over his Rival *Critics*, and as this Gentleman will, I hope, long continue his Services to the learned World, I will endeavour to convince him of the Injuſtice and ill Policy of ſuch Treatment of them. The beſt *Canon* to judge of an Editor's Merits, ſeems to be a Computation of the good and bad Alterations which he has made in the Text; if the latter are predominant he leaves his Author worſe than he found him, and *Demerits* only appear at the bottom of the Account: If the good are moſt numerous, put the bad ones on the ſide of *Debtor*, *ballance* the whole, and we ſhall eaſily

easily see what Praises are due to him. Now if some hundred good Ones remain upon *Ballance* to each of the three last *Editors* of *Shakespear*, how unjust is it for a Publisher of only thirty or forty Alterations (supposing them all to be perfectly just) to speak with contempt of those, whose Merits are so much more conspicuous than his own? But to do this, without an Assurance of being himself exempt from the like Mistakes, is as *impolitic* as it is *unjust*. I have not now time for an Examination of this Gentleman's Criticisms on *Shakespear*; but I will choose a very particular *Specimen of his Mistakes*, for it shall be the very same which a real Friend of this Gentleman publish'd as a *Specimen of his Excellencies*, in Mr. *Dodsley's Musæum*, a monthly Pamphlet then in great Repute. This *Specimen* consisted of two Alterations which the Letter-Writer thought very happy ones. The first was in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2. Sc. 4. The *Soothsayer* thus advises *Antony* to shun the Society of *Cæsar*.

————— O Antony, stay not by his Side.

Thy Dæmon, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not. But near him thy Angel

Becomes a Fear.—————

i. e. becomes not only fearful but ev'n *Fear itself*. The Image is extremely poetical; for as *Antony's Dæmon* was according to the Heathen Theology *personiz'd* and made something different from *Antony*, so the Passion of *Fear* is not only *personiz'd*, but ev'n *pluraliz'd*: The Imagination beholds many *Fears*, and *Antony's Spirit* becomes one of them.

Thus

Thus *Doubts* and *Fears* are personiz'd in *Macbeth*, and become his vexatious Companions.

— I'm cabin'd, crib'd, bound in
To sawcy *Doubts* and *Fears*.

Thus *God* himself personizes *Fear*, and sends it among the *Canaanites* as the Harbinger of *Israel*. *Exodus* xxiii. and xxvii. And again in *Ezekiel* xxx. 13. He says, *I will put a Fear in the Land of Egypt*. Thus the Companions of *Mars* in *Homer* are Δῆμος τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος. Δ. 440. *Terror* and *Fear*. But the Instance the most apposite, is in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where the forlorn *Aspatia* sees her Servant working the Story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, and thus advises her to punish the *Perfidy* of the former.

In this Place work a Quick-sand,
And over it a shallow smiling Water,
And his Skip ploughing it ; and then a Fear,
Do that Fear bravely. Vol. I. p. 3.

Here tho' *Fear* could only in *Painting* be express'd on their *Countenances*, yet *Poetry* goes farther,

— and gives to airy *Nothings*
A local Habitation and a Name.

These are those *great Strokes* which a *Man* must be born with a *Soul* to perceive as well as write, otherwise not all the *Reading* of an *Upton* or a *Bentley* can give the least *Idea* of them. These are those inimitable *Graces* of *Poetry* which a *Critic's Pencil* should no more dare to retouch than a modern

modern Painter should the Cheek or Eye of a *Raphael's Madona*. For see how flat and dim it will appear in this Gentleman's celebrated Alteration, he reads,

———— but near him thy Angel

Becomes afar'd *.

How

* There is a Passage in *Anthony's Answer* to this Speech, which seems misunderstood by all the Editors of *Shakespeare*. *Anthony* confirming what the *Soothsayer* had said of *Cæsar's* superior Fortune, adds,

----- The very Dice obey him,
 And in our Sports my better Cunning faints
 Under his Chance. If we draw Lots, he speeds;
 His Cocks do win the Battel still of mine,
 When it is all to nought; and his Quails ever
 Beat mine in-hoop'd at odds.————

Here is evidently a sad *Anti-climax*: His Cocks win the Battle of mine when it is all to nought on my Side, and his Quails, fighting in a Hoop, beat mine when the Odds are on my Side. What a falling off is there! *Sir Thomas Hanmer* chooses to make the *Quail-fighting* be in *Coops* rather than *Hoops*, and reads *in-coop'd*; but the *Anti-climax* is still the same; and, I believe, arose originally only from the misplacing the *Hyphen*, and the Omission of a Letter. *Spelling*, indeed, was very undetermin'd in that Age, and to *whoop* or hollow, might have been spelt *hoop*, without the *w*; I read therefore,

———— and his Quails ever
 Beat mine in whoop'd-at Odds.————

i. e. when the Odds are so great, that the *Bettors* on my Side shout and *whoop* for Victory. All who have been in a *Cock-pit* will have a clear Idea of this: Flatness and *Anti-climax* will be avoided, and the soaring Spirit of *Shakespeare* will recover its own Vigour. The first old *Folio* has no *Hyphen*, but reads thus,

Beat mine (in hoopt) at Odds.

The Parenthesis seems added as a Confession that they did not know what to make of the Words *in hoopt*. This Emendation is still farther confirm'd by a very just and learned Observation of *Mr. Upton*, who has given a Key to *Anthony's* Character, as drawn by *Shakespeare*, which shews the Poet's great Accuracy in Characteristics. He observes from *Plutarch*, that *Anthony* affected the asiatick Stile in common Discourse;

How should we have flatned our Authors if we had, as the *Rehearsal* calls it, *transpros'd* them in the like manner? In

which was, says *Cicero*, *verbis volucre et incitatum, exornatum et nimis redundans*. I have before observ'd that the Asiatic Stile and Sentiments are from the Scriptures adopted by the *English*, and particularly by *Shakespear*; but he has given both *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* a Rapidity and Boldness of Metaphors that approaches even to Phrensy, which was peculiarly proper to their Characters. Of this I shall give an Instance, which, I think, has been hitherto misunderstood in two if not more Places. Act 1. Scene 6. *Cleopatra* is talking of *Anthony* then in *Rome*, and says of him,

————— He's speaking now,
Or murm'ring, where's my Serpent of old Nile?
For so he calls me; now I feed myself
With most delicious Poison: Think on me
That am with Phœbus' am'rous Pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in Time. Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the Ground, I was
A Morsel for a Monarch, &c.

The Editions which distinguish *Anthony's* Speech, either by *Italics* or Commas, make him only say, *where's my Serpent of old Nile?* the rest is *Cleopatra's* own. But surely it is a strange Compliment only to call her a *Serpent of Nile*. And why then does she mention it as a Wonder that he should say such rapturous things of her in her Decline of Life? No, *Anthony's* Speech should be continued as the Metaphor is,

————— Where's my Serpent of old Nile?
————— Now I feed myself
With most delicious Poison. ———

Both Parts belong to him; and then she goes on, *Think*, says she, *that he utters such Raptures as these on me, tho' now wrinkled deep in Time*. But after this, why is *Cæsar* call'd *broad-fronted*? Is there the least ground from Medals, Statues, or History, for such a Description of him? No, but the very Reverse. Look on his Medals, and particularly on the fine Bronze at Dr. *Mead's*, and you'll find that he has a remarkably *sharp Forehead*. But there is a Peculiarity in *Cæsar's Forehead* mention'd by all Historians, and confirm'd by Medals and Statues. He was *bald*, and boasted that he would cover his Temples

with

*In this Place work a Quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling Water,
And his Ship ploughing it, and them afar'd ;
Do their Fear bravely.—* The

with Laurels instead of Hair; and for that purpose, after he was Dictator, constantly wore his Laurel-Crown. I read therefore,

———— Bald-fronted Cæsar.

It is perfectly in Character for *Cleopatra* to mention a Blemish in *Cæsar*; for she a little below shews a Contempt for his Memory, in comparison of her *Anthony*. In the same Scene there are two other Expressions which seem not hitherto understood; *Alexas* giving an Account of *Anthony's* Message to *Cleopatra*:

Alex. *Good Friend, quoth he,
Say the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This Treasure of an Oyster; at whose Foot,
To mend the petty Present, I will piece
Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was, Beast-like, dumb'd by him.*

To *piece*, to this Day signifies to join two Pieces together, or to fasten new Parts to any thing, as *to piece a Rope*, *to piece a Beam*, &c. *To piece her Throne with Kingdoms* is therefore exceedingly clear. I will join new Kingdoms to her Dominions, and make her Queen of *Asia* as well as *Ægypt*. This Sense seems to have been overlook'd by Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Warburton*, or else I know not why they chang'd it to *pace*, which seems much more obscure than the former. Sir *Thomas* makes another Change in these Lines, for *arm-gaunt* he reads *arm-girt*: I suppose he meant *with Arms or Shoulders bound round with Trappings*. The Expression is very stiff in this Sense, and justly rejected by Mr. *Warburton*, who restores *arm-gaunt*, and explains it of a War-Horse grown gaunt or lean by long Marches and frequent Fights. But why must *Anthony*, after a profound Peace and a long Revel in the Arms of *Cleopatra* upon his Return to *Rome*, have nothing to ride but an old batter'd lean War-Horse? Beside, lean Horses are seldom remarkable like this for neighing loud and vigorously. By *Arm* we all understand the *Shoulder*,

The second Instance quoted in the *Musæum* as a Proof of Mr. *Upton's* Excellency, is his Alteration of another of *Shakespear's* peculiar Graces in the following celebrated Passage.

*Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod, and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice.*

The Epithet *delighted* in the fourth Line is extremely beautiful, as it carries on the fine Antithesis between the Joys of Life and the Horrors of Death. *This sensible warm Motion must become a kneaded Clod, and this Spirit, delighted* as it has hitherto been with the soothing Delicacies of Sense and the pleasing Ecstasies of youthful Fancy, *must bathe in fiery Floods.* This is peculiarly proper from a Youth just snatch'd from Revelry and Wantonness, to suffer the anguish and Horror of a shameful Death. But this beautiful Sense not being seen, Mr. *Upton* makes the first Editor surprisingly blind indeed, for he says

in *Latin*, *Armus*; *gaunt* is *lean* or *thin*. It is common for Poets to mention the most distinguish'd Beauty of any thing to express Beauty in general, by *Synecdoche* a Part is put for the whole: *Arm-gaunt* therefore signifies *thin-shoulder'd*, which we know to be one of the principal Beauties of a Horse, and the Epithet has, from the uncommon use of either part of the compound Word in this Sense, an *antique Dignity* and Grandeur in Sound that Poets much delight in.

But I must suppress this Career in Criticising on *Shakespear*. These Passages have fall'n directly in my way, and one seldom opens a Scene of his where one meets not many Objects of new Criticisms, tho' Men of such great Abilities and Learning have been before us, and possess'd themselves of the most remarkable.

that

that he did not see the Absurdity of a Spirit's being *delighted to bathe in fiery Floods*. Upon supposition therefore of this Absurdity being chargeable on the old Text, he alters *delighted Spirit* to *delinquent Spirit*: A Change which totally loses the whole Spirit of the Poet's original Sentiment. These are such Mistakes, that neither the most extensive Literature nor the Accuracy of a *Locke's* Judgment can secure a Man from ; nor indeed any thing but a *Poetic Taste*, a Soul that

Is of Imagination all compact,
That can follow *Shakespear* in his stupendous Flights,
And shoot from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to
Earth.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

But should such a Genius contemn and deride Men of cooler Reason and superior Knowledge? No; nor should the deep-read Scholar despise him. Great Learning and Quickness of Parts very rarely meet in one Breast: When they do, they are excellent indeed; but separately they are extremely valuable. Far therefore from Contempt or Variance, they should, like Sister-Sciences, love and accord, and *each in Honour prefer the other to itself*. Mr. *Upton* possesses the first of these Characters in a very eminent Degree, and the † learned World have only to complain

† This Gentleman has given us a Specimen of an Edition of the *Greek Testament* which he is preparing for the Public, and it is quite amazing that the Precepts of that Book have not prevail'd with him to lay aside the Stile of Insult on all his Fellow-Labourers in the Explanation of the Gospel. He proposes a Solution of two remarkable Difficulties; and all the venerable and learned Names the *Hammonds*, *Whitbys*, *Prideauxes*, &c. as well as those of other Nations and Ages who have before attempted to solve them, he calls weak Defenders, and their Attempts ridiculous.

complain of his imposing mere Conjectures upon them for absolute Certainties, and of his rough Treatment of

One of the Passages is *Matthew ii. 23. And he came and dwelt in a City call'd Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophets, He shall be call'd a Nazarene.*

The Difficulty here is, to find any Prophecy in the Old Testament, that does expressly assert *Christ's* being to be call'd a *Nazarene*. To this many of the ancient Christians say, that the Apostle refers to some Writings of the Prophets then extant, but which are now lost. But *St. Jerom*, and from him *Dr. Whitby*, has given the following Solution of the Difficulty. The Evangelists when they refer to a particular Prophecy, speak in the singular Number, *by the Prophet*; but here it is in the Plural, *διὰ τῶν προφητῶν*, by the Prophets; so that *St. Matthew*, says *St. Jerom*, does not refer to any particular Prophecy, as in other Instances, but to the Sense of the ancient Prophecies in general, which were, that *Christ* should be an *Alien to his Brethren, and a Foreigner to his Mother's Sons. That he should suffer Reproach and Shame, that he should be despis'd and rejected, &c.* These Prophecies were fulfilled in his being call'd a *Nazarene*. For the *Galileans* in general were by the *Jews* held infamous. Search and look, for out of *Galilee* ariseth no Prophet, say the whole *Sanhedrim*; and *Nazareth* was the most infamous of all the Towns of *Galilee*. The just *Nathanael* was so carry'd away by prejudice against it, that it stagger'd his Faith when *Philip* told him, that *Jesus of Nazareth* was the *Messiah*. Can any good thing, says he, come out of *Nazareth*? One *Ben Netzer*, a famous Robber of *Nazareth* had greatly contributed to this Infamy on the Town, and we find by the Reception the *Nazarenes* gave our *Saviour* when he first preach'd amongst them and declar'd himself the *Messiah*; that they were really the most hardned in their Wickedness of all the Cities of *Judæa*. The *Jews* therefore gave the Name of *Nazarene* to *Christ*, and *Nazarenes* to Christians as a high Mark of Infamy. And thus were the antient Prophecies relating to the Infamy that *Christ* was to suffer literally fulfill'd in his being call'd a *Nazarene*. Add to this what several learned Men have observ'd, that *Nazarene* signifies a Person separate, as *Joseph* and *Samson*, two eminent Types of *Christ* were *Nazarenes*, Persons separate to God, and our *Saviour* their *Arche-Type*, is said by the Apostle to be separate from Men in the noblest Sense of the Word, he was separate from Sin, the *Holy One of God*. The Margin of our Bibles refer us too to *Isaiab xi. 1. And there shall come forth a Rod out of the Stem of Jesse, and a Netzer shall grow out of his Roots.* Here the original Word, which is translated *Branch* in the *English*, say Men well vers'd in *Hebrew*, is the same with the *Nazarene*, the separate One, the holy One.---*Dr. Whitby* does not assent to this being fulfill'd by his being call'd a *Nazarene*; for, says he, he was as much the Separate, the Holy One, before he dwelt

of his Brother Critics, and then to acknowledge its Obligations to him for many judicious Criticisms and
 Emenda-

in *Nazareth* as after.---The Reason seems quite inconclusive--and the very learned Dr. *Jackson* had long before Dr. *Whitby* shew'd it to be so; for says he, It well suited the all-controlling Providence of God to make the Enemies of Christ give him by way of Reproach a Name which he had preordain'd for him as a Name of Dignity and Honour. Thus the Title on the Cross---*Jesus the Nazarene the King of the Jews*---was Disgrace and Taunt in the Intentions of his Crucifiers, but in the Counsels of God was Dignity and Truth.---But says Mr. *Upton* of such Solutions as these,

*Non tali auxilio, non Defensoribus istis
 Tempus eget.*

Had Dr. *Bentley*, says he, taken the Passage in hand, he would have known what to defend, how far, and where to stop. For the Words *ὅπως πληρωθῆν*, &c.---that it might be fulfilled, &c. are only the marginal Note of some Cabalistical Annotator. This he asserts with as much positiveness as if he had been a Witness to such Insertion, and knew the Method how it afterwards crept into the Text of every Manuscript in every Church thro' the whole World; for no Pretence is added of any single Manuscript supporting this bold Attack on a Part of the sacred Text. If it may be supposed that such an Interpolation might have infected all the Copies that have reached our Age; is there the least Probability that it could have infected them all before St. *Jerom*, or that so very learned a Man as He should not have had the least Suspicion of it?

A second Difficulty which Mr. *Upton* would solve in the same manner, is in *Luke* ii. 1. *There went out a Decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the World should be taxed, and this Taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria.* Now it is certain, that *Cyrenius* was not Governor of *Syria* till above Ten Years after the Birth of our Saviour. So that the Times do not coincide. The Fact was this; *Augustus*, three Years before our Saviour's Birth, order'd that an Enrollment should be made of the Names, Families, and Possessions of all the *Roman Empire*, in order to lay a Tax upon them. As this took up some Years in being executed, it reach'd *Judæa* the third Year at the very Time of our Saviour's Birth. But *Judæa* not being then reduced to a *Roman Province*, but govern'd by its own Kings, no Tax was levied in consequence of this Enrollment till about eleven Years afterwards, when *Archelaus* the Son of *Herod* being banish'd, *Judæa* was made a Province and the Tax design'd was then levied, not without violent Opposition and great Bloodshed. To clear the Evangelist, (who being a Man of Learning could not err, had he had no divine Assistance, in so notorious a Fact) Dr. *Prideaux* translates the Passage

Emendations on *Shakespear* and other Authors.
Shakespear alone is a vast Garden of Criticism, where
 tho'

thus: *Αυτη ἡ ἀπογεωσιὴ πρῶτη ἐγένετο---This Tax first took effect or was first levied when *Cyrenius* was Governor of *Syria*. It was only an Enrollment before, but then it became a Tax. Dr. *Whitby* offers another Interpretation, which has since been almost universally adopted by all Men of Learning before Mr. *Upton*. This Enrollment πρῶτη ἐγένετο, was prior to that which hapned when *Cyrenius* was Governor, &c. And that the Word πρῶτη most generally bears that Sense in the Scriptures, he produces four Instances from the *Septuagint*, four from the Evangelists, and to prove it *Greek* gives one from *Aristophanes*. He farther adds, that the slightest change of the Letters πρῶτης instead of πρῶτη will give this Sense indisputably. But Dr. *Whitby* is unwilling to make the least Change without absolute Necessity. Not so Mr. *Upton*, he pronounces absolutely, that the Words are spurious and nothing but a marginal Note of some Person ignorant in Chronology, which some Transcriber inserted into the Text, and the Error was propagated from Copy to Copy. This is really a Boldness and Extravagance of Criticism as great as any which this Gentleman complains of in Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and of ten millions of times worse Consequence. Sir *Thomas*, in expunging or changing whole Sentences of *Shakespear*, could plead the length of Time which most of his Plays continued in Manuscript amongst the Players, and the unlimited and unaccountable Liberties which every new Actor took, in altering things to suit his own Whim or the Taste of the Audience. But does Mr. *Upton* consider how differently the Gospels were propagated, that St. *Luke's* in particular was very early dispers'd thro' all the Churches, each of which were watchful Guardians of this their sacred Treasure? I make the Number small, when I say it is probable that not less than Ten thousand Copies of this Gospel were dispers'd in the Apostles own Life-time. It must have been near a Century at least after this before we can suppose any Man so ignorant of History as not to know that our Saviour was born when *Herod* was King of *Judæa*, and not when *Cyrenius* was Governor of that and the rest of the Province of *Syria*. There must have been by that Time at least four times as many Copies of St. *Luke's* Gospel as there were before. Now supposing some one of these Forty thousand Copies to have had such an Interpolation made in it: It must be the strangest thing in the World, that People from Age to Age should all transcribe from this Copy only, and not one Church or one Man see the notorious Absurdity of such a Passage, supposing the Words would admit of no other Interpretation, than that *Christ* was born when *Cyrenius* was Governor of *Syria*. An Absurdity, full as glaring as the following Passage would have been, supposing it put in an *English* History. Such a Person was born in the Reign of King Charles the Second, just at
 the

tho' the Editors have pull'd up great Numbers of Weeds, and the View is much improv'd, yet many are still left, and each of the Editors have mistakingly pull'd up some Flowers which want to be replac'd. And this will be the Fate of every Critic who knows not every single *Word, History, Custom, Trade, &c.* that *Shakespear* himself knew, which at this distance of Time is next to an Impossibility. What room therefore for Quarrels and Insults upon each other? *Veniam petimusque damusque*, should be our general Rule and Motto. Without this we in this Edition stand self-condemn'd. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are another Field of Criticism next in Beauty to *Shakespear*, and like him over-run with Weeds, many of which are, we hope, now rooted out; and some real Flowers, we fear, mistakingly pluckt up with them. Far

the Time when the Bill of Exclusion was brought into Parliament. Now this Exclusion Bill, πρώτη ἐγένετο, was first made when William Prince of Orange was King of England. The Reduction of Judæa into a Roman Province under Cyrenius, was a Fact full as remarkable to the Jews, as the Revolution is to the English; and I think we must stay five or six Centuries before one single Man could be found absurd enough, to write even such a marginal Note in an English History. The Case is extremely similar, and that such a marginal Note should be made, and afterwards adopted into the Text of all subsequent Editions is next to a moral Impossibility. If Mr. Upton therefore will reflect how great a Character Dr. Bentley tarnish'd and almost ruin'd, by his bold Attacks on the Text of the Scriptures, by his Positiveness and Assurance in things of mere Conjecture, and by his Insults on other Editors, surely he will no longer copy such Blemishes, however he is tempted and enabled to emulate the shining Parts of the Doctor's Character. Dr. Bentley was justly prevented from publishing his Greek Testament, and if Mr. Upton will candidly re-examine his own Specimen, he will find that it will be to him too, Periculosa plenum opus Alea. The Reader should know that this Gentleman has since given up his Change in Shakespear of delighted to delinquent, supposing the former justifiable by a Classical Authority, but which not being quite similar, by no means explains the intrinsic Beauty of the Passage.

there-

therefore from the least Pretence to Perfection, from the least Right to impose our Conjectures as infallible; we have only inserted those in the Text which for the Reasons assign'd in the Notes appear'd more probable than the former Readings. We have endeavour'd to give fair Play to the old Text, by turning it on every Side, and allowing it all the Interpretations we could possibly affix to the Words, and where it appear'd corrupt, we never inserted our own Reading without giving what we thought a probable Account of the Method how such a Change had been before made. At least, as I can properly speak for myself only, these were the Rules I always wish to have follow'd, and endeavour'd to follow, as soon as I became a Principal in the Work. But the Share which I had in it, gives not the least room for any thing like Completion on my Part. The Assistance which I gave Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Synpſon*, who publish'd about Two-thirds of the Work, was by necessary Avocations intermitted thro' several Plays, and the others more or less attended to, as Business or Company would permit, or as the Plays seem'd more or less to deserve Attention. To what I printed myself, I only dedicated some few of the many leisure Hours which I had in a Country Village, hoping for pardon for the Idleness rather than Merit from the Usefulness of the Work. If these Notes should ever go thro' a second Edition, I shall gratefully acknowledge any Emendations either of them or the Text of our Authors, which any Reader will favour me with; and must say to each,

———— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE Gentleman who is most oblig'd to *Shakespeare*, and to whom *Shakespeare* is most oblig'd of any Man living, hapning to see the former Sheet of the Preface, where at Page 51 and 52, *Shakespeare's* peculiar Superiority over our *Authors* in his *Magic*, is ascrib'd to the accidental Advantage of a low Education; he could not well brook a Passage which seem'd to derogate from his Favourite. As *Shakespeare* had as good Sense as our *Authors*, he thought, he would be as free from real Superstition. This does not always follow. Education will tincture even the brightest Parts. There is Proof that our *Authors* held all Sorcery, Witchcraft, &c. as mere Jugler's Tricks, but not the least room to doubt of *Shakespeare's* having believ'd them in his Youth, whatever he did afterwards; and this is all that is asserted. Is this therefore a Derogation? No, it only shews the amazing Power of his Genius; a Genius which could turn the Bug-bears of his former Credulity into the noblest Poetic Machines. Just as Homer built his Machinery on the Superstitions which he had been bred up to. Both indeed give great Distinction of Characters, and great poetic Dignity to the Dæmons they introduce; nay, they form some new Ones; but the System they build on is the Vulgar Creed. And here (after giving due Praise to the Gentleman above, for restoring *Shakespeare's* Magic to its genuine Horror, out of that low Buffoonery which former Actors and Managers of Theatres had flung it into) I shall shew in what Light *Shakespeare's* low Education always appear'd to me

me by the following Epitaph wrote many Years since, and publish'd in Mr. *Dodley's* Miscellany.

Upon SHAKESPEAR'S Monument at *Stratford*
upon *Avon*.

*Great Homer's Birth sev'n rival Cities claim,
Too mighty such Monopoly of Fame:
Yet not to Birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous Worth; what Ægypt could bestow,
With all the Schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense Expansion of his Mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian Strain,
The* British Eagle and the Mantuan Swan,
Tow'r equal Heights. But happier Stratford, thou
With incontest'd Laurels deck thy Brow;
Thy Bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee
brought
More than all Ægypt, Greece, or Asia, taught;
Not Homer's self such matchless Laurels won,
The Greek has Rivals, but thy Shakespear none.*

* *Milton.*





COMMENDATORY POEMS
ON
BEAUMONT and *FLETCHER*,

With NOTES Critical and Explanatory,

By Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Seward*, and Mr. *Sympson*.

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

To my Friend Master JOHN FLETCHER, upon
his *Faithful Shepherdes*.

I.

I Know too well, that, no more than the Man,
That travels through the burning Desarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half smother'd in the Dust, have power to run
From a cool River, which himself doth find,
E'er he be slak'd; no more can he, whose Mind

¹ The Commendatory Poems were printed without Judgment or Order; several of them (particularly the first as rank'd in the late Editions) greatly injure our Authors by injudicious Encomiums, and have too little Merit to be republished. Mr. *Theobald* left several Corrections upon these obscure Poems, and many others would have been added, had not *Una Litura* appear'd the best Remedy. All are therefore now discarded but what appear'd worthy of the Reader's Attention, and these are rang'd according to the Order of Time in which they seem to have been wrote. *Beaumont* himself now leads in Defence of his Friend *Fletcher's* charming Dramatic Pastoral the *Faithful Shepherdes*, which having been damn'd at its first Appearance on the Stage, *Beaumont* and *Jonson*, with the Spirits of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, lash the dull Herd for their stupid Ingratitude,

Joys

Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
² When Nature, and his full Thoughts bid him write.
 Yet wish I those, whom I for Friends have known,
 To sing their Thoughts to no Ears but their own.
 Why should the Man, whose Wit ne'er had a stain,
 Upon the publick Stage present his Vein,
 And make a thousand Men in Judgment sit,
 To call in question his undoubted Wit,
 Scarce two of which can understand the Laws,
 Which they should judge by, nor the Party's Cause?
 Among the Rout, there is not one that bath
 In his own censure an explicite Faith;
 One company, knowing they judgment lack,
 Ground their belief on the next Man in black:
 Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
 Some like, as he does in the fairest Suit;
 He, as his Mistress doth; and she, by chance:
 Nor want there those, who, as the Boy doth Dance
 Between the Acts, will censure the whole Play;
 Some, if the Wax-Lights be not new that day;
 But multitudes there are, whose Judgment goes
 Headlong according to the Actor's Cloaths.
 For this, these publick things, and I agree
 So ill, that, but to do a right for thee,
 I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
 These few, ill-spoken Lines, into the World;

² When Nature and his full Thoughts bid him write.] Here says the judicious Writer of *Beaumont's* Life in the General Dictionary, *Beaumont* evidently shews that he was fired with that violent Passion for Writing, which the Poets very justly call Inspiration; and he makes this One Proof of *Beaumont's* not being a mere Corrector of *Fletcher's* Works but a joint Author. As I think I have collected some stronger Proofs of this, both external and internal than have been yet produc'd, and as I have already built the former Part of my Preface upon these Proofs, I shall place them before the Reader in the next Note just as they occur'd to me.

Both

3 *Both to be read, and censur'd of by those,
Whose very Reading makes Verse senseless Prose:*

Such

3 *Both to be read, and censur'd of by those,
Whose very Reading makes Verse senseless Prose:]* Here we see a Consciousness of the Poet's own Merit, and an Indignation at the stupidity of the Age he liv'd in, which seem to have been the Characteristics of *Beaumont* and *Jonson*. This will appear stronger in the Proceſs of this Note, in which I shall endeavour to prove what Share *Beaumont* had in the Composition of the following Plays. I have already mention'd that Mr. *Earl's* Testimony, wrote immediately after *Beaumont's* Death, is decisive as to *Beaumont's* having the largest Share in the Composition of *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and *The King and no King*, and that *Bessus* in particular was drawn by him. [See Mr. *Earl's* Poem below.] This was undoubtedly the Reason why *Beaumont's* Name is put first in the old Quarto's of these Plays, publish'd by the Players after *Beaumont's* Death but before *Fletcher's*. For would the Players have complimented the Dead at the Expence of their living Friend, Patron, and Supporter? After two such Proofs as these, general Expressions or even traditional Opinions of the Panegyrick-Writers thirty Years after are lighter than Vanity itself. From these Plays no Distinction of Hands between *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* was discern'd, nor any Suspicion of such a Distinction occur'd till I came to the *Woman Hater*, Vol. 10. which appear'd visibly to have more of *Jonson's* manner than any Play I had before met with, which I mention'd at Note 29. on that Play, when deceiv'd as *Langbane* had been by the first Quarto (publish'd several Years after the Death of both the Authors) I verily thought that it had been *Fletcher's* only. I had not then attended to the Poem of *Beaumont's* to *Jonson* publish'd at the End of *The Nice Valour*, and *Woman Hater*, by the second Folio. If the Reader will consult that Poem, Vol. 10. p. 365. he will find that it was sent from the Country to *Jonson* with two of the precedent Comedies not then finish'd, but which *Beaumont* claims as his own.

*Ben, when these Scenes are perfect, we'll taste Wine,
I'll drink thy Muse's Health, thou shalt quaff mine.*

It is plain that they had been his Amusement during a Summer Vacation in the Country, when he had no Companion but his Muse to entertain him; for all the former Part of the Poem is a Description of the execrable Wine, and the more execrable Company which he was forc'd to endure. *Fletcher* therefore could not be with him. So that there are certainly two Comedies which properly belong to *Beaumont* only, which therefore we must endeavour to find out. The Verses tell us that he acknowledg'd all he had to be owing to *Jonson*, there is no doubt therefore of his imitating *Jonson's* Manner in these Comedies.

Shirley

*Such as must spend above an Hour, to spell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well.*

But

Shirley in the first *Folio*, and the Publisher of the second *Folio*, both agree in making the *Nice Valour* one of these Plays: Now this Play is extremely in *Jonson's* Manner as is observ'd in the beginning of the Preface and at Note 3. on the Verses to *Jonson*. The Prologue of this Play has no Weight being wrote several Years after it, but the Epilogue was evidently wrote in the Author's Life-time, probably either by the Author himself, or else by his Friend *Jonson*: For 'tis extremely like *Jonson* in his *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, who generally lets his Audience know, that if they did not admire him it was their Faults not his. So this Epilogue makes the Author declare

————— *the Play is good,*

*He says, * he knows it, if well understood.* [* The Author.

How unlike is this to *Fletcher* and *Shakespear's* manner, who, when they join together in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, are even *Modesty itself?* See the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to that Play, Vol. 10. the latter has these Lines;

And yet mistake me not, I am not bold,

We've no such Cause. If the Tale we have told

(For 'tis no other) any way content,

(For to that honest Purpose it was meant)

We have our End; and ye shall have e'er long,

I dare say many a better to prolong

Your old Loves to us.——

I hope the Reader will now see sufficient Grounds to believe that the *Nice Valour* was *Beaumont's* Play: It is not Demonstration, but it is a high Degree of Probability. But still the Distinction of Manner from *Fletcher*, in personizing the Passions and not drawing from real Life spoke of above, will not follow if *Fletcher* wrote *The Woman-Hater*, as the first Edition in *Quarto* of that Play asserts, but the second contradicts it and puts *Beaumont's* Name first in the Title Page, and claims its Changes from the Author's Manuscript. The Publisher of the second *Folio* follows the second *Quarto*, and makes it one of the Plays refer'd to in *Beaumont's* Verses. The Prologue appears to be wrote by the Author himself, speaks of himself in the singular Number, and shews great Confidence in the Goodness of the Play, and an utter Contempt of Two-penny Gallery Judges. Here *Beaumont's* Hand therefore seem'd visible. I therefore began to recollect which of the foregoing Plays most resembled this, to see what Light might be gain'd from them; the first that occur'd

But since it was thy Hap to throw away
 Much Wit, for which the People did not pay,
 Because

occurr'd was *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, which is all *Burlesque Sublime*, as *Lazarillo's Character* in the *Woman-Hater* is throughout. Here all the Editions give the *Knight* to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, this therefore is clear, and the Prologue of that Play is in Stile and Sentiments so exactly like that of *The Woman-Hater*, that the same Hand undoubtedly drew both. Believing therefore that the *Nice Valour* was *Beaumont's* only, and that he had at least the greatest Share of *The Woman-Hater* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, I proceeded to other Plays, and first to *The Little French Lawyer*, where *La-writ* runs *Fighting-mad* just as *Lazarillo* had run *Eating-mad*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Romance-mad*; *Chamont* in the *Nice Valour*, *Honour-mad*, &c. This is what our old *English* Writers often distinguish by the Name of *Humour*. The Stile too of *La-writ*, like *Lazarillo's* and the *Knight's*, is often the *Burlesque Sublime*. Here I found the Prologue speaking of the *Authors* in the Plural Number, i. e. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. There is a good deal of the same *Humour* in *The Scornful Lady* wrote by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, as all the *Quartos* declare. The Publishers of *The General Dictionary*, whose Accuracy deserves the highest Applause, have help'd me to another Play, *The Martial Maid*, in which *Beaumont* had a Share, and *Jonson's* Manner of characterising is very visible; an effeminate Youth and a masculine young Lady are both reform'd by Love, like *Jonson's* *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Every Man out of his Humour*. *Wit without Money* and *The Custom of the Country* which have *Beaumont's* Name first in all the Editions, have something of the same Hand, particularly in *Valentine's* extravagant Contempt of Money, and do great Honour to *Beaumont* as both are excellent Plays, and the first an incomparable one. *Shirley* supposes *The Humorous Lieutenant* to be one of the Plays referr'd to by *Beaumont's* Verses to *Jonson*, and the Publisher of *Beaumont's* *Poems*, which came out about five Years after *Shirley's* *Folio* of our Author's Plays, has wrote under that Poem *The Maid in the Mill*: This, I suppose, was a marginal Note of Somebody who believ'd *Beaumont* to have been a joint Author in that Play: It seems highly probable that he was so in both these Plays, as the *Lieutenant* and *Bustapha* are both strong *Caracatures* and much in *Beaumont's* Manner. *The False One* mentions the Authors in the Plural Number, and I believe *Beaumont* chiefly drew the Character of *Septimius* which gives Name to the Play; but whatever Share he had in that Play it does him great Honour. *Cupid's Revenge*, which all the Editions ascribe to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, is only spoil'd from being a very good Tragedy by a ridiculous Mixture of Machinery; this Play, *The Noble Gentleman*, and *The Coxcomb*, are all that remain which have any sort of external

Because they saw it not, I not dislike
 This second Publication, which may strike
 Their Consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
 To be with so much Wit and Art adorn'd.
 Besides one 'Vantage more in this I see,
 Your Censurers now must have the Quality
 Of Reading, which I am afraid is more
 Than half your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To the worthy Author Mr. JOHN FLETCHER,
 upon his *Faithful Shepherdes*.

II.

THE wise, and many-headed Bench, that sits
 Upon the Life and Death of Plays, and Wits,
 (Compos'd of Gamester, Captain, Knight, Knight's
 Man,
 Lady, or Pucelle, that wears Mask or Fan,
 Velvet, or Taffata Cap, rank'd in the dark
 With the Shop's Foreman, or some such brave Spark,
 That may judge for his Six-pence) had, before
 They saw it half, damn'd thy whole Play; and, more,
 Their Motives were, since it had not to do
 With Vices, which they look'd for, and came to.

Evidence which I know, of *Beaumont's* being a joint Author, and these I build nothing upon. There are two others that partake of his manner, which for that Reason only I suspect; *The Spanish Curate*, and *The Larvs of Candy*; The latter of which extremely resembles the *King and No King* in its principal Characters. But we need not rest upon mere Conjectures, since *Beaumont's* Share of *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philafter*, and the *King and No King*, give him a full right to share equally with *Fletcher* the Fame of a *Tragic Poet*; and *Wit without Money*, the *Nice Valour*, and *The Little French Lawyer*, raise his Character equally high in Comedy.

*I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wish that all the Muses' Blood were spilt
In such a Martyrdom, to vex their Eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd Poem: which shall rise
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,
Or Moths, shall eat what all these Fools admire.*

Ben. Jonson.

TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,
(then living.)

III.

⁴ **H**OW I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such Religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent Thought thy Pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
And, giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What Fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What Art is thine, that so thy Friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest me
For writing better, I must envy thee.

⁵ Ben. Jonson.

⁴ This short Copy (which seems wrote with a Sincerity not common in complimentary Poems) treats *Beaumont* not only as an excellent Critic, but as an excellent Poet; and is an Answer to a Poem of *Beaumont's* printed at the end of the *Nice Valour*, Vol. 10.

⁵ Ben. Jonson.] So *Jonson* spelt his Name himself in his first *Folio*, and so it is spelt in the two first *Quartos* of *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

ON MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, on his
Imitations of *Ovid*, an ODE.

IV.

*The matchless Lust of a fair Poesy,
Which erst was buried in old Rome's Decays,
Now 'gins with Heat of rising Majesty,
Her dust-wrapt Head from rotten Tomb to raise,
And with fresh Splendor gilds her fearless Crest,
Rearing her Palace in our Poet's Breast.*

*The wanton Ovid, whose enticing Rimes
Have with attractive Wonder forc'd Attention,
No more shall be admir'd at; for these Times
Produce a Poet, whose more rare Invention
Will tear the love-sick Mirtle from his Brows,
T' adorn his Temples with deserved Boughs.*

*The strongest Marble fears the smallest Rain;
The rusting Canker eats the purest Gold;
Honour's best Dye dreads Envy's blackest Stain;
The crimson Badge of Beauty must wax old.
But this fair Issue of thy fruitful Brain,
Nor dreads Age, Envy, cank'ring Rust or Rain.*

⁶ J. F.

⁶ The J. F. here is undoubtedly *John Fletcher*, and the *Ode*, tho' not immediately relating to the Plays, is inserted here, first, for its intrinsic Merit; and, secondly, as it will be pleasing to find that *Fletcher's Muse* was animated with Friendship as well as *Beaumont's*; a Circumstance, which, till I saw this *Ode*, seem'd wanting to complete the amiable Union which reign'd between them. In the third *Stanza*, the Reader will see an Authority for *Milton's* use of the Word *Rime* for *Verse* in general,

Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rime.

Which *Dr. Bentley* so injudiciously alter'd to *Prose and Verse*. That *Beaumont* wrote something in the *Ovidian Manner* seems evident from these Lines; but the *Hermaphrodite* which is printed as his, and suppos'd to be the Thing refer'd to in this *Ode*, is claim'd by *Cleaveland* as a conjunct Performance between himself and *Randolph*.

On

On Mr. B E A U M O N T.

(Written presently after his Death.)

V.

Beaumont lies here; and where now shall we have
A Muse like his to sigh upon his Grave?

Ab! none to weep this with a worthy Tear,
But he, that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.

⁷ Who now shall pay thy Tomb with such a Verse
As thou that Lady's didst, fair Rutland's Herse?

A

⁷ Who now shall pay thy Tomb with such a Verse

As thou that Lady's didst, fair Rutland's Herse?] To pay thy Tomb
is a little obscure, but it seems to mean, to repay thee for writing so
excellent an Epitaph, by one as excellent on thyself. There are several
Epitaphs and Elegies in Beaumont's Poems, but by an Expression in Mr.
Earle's two next Lines relating to the Marble of the Tomb, I believe the
following beautiful Epitaph is what is here referr'd to :

An Epitaph.

Here she lies, whose spotless Fame
Invites a Stone to learn her Name.
The rigid Spartan that denied
An Epitaph to all that died,
Unless for War, in Charity,
Would here vouchsafe an Elegy.
She died a Wife, but yet her Mind,
Beyond Virginity refin'd,
From lawless Fire remain'd as free,
As now from Heat her Ashes be.
Her Husband yet without a Sin,
Was not a Stranger, but her Kin;
That her chaste Love might seem no other
To her Husband than a Brother.
Keep well this Pawn, thou Marble Chest,
Till it's call'd for, let it rest;
For while this Jewel here is set,
The Grave is like a Cabinet.

*A Monument that will then lasting be,
 When all her Marble is more Dust than she.
 In thee all's lost: a sudden Dearth and Want
 Hath seiz'd on Wit, good Epitaphs are scant;
 We dare not write thy Elegy; whilst each fears,
 He ne'er shall match that Copy of thy Tears.
 Scarce in an Age a Poet, and yet he
 Scarce lives the third part of his Age to see;
 But quickly taken off, and only known,
 Is in a Minute shut as soon as shown.
 Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
 In such a Piece, to dash it straight again?
 Why should she take such Work beyond her Skill,
 Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
 Alas, what is't to temper Slime or Mire?
 But Nature's puzzled, when she works in Fire:
 Great Brains (like brightest Glass) crack straight,
 while those
 Of Stone or Wood hold out, and fear not Blows:
 And we their ancient hoary Heads can see,
 Whose Wit was never their Mortality:
 Beaumont dies young, ⁸ so Sidney did before;
 There was not Poetry he could live to more;
 He could not grow up higher; I scarce know,
 If th' Art itself unto that pitch could grow,
 Were't not in thee, that had'st arriv'd the Height
 Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.*

This is extremely in the Spirit of *Milton* and *Shakeſpear's* Epitaphs, and shews that *Beaumont* excell'd in every Species of Writing which he attempted. There are three *Elegies* of his which I believe genuine, and they have great Merit; two are sign'd by his Name, and another begins,

Can my poor Lines no better Office have,

Than, Screech-Owl like, still dwell about the Grave?

This shews that he had wrote several *Elegies* and *Epitaphs*.

⁸ *so Sidney did before;*] It might perhaps have been--*so Sidney died before.*

O, when I read those excellent Things of thine,
 Such Strength, such Sweetness, coucht in every Line,
 Such Life of Fancy, such high choice of Brain,
 Nought of the Vulgar Wit or borrowed Strain,
 Such Passion, such Expressions meet my Eye,
 Such Wit untainted with Obscenity,
 And these so unaffectedly express'd ;
 All in a Language purely-flowing drest ;
 And all so born within thyself, thine own,
 So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon.
 I grieve not now, that old Menander's Vein
 Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again ;
 Such in his time was he, of the same piece,
 The smooth, ev'n, natural Wit, and Love of Greece.
 Those few sententious Fragments shew more worth,
 Than all the Poets Athens e'er brought forth ;
 And I am sorry we have lost those hours
 On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
 And dwell not more on thee, whose every Page
 May be a Pattern for their Scene and Stage.
 I will not yield thy Works so mean a Praise ;
 More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are Plays,
 Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
 To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in Bed.
 How do the Muses suffer every where,
 Taken in such Mouths censure, in such Ears,
 That, 'twixt a whiffe, a Line or two rehearse,
 And with their Rheume together spauld a Verse ?
 9 This all a Poems Pleasure, after Play,
 Drink or Tobacco, it may eke the Day. Whilst

9 This all a Poems leasure after Play,
 Drink or Tobacco, it may keep the Day.] What is all a Poem's
 leasure ? I can affix no Idea to it but a Latinism, which if design'd is
 extremely forc'd. This is all a Poem's, i. e. a Poem's Part, Pow'r or
 Worth, it may serve to spend one's leasure Hours after Dice, Drink,

*Whilst ev'n their very Idleness, they think,
 Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.
 10 Pity them dull; We, we that better know,
 Will a more serious hour on thee bestow,
 Why should not Beaumont in the Morning please,
 As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
 Who, if my Pen may as my Thoughts be free,
 Were scurril Wits and Buffoons both to thee;
 Yet these our Learned of severest Brow
 Will deign to lock on, and to note them too,
 That will defy our own; 'tis English stuff,—
 And th' Author is not rotten long enough.
 Alas, what flegme are they, compar'd to thee,
 In thy Philaster, and Maid's Tragedy?*

or Tobacco. But unless the Reader sees a more natural Explication, I believe he will agree to its being discarded as a Corruption, for a trifling Change will give a clear Sense,

*This all a Poem's Pleasure, after Play,
 Drink or Tobacco, it may keep the Day.*

i. e. All the Pleasure a Poem gives to these Sons of Dulness, is to spin out or pass away the Time till Sun-set, after Cards, Bottles, and Tobacco are removed; thus to *pass a Fire*, a little above, signifies to pass away the Time till the Fire is burnt out. But to *keep a Day*, is an Expression not very applicable to this Sense, (a Sense which the Context evidently requires) and tho' it may indeed be strained to something like it, yet as we can retain three of the Letters in *keep*, and by a small transposition of the rest, give a much properer Verb, it seems probable that *eke* was the original, we generally now say to *eke out the Day*; but it was us'd by our Ancestors without the Adverb, to *eke a thing*, i. e. to protract or lengthen it out. The Reader will see a much greater Corruption of the Press than either of these at the latter End of this Poem.

10 *Pity then dull we, we that better know,
 Will a more serious Hour on thee bestow.*] There is too much Inconsistency in this Sentence to suppose it genuine. He ironically calls himself and Friends *dull*, and literally asserts their superior Understanding in the same Sentence. Beside, *Pity then we will bestow*, &c. does not seem *English*. I change but an *n* to an *m*, and read, *Pity them dull; We, we that, &c.*

Where's

*Where's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray?
 Let them put all their Thrafoes in one Play,
 He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poor,
 All in a Circle of a Bawd or Whore;
 " A coz'ning Davus; take the Fool away,
 And not a good Jest extant in a Play.
 Yet these are Wits, because they're old, and now,
 Being Greek and Latin, they are Learning too:*

" A coz'ning Dance, take the Fool away,

And not a good Jest extant in a Play.] Dance is certainly spurious: The Printer of this Poem among *Beaumont's* Poems mention'd above, saw that it was absurd; but not hitting on an Emendation left it quite out, and made a Dash in its room. Mr. *Sympson* proposes to read *Dunce*, which makes tolerable Sense; but leaves the Measure as deficient as before. Mr. *Theobald* undoubtedly restor'd the true Word *Davus*, which the Setter of the Press might easily mistake, as he could not be suppos'd to have understood it. I shall give Mr. *Theobald's* own Note wrote on his Margin, as it is a Specimen of the Critical Language which he had accusom'd himself to, but which I believe he would have laid aside had he liv'd, for I took some Pains to lay before him the Arguments us'd against it at Page 60, 61, &c. of my Preface, and he told me that he was convinc'd it was wrong and impolitic, and would change his Stile of Insult on other Editors for the future. But this was prevented by his Death, and the following Note seems to have been wrote many Years before.

A Cozning Dance, &c.] What rare Ears have these Editors to Cadence and Verification! and what an acute Regard to common Sense! Both the Measure halts, and the Meaning is defective. My Emendation makes a double Cure. *Davus* is the Name of a subtle juggling Servant in *Terence's* Comedy called the *Fair Andrian*. Mr. *Theobald*.

Mr. *Earle's* Reflections on *Terence* are in part at least very unjust. There is perhaps too much Sameness in his Plots; but his Old Men and Young, his Servants, his Parasites, &c. are each a distinct Character from all the rest, and preserv'd throughout each Play with infinite Spirit and Judgment. Beside which, the elegant Diction and fine Sentiments which every where abound in him are Patterns to the best Comic Writers; and which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* strive to excel him in by adding Sublimity of Poetry to Justness of Sentiment; well knowing that *Jests* and *Drollery* are only the lowest Degree of Comic Excellence.

But

But those their own Times were content t' allow
¹² A thirsty Fame, and thine is lowest now.
 But thou shalt live, and, when thy Name is grown
 Six Ages older, shalt be better known ;
 When thou'rt of Chaucer's Standing in the Tomb,
 Thou shalt not share, but take up all, his room.

¹³ Joh. Earle.

ON MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

(Then newly Dead.)

VI.

HE that hath such Acuteness, and such Wit,
 As would ask ten good Heads to husband it ;
 He, that can write so well, that no Man dare
 Refuse it for the best, let him beware :

¹² *A thirsty Fame,*] To make *thirsty* signify poor or scanty may be admitted ; but as the smallest Change gives a more natural Word, *thirsty* seems the Original.

¹³ *Joh. Earle.*] Mr. Earle was young when he wrote this, and there are indisputable Marks of a bright Poetic Genius, which had probably been greatly inspir'd by an Intimacy with *Beaumont*. He was in high Repute as a *Preacher* and a *Scholar* in King *Charles* the First's Reign ; and seems to have been a true Patriot ; for it is probable that he oppos'd the Court in the beginning of the Troubles, as he was elected One of the *Assembly of Divines* ; but he refus'd to act with them, and adher'd to the King in his lowest State, and for it was depriv'd of the Chanceryship of *Salisbury*, and all his other Preferments. After the Restoration, he was made, first Dean of *Westminster*, then Bishop of *Worcester*, and afterwards of *Salisbury*. Mr. *Wood* gives a Character of him, that extremely resembles that of the excellent Dr. *Hough*, the late Bishop of *Worcester* ; the Sum of it is, that He join'd the Politeness of a Courtier to the Sanctity, Goodness, and Charity of an Apostle.

Beaumont

*Beaumont is dead, by whose sole Death appears,
Wit's a Disease consumes Men in few Years.*

¹⁴ Rich. Corbet, D. D.

On the happy Collection of Mr. FLETCHER'S
WORKS, never before printed.

VII.

FLetcher, arise! Usurpers share thy Bays,
They canton thy vast Wit to build small Plays:
He comes! his Volume breaks through Clouds and Dust;
Down, little Wits! ye must refund, ye must.

Nor comes he private, here's great Beaumont too;
How could one single World encompass two?
For these Co-heirs had equal Power to teach
All that all Wits both can, and cannot, reach.
Shakespeare was early up, and went so drest
As for those dawning hours he knew was best;
But, when the Sun shone forth, You Two thought fit
To wear just Robes, and leave off Trunk-hose Wit.
Now, now, 'twas Perfect; none must look for New,
Manners and Scenes may alter, but not You;
For yours are not mere Humorous, gilded, Strains;
The Fashion lost, your massy Sense remains.

Some think your Wits of two Complexions fram'd,
That one the Sock, th' other the Buskin, claim'd;

¹⁴ Richard Corbet, first Student, then Dean of Christ-Church, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, and from thence translated to Norwich; in his Youth was eminent for Wit and Poetry, of which this is a Specimen, and a good Testimony of Beaumont's having a luxuriant Wit as well as Fletcher,

————— a Wit
That would ask ten good Heads to husband it.

That

That should the Stage embattle all its force,
 Fletcher would lead the Foot, Beaumont the Horse.
 But, you were Both for Both; not Semi-wits,
 Each Piece is wholly Two, yet never splits:
 Y^r are not two Faculties, and one Soul still,
 He th' Understanding, thou the quick free Will;
¹⁵ Not as two Voices in one Song embrace,
 Fletcher's keen Treble, and deep Beaumont's Base,
 Two, full, Congenial Souls; still both prevail'd;
¹⁶ His Muse and thine were Quarter'd, not Impal'd:

¹⁵ But as two Voices in one Song embrace
 Fletcher's keen Treble, and deep Beaumont's Base,
 Two full congenial Souls.] Here Berkenhead is speaking of the
 doubtful Opinions relating to the Share which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*
 had in these Plays: He tells you, that the general Opinion was, that
Beaumont was a grave *Tragic Writer*, *Fletcher* most excellent in *Comedy*.
 This he contradicts; but how, why, they did not differ as a *General of*
Horse does from a *General of Foot*, nor as the *Sock* does from the *Buskin*,
 nor as the *Will* from the *Understanding*, but were *two full Congenial Souls*,
 and differ'd only as the *Base* and *Treble* do in the same Song. Why,
 if this is the true Reading, he confirms in these Lines what he had
 contradicted in all the foregoing Similes, for *Base* and *Treble* have
 much the same difference between them as *Horse* and *Foot* in an Army,
 or the *Wit* and *Understanding* in the Soul. To make the *Writer*
 consistent with himself, the true Reading seems to be *Not* instead of *But*:

Not as two Voices in one Song embrace,
 Fletcher's keen Treble and deep Beaumont's Base;
 Two full congenial Souls.

¹⁶ His Muse and thine were Quarter'd, not Impal'd:] I know I
 am going out of my Depth, in attempting a Criticism on Terms in
 Heraldry. But my Books tell me, that *Impaling* is when the Arms
 of the Man and Wife are plac'd on the same Escutcheon, the one
 on the Right and the other on the Left; which is a proper Emblem
 of the Matrimonial Union; and might seemingly be as well appli-
 ed to the Marriage of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Wit*, as the Word
Quartering can, which the same *Berkenhead* speaks of at the latter end
 of this Poem:

What strange Production is at last display'd,
 Got by two Fathers without Female aid!

But I shall attempt no Change in a Science where I am Ignorance itself.
 Both

Both brought your Ingots, both toil'd at the Mint,
 Beat, melted, sifted, 'till no dross stuck in't;
 Then in each others Scales weigh'd every Grain,
 Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again;
 Stamp't both your Names upon't at one bold hit,
 Then, then 'twas Coin, as well as Bullion-Wit.

Thus Twins: But as when Fate one Eye deprives,
 That other strives to double, which survives:
 So Beaumont dy'd: yet left in Legacy
 His Rules and Standard Wit (Fletcher) to thee.
 Still the same Planet, though not fill'd so soon,
 A Two-horn'd Crescent then, now one Full-moon.
 Joint Love before, now Honour, doth provoke;
 So th' old Twin Giants forcing a huge Oak,
 One slip'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
 Grasp'd the whole Tree and single held up all.
 Imperial Fletcher! here begins thy Reign;
 Scenes flow like Sun-beams from thy glorious Brain;
 Thy swift-dispatching Soul no more doth stay,
 Than he that built two Cities in one day;
 Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,
 To feed poor languid Wits that wait at Door;
 Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above ground stood;
 (For Creatures have most Feet, which have least
 Blood)

But thou art still that Bird of Paradise,
 Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies:
 Rich, lusty Sense, such as the Poet ought;
 For Poems, if not Excellent, are Naught;
 Low Wit in Scenes in state a Peasant goes;
 If mean and flat, let it foot Yeoman-Prose,
 That such may spell, as are not Readers grown;
 To whom he, that writes Wit, shews he hath none.

Brave

*Brave Shakespear flow'd, yet had his Ebbings
too,*

*Often above himself, sometimes below;
Thou always best; if aught seem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging Rout's mistake, not thine:
Thus thy fair Shepherdess, which the bold heap
(False to themselves and thee) did prize so cheap,
Was found (when understood) fit to be crown'd,
At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand Pound.*

*Some blast thy Works, lest we should track their
Walk;*

*Where they steal all those few good things, they talk;
Wit-Burglary must chide those it feeds on,
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as stoln Goods goe off at half their worth)
Thy strong Sense palls, when they purloin it forth.
When didst thou borrow? where's the Man, e'er read
Aught begg'd by Thee from those Alive or Dead?
Or from dry Goddesses? as some who, when
They stuff their Page with Gods, write worse than Men;
Thou wast thine own Muse, and hadst such vast odds,
Thou out-writ'st him whose Verse made all those Gods:
Surpassing those our Dwarfish Age up-rears,
As much as Greeks, or Latins, thee in Years:
Thy Ocean Fancy knew nor Banks nor Damms;
We ebb down dry to Pebble-Anagrams;
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit;
Lost to behold this great Relapse of Wit:
What strength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)
'Till Jonson made good Poets and right Verse.*

*Such boyst'rous Trifles thy Muse would not brook,
Save when she'd show how scurvily they look;*

No savage Metaphors, (*things rudely Great*;)
 Thou dost display, not butcher a Conceit;
 Thy Nerves have Beauty, which invades and charms;
 Looks like a Princess harness'd in bright Arms.

Nor art thou Loud and Cloudy; those, that do
 Thunder so much, do't without Lightning too;
 Tearing themselves, and almost split their Brain
 To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean;
 Such gloomy Sense may pass for High and Proud,
 But true-born Wit still flies above the Cloud;
 Thou knew'st 'twas Impotence, what they call Height;
 Who blusters strong i'th' Dark, but creeps i'th' Light.

And as thy Thoughts were clear, so, Innocent;
 Thy Fancy gave no unswept Language vent;
 Slauder'st not Laws, prophan'st no holy Page,
 (*As if thy Father's Crozier aw'd the Stage*;)
 High Crimes were still arraign'd; tho' they made
 shift
 To prosper out four Acts, were plagu'd i'th' Fifth:
 All's safe, and wise; no stiff-affected Scene,
 Nor swoln nor flat, a true full natural Vein;
 Thy Sense (*like well-drest Ladies*) cloath'd as skinn'd,
 Not all unlac'd, nor City-starch'd and pinn'd;
 Thou hadst no Sloth, no Rage, nor sullen Fit,
 But Strength and Mirth; Fletcher's a Sanguine Wit.

Thus, two great Consul-Poets all things sway'd,
 Till all was English Born or English Made:
 Mitre and Coife here into One Piece spun,
 Beaumont a Judge's, this a Prelate's Son.
 What strange Production is at last display'd,
 Got by two Fathers, without Female aid!

Behold,

*Behold, two Masculines espous'd each other ;
Wit and the World were born without a Mother.*

¹⁷ J. Berkinhead.

On the WORKS of BEAUMONT and
FLETCHER, now at length printed.

VIII.

Great Pair of Authors, whom one equal Star
Begot so like in Genius, that you are
In Fame, as well as Writings, both so knit,
That no Man knows where to divide your Wit,
Much less your Praise: You, who had equal Fire,
And did each other mutually inspire ;
Whether one did Contrive, the other Write,
One fram'd the Plot, the other did Indite ;
Whether one found the Matter, th' other Dress,
Or th' one disposed what th' other did express :
Where-e'er your Parts between your selves lay, we,
In all things, which you did, but one Thread see ;
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That Art with Nature ne'er did smother run.
Where shall I fix my Praise then? or what part
Of all your numerous Labours bath desert

¹⁷ J. Berkinhead.] Berkinhead was first *Amanucensis* to Bishop Laud, and Fellow of *All-Souls*. He was Author of the *Mercurious Aulicus*, a very Loyal Paper in the Time of the Rebellion. He was persecuted much in *Cromwell's* Days, and lived by his Wits ; afterwards he had good Places under King *Charles* the Second, was Member of Parliament, and Knighted.

More

More to be fam'd than other? Shall I say,
 I've met a Lover so drawn in your Play,
 So passionately written, so inflam'd,
 So jealously inrag'd, then gently tam'd.
 That I in reading have the Person seen,
 And your Pen hath Part Stage and Actor been?
 Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear
 To clap, when I a * Captain do meet there; [*Bessus
 So lively in his own vain Humour drest,
 So braggingly, and like himself exprest,
 That modern Cowards, when they saw him play'd,
 Saw, blush'd, departed guilty, and betray'd?
 You wrote all Parts right; whatsoe'er the Stage
 Had from you, was seen there as in the Age,
 And had their equal Life: Vices which were
 Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
 They who possess a Box, and half Crown spent
 To learn Obsceneness, return'd innocent,
 And thank'd you for this Coz'nage, whose chaste Scene
 Taught Loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,
 That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came
 To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
 Be't to your Praise too, that ¹⁸ your Stock and Vein
 Held both to Tragic and to Comic Strain;
 Where-e'er you list'd to be high and grave,
 No Buskin shew'd more solemn; no Quill gave

¹⁸ ——— your Stock and Vein

Held both to Tragic and to Comic Strain.] Mr. Theobald would read *Sock* and *Vein*; but then *Tragic* and *Comic* in the next Line are misplac'd, and the Descriptions of Tragedy and Comedy in the eight next Lines are equally so; besides, *Vein* by no means makes a proper Antithesis to *Sock* or *Comedy*, and if one Word is absolutely explicit, *Sock* for *Comedy*, the other should be so too, and *Buskin* is the Word that answers it. The old Reading, which is, I doubt not, the true one, will bear this Sense: Your *Stock* of Understanding and Knowledge, and your *Vein* of Wit and Humour are equally excellent in Tragedy and Comedy.

Such feeling Objects to draw Tears from Eyes,
 Spectators fate Parts in your Tragedies.
 And where you list'd to be low and free,
 Mirth turn'd the whole House into Comedy ;
 So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,

That Humours from your Pen issued all Salt.

Nor were you thus in Works and Poems knit,
 As to be two halves, and to make one Wit ;

But as some things, we see, have double cause,
 And yet the effect itself from both whole draws ;

So though you were thus twisted and combin'd,

¹⁹ As in two Bodies t' have but one fair Mind ;

Yet if we praise you rightly, we must say,
 Both join'd, and both did wholly make the Play.

For that you could write singly, we may guess

²⁰ By the divided pieces which the Press

Hath severally sent forth ; nor were ²¹ join'd so,

Like some our Modern Authors, made to go One

¹⁹ As two Bodies to have but one fair Mind ;] Both Sense and Measure are here much confus'd, should I insert the Reading that pleases best, it should be,

As your two Bodies had but one fair Mind.

Greater Alterations than from this to the old Text have been often made at Presses by mere Oversight, but should not be suppos'd where a smaller Change will restore a Sense and Measure quite suitable to the Author's general Style. I read therefore,

As in two Bodies t' have but one fair Mind.

²⁰ By the divided Pieces which the Press

Hath severally sent forth ;] I have before shew'd that there were

two Comedies wrote by *Beaumont* singly, and given some Reasons why the *Nice Valour* ought to be deem'd one of them. Whether *Mr. Maine* in this Place refer'd to these two Comedies, knowing which they were ; or whether he only meant the *Mask at Gray's-Inn*, which was the only Piece which we know to have been publish'd in *Beaumont's* Name before these Commendatory Poems were publish'd ; or whether he spoke in general Terms, without a strict adherence to Facts, must be left uncertain.

²¹ ————— nor were gone so,

Like some our Modern Authors, made to go

On merely by the help of th' other,] The Word *go* which ends the next Line, seems to have ran in the Printer's Head, and made him put *gone* here instead

One merely by the help of th' other, who
 To purchase Fame do come forth one of two ;
 Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick
 The other into Shape ; nor did one stick
 The other's cold Inventions with such Wit,
 As serv'd, like Spice, to make them quick and fit ;
 Nor, out of mutual Want, or Emptiness,
 Did you conspire to go still Twins to th' Press ;
 But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come
 forth

As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
 That thus united them ; you did join Sense ;
 In you 'twas League, in others Impotence ;
²² And the Press, which both thus amongst us sends,
 Sends us one Poet in a pair of Friends.

²³ Jasper Maine.

instead of some other Word. Mr. Theobald had prevented me in the Emendation : We read *join'd so*, and as I have his Concurrence, I have the less doubt in preferring it to Mr. Symphon's Conjecture — *Nor were one so* — tho' this latter is very good Sense and nearer the trace of the Letters, but it would make *one* be repeated too often, for it is already in the third and fourth Lines after, and 'tis very evident to me that it should have been in the Second, for *On merely*, I read *One merely*.

²² *And the Press which both thus amongst us sends,*] I believe few of the ancient *English* Poets knew any Rule of *English* Verse but its Number of Syllables, and therefore when their Ear fail'd them, even the best of them often make the Accents fall upon wrong Syllables. Tho' 'tis possible, that the Mistakes of the Press often spoil'd their Measure by transposing Monosyllables. A small Transposition would cure this Line :

And thus the Press which both amongst us sends,

See the Rule for *English* Verse at Note 5. *Wit without Money*.

²³ *Jasper Maine.*] This Gentleman was Author of the *City Match*, a Comedy, and the *Amorous War*, a Tragi-Comedy. He was an eminent Preacher in the Civil War, but warmly adhering to the King was depriv'd of all his Preferments in *Cromwell's* Time, and taken for Charity into the Earl of *Devonshire's* Family, where his Learning, Piety, and Wit, render'd him a proper Advocate for Religion against the famous Mr. *Hobbs*, then a Tutor in that Family. After the Restoration he was made Canon of *Christ-Church*, and Arch-Deacon of *Chichester*.

Upon the Report of the printing of the Dramatical Poems of Master JOHN FLETCHER, collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.

IX.

Though when all Fletcher writ, and the entire Man was indulged to that sacred fire, His Thoughts, and his Thoughts Dress, appear'd Both such,

That 'twas his happy fault to do too much :
Who therefore wisely did submit each Birth
To knowing Beaumont e'er it did come forth,
Working again until he said, 'twas fit,
And made him the Sobriety of his Wit ;
Though thus he call'd his Judge into his Fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the Name ;
'Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the Spunge and Pencil were his own ;
That himself judg'd himself, could singly do ;
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too :

²⁴ Else we had lost his Shepherdes, a piece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece ;
Where softness reigns, where Passions Passions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of Balsam meet.
Where dress'd in white Expressions sit bright Loves,
Drawn, like their fairest Queen, by milky Doves ;

²⁴ Else we had lost his Shepherdes.] Mr. Cartwright was a very bright but a very young Man, and seems to taste our Authors Plays extremely well, but to have known nothing of their Dates and History. He supposes the *Shepherdes* wrote after *Beaumont's* Death, so that his Testimony ought to have no sort of Weight in excluding *Beaumont* from all share in the Composition of the Plays. He had taken up the Supposition of *Beaumont's* being only a Corrector, perhaps merely because *Jonson* had celebrated his Judgment ; not considering that he celebrated his Fancy too.

*A piece, which Jonson in a Rapture bid
Come up a glorify'd Work; and so it did.*

*Else had his Muse set with his Friend; the Stage
Had miss'd those Poems, which yet take the Age;
The World had lost those rich Exemplars, where
Art, Language, Wit, sit ruling in one Sphere;
Where the fresh matters soar above old Themes,
As Prophets' Raptures do above our Dreams;
Where in a worthy scorn he dares refuse
All other Gods, and makes the Thing his Muse;
Where he calls Passions up, and lays them so,
As Spirits, aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free Author did what-e'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a Poet should.*

*No vast uncivil bulk swells any Scene,
The Strength's ingenious, and the Vigour Clean;
None can prevent the Fancy, and see through
At the first Opening; all stand wondring how
The thing will be, until it is; which thence
With fresh Delight still cheats, still takes the Sense;
The whole Design, the Shadows, the Lights such,
That none can say he shews, or hides too much:
Business grows up, ripened by just encrease,
And by as just Degrees again doth cease;
The Heats and Minutes of Affairs are watch'd,
And the nice Points of Time are met, and snatch'd;
Nought later than it should, nought comes before;
Chymists, and Calculators, do err more:
Sex, Age, Degree, Affections, Country, Place,
The inward Substance, and the outward Face,
All kept precisely, all exactly fit;
What he would write, he was, before he writ.
'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakespear's lighter Sound,
His Muse so steer'd, that something still was found,*

Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
 That 'twas his Mark, and he was by it known;
 Hence did he take true Judgments, hence did strike
 All Palates some way, though not all alike:
 The God of Numbers might his Numbers crown,
 And, listning to them, wish they were his own.
 Thus, welcome forth, what Ease, or Wine, or Wit
 Durst yet produce; that is, what Fletcher writ!

A N O T H E R.
 X.

Fletcher, though some call it thy fault, that Wit
 So overflow'd thy Scenes, that e'er 'twas fit
 To come upon the Stage, Beaumont was fain
 To bid thee be more dull; that's, write again,
 And bate some of thy Fire; which from thee came
 In a clear, bright, full, but too large a Flame;
 And after all (finding thy Genius such)
 That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much;
 Added his sober Spunge; and did contract
 Thy Plenty to less Wit, to make't exact:
 Yet we through his Corrections could see
 Much Treasure in thy superfluity;
 Which was so fil'd away, as, when we do
 Cut Jewels, that that's lost, is Jewel too:
 Or as Men use to wash Gold, which we know
 By losing makes the Stream thence wealthy grow.
 They who do on thy Works severely sit,
 And call thy store the Over-Births of Wit,
 Say thy Miscarriages were rare, and when
 Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful Pen
 Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
 Out in one Scene what might well serve a Play;
 And

And hence do grant, that, what they call Excess,
 Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,
 From whom Wit issued in a full Spring-tide ;
 Much did enrich the Stage, much flow'd beside.
 For that thou couldst thine own free Fancy bind
 In stricter Numbers, and run so confin'd
 As to observe the Rules of Art, which sway
 In the contrivance of a true-born Play ;
 Those Works proclaim, which thou didst write retir'd
 From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspir'd.
 Where, we see, 'twas not Chance that made them hit,
 Nor were thy Plays the Lotteries of Wit ;
²⁵ But, like to Durer's Pencil, which first knew
 The Laws of Faces, and then Faces drew :
 Thou knew'st the Air, the Colour, and the Place,
 The Symmetry, which gives a Poem Grace.
 Parts are so fitted unto Parts, as do
 Shew thou hadst Wit, and Mathematicks too :
 Knew'st where by Line to spare, where to dispense,
 And didst beget just Comedies from thence :
 Things unto which thou didst such Life bequeath,
²⁶ That they, (their own Black-Friers) unacted, breath.
 Jonson hath writ things lasting, and Divine,
 Yet his Love-Scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
 Are cold and frosty ; and express Love so,
 As Heat with Ice, or warm Fires mix'd with Snow ;

²⁵ like to Durer's Pencil,] *Albert Durer* was a most excellent German Painter, (born in 1471.) much admired even by the great *Raphael* himself; and in so high Esteem with the Emperor *Maximilian* the First, that he presented him with a Coat of Arms as the Badge of Nobility.

Mr. Theobald.

²⁶ That they, (their own Black-Friers] *i. e.* their own Theatre: meaning, that *Fletcher's* Plays were so sprightly, that, tho' then unacted (by reason of the troublesome times, and Civil War which raged against King *Charles* the First) they wanted no Advantage of a Stage to set them off. One of the Seven Playhouses, subsisting in our Author's Time, was in *Black-Fryers*.

Mr. Theobald.

*Thou, as if struck with the same generous Darts,
Which burn, and reign, in noble Lovers' Hearts,
Hast cloath'd Affections in such native tires,
And so describ'd them in their own true Fires;
Such moving Sighs, such undissembled Tears,
Such Charms of Language, such Hopes mix'd with
Fears;*

*Such Grants after Denials, such Pursuits
After Despair, such amorous Recruits,
That some, who sate Spectators, have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest:
And felt such shafts steal through their captiv'd Sense,
As made them rise Parts, and go Lovers thence.
Nor was thy Stile wholly compos'd of Groves,
Or the soft Strains of Shepherds and their Loves;
When thou would'st Comick be, each smiling Birth,
In that kind, came into the World all Mirth,
All Point, all Edge, all Sharpness; we did sit
Sometimes five Acts out in pure sprightly Wit;
Which flow'd in such true Salt, that we did doubt
In which Scene we laugh'd most two Shillings out.*

*²⁷ Shakespear to thee was dull, whose best Jest lies
I th' Ladies questions, and the Fools Replies;*

Old

²⁷ Shakespear to thee was dull,] This false Censure arose from the usual fault of Panagerists, of depreciating others to extol their Favourite. Had he only said, as in the former Copy, that *Fletcher* was in a due Medium between *Jonson's* Correctness and *Shakespear's* Fancy, he had done *Fletcher* as well as himself more real Honour. But it must be observ'd, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were so much the general Taste of the Age, both in *Charles* the First and Second's Reign, that *Mr. Cartwright* only follows the common Judgment. The Reason seems to be this, *Jonson* surviv'd both *Shakespear* and our *Authors* many Years, and as he warmly oppos'd the strange Irregularities of the *English* Theatre, at the head of which Irregularities was so great a Genius as *Shakespear*, he form'd a strong Party against him. But Nature frequently spoke in *Shakespear* so directly to the Heart, and his Excellences as well as Faults were so glaring, that the Prejudices against the latter could not wholly blind Men

Old fashion'd Wit, which walk'd from Town to Town
²⁸ In trunk-hose, which our Fathers call'd the Clown;
 Whose Wit our nice times would Obsceneness call,
 And which made Bawdry pass for Comical.
 Nature was all his Art; thy Vein was free
 As his, but without his Scurrility;
 From whom Mirth came unforc'd, no Jest perplex'd,
 But without labour clean, chaste, and unvex'd.
 Thou wert not like some, our small Poets, who
 Could not be Poets, were not we Poets too;
 Whose Wit is pilfring, and whose Vein and Wealth
 In Poetry lyes meerly in their stealth;
 Nor didst thou feel their Drought, their Pangs, their
 Qualms,
 Their Rack in Writing, who do write for Alms;
 Whose wretched Genius, and dependent Fires,
 But to their Benefactors' Dole aspires.
 Nor hadst thou the sly Trick, thyself to praise
 Under thy Friends' Names; or, to purchase Bays,
 Didst write stale Commendations to thy Book,
 Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took:

to the former. As our Authors resembled him in these Excellences more than *Jonson*, and yet often follow'd *Jonson's* Correctness and Manner, the Partisans both of *Shakespear* and *Jonson* were willing to compromise it, and allow them the first Honours, as partaking of both their Excellences. After the Restoration, *French Rules* of the Drama were introduc'd, and our Authors being nearer them than *Shakespear*, they still held their Superiority.

²⁸ *In turn'd Hose,*] This is Nonsense; and a Corruption either by the Transcribers, or at Press. We must read, *Trunk-hose*; i. e. a kind of large Slops, or Trowzers, worn by the Clowns. So in the 25th Copy of Verses;

————— You Two thought fit

To wear just Robes, and leave off Trunk-hose Wit.

Mr. Theobald.

That

*That Debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.*

29 William Cartwright.

To the Manes of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-writers, FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER, upon the Printing of their Excellent Dramatick POEMS.

XI.

D*isdain not, gentle Shades, the lowly Praise
Which here I tender your immortal Bays :
Call it not Folly, but my Zeal, that I
Strive to Eternize You, that cannot dye.
And though no Language rightly can commend
What you have writ, save what your selves have
penn'd ;
Yet let me wonder at those curious Strains
(The rich Conceptions of your Twin-like Brains)
Which drew the Gods attention ; who admir'd
To see our English Stage by you inspir'd :
Whose chiming Muses never fail'd to sing
A Soul-affecting Musick ; ravishing*

29 William Cartwright.] Mr. Cartwright was esteem'd one of the best Poets, Orators, and Philosophers of his Age ; he was first a King's Scholar at *Westminster*, then Student of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* Wood calls him the most Seraphical Preacher of his Age, another *Tully* and another *Virgil*: He died about the Age of Thirty in 1643, in the Year of his Proctorship, when King *Charles* the First was at *Oxford*, by whom his Death was most affectionately mourned. He wrote the *Lady Errant*, *The Royal Slave*, and *Love's Convert*, Tragi-Comedies. And a Volume of his Poems were printed after his Death. See *Wood's Athence.*

Both

*Both Ear and Intellect ; while you do Each
Contend with Other who shall highest reach
In rare Invention ; Conflicts, that beget
New strange Delight, to see two Fancies met,
That could receive no foil : two Wits in growth
So just, as had one Soul informed Both.*

*Thence (Learned Fletcher) sung the Muse alone,
As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone.*

*In whom, as thou, had he out-li'v'd, so he
(Snatch'd first away) survived still in thee.*

*What though Distempers of the present Age
Have banish'd your smooth Numbers from the Stage ?*

*You shall be gainers by't ; it shall confer
To th' making the vast World your Theater ;*

*The Press shall give to every Man his part,
And we will all be Actors ; learn by heart*

*Those Tragic Scenes and Comic Strains you writ,
Unimitable both for Art and Wit ;*

*And, at each Exit, as your Fancies rise,
Our Hands shall clap deserved Plaudities.*

30 John Webb.

30 *John Webb.*] I find no other Traces of a *John Webb* who was likely to be Author of this ingenious Copy of Verses ; but that in 1629, four Years after *Fletcher's* Death, one *John Webb*, M. A. and Fellow of *Magdalene College* in *Oxford*, was made Master of *Croydon School*. He was probably our *Mr. Webb*, and much nearer the Times of our Authors than *Mr. Cartwright*, and had I discovered this soon enough, he should have took place of him ; but his Testimony of *Beaumont's* Abilities, as a Writer, is a proper Antidote against *Mr. Cartwright's* traditional Opinion.



ON the WORKS of the most excellent Dramatic Poet,
Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, never before printed.

XII.

HA I L, Fletcher! *welcome to the World's great
Stage;*

*For our two Hours, we have thee here an Age
In thy whole Works, and may th' Impression call
The Pretor that presents thy Plays to all:
Both to the People, and the Lords that sway
That Herd, and Ladies whom those Lords obey.
And what's the Loadstone can such Guests invite
But moves on two Poles, Profit and Delight?
Which will be soon, as on the Rack, confess,
When every one is tickled with a Jest:
³¹ And that pure Fletcher's able to subdue
A Melancholy more than Burton knew.
And though upon the by, to his Designs
The Native may learn English from his Lines,
And th' Alien, if he can but construe it,
May here be made free Denison of Wit.
But his main End does drooping Virtue raise,
And crowns her Beauty with eternal Bays;
In Scenes where she inflames the frozen Soul,
While Vice (her Paint wash'd off) appears so foul;
She must this blessed Isle and Europe leave,
And some new Quadrant of the Globe deceive:
Or hide her Blushes on the Afric Shore,
Like Marius, but ne'er rise to triumph more;*

³¹ *And that pure Fletcher, able to subdue
A Melancholy more than Burton knew.]* Mr. Sympson observ'd
that the Comma stood in the place of 's, Fletcher is able. Burton was
Author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, a Folio.

That

*That Honour is resign'd to Fletcher's Fame;
Add to his Trophies, that a Poet's Name
(Late grown as odious to our Modern States,
As that of King to Rome) he vindicates
From black Aspersions, cast upon't by those
Which only are inspir'd to lie in Prose.*

*And, By the Court of Muses be't Decreed,
What Graces spring from Poesy's richer Seed,
When we name Fletcher, shall be so proclaim'd,
As all, that's Royal, is when Cæsar's nam'd.*

³² Robert Stapylton, Kt.

To the Memory of my most honoured Kinsman,
MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

XIII.

I'LL not pronounce how strong and clean thou writ'st,
Nor by what new hard Rules thou took'st thy Flights,
Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine,
Before they can make up six Words of thine;
But this I'll say, thou strik'st our Sense so deep,
At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice, and weep.
Great Father Jonson bow'd himself, when he
(Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd, he envy'd thee.
Were thy Mardonius arm'd; there would be more
Strife for his Sword than all Achilles wore;

³² Sir Robert Stapylton of Cavelton in Yorkshire, a Poet of much Fame, was at the Battle of Edgehill with King Charles the 1st. and had an honorary Degree giv'n him at Oxford for his Behaviour on that Occasion. He wrote *The Slighted Maid*, a Comedy; *The Step-Mother*, a Tragi-Comedy; and *Hero and Leander*, a Tragedy; besides several Poems and Translations.

Such

*Such wise just Rage, had he been lately try'd,
My Life on't, he had been o'th' better side;
And, where he found false odds, (through Gold or Sloth)
There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.*

*Behold, here's Fletcher too! the World ne'er knew
Two Potent Wits co-operate, till you;
For still your Fancies are so wov'n and knit,
'Twas Francis Fletcher, or John Beaumont writ.
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't
To call poor Gods and Goddeses to do't;
Nor made nine Girls your Muses (you suppose,
Women ne'er write, save Love-Letters in Prose)
But are your own Inspirers, and have made
Such powerful Scenes, as, when they please, invades
Your Plot, Sense, Language, all's so pure and fit,
He's Bold, not Valiant, dare dispute your Wit.*

³³ George Lisle, Kt.

³³ *George Lisle, Knight.*] This I take to be the same with Sir *John Lisle* one of King *Charles's* Judges; for *Wood*, in his Index to his *Athenæ*, calls Sir *John* by the Name of *George*: He might perhaps have had two Christian Names. If this was he, he was admitted at *Oxford* in the Year 1622, seven Years after *Beaumont's* Death, and as he was a Kinsman might be supposed to know more of his Compositions than a Stranger. His Testimony therefore adds Strength to what has been before advanc'd concerning *Beaumont*, nay it does so whether Sir *George Lisle* be the Regicide or not. If he was, he was an eminent Lawyer and Speaker in the House of Commons, and made Lord Commissioner of the Privy-Seal by the Parliament. After the Restoration he fled to *Lozana* in *Switzerland*, where he was treated as Lord Chancellor of *England*, which so irritated some furious *Irish* Loyalists that they shot him dead as he was going to Church.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

XIV.

SO shall we joy, when all whom Beasts and Worms
 Had turn'd to their own Substances and Forms,
 Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
 We shall behold, more than at first intire,
 As now we do, to see all thine, thine own
 In this thy Muse's Resurrection:
 Whose scatter'd Parts, from thy own Race, more Wounds
 Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his Hounds;
 Which first their Brains, and then their Bellies, fed,
 And from their Excrements new Poets bred.
 But now thy Muse enraged from her Urn,
 Like Ghosts of murder'd Bodies, doth return
 T' accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage,
 And undeceive the long-abused Age;
 Which casts thy Praise on them, to whom thy Wit
 Gives not more Gold than they give Dross to it:
 Who, not content like Felons to purloin,
 Add Treason to it, and debase thy Coin.

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
 Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise;
 Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
 Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt
 Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their Reign,
 Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.
 Then was ³⁴ Wit's Empire at the fatal height,
 When, lab'ring and sinking with its weight,

34 — *Wit's Empire at the fatal Height,*] i. e. The highest Pitch which Fate allows it to rise to. The following Account of *Shakespear*, *Jonson*, and *Fletcher*, tho' rather too favourable to the last, is as much preferable to all the former Poets Encomiums as *Sir John* was preferable to them in Abilities as a Poet.

*From thence a thousand lesser Poets sprung,
 Like petty Princes from the fall of Rome.
 When Jonson, Shakespear, and thyself did sit,
 And sway'd in the Triumvirate of Wit.
 Yet what from Jonson's Oil and Sweat did flow,
 Or what more easy Nature did bestow
 On Shakespear's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
 Their Graces both appear; yet so, that none
 Can say, here Nature ends, and Art begins;
 But mixt, like th' Elements, and born like Twins;
 So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
 None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
 'Twas this the Ancients meant; Nature and Skill
 Are the two Tops of their Parnassus Hill.*

J. Denham.

Upon Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S Plays.

XV.

Fletcher, to thee, we do not only owe
*All these good Plays, but those of others too:
 Thy Wit, repeated, does support the Stage;
 Credits the last, and entertains this Age:
 No Worthies form'd by any Muse, but thine,
 Could purchase Robes to make themselves so fine:
 What brave Commander is not proud to see
 Thy brave Melantius in his Gallantry?
 Our greatest Ladies love to see their Scorn
 Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
 Th' impatient Widow, e'er the Year be done,
 Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her Gown:*

*I never yet the Tragic Strain assay'd,
 Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid :
 And when I venture at the Comic Stile,
 35 Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil :
 Thus has thy Muse, at once, improv'd and marr'd
 Our Sport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard.
 So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw
 The Bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
 So far, but that the best are measuring Casts,
 Their Emulation and their Pastime lasts ;
 But if some Brawny Yeoman of the Guard
 Step in, and tofs the Axle-tree a Yard,
 Or more, beyond the farthest Mark, the rest
 Despairing stand, their Sport is at the best.*

Edw. Waller.

TO FLETCHER Reviv'd.

XVI.

HOW have I been Religious? what strange Good
 Has 'scap'd me, that I never understood?
 Have I Hell-guarded Heresy o'ertrown?
 Heal'd wounded States? made Kings and Kingdoms
 one?
 That Fate should be so merciful to me,
 To let me live t'have said, I have read thee.

35 Thy Scornful Lady—] Many great Men, as well as Mr. Waller, have celebrated this Play. Beaumont's Hand is visible in some high Caracatures, but I must own my Dissent to its being call'd a First-rate Comedy; I propos'd to have put it in the second Class in the Preface, where I have divided our Authors Plays into three Classes, but by an unfortunate Oversight this Play was omitted.

Fair Star, ascend! the Joy! the Life! the Light
 Of this tempestuous Age, this dark World's Sight!
 Ob, from thy Crown of Glory dart one Flame
 May strike a sacred Reverence, whilst thy Name
 (Like holy Flamens to their God of Day)
 We, bowing, sing; and whilst we praise, we pray.

Bright Spirit! whose Eternal Motion
 Of Wit, like Time, still in itself did run;
 Binding all others in it, and did give
 Commission, how far this, or that, shall live:
³⁶ Like Destiny, thy Poems; who, as she
 Signs Death to all, herself can never dye.

And now thy Purple-robed Tragedy,
 In her imbroider'd Buskins, calls mine Eye,
 Where brave Aëtius we see betray'd, Valentinian.
 To obey his Death, whom thousand Lives obey'd;
 Whilst that the Mighty Fool his Scepter breaks,
 And through his Gen'ral's Wounds his own Doom
 speaks;
 Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
 The costliest Monarch with the cheapest Man.

³⁶ Like Destiny of Poems, who, as she
 Sings Death to all, herself can never dye.] This is extremely ob-
 scure: He says first, that Fletcher is the Spirit of Poetry, that he is the
 God of it, and has decreed the Fate of all other Poems, whether they
 are to live or dye; after this he is like the Destiny of Poems, and living
 only himself signs Death to all others. This is very high-strain'd indeed,
 and rather self-contradictory, for Fletcher's Spirit gives Commission how
 far some shall live and yet signs Death to all. A slight Change will
 make somewhat easier and clearer Sense. I understand the four first
 Lines thus; Fletcher's Poetry is the standard of Excellence; whatever
 is not form'd by that Model must dye, therefore I read,

Like Destiny, thy Poems; i. e. Thy Poems being the standard of
 Excellence, are like Destiny, which determines the Fate of others,
 but herself remains still the same. I republish this Poem as there are
 strong Marks of Genius in it, particularly in some of the following
 Paragraphs.

Soldiers

*Soldiers may here to their old Glories add,
The Lover love, and be with reason Mad :* The Mad Lover.

*Not as of old Alcides furious,
Who, wilder than his Bull, did tear the House ;
(Hurling his Language with the Canvas Stone)
'Twas thought, the Monster roar'd the sob'rer Tone.*

*But, ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire
With Passions black as is her dark Attire,
Virgins, as Sufferers, have wept to see
So white a Soul, so red a Cruelty ;
That thou hast griev'd, and, with unthought Redress,
Dry'd their wet Eyes who now thy Mercy bless ;
Yet, loth to lose thy watry Jewel, when
Joy wip'd it off, Laughter strait sprung't agen.*

*Now ruddy-cheeked Mirth with rosy Wings
Fansev'ry Brow with gladness, whilst she sings
Delight to all ; and the whole Theatre
A Festival in Heaven doth appear,*

*Nothing but Pleasure, Love ; and (like the
Morn)*

Each Face a general smiling doth adorn.

*Hear, ye foul Speakers, that pronounce the Air
Of Stews and Sewers, I will inform you where,
And how, to cloath aright your wanton Wit ;
Without her nasty Bawd attending it.*

*View here a loose Thought said with such a
Grace,*

*Minerva might have spoke in Venus' Face ;
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none ;
But Cupid had Diana's Linnen on ;
And all his naked Parts so vail'd, t' express
The Shape with clouding the Uncomeliness ;
That if this Reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,*

*The Stage, as this Work, might have liv'd and lov'd ;
Her Lines the austere Scarlet had approv'd ;
And th' Actors wisely been from that Offence
As clear, as they are now from Audience.*

*Thus with thy Genius did the Scene expire,
Wanting thy active and enliv'ning Fire,
That now (to spread a Darkness over all,)
Nothing remains but Poesy to fall.*

*And though from these thy Embers we receive
Some Warmth, so much as may be said, we live ;
That we dare praise thee, blusshless, in the Head
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e'er read ;
That we rejoice and glory in thy Wit,
And feast each other with remembering it ;
That we dare speak thy Thought, thy Acts recite :
Yet all Men henceforth be afraid to write.*

37 Rich. Lovelace.

Upon the unparallel'd PLAYS written by those
renowned Twins of Poetry, BEAUMONT
and FLETCHER.

XVII.

WHAT's here? ³⁸ another Library of Praise,
Met in a Troop t' advance contemned Plays,
And

37 Rich. Lovelace.] This Gentleman was eldest Son of a good Family, extremely accomplish'd, being very eminent for Wit, Poetry, and Music, but still more so for Politeness of Manners and Beauty of Person. He had an ample Fortune and every Advantage that seem'd to promise Happiness in Life; but his steady Attachment to the Royal Cause, and a Liberality that perhaps approach'd too near Profuseness, reduc'd him to extreme Poverty. Something of the Gaiety of the Soldier appears in the beginning of this Poem. His Poems were published in 1749.

38 — another Library of Praise,] This alludes to the numerous commendatory Copies of Verses on Tom. Coryate's Crudities, which swell'd

into

And bring exploded Wit again in Fashion?
I can't but wonder at this Reformation.
My skipping Soul surfeits with so much good,
To see my Hopes into Fruition bud.
A happy Chymistry! blest Viper, Joy!
That through thy Mother's Bowels gnaw'st thy way!
Wits flock in Shoals, ³⁹ and club to re-erec̄t
In spite of Ignorance the Architec̄t
Of Occidental Poesy; and turn
Gods, to recal Wits Ashes from their Urn.
Like huge Colosses, ⁴⁰ they've together knit
Their Shoulders to support a World of Wit.
The Tale of Atlas (though of Truth it miss)
We plainly read Mythologiz'd in this;

into an entire Volume. This is touch'd at in the 23d Copy of Verses, by Richard Brome.

For the witty Copies took,
Of his Encomiums made themselves a Book, Mr. Theobald.

³⁹ ——— and club to re-erec̄t

In spite of Ignorance the Architec̄t
Of Occidental Poesy;—] I am now correcting the foul sheet from
the Press, at thirty Miles distance from my old Editions, so know not
whether re-erec̄t be the Error of former Presses or only of the present. I
read re-erec̄t, which better corresponds with the Metaphors both in this
and the following Sentence. As an Architec̄t his Poems are re-built;
as he was dead he was raised to Life.

⁴⁰ ——— they've together met

Their Shoulders to support a World of Wit.] I should not find fault
with Met and Wit being made Rhimes here, (the Poets of those Times
giving themselves such a Licence) but that two Persons meeting their
Shoulders is neither Sense nor English! I am therefore persuaded the Au-
thor wrote knit. So twice in the VIIIth Copy by Jasper Maine,

In Fame, as well as Writings, both so knit,
That no Man knows where to divide your Wit.

And again,

Nor were you thus in Works and Poems knit, &c.

Mr. Theobald.

Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying Stories
Made Athens famous, are but Allegories.

'Tis Poetry has Power to civilize
Men, worse than Stones, more blockish than the Trees.
I cannot choose but think (now things so fall)
That Wit is past its Climacterical ;
And though the Muses have been dead and gone,
I know, they'll find a Resurrection.

'Tis vain to praise ; they're to themselves a Glory,
And Silence is our sweetest Oratory.
For he, that names but Fletcher, must needs be
Found guilty of a loud Hyperbole.
His Fancy so transcendently aspires,
He shows himself a Wit, who but admires.

Here are no Volumes stuf't with cheeverel Sense,
The very Anagrams of Eloquence ;
Nor long-long-winded Sentences that be,
Being rightly spell'd, but Wit's Stenography ;
Nor Words, as void of Reason, as of Rhime,
Only cæsura'd to spin out the time.
But here's a Magazine of purest Sense,
Clot'd in the newest Garb of Eloquence :
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose Veins
Bubbles the Quintessence of sweet-high Strains.
Lines, like their Authors, and each Word of it
Does say, 'twas writ b' a Gemini of Wit.

How happy is our Age ! how blest our Men !
When such rare Souls live themselves o'er again.
We err, that think a Poet dies ; for this
Shews, that 'tis but a Metempsychosis.
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see
Above the reach of dull Mortality,

*Or Pow'r of Fate: and thus the Proverb hits,
(That's so much cross'd) These Men live by their
Wits. Alex. Brome.*

On the *D E A T H* and *W O R K S* of
Mr. *J O H N F L E T C H E R*.

XVIII.

M*Y Name, so far from great, that 'tis not known,
Can lend no Praise but what thou'dst blush to own;
And no rude Hand, or feeble Wit, should dare
To vex thy Shrine with an unlearned Tear.*

*I'd have a State of Wit convok'd, which hath
A Power to take up on the common Faith;
That, when the Stock of the whole Kingdom's spent
In but Preparative to thy Monument,
The prudent Council may invent fresh Ways
To get new Contribution to thy Praise;
And rear it high, and equal to thy Wit;
Which must give Life and Monument to it.*

*41 So when, late, Essex dy'd, the publick Face
Wore Sorrow in't; and to add mournful Grace
To the sad Pomp of his lamented Fall,
The Commonwealth serv'd at his Funeral,
And by a solemn Order built his Hearse;
—But not like thine, built by thyself in Verse.
Where thy advanced Image safely stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious Hands.*

*41 So when, late, Essex dy'd,] The Earl of Essex, who had been
General for the Parliament in the Civil War against King Charles the
First, dyed on the 14th of September, 1646, and the first Folio of Beau-
ment and Fletcher's Works was publish'd in 1647. Mr. Theobald.*

*Base Hands, how impotently you disclose
 Your Rage 'gainst Camden's learned Asbes, whose
 Defaced Statua and martyr'd Book,
 Like an Antiquity and Fragment look.
 Nonnulla defunt's legibly appear,
 So truly now Camden's Remains lye there.
 Vain Malice! how he mocks thy Rage, while Breath
 Of Fame shall speak his great Elizabeth!
 'Gainst Time and thee he well provided bath;
 Britannia is the Tomb and Epitaph.
 Thus Princes Honours; but Wit only gives
 A Name which to succeeding Ages lives.*

*Singly we now consult Ourselves and Fame,
 Ambitious to twist ours with thy great Name.
 Hence we thus bold to praise. For as a Vine,
 With subtle Wreath and close Embrace, doth twine
 A friendly Elm, by whose tall Trunk it shoots
 And gathers Growth and Moisture from its Roots;
 About its Arms the thankful Clusters cling
 Like Bracelets, and with Purple ammelling
 The blue-cheek'd Grape, stuck in its vernant Hair,
 Hangs like rich Jewels in a beauteous Ear.
 So grow our Praises by thy Wit; we do
 Borrow Support and Strength, and lend but Show.*

*Ob for a Spark of that diviner Fire,
 Which thy full Breast did animate and inspire;
 That Souls could be divided, thou traduce
 But a small Particle of thine to us!
 Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didst sit
 But as a Joint-commissioner in Wit;
 When it had Plummets hung on to suppress
 Its too luxuriant growing Mightiness:
 'Till as that Tree which scorns to be kept down,
 Thou grew'st to govern the whole Stage alone.*

*In which Orb thy throng'd Light did make the Star,
Thou wer't th' Intelligence did move that Sphere.*

*Thy Fury was compos'd; Rapture no Fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in Wit
As Men in a Disease; thy Fancy clear,
42 Muse chaste, as those Flames whence they took their
Fire;*

*No spurious Composures amongst thine
Got in Adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.*

*And as th' hermetical Physicians draw
From things that Curse of the first-broken Law,
That Ens Venenum, which extract'd thence
Leaves nought but primitive Good and Innocence:
So was thy Spirit calcin'd; no Mixtures there
But perfect, such as next to Simples are.*

*Not like those Meteor-wits which wildly fly
In Storm and Thunder through th' amazed Sky;
Speaking but th' Ills and Villanies in a State,
Which Fools admire, and wise Men tremble at,
Full of Portent and Prodigy, whose Gall
Oft 'scapes the Vice, and on the Man doth fall.
Nature us'd all her Skill, when thee she meant
A Wit at once both Great and Innocent.*

*Yet thou hadst Tooth; but 'twas thy Judgment, not
For mending one Word a whole Sheet to blot.*

42 *Muse chaste, as those Frames whence they took their Fire;*] This seems obscure, for what are those *Frames* whence *Fletcher* took his *Fire*? The Stars? Ev'n if this was meant, I should think *Flames* the better Word; but as *Flames* will signify *heavenly Fire* in general, either the Stars, Sun, Angels, or even the Spirit of God himself, who maketh his *Ministers Flames of Fire*: I much prefer the Word, and believe it the Original. As this Poet was a Clergyman of Character, with regard to his Sanctity, and much celebrates *Fletcher's* Chastity of Sentiments and Language, it is very evident that many Words which appear gross to us were not so in King *Charles* the First's Age. See Page 54, 55, and 56 of the Preface.

Thou couldst anatomise with ready Art,
 And skilful Hand, Crimes lockt close up i' th' Heart.
 Thou couldst unfold dark Plots, and shew that Path
 By which Ambition climb'd to Greatness bath;
 Thou couldst the Rises, Turns, and Falls of States,
 How near they were their Periods and Dates;
 Couldst mad the Subject into popular Rage,
 And the grown Seas of that great Storm asswage;
 Dethrone usurping Tyrants, and place there
 The lawful Prince and true Inheriter;
 Knew'st all dark Turnings in the Labyrinth
 Of Policy, which who but knows he sinn'th,
 Save thee, who un-infected didst walk in't
 As the great Genius of Government.

And when thou laidst thy Tragic Buskin by
 To court the Stage with gentle Comedy,
 How new, how proper th' Humours, how express'd
 In rich Variety, how neatly dress'd
 In Language, how rare Plots, what Strength of Wit
 Skin'd in the Face and every Limb of it!
 The Stage grew narrow while thou grewst to be
 In thy whole Life an Exc'llent Comedy.

To these a Virgin-modersty which first met
 Applause with Blush and Fear, as if he yet
 Had not deserv'd; 'till bold with constant Praise
 His Brows admitted the unsought for Bays.
 Nor would he ravish Fame; but let Men free
 To their own Vote and Ingenuity.
 When his fair Shepherdess on the guilty Stage,
 Was martyr'd between Ignorance and Rage;
 At which the impatient Virtues of those few
 Could judge, grew high, cry'd Murder: though he knew
 The Innocence and Beauty of his Child,
 He only, as if unconcerned, smil'd.

Princes

⁴³ Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd Grace,
 Each Line and Beauty of that injur'd Face ;
 And on th' united Parts breath'd such a Fire
 As spite of Malice she shall ne'er expire.

Attending, not affecting, thus the Crown,
 Till every Hand did help to set it on,
 He came to be sole Monarch, and did reign
 In Wit's great Empire, absolute Sovereign.

⁴⁴ John Harris.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, and his WORKS,
 never before Published.

XIX.

TO flatter living Fools is easy Slight :
 But hard, to do the living-dead Men Right.

⁴³ Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd Grace,

Each Line and Beauty of that injur'd Face;] This relates to King Charles the First causing *The Faithful Shepherdess* to be reviv'd, and acted before him. The Lines are extremely beautiful, and do honour to the King's Taste in Poetry, which as it comes from an Adversary (tho' certainly a very candid one, and who before condemn'd the Fire-brand-Scriblers and Meteor-Wits of his Age) is a strong Proof of its being a very good one. Queen *Elizabeth* may be call'd the Mother of the *English* Poets; *James* the First was a Pedagogue to them, encourag'd their Literature but debas'd it with Puns and Pedantry; *Charles* the First reviv'd a good Taste, but the Troubles of his Reign prevented the great Effects of his Patronage.

⁴⁴ John Harris was of *New-College, Oxford*, Greek Professor of the University, and so eminent a Preacher that he was call'd a second *Chrysestom*. In the Civil Wars he sided with the Presbyterians, and was one of the *Assembly of Divines*, and is the only Poet in this Collection whom we certainly know to have been for the Parliament against the King. His Poem has great Merit; the fine Break after the mention of the Earl of *Essex*, and the Simile of the Elm and Clusters of Grapes, deserve a particular Attention. After this Simile I have struck out some Lines that were unequal in Merit to their Brethren, lest the Reader, tired with these, should stop too short; for those which now follow, tho' unjust with regard to *Beaumont*, are poetically good.

To

*To praise a landed Lord, is gainful Art :
 But thankless to pay Tribute to Desert.
 This should have been my Task: I had Intent
 To bring my Rubbish to thy Monument,
 To stop some Crannies there, but that I found
 No Need of least Repair ; all firm and sound.
 Thy well-built Fame doth still itself advance
 Above the World's mad Zeal and Ignorance.
 Though thou diedst not possesst of that same Pelf,
 Which nobler Souls call Dirt, the City, Wealth :
 Yet thou hast left unto the Times so great
 A Legacy, a Treasure so compleat,
 That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy Will :
 Men will be Wrangling, and in Doubting still,
 How so vast Sums of Wit were left behind ;
 And yet nor Debts, nor Sharers, they can find.
 'Twas the kind Providence of Fate to lock
 Some of this Treasure up ; and keep a Stock
 For a Reserve until these sullen Days :
 When Scorn, and Want, and Danger, are the Bays
 That crown the Head of Merit. But now he,
 Who in thy Will bath part, is rich and free.
 But there's a Caveat enter'd by Command,
 None should pretend, but those can understand.*

45 *Henry Moody, Bart.*

45 Sir *Henry Moody* was of the Number of those Gentlemen who had honorary Degrees conferr'd by King *Charles* the First at his Return to *Oxford* after the Battle of *Edgehill*. The Poem has some strong Marks of Genius in it, particularly in these Lines,

_____ until these sullen Days :
*When Scorn, and Want, and Danger, are the Bays
 That crown the Head of Merit.*

I confess myself a great Admirer of Verses in Rhime, whose Pauses run into each other as boldly as blank Verse itself. When our Moderns corrected many Faults in the Measure of our Verse by making the Accents always fall on right Syllables, and laying aside those harsh Elisions us'd
 by

On the Deceased Author, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER,
his Plays; and especially, *The Mad Lover*.

XX.

⁴⁶ *Whilst his well-organ'd Body doth retreat
To its first Matter, and the Formal Heat
Triumphant sits in Judgment to approve
Pieces above our Censure, and our Love;*

by our ancient Poets, they mistook this Run of the Verses into each other after the Manner of *Virgil*, *Homer*, &c. for a Fault, which depriv'd our Rhime of that Grandeur and Dignity of Numbers which arises from a perpetual change of Pauses, and turn'd whole Poems into Distichs.

⁴⁶ The first four Lines of this Copy of Verses, I own, are quite above my Comprehension. What *formal Heat* can mean, and *Heat sitting in Judgment*, is a Riddle too intricate for me to guess at. Then, why any Piece should be *above our Candour*, I am equally at a loss to understand. If these Verses are printed among Sir *Aston Cokaine's* Poems, they may, perhaps, stand in a more intelligible Plight. But, as I never met with that Gentleman's Writings, I'll venture to subjoin my Suspicion how the Text might have originally stood.

*Whilst his well-organ'd Body is retir'd
To its first Matter, and the formal Herd
Triumphant sits in Judgment, to approve
Pieces above our Censure, and our Love;*

The *formal Herd* I would interpret to be the Croud of Fanatics, that swarin'd at the Time of the first Publication of *Beaumont's* and *Fletcher's* Works. Then, as to the Correction in the fourth Line, it gives an *Antithesis* that makes good Sense: whereas *Candour* and *Love* are merely Tautology. An excellent Work may, with Reason, be said to be as much above *Censure*, as it is above our *Admiration* and *Praises*. The Word *approve*, I conceive, is to be taken in an equivocal Sense; not, directly, to *commend*; but to see whether the Piece, under Judgment, will stand the Test of being *approved*.

Mr. *Theobald*.

This Note of Mr. *Theobald's* is ingenious; but there are great Liberties taken, and the Sense is, I believe, made totally different from the true one, which at best is very obscure. *Formal Heat*, I take to be a metaphysical and logical Term for the *Soul*, as the *Formal Cause* is that which constitutes the Essence of any thing. *Fletcher's* Soul therefore now sits in Judgment, to approve Works deserving of Praise. As to *Censure* for *Candour*, it is certainly a very probable Conjecture.

Such,

*Such, as dare boldly venture to appear
 Unto the curious Eye, and Critic Ear :
 Lo, the Mad Lover in these various Times
 Is press'd to Life, t' accuse us of our Crimes.
 While Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ
 Such lasting Monuments of natural Wit ?
 Others might draw their Lines with Sweat, like those
 That (with much Pains) a Garrison inclose ;
 Whilst his sweet, fluent, Vein did gently run,
 As uncontrol'd and smoothly as the Sun.
 After his Death, our Theatres did make
 Him in his own unequal Language speak :
 And now, when all the Muses out of their
 Approved Modesty silent appear,
 This Play of Fletcher's braves the envious Light,
 As Wonder of our Ears once, now our Sight.
 Three-and-fourfold-blest Poet, who the Lives
 Of Poets, and of Theatres, survives !
 A Groom, or Ostler of some Wit, may bring
 His Pegasus to the Castalian Spring ;
 Boast, he a Race o'er the Pharsalian Plain,
 Or happy Tempe's Valley, dares maintain :
 Brag, at one Leap, upon the double Cliffe
 (Were it as high as monstrous Tenariffe)
 Of far-renown'd Parnassus he will get,
 And there (t' amaze the World) confirm his Seat :
 When our admired Fletcher vaunts not Aught,
 And slighted every thing he writ as Naught :
 While all our English wondring World (in's Cause)
 Made this great City echo with Applause.
 Read him, therefore, all that can read ; and those,
 That cannot, learn ; if y'are not Learning's Foes ;
 And wilfully resolved to refuse
 The gentle Raptures of this happy Muse.*

From

From thy great Constellation (noble Soul)
 Look on this Kingdom ; suffer not the whole
 Spirit of Poesy retire to Heaven ;
 But make us entertain what thou hast given.
 Earthquakes and Thunder Diapasons make ;
 The Seas vast Roar, and irresistible Shake
 Of horrid Winds, a Sympathy compose ;
 So in these things there's Musick in the Close :
 And though they seem great Discords in our Ears,
 They are not so to them above the Spheres.
 Granting these Musick, how much sweeter's That
 Mnemosyne's Daughters' Voices do create?
 Since Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and Air consent
 To make an Harmony, (the Instrument,
 Their own agreeing selves) shall we refuse
 The Musick which the Deities do use?
 Troy's ravish'd Ganymede doth sing to Jove,
 And Phœbus self plays on his Lyre Above.
 The Cretan Gods, or glorious Men, who will
 Imitate right, must wonder at thy Skill ;
 Best Poet of thy Times ! or they will prove
 As mad, as thy brave Memnon was with Love.

47 Aston Cokaine, Bart.

47 *Aston Cokaine, Bart.*] This Gentleman who claim'd being made
 a Baronet by King Charles I. at a Time when the King's Distress pre-
 vented the Creation passing the due Forms, was a Poet of some Repute,
 for which Reason this Copy is inserted more than for its intrinsic Worth.
 He was Lord of the Manors of Pooley in Polesworth Parish, Warwick-
 shire, and of Abburn in Derbyshire ; but with a Fate not uncommon to
 Wits, spent and sold both ; but his Descendants of this Age have been
 and are Persons of distinguish'd Merit and Fortune.

On the Edition of Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S,
and Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS,
never printed before.

XXI.

I Am amaz'd; and this same *Extasy*
Is both my *Glory* and *Apology*.
Sober Joys are dull Passions; they must bear
Proportion to the *Subject*: if so, where
Beaumont and Fletcher shall vouchsafe to be
The Subject, That *Joy* must be *Extasy*.
Fury is the *Complexion* of great *Wits*;
The *Fool's Distemper*: He, that's *Mad by Fits*,
Is *wise* so too. It is the *Poet's Muse*;
The *Prophet's God*; the *Fool's*, and my *Excuse*.
For (in *Me*) nothing less than *Fletcher's Name*
Could have *begot*, or *justify'd*, this *Flame*.
Beaumont }
Fletcher } *Return'd!* methinks, it should not be:
No, not in's *Works*; *Plays* are as *Dead* as *He*.
The *Palate* of *this Age* gusts nothing *High*;
That has not *Custard* in't, or *Bawdery*.
Folly and *Madness* fill the *Stage*: The *Scene*
Is *Athens*; where, the *Guilty*, and the *Mean*,
The *Fool'scape* well enough; *Learned* and *Great*,
Suffer an *Ostracism*; stand *exulate*.
Mankind is fall'n again, shrunk a *Degree*,
A *Step* below his very *Apostacy*.
Nature her *Self* is out of *Tune*; and *Sick*
Of *Tumult* and *Disorder*, *Lunatick*.
Yet *what World* would not cheerfully *endure*
The *Torture*, or *Disease*, t' enjoy the *Cure*?

This

*This Book's the Balsam, and the Hellebore,
 Must preserve bleeding Nature, and restore
 Our crazy Stupor to a just quick Sense
 Both of Ingratitude, and Providence.
 That teaches us (at Once) to feele and know,
 Two deep Points: What we Want, and what we Owe.
 Yet Great Goods have their Ills: Should we transmit,
 To future Times, the Pow'r of Love and Wit,
 In this Example: would they not combine,
 To make Our Imperfections Their Design?
 They'd study our Corruptions; and take more
 Care to be Ill, than to be Good, before.
 For nothing, but so great Infirmity,
 Could make Them worthy of such Remedy.*

*Have you not seen the Sun's almighty Ray
 Rescue th' affrighted World, and redeem Day
 From black Despair? how his victorious Beam
 Scatters the Storm, and drowns the petty Flame
 Of Lightning, in the Glory of his Eye:
 How full of Pow'r, how full of Majesty?
 When, to us Mortals, nothing else was known,
 But the sad Doubt, whether to burn, or drown.*

*Choler, and Phlegme, Heat, and dull Ignorance,
 Have cast the People into such a Trance,
 That Fears and Danger seem Great equally,
 And no Dispute left now, but how to die.
 Just in this nick, Fletcher sets the World clear
 Of all Disorder, and reforms us here.*

*The formal Youth, that knew no other Grace,
 Or Value, but his Title, and his Lace,
 Glasses himself: and, in this faithful Mirror,
 Views, disapproves, reforms, repents his Error.*

*The credulous, bright Girl, that believes all
 Language, in Oaths (if good) Canonical,*

Is fortify'd, and taught, here, to beware
 Of ev'ry specious Bait, of ev'ry Snare
 Save one; and that same Caution takes her more,
 Than all the Flattery she felt before.
 She finds her Boxes, and her Thoughts betray'd
 By the Corruption of the Chamber-Maid;
 Then throws her Washes and Dissemblings by;
 And vows nothing but Ingenuity.

The severe Statesman quits his sullen Form
 Of Gravity and Bus'ness; The Lukewarm
 Religious, his Neutrality; The hot
 Brainsick Illuminate, his Zeal; The Sot,
 Stupidity; The Soldier, his Arrears;
 The Court, its Confidence; The Plebs, their Fears;
 Gallants, their Apishness and Perjury;
 Women, their Pleasure and Inconstancy;
 Poets, their Wine; the Usurer, his Pelf;
 The World, its Vanity; and I, my Self.

⁴⁸ Roger L'Estrange.

On the EDITION.

XXII.

FLetcher (whose Fame no Age can ever waste;
 Envy of ours, and Glory of the last)
 Is now alive again; and with his Name
 His sacred Ashes wak'd into a Flame;
 Such as before, did by a secret Charm
 The wildest Heart subdue, the coldest warm;

⁴⁸ For the same Reason that Sir Aston Cockain's Poem is reprinted, Sir Roger L'Estrange's keeps its Place. His Name is well known to the learned World, but this Copy of Verses does no great Honour either to himself or our Authors.

And

*And lend the Ladies' Eyes a Power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either, Heat and Light.*

*He to a Sympathy those Souls betray'd,
Whom Love, or Beauty, never could perswade;
And in each mov'd Spectator could beget*

A real Passion by a Counterfeit :

*When first Bellario bled, what Lady there
Did not for every Drop let fall a Tear ?*

*And when Aspasia wept, not any Eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad Livery ;
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More Streams of melting Sorrow than the true ;
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile
Their easy Grievs, and teach them all to smile.*

*Thus he Affections could, or raise, or lay ;
Love, Grief, and Mirth, thus did his Charms obey ;
He Nature taught her Passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new ;
Which such a happy Likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.*

*Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same Urn wherein his Dust hath slept ;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic Wreath to claim,
Had not the dying Scene expir'd his Name ;
Despair our Joy hath doubled, he is come ;
Thrice welcome by this Post-liminius.*

*His Loss preserv'd him ; They, that silenc'd Wit,
Are now the Authors to Eternize it ;*

*Thus Poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,
And Plays by Intermision longer-liv'd.*

49 Tho. Stanley.

49 Mr. Stanley educated at *Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge*, was a Poet of some Eminence, and his Verses have Merit ; and contain a Proof of what is asserted in the Preface, of Plays being kept unpublish'd for the Benefit of the Players.

To the Memory of the Deceased but Ever-living
Author, in these his Poems, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

XXIII.

ON the large Train of Fletcher's Friends let me
(Retaining still my wonted Modesty,)
Become a Writer, in my ragged Verse,
As Follower to the Muses Followers.
Many here are of Noble Rank and Worth,
That have, by strength of Art, set Fletcher forth
In true and lively Colours, as they saw him,
And had the best Abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their Lines set before Fletcher's Book;
Some, that have known him too; some more, some less;
Some only but by Hear-say, some by Guess;
And some for Fashion-sake would take the Hint,
To try how well their Wit will shew in Print.
You, that are here before me, Gentlemen,
And Princes of Parnassus by the Pen,
And your just Judgments of his Worth, that have
Preserv'd this Author's Mem'ry from the Grave,
And made it glorious; let me, at your Gate,
Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deserve here: For, where you versify
In flowing Numbers, lawful Weight, and Time,
I'll write, though not rich Verses, honest Rhime.
I am admitted. Now, have at the Rout
Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out.
Bear back, my Masters; Pray, keep back; Forbear:
You cannot, at this time, have Entrance here.

You,

You, that are worthy, may, by Intercession,
 Find Entertainment at the next Impression.
 But let none then attempt it, that not know
 The Reverence due, which to this Shrine they owe :
 All such must be excluded ; and the Sort,
 That only upon Trust, or by Report,
 Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim
 To have their Verses planted before Him :
 Let them read first his Works, and learn to know him ;
 And offer, then, the Sacrifice they owe him.
 But far from hence be such, as would proclaim
 Their Knowledge of this Author, not his Fame ;
 And such, as would pretend, of all the rest,
 To be the best Wits that have known him best.
 Depart hence all such Writers ; and, before
 Inferior ones thrust in, by many a Score ;
 As formerly, before Tom Coryate,
 Whose Work, before his Praisers, had the Fate
 To perish : for the witty Copies took
 Of his Encomiums made themselves a Book.
 Here's no such Subject for you to out-do,
 Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too
 In other Spheres :) for Fletcher's flourishing Bays
 Must never fade, while Phœbus wears his Rays.
 Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.
 Why, what are you, (cry some) that prate to us ?
 Do not we know you for a flashy Meteor ?
 And stil'd (at best) the Muses' Serving-Creature ?
 Do you comptrole ? Y' have had your Jeer : Sirs, no ;
 But, in an humble manner, let you know,
 Old Serving-Creatures oftentimes are fit
 T' inform young Masters, as in Land, in Wit,
 What they inherit ; and how well their Dads
 Left one, and wish'd the other, to their Lads.

*And from departed Poets I can guess
 Who has a greater share of Wit, who less.
 'Way Fool, another says. * I, let him rail, i. e. Ay.
 And 'bout his own Ears flourish his Wit-Flail,
 Till with his Swingle he his Noddle break ;
 While this of Fletcher, and his Works, I speak :
 His Works? (Jays Momus) nay, his Plays, you'd say :
 Thou hast said right, for that to him was Play
 Which was to others' Brains a Toil : with ease
 He play'd on Waves, which were Their troubled Seas:
 His nimble Births have longer liv'd than theirs
 That have, with strongest Labour, divers Years
 Been sending forth the Issues of their Brains
 Upon the Stage ; and shall, to th' Stationer's Gains,
 Life after Life take, till some After-Age
 Shall put down Printing, as this doth the Stage ;
 Which nothing now presents unto the Eye,
 But in Dumb-shews her own sad Tragedy.
 'Would, there had been no sadder Works abroad,
 Since her Decay, acted in Fields of Blood !*

*But to the Man again, of whom we write,
 The Writer that made Writing his Delight,
 Rather than Work. He did not pump, nor drudge,
 To beget Wit, or manage it ; nor trudge
 To Wit-Conventions with Note-Book, to glean,
 Or steal, some Jest to foist into a Scene :
 He scorn'd those Shifts. You, that have known him,
 know*

*The common Talk, that from his Lips did flow,
 And run at waste, did savour more of Wit,
 Than any of his Time, or since, have writ
 (But few excepted) in the Stage's way :
 His Scenes were Acts, and every Act a Play.*

*I knew him in his Strength; even then, when He,
 That was the 5^o Master of his Art and Me,
 Most knowing Jonson (proud to call him Son)
 In friendly Envy swore, He had out-done
 His very Self. I knew him, till he died;
 And, at his Dissolution, what a Tide
 Of Sorrow overwhelm'd the Stage; which gave
 Vollics of Sighs to send him to his Grave.
 And grew Distracted in most violent Fits,
 For She had lost the best part of her Wits.
 In the first Year, our famous Fletcher fell,
 Of good King Charles, who grac'd these Poems well,
 Being then in Life of Action: But they dy'd,
 Since the King's Absence; or were laid aside,
 As is their Poet. Now, at the Report
 Of the King's second Coming to his Court,
 The Books creep from the Prefs to Life, not Action;
 Crying unto the World, that no Protraction
 May hinder Sacred Majesty to give
 Fletcher, in them, Leave on the Stage to live.
 Others may more in lofty Verses move;
 I only, thus, express my Truth and Love.*

Richard Brome.

¹⁰ — *Master of his Art and Me,*] Mr. Richard Brome was many
 Years a Servant to Ben Jonson, (an Amanuensis, I presume;) and
 learn'd the Art of writing Comedy under him, Upon this, Ben com-
 pliments him in a short Poem prefix'd to Brome's *Northern Lass*.

*I had you for a Servant, once Dick Brome,
 And you perform'd a Servant's faithful Parts;
 Now you are got into a nearer Room
 Of Fellowship, professing my old Arts, &c.*
Mr. Theobald.

Upon the Printing of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S
WORKS.

XXIV.

WHat means this numerous Guard? or do we come
To file our Names, or Verse, upon the Tomb
Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known
His Wit, betray the Nothing of our Own?
For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
Against ourselves, No Wit, no Poet now;
Or if he be return'd from his cool Shade,
To us, this Book his Resurrection's made;
We bleed ourselves to Death, and but contrive
By our own Epitaphs to shew him alive.
But let him live! and let me prophesy,
As I go Swan-like out, our Peace is nigh;
A Balm unto the wounded Age I sing;
And nothing now is wanting, but the King.

51 Ja. Shirley.

51 Mr. Shirley was Publisher of the first Folio Edition in 1647.





INTRODUCTION to the PREFACE
of the Edition of 1711.

By J. SYMPSON.



IS really surprising that all we know of two such Illustrious Authors as Mr. *Beaumont* and Mr. *Fletcher* were is, That we know nothing. The Composer of the following Preface, and Editor of their Works in 1711, calls it *An Account of the Lives, &c. of his Authors*. But he greatly *miscalls* it, for that they were born in such a Year, and dy'd in such a one, is all he has given us of their History and Actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a Comedy, we should not have known, but upon Mr. *Shirley's* Word, that in Conversation they ever had talked one.

Our Authors, 'tis true, take up Articles in two Dictionaries, but these contain little more than Remarks on their *Dramatic* Performances. Believing therefore that the *no Account*, of the following Preface, contains as good an *Account* of our Authors as any can be given, I submit it to the Reader pure and unmix'd, as it came out of the Editor's Hands, without any Alteration or Interpolation at all, only striking out a long Quotation from a very imperfect Answer of Mr. *Dryden's*

Dryden's to the Objections made against *Shakespear* and *our Authors* by Mr. *Rhymer*.

But their *Dramatic* is no better known than their *Civil History*; I mean, what Part each sustain'd in their Poetical Capacities. Did *Beaumont* plan, and *Fletcher* raise the Superstructure? Then 'tis no wonder the Work should be all of a Piece.

But if each sustain'd both Characters (as I think is so plain as not to be doubted) 'tis strange there should appear no greater diversity in their Writings, when the separate Parts came to be put together.

For, unless I be greatly mistaken, we can't say that *here* one laid down the Pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can say of any two contiguous Colours in the Rainbow, here *this* ends and there *that* begins, so fine is the Transition, that

————— *Speclantia Lumina fallit,*
Usque adeo quod tangit idem est.—————

Mr. *Seward* will lay before the Reader what *internal Evidence* he thinks he has discover'd of a distinction of their Hands; but in general *Beaumont's* Accuracy, and *Fletcher's* Wit, are so undistinguishable, that were we not sure, to a Demonstration, that the *Masque* was the former's, and the *Shepherdess* the latter's sole Production, they might each have pass'd for the concurrent Labour of both, or have changed Hands, and the *last* been taken for *Beaumont's* and the *former* for *Fletcher's*.

And where is the Wonder, that *Fletcher's* Works, which he wrote singly after *Beaumont's* Death, shou'd carry the same Strength, Wit, Manner, and Spirit in them, so as not to be discern'd from what both wrote

wrote in Conjunction, when as Sir J. Berkenhead tells us,

Beaumont dy'd: yet left in Legacy
 His Rules and Standard-wit (Fletcher) to thee;
 Still the same Planet, though not fill'd so soon,
 A Two-horn'd Crescent then, now one Full-Moon.
 Joint Love before, now Honour doth provoke;
 So th' old Twin-Giants forcing a huge Oak,
 One slip'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
 Grasp'd the whole Tree and single held up all.

And since I have quoted one poetical Authority, let me give another (with a little variation) from the Immortal Spenser, which may farther illustrate, if not confirm our Opinion. The Poet speaking of Priamond, after he had dy'd by Cambell's Hand in single Combat, says

*His weary Ghost assoyl'd from fleshly band
 Did not, as others wont, directly fly
 Unto her rest in Pluto's griesly Land,
 Ne into Air did vanish presently,
 Ne chaunged was into a Star in Sky,
 But by traduction was eftsoon deriv'd
 Into his other Brother that surviv'd,
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former Life depriv'd.* }

The Application of these Lines to our Authors, is so easy that no Reader can miss it, and the Reason given for the Sameness of Manner, Spirit, &c. in their joint and single Performances, so clear for a poetical One, that no one can dispute it.

And

And as to *external Evidence*, tho' we have enough of it, 'tis so little to be depended on, that it has no Weight with me, whatever it may have with the intelligent Reader. The Testimony of the Verifiers, before our Authors Works, is so extravagant on the one Side or on the other, that if we trust *this Panegyrist*, *Fletcher* was the sole Author, if *that Beaumont* wrote alone, and if a *third*, the whole was the united Work and Labour of both.

The Printers of the *Quarto* Editions are no more Concordant; for in different Years and Editions, you have sometimes *Beaumont's* and *Fletcher's* Name, and sometimes the Latter's singly before the same Play.

The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* Writers may perhaps be more depended upon, but they don't go quite through with their Work; for neither the *Quarto* Copies, nor the Thirty-four Plays in the 1647 Edition, have all their full quotas of Head and Tail-Pieces; and of these we have, there are few that speak out, and tell us from whose Labours, their Audiences were to expect either Pleasure or Instruction.

However this Evidence, such as it is, I shall lay before the Reader, by way of Notes to the Alphabetical Account of our Authors Pieces (as drawn up by Dr. *Langbaine*) towards the conclusion of the following Preface; and leave it to his Judgment to determine, how far upon such Testimony, the Authors were singly or jointly concern'd; only I must give this Caution, that where the Prologue mentions Poet, or Author in the Singular, there I suppose *Fletcher* is only designed, where in the Plural, *Beaumont* is included.

P R E F A C E,



P R E F A C E,

(to the EDITION of 1711)

G I V I N G

*Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHORS
and their Writings.*

F*Rancis Beaumont, Esq;* was descended from the ancient Family of that Name, at *Gracedieu* in *Leicestershire*, and Brother to Sir *Henry Beaumont*, Knight, of the same Place; his Grandfather was *John Beaumont*, Master of the Rolls; and his Father *Francis Beaumont*, Judge of the Common Pleas, who married *Anne* Daughter of *George Pierrepont* of *Home-Pierrepont*, *Nottinghamshire*. He was Educated at *Cambridge*, and after at the *Inner-Temple*. He died before he was 30 Years of Age, and was buried the 9th of *March* 1615, at the Entrance into *St. Benedict's* Chapel in *Westminster-Abbey*. He left one Daughter behind him, *Mrs. Frances Beaumont*, who died in *Leicestershire* since the Year 1700: She had been possessed of several Poems of her Father's Writing, but they were lost at Sea coming from *Ireland*, where she had sometime lived in the Duke
of

of *Ormond's* Family. There was publish'd, after our Author's Death, a small Book containing several Poems under his Name, and among them the Story of *Salmacis* from the *Metamorphoses* of *Ovid*; and a Translation of the *Remedy of Love*, from the same Author. The Poem of *Bosworth Field*, which has been universally esteem'd, was written by his Brother *John Beaumont*.

John Fletcher, Esq; (Son of Dr. *Richard Fletcher*, who was created by Queen *Elizabeth* Bishop of *Bristol*, and after removed to *Worcester*, and from thence, in the Year 1593, to *London*;) was Educated at *Cambridge*, and probably at *Bennet College*, to which his Father was by his Will a Benefactor. He died of the Plague in the first Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the First, and was buried in *St. Mary Overy's Church* in *Southwark*, August the 19th, 1625, in the 49th Year of his Age.

Several of their Plays were Printed in Quarto while the Authors were living; and in the ⁵² Year 1645 (Twenty Years after the Death of *Fletcher*, and Thirty after that of *Beaumont*) there was Publish'd in Folio a Collection of such of their Plays as had not before been Printed, amounting to between thirty and forty. At the beginning of this Volume are inserted a great many Commendatory Verses, written in Praise of the Authors by Persons of their Acquaintance, and the most Eminent of that Age for Wit and Quality. This Collection was Published by Mr. *Shirley* after the shutting up of the Theatres, and Dedicated to the Earl of *Pembroke* by Ten of the most famous Actors, who profess to have taken

⁵² *Moseley's* Preface to the Reader bears date *February* 14, 1646. But the Title Page runs for 1647.

great

great Care in the Edition; they lament their not being able to procure any Picture of Mr. *Beaumont*, from which to take his Effigies, as they had done that of Mr. *Fletcher*: But, through the favour of the present Earl of *Dorset*, that is now supplied, the Head of Mr. *Beaumont*, and that of Mr. *Fletcher*, being taken from Originals in the noble Collection his Lordship has at *Knowles*.

In the Year 1679, there was an Edition in Folio of all their Plays Publish'd, containing those formerly Printed in Quarto, and those in the before-mentioned Folio Edition. Several of the Commendatory Verses are left out before that Impression; (many of them relating to Particulars of the Authors, or their Plays,) but they are all prefix'd to this, and a large Omission of part of the last Act of *The Tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret*, is supply'd in this.

The frequent and great Audiences that several of their Plays continue to bring, sufficiently declares the Value this Age has for them is equal to that of the former; and three such extraordinary Writers as Mr. *Waller*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and *John* late Earl of *Rochester*, selecting each of them one of their Plays to alter for the Stage, adds not a little to their Reputation.

⁵³ *The Maids Tragedy* was very frequently Acted after the Restoration, and with the greatest Ap-

⁵³ As our Authors were planning one of their Plays (*this most probably*) in a Tavern, Mr. *Fletcher* was over-heard, by some of the House, to say, *I'll undertake to Kill the King*. Words in appearance so treasonable as these were, cou'd not long be kept conceal'd, and the Discovery of 'em had like to have cost our Poet dear: But it being demonstrated that this Design was only against the Person of a *Scenical Sovereign*, our Author was freed from any farther Trouble, and the intended Process entirely dropt. *Vide Winstanley's English Poets*.

plause;

plause ; Mr. *Hart* playing *Amintor*, Major *Mobun*, *Melantius*, and Mrs. *Marshal*, *Evadne*, equal to any other Parts for which they were deservedly famous. But the latter End of that Play, where the King was kill'd, making it upon some particular Occasion not thought proper to be farther represented, it was by private Order from Court silenc'd. This was the Reason Mr. *Waller* undertook the altering the latter part of that Play; as it is now printed in the last Edition of his Works—Upon which Alteration, this following Remark was made by an Eminent Hand.

It is not to be doubted who sat for the two Brothers Characters. 'Twas agreeable to Mr. Waller's Temper to soften the Rigour of the Tragedy, as he expresses it ; but whether it be agreeable to the Nature of Tragedy itself, to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the Critics.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, so celebrated for Writing the *Rebearfal*, made the two last Acts of the *Chances* almost New. Mr. *Hart* play'd the Part of *Don John* to the highest Satisfaction of the Audience ; the Play had a great Run, and ever since has been follow'd as one of the best Entertainments of the Stage. His Grace, after that, bestow'd some time in altering another Play of our Authors, called *Philaster*, or *Love lies a Bleeding* : He made very considerable Alterations in it, and took it with him, intending to finish it the last Journey he made to *Yorkshire* in the Year 1686. I cannot learn what is become of the Play with his Grace's Alterations, but am very well inform'd it was since the Revolution in the Hands of Mr. *Nevil Payne*, who was imprison'd at *Edinburgh* in the Year 1689.

The

The Alterations in *Valentinian*, by the Earl of *Rochester*, amount to about a third part of the whole; but his Lordship died before he had done all he intended to it. It was Acted with very great Applause, Mr. *Goodman* playing *Valentinian*, Mr. *Batterton*, *Æcius*, and Mrs. *Barry*, *Lucina*. My Lord died in the Year 1680, and the Play was acted in the Year 1684, and the same Year publish'd by Mr. *Robert Wolsley*, with a Preface, giving a large Account of my Lord, and his Writings. This Play, with the Alterations, is printed at the end of his Lordship's Poems in Octavo.

Mr. *Dryden*, in his Essay of *Dramatic Poetry*, Page 17, (in the first Volume of the Folio Edition of his Works) in a Comparison of the *French* and *English* Comedy, says, 'As for Comedy, Repartee
' is one of its chiefest Graces. The greatest Pleasure
' of an Audience is a Chase of Wit kept up on both
' Sides, and swiftly manag'd: And this our Fore-
' fathers (if not we) have had in *Fletcher's* Plays,
' to a much higher Degree of Perfection than the
' *French* Poets can arrive at.

And in the same Essay, Page 19, he says, '*Beau-
' mont* and *Fletcher* had, with the Advantage of
' *Shakespear's* Wit, which was their Precedent, great
' Natural Gifts, improv'd by Study. *Beaumont*
' especially being so accurate a Judge of Plays, that
' *Ben Jonson*, while he liv'd, submitted all his
' Writings to his Censure, and 'tis thought us'd his
' Judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his
' Plots. What Value he had for him appears by
' the Verses he wrote to him, and therefore I need
' speak no farther of it. The first Play that brought
' *Fletcher* and him in esteem, was *Philaster*; for

‘ before that, they had written two or three very
 ‘ unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of *Ben*
 ‘ *Jonson*, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour* :
 ‘ Their Plots were generally more regular than
 ‘ *Shakespear’s*, especially those that were made before
 ‘ *Beaumont’s* Death : And they understood and
 ‘ imitated the Conversation of Gentlemen much
 ‘ better; whose wild Debaucheries, and quickness
 ‘ of Wit in Repartees, no Poet can ever paint as
 ‘ they have done. Humour, which *Ben Jonson*
 ‘ deriv’d from particular Persons, they made it not
 ‘ their Business to describe; they represented all the
 ‘ Passions very lively, but above all *Love*. I am apt
 ‘ to believe the *English* Language in them arrived
 ‘ to its highest Perfection; what Words have since
 ‘ been taken in, are rather superfluous than ne-
 ‘ cessary. Their Plays are now the most pleasant
 ‘ and frequent Entertainments of the Stage, two of
 ‘ theirs being Acted through the Year, for one of
 ‘ *Shakespear’s* or *Jonson’s*; the Reason is, because
 ‘ there is a certain Gaiety in their Comedies, and
 ‘ *Pathos* in their more serious Plays, which suits
 ‘ generally with all Mens Humour. *Shakespear’s*
 ‘ Language is likewise a little obsolete, and *Ben*
 ‘ *Jonson’s* Wit comes short of theirs.

This Essay of Mr. *Dryden’s* was written in the
 Year 1666.

Mr. *Dryden* said he had been inform’d, that after
Beaumont’s Death, Mr. *James Shirly* was consulted
 by *Fletcher* in the plotting several of his Plays. It
 does seem that *Shirly* did supply many that were
 left imperfect, and that the old Players gave some
 Remains, or imperfect Plays of *Fletcher’s* to *Shirly*
 to make up: And it is from hence, that in the first
 Act

Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, there is a Scene of an Ostler, Transcribed *Verbatim* out of *Ben Jonson's New Inn*, Act 3. Scene 1. which Play was written long after *Fletcher* died, and transplanted into *Love's Pilgrimage* after the Printing the *New Inn*, which was in the Year 1630. And two of the Plays printed under the name of *Fletcher*, viz. the *Coronation*, and *The Little Thief*, have been claimed by *Shirly* to be his; 'tis probable they were left imperfect by one, and finish'd by the other.

Mr. *Langbaine*, in his Account of the *Dramatic Poets*, printed in the Year 1691, is very particular upon the several Plays of our Authors, and therefore I shall conclude with Transcribing from him, page 204. viz. ' Mr. *Beaumont* was a Master
' of a good Wit, and a better Judgment, that Mr.
' *Jonson* himself thought it no Disparagement to sub-
' mit his Writings to his Correction. Mr. *Fletcher's*
' Wit was equal to Mr. *Beaumont's* Judgment, and
' was so luxuriant, that like superfluous Branches it
' was frequently prun'd by his judicious Partner.
' These Poets perfectly understood Breeding, and
' therefore successfully copy'd the Conversation of
' Gentlemen. They knew how to describe the
' Manners of the Age; and *Fletcher* had a peculiar
' Talent in expressing all his Thoughts with Life and
' Briskness. No Man ever understood or drew the
' Passions more lively than he; and his witty Rallery
' was so deep, that it rather pleas'd than disgusted
' the modest part of his Audience. In a word,
' *Fletcher's* Fancy and *Beaumont's* Judgment com-
' bin'd, produc'd such Plays, as will remain Monu-
' ments of their Wit to all Posterity. Mr. *Fletcher*
' himself, after Mr. *Beaumont's* Death, compos'd

‘ several Dramatic Pieces, which were worthy the
‘ Pen of so great a Master.’ And this Mr. *Cartwright* alludes to, in his Verses before the Book.

The following Verses, put under his Folio Picture, were written by Sir *John Berkenhead*.

*Felicis ævi, ac Præfulis Natus ; comes
Beaumontio ; sic, quippe Parnassus, Biceps ;
FLETCHERUS unam in Pyramida furcas agens ;
Struxit chorum plùs simplicem Vates Duplex ;
Plus Duplicem solus : nec ullum transtulit ;
Nec transferendus : Dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo Theatro, Orbi, Sibi, superstites.
FLETCHERE, facies absque vultu pingitur ;
Quantus ! vel umbram circuit nemo tuam.*

There are Fifty-two Plays written by these Authors, each of which I shall mention Alphabetically.

⁵⁴ *Beggars Bush*, a Comedy. This Play I have seen several times acted with Applause.

Bonduca, a Tragedy. The Plot of this Play is borrow'd from *Tacitus's Annals*, Lib. 14. See *Milton's History of England*, Book 2. *Ubalдино de Vita delle Donne Illustri del Regno d'Inghelterra, & Scotia*, pag. 7. &c.

⁵⁵ *Bloody Brother*, or *Rollo Duke of Normandy*, a Tragedy much in request ; and notwithstanding Mr. *Rymer's* Criticisms on it, has still the good for-

⁵⁴ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue none.

⁵⁵ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, and *Quarto* of 1640, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. *Crooke*, in his Catalogue of our Authors Plays subjoin'd to *Wit without Money* 1661, gives it to both. Prologue and Epilogue none.

tune to please: It being frequently acted by the present Company of Actors, at the Queen's Play-House in *Dorset-Garden*. The Design of this Play is History: See *Herodian, lib. 4. Xiphilini Epit. Dion. in Vit. Ant. Caracallæ*. Part of the Language is copy'd from *Seneca's Thebais*.

⁵⁶ *Captain*, a Comedy.

⁵⁷ *Chances*, a Comedy, revived by the late Duke of *Buckingham*, and very much improv'd; being acted with extraordinary Applause at the Theatre in *Dorset-Garden*, and printed with the Alterations, *Lond. 4to, 1682*. This Play is built on a Novel written by the famous *Spaniard Miguel de Cervantes*, call'd *The Lady Cornelia*; which the Reader may read at large in a Fol. Vol. call'd *Six Exemplary Novels*.

⁵⁸ *Coronation*, a Tragi-comedy.

⁵⁹ *Coxcomb*, a Comedy, which was reviv'd at the Theatre-Royal, the Prologue being spoken by *Jo. Hains*.

⁶⁰ *Cupid's Revenge*, a Tragedy.

⁶¹ *Custom of the Country*, a Tragi-comedy. This is accounted an excellent Play; the Plot of *Rutilio, Duarte*, and *Guyomar*, is founded on one of *Male-spini's Novels*, *Deca. 6. Nov. 6*.

⁵⁶ Commendatory Verses by *Hills* and *Gardiner*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. *Maine* to both. Prologue to one. Epilogue silent.

⁵⁷ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue silent.

⁵⁸ Quarto 1640, attributes this Play to *Fletcher*. *Crooke's Catalogue* to both. Prologue to one. Epilogue silent.

⁵⁹ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both. Epilogue silent.

⁶⁰ Quarto of 1630, 1635, and *Crooke's Catalogue*, attribute this Play to both.

⁶¹ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Lovelace*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both.

⁶² *Double Marriage*, a Tragedy, which has been reviv'd some Years ago; as I learn from a new Prologue printed in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 14.

⁶³ *Elder Brother*, a Comedy, which has been acted with good Applause.

⁶⁴ *Faithful Shepherdes*, a Pastoral, writ by Mr. *Fletcher*, and commended by two Copies written by the judicious *Beaumont*, and the learned *Jonson*, which are inserted among the Commendatory Poems at the beginning of this Edition. When this Pastoral was first acted before their Majesties at *Somerset-House* on *Twelfth-Night*, 1633, instead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, sung between a Priest and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir *William D'Avenant*; and an Epilogue was spoken by the Lady *Mary Mordant*, which the Reader may read in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 86.

⁶⁵ *Fair Maid of the Inn*, a Tragi-comedy. *Mariana's* disowning *Cæsario* for her Son, and the Duke's Injunction to marry him, is related by *Causin* in his *Holy Court*, and is transcrib'd by *Wanley* in his *History of Man*, Fol. Book 3. Chap. 26.

⁶⁶ *False One*, a Tragedy. This Play is founded on the Adventures of *Julius Cæsar* in *Ægypt*, and his Amours with *Cleopatra*. See *Suetonius*, *Plutarch*, *Dion*, *Appian*, *Florus*, *Eutropius*, *Orosius*, &c.

Four Plays, or Moral Representations in One; viz. *The Triumph of Honour*; *The Triumph of Love*;

⁶² Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*.

⁶³ Commendatory Verses by *Hills*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Quarto 1651, and *Crooke's* Catalogue, to both. Quarto 1661, and the Distich to the Reader, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to one.

⁶⁴ Universally ascrib'd to *Fletcher*.

⁶⁵ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

⁶⁶ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to both.

The Triumph of Death; *The Triumph of Time*. I know not whether ever these Representations appear'd on the Stage, or no. *The Triumph of Honour* is founded on *Boccace* his *Novels*, Day 10. Nov. 5. *The Triumph of Love*, on the same Author, Day 5. Nov. 8. *The Triumph of Death* on a Novel in *The Fortunate, Deceiv'd, and Unfortunate Lovers*, part 3. Nov. 3. See besides *Palace of Pleasure*, Nov. 40. *Belleforest*, &c. *The Triumph of Time*, as far as falls within my discovery, is wholly the Author's Invention.

⁶⁷ *Honest Man's Fortune*, a Tragi-Comedy. As to the Plot of *Montaign's* being prefer'd by *Lamira* to be her Husband, when he was in Adversity, and least expected: The like Story is related by *Heywood* in his *History of Women*, Book 9. pag. 641.

⁶⁸ *Humourous Lieutenant*, a Tragi-Comedy, which I have often seen acted with Applause. The Character of the *Humorous Lieutenant* refusing to fight after he was cured of his Wounds, resembles the Story of the Soldier belonging to *Lucullus* describ'd in the Epistles of *Horace*, lib. 2. Ep. 2. but the very Story is related in *Ford's Apothegms*, p. 30. How near the Poet keeps to the Historian I must leave to those that will compare the Play with the Writers of the Lives of *Antigonus* and *Demetrius*, the Father and the Son. See *Plutarch's* Life of *Demetrius*, *Diodorus*, *Justin*, *Appian*, &c.

⁶⁹ *Island Princess*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play about three Years ago was reviv'd with Alterations by Mr. *Tate*, being acted at the Theatre-Royal,

⁶⁷ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

⁶⁸ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, *Hills*, and *Lovelace*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue silent.

⁶⁹ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

printed in Quarto *Lond.* 1687, and Dedicated to the Right Honourable *Henry Lord Walgrave*.

⁷⁰ *King and no King*, a Tragi-Comedy, which notwithstanding its Errors discover'd by Mr. *Rymer* in his *Criticisms*, has always been acted with Applause, and has lately been reviv'd on our present Theatre with so great Success, that we may justly say with *Horace*,

Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

⁷¹ *Knight of the burning Pestle*, a Comedy. This Play was in vogue some Years since, it being reviv'd by the King's House, and a new Prologue (instead of the old one in Prose) being spoken by Mrs. *Ellen Guin*. The bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the Stage, was possibly in imitation of *Ben Jonson's Staple of News*, who has introduc'd on the Stage Four Gossips, Lady-like attir'd, who remain during the whole Action, and criticise upon each Scene.

⁷² *Knight of Malta*, a Tragi-Comedy.

Laws of Candy, a Tragi-Comedy.

⁷³ *Little French Lawyer*, a Comedy. The Plot is borrow'd from *Gusman*, or *The Spanish Rogue*, Part 2. Chap. 4. The Story of *Dinant*, *Clerimont*, and *Lamira*, being borrow'd from *Don Dewis de Castro*, and *Don Roderigo de Montalva*. The like Story is in other Novels; as in *Scarron's Novel*, called *The*

⁷⁰ Commendatory Verses by *Howard* and *Herrick* to *Fletcher Earle* to *Beaumont*. Quartos 1619, 1631, 1639, 1661, 1676, and *Crooke's Catalogue*, to both.

⁷¹ Quarto of 1613, has no Name in the Title Page, but the Dedication gives it to both; so does *Crooke's Catalogue*. Quarto of 1635, Title Page gives it to both; but in the Preface to the Reader 'tis attributed only to one. Prologue to one.

⁷² Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

⁷³ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, *Lovelace*, and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to both.

Fruitlefs

Fruitless Precaution; and in *The Complaisant Companion*, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the above-mentioned Original.

⁷⁴ *Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid*, a Comedy.

⁷⁵ *Love's Pilgrimage*, a Comedy. This I take to be an admirable Comedy. The Foundation of it is built on a Novel of *Miguel de Cervantes*, called *The Two Damsels*. The Scene in the first Act, between *Diego* the Host of *Ossuna*, and *Lazaro* his Ostler, is stoln from *Ben Jonson's New Inn*: which I may rather term borrow'd, for that Play miscarrying in the Action, I suppose they made use of it with *Ben's* Consent.

⁷⁶ *Lovers Progress*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play is built on a *French* Romance written by *M. Daudiguier*, call'd *Lysander* and *Calista*.

⁷⁷ *Loyal Subject*, a Tragi-Comedy.

⁷⁸ *Mad Lover*, a Tragi-Comedy. The Design of *Cleantbe's* Suborning the Priestess to give a false Oracle in favour of her Brother *Syphax*, is borrow'd from the Story of *Mundus* and *Paulina*, describ'd at large by *Josephus*, Lib. 18. Cap. 4. This Play *Sir Aston Cokain* has chiefly commended in his Copy of Verses on *Mr. Fletcher's* Plays. See the Verses before this Edition; and *Cokain's Poems*, pag. 101.

⁷⁹ *Maid in the Mill*, a Comedy. This Play, amongst others, has likewise been reviv'd by the

⁷⁴ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue to both.

⁷⁵ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both.

⁷⁶ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one.

⁷⁷ Commendatory Verses by *Hills* and *Gardiner*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one.

⁷⁸ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, *Hills*, *Lovelace*, *Herrick*, to *Fletcher*. *Maine*, and Prologue to both.

⁷⁹ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*.

Duke's

Duke's House. The Plot of *Antonio, Ismenia, and Aminta*, is borrow'd from *Gerardo*, a Romance translated from the *Spanish* of *Don Gonzalo de Cespides*, and *Moneces*; see the Story of *Don Jayme*, pag. 350. As to the Plot of *Otrantes's* seizing *Florimel* the Miller's supposed Daughter, and attempting her Chastity: 'Tis borrow'd from an *Italian Novel* writ by *Bandello*; a Translation of which into *French*, the Reader may find in *Les Histoires Tragiques, par M. Belleforest, Tom. 1. Hist. 12.* The same Story is related by *M. Goulart*; See *Les Histoires admirables de nôtre tems, 8vo. Tom. 1. p. 212.*

⁸⁰ *Maid's Tragedy*, a Play which has always been acted with great Applause at the King's Theatre; and which had still continu'd on the *English Stage*, had not King *Charles* the Second, for some particular Reasons, forbid its further Appearance during his Reign. It has since been reviv'd by *Mr. Waller*, the last Act having been wholly alter'd to please the Court: As the Author of the Preface to the second Part of his Poems informs us, and gives us further the following Account: ' 'Tis not to be doubted, ' who sat for the Two Brothers Characters. 'Twas ' agreeable to the Sweetness of *Mr. Waller's* Temper, ' to soften the Rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses ' it; but whether it be agreeable to the Nature of ' Tragedy itself, to make every thing come off easily, ' I leave to the Critics.' This last Act is publish'd in *Mr. Waller's Poems*, printed in Octavo, *Lond. 1711.*

⁸¹ *Masque of Grays-Inn Gentlemen*, and the *Inner Temple*. This Masque was written by *Mr. Beau-*

⁸⁰ Commendatory Verses by *Howard, Stanley, Herrick, and Waller, to Fletcher. Earle to Beaumont. Quarto 1619, 1622, Anonymous. 1630, 1650, and Crooke's Catalogue, to both.*

⁸¹ *Beaumont only.*

mont alone, and presented before the King and Queen in the Banqueting-House of *Whitehall*, at the Marriage of the Illustrious *Frederick* and *Elizabeth*, Prince and Princess *Palatine* of the *Rhine*.

⁸² *Monsieur Thomas*, a Comedy, which not long since appear'd on the present Stage under the Name of *Trick for Trick*.

⁸³ *Nice Valour*, or *The Passionate Mad-man*, a Comedy.

⁸⁴ *Night Walker*, or *The Little Thief*, a Comedy, which I have seen acted by the King's Servants, with great Applause, both in the City and Country.

⁸⁵ *Noble Gentleman*, a Comedy which was lately reviv'd by Mr. *Durfey*, under the Title of *The Fools Preferment*, or *The Three Dukes of Dunstable*.

⁸⁶ *Philaster*, or *Love lies a Bleeding*: a Tragi-Comedy which has always been acted with Success; and has been the diversion of the Stage, even in these Days. This was the first Play that brought these excellent Authors in Esteem; and this Play was one of those that were represented at the old Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, when the Women acted alone. The Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by Mrs. *Marshal*, and printed in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, pag. 18. About this Time there was a Prologue written on purpose for the Women by Mr. *Dryden*,

⁸² Quarto 1639, to *Fletcher*. *Crooke's* Catalogue to both.

⁸³ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to one.

⁸⁴ Quarto 1640, in the Title Page and Dedication, to *Fletcher*. *Crooke's* Catalogue to both.

⁸⁵ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both. Epilogue silent.

⁸⁶ Commendatory Verses by *Lovelace*, *Stanley*, *Herrick*, to *Fletcher*. *Earle* to *Beaumont*. Quarto 1628, 1634, 1652, and another Edition without a Date, as well as *Crooke's* Catalogue, to both.

and

and is printed in his *Miscellany Poems* in Octavo, p. 285.

⁸⁷ *Pilgrim*, a Comedy which was reviv'd some Years since, and a Prologue spoke, which the Reader may find in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 12.

⁸⁸ *Prophetess*, a Tragical History, which has lately been reviv'd by Mr. *Dryden*, under the Title of *The Prophetess*, or *The History of Dioclesian*, with Alterations and Additions after the manner of an *Opera*, represented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed Quarto Lond. 1690. For the Plot consult *Eusebius* Lib. 8. *Nicephorus* Lib. 6. and 7. *Vopisc. Car. & Carin. Aur. Victoris Epitome. Eutropius* Lib. 9. *Baronius* An. 204. &c. *Orosius* L. 7. C. 16. *Coef-feteau* L. 20. &c.

⁸⁹ *Queen of Corinth*, a Tragi-Comedy.

⁹⁰ *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*, a Tragi-Comedy which within these few Years has been acted with Applause, at the Queen's Theatre in *Dorset-Garden*.

⁹¹ *Scornful Lady*, a Comedy acted with good Applause, even in these Times, at the Theatre in *Dorset-Garden*. Mr. *Dryden* has condemn'd the Conclusion of this Play, in reference to the Conversion of *Moorcraft* the Usurer; but whether this Catastrophe be excusable, I must leave to the Critics.

⁹² *Sea Voyage*, a Comedy lately reviv'd by Mr.

⁸⁷ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

⁸⁸ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*.

⁸⁹ Commendatory Verses by *Hills*, to *Fletcher*.

⁹⁰ Commendatory Verses by *Hills*, and Quarto 1640, to *Fletcher*. *Crooke's* Catalogue to both. Prologue to one.

⁹¹ Commendatory Verses by *Waller* and *Stanley*, to *Fletcher*. Quarto 1630, 1639, and *Crooke's* Catalogue to both.

⁹² Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, to *Fletcher*.

Durfey,

Durfey, under the Title of *The Commonwealth of Women*. This Play is supposed by Mr. *Dryden*, (as I have observ'd) to be copied from *Shakespear's Tempest*.

*The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring Shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar;
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.*

⁹³ *Spanish Curate*, a Comedy frequently reviv'd with general Applause. The Plot of *Don Henrique*, *Ascanio*, *Violante*, and *Jacinta*, is borrow'd from *Gerardo's History of Don John*, p. 202. and that of *Leandro*, *Bartolus*, *Amarantha* and *Lopez*, from the *Spanish Curate* of the same Author, pag, 214. &c.

⁹⁴ *Thierry and Theodoret*, a Tragedy. This Play is accounted by some an excellent old Play; the Plot of it is founded on History. See the *French Chronicles* in the Reign of *Clotaire* the Second. See *Fredegarius Scholasticus*, *Aimoinus Monachus Floriacensis*, *De Serres*, *Mezeray*, *Crispin*, &c.

⁹⁵ *Two Noble Kinsmen*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play was written by Mr. *Fletcher*, and Mr. *Shakespear*. The Story is taken from *Chaucer's Knight's Tale*, which Mr. *Dryden* has admirably put into modern English; it is the first Poem in his *Fables*.

⁹³ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Lovelace*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue silent.

⁹⁴ Quarto 1648, to *Fletcher*. Quarto 1649, and *Crooke's Catalogue*, to both.

⁹⁵ Quarto 1634, to *Fletcher* and *Shakespear*. *Crooke's Catalogue* to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue silent.

Valentinian,

⁹⁶ *Valentinian*, a Tragedy reviv'd not long ago by that great Wit, the Earl of *Rocheſter*; acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in Quarto 1685, with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings. For the Plot ſee the Writers of thoſe Times; as *Caffidori Chron. Amm. Marcell. Hiſt. Evagrius Lib 2. Procopius, &c.*

⁹⁷ *Wife for a Month*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play is in my poor Judgment well worth reviving, and with the alteration of a judicious Pen, would be an excellent Drama. The Character and Story of *Alphonſo*, and his Brother *Frederick's* Carriage to him, much reſembles the Hiſtory of *Sancho* the Eighth, King of *Leon*. I leave the Reader to the perufal of his Story in *Mariana*, and *Louïs de Mayerne Turquet*.

⁹⁸ *Wild-Goofe Chafe*, a Comedy valued by the beſt Judges of Poetry.

⁹⁹ *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*, a Comedy which by ſome is thought very diverting; and poſſibly was the Model on which the Characters of the Elder *Palatine* and Sir *Morglay Thwack* were built by Sir *William D'Avenant*, in his Comedy call'd *The Wits*.

¹⁰⁰ *Wit without Money*, a Comedy which I have ſeen acted at the Old Houſe in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields* with very great Applauſe; the Part of *Va-*

⁹⁶ Commendatory Verſes by *Lovelace* and *Stanley*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue none. Epilogue ſilent.

⁹⁷ Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue ſilent.

⁹⁸ Commendatory Verſes by *Hills* to *Fletcher*.

⁹⁹ Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Epilogue to both.

¹⁰⁰ Quarto 1639, 1661, and *Crooke's* Catalogue, to both.

Ientine being play'd by that compleat Actor Major *Mobun*, deceas'd. This was the first Play that was acted after the Burning the King's House in *Drury-Lane*; a new Prologue being writ for them by Mr. *Dryden*, printed in his *Miscellany Poems* in Octavo, p. 285.

¹⁰¹ *Woman Hater*, a Comedy. This Play was reviv'd by Sir *William D'Avenant*, and a new Prologue (instead of the old One writ in Prose) was spoken, which the Reader may peruse in Sir *William's Works* in Fol. p. 249. This Play was one of those writ by *Fletcher* alone.

¹⁰² *Women Pleas'd*, a Tragi-Comedy. The comical Parts of this Play throughout between *Bartello*, *Lopez*, *Isabella*, and *Claudio*, are founded on several of *Boccace's* Novels: See Day 7. Nov. 6. and 8. Day 8. Nov. 8.

¹⁰³ *Woman's Prize*, or *The Tamer Tam'd*, a Comedy, written on the same foundation with *Shake-spear's Taming of the Shrew*; or which we may better call a Second Part or Counter-part to that admirable Comedy. This was writ by Mr. *Fletcher's* Pen likewise.

¹⁰¹ Quarto 1649, and *Crooke's Catalogue* to both. Prologue to one.

¹⁰² Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*.

¹⁰³ Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Lovelace*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue silent.





Names of the principal Actors who perform'd in
BEAUMONT's and FLETCHER's Plays.

*N. B. The Names marked thus * are the Names of the Players who dedicated the Edition of 1647 to the Earl of Pembroke.*

William Allen
Hugh Atawell
Richard Burbadge
Theophilus Byrd
* Robert Benfield
George Birch
William Barksted
Thomas Basse

Henry Condel
Alexander Cooke
* Hugh Clearke

William Eglestone

Nathaniel Field.

Sander Gough
Giles Gary.

Thomas Holcombe
* Stephen Hammerton
John Honyman
James Horn.

* John Lowin.

William Ostler.

* Thomas Pollard
William Penn.

Emanuel Read

John Rice


* Richard Robinson
William Rowly.

Richard Sharpe
Eylæard Swanston
John Shank.

* Joseph Taylor
Nicholas Toolie
William Trigg
John Thomson.

John Underwood.





An ACCOUNT of the present Edition.

By T. S E W A R D.

IN the Year Forty Two, Mr. *Theobald* publish'd an Advertisement, that he was preparing an Edition of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* for the Press, and desired the Assistance of all Gentlemen who had made any Comments upon them. My personal Friendship with the Proprietors of the Book engag'd me to give him some little Assistance; and Mr. *Simpson* soon after added his. We had then only the late Editions to consult, but Mr. *Theobald* had made a very valuable Collection of the old *Quarto's*. When we had sent him our Notes on two or three Plays, he began to print; but the first Play had not all pass'd the Press, when I thought I had some small grounds of Complaint. He omitted several Emendations which seem still to me more deserving of Notice than many which are inserted, of which the Reader has a Specimen at Page 30 of my *Preface*; and I shall add some others in a Postscript to the First Volume. After he had been prevail'd on by the Proprietors to send me a Promise of a full Liberty to publish what Postscript I pleas'd at the end of each Volume, he never after gave the least Offence but by a Profusion of very undeserved Compliments. These should be inevitably expung'd, could I take the liberty of altering any of Mr. *Theobald's* Notes: But this would be unjust, as it would leave the Reader uncertain what were his. I have therefore only cancell'd one single Leaf which Mr. *Theobald* printed, and there have chang'd no Syllable of his, but only a Remark of my own, which was something I had said to him in a Letter, without the least thought of his publishing it. As I was very soon sensible how liable we all were to Mistakes, I begg'd that he would change every Syllable in my Notes that carry'd the least Air of Certainty or Positiveness: But as he had no Objection to such a Stile himself, he did

not think it necessary to take that trouble. Mr. *Theobald*
printed under his Care the following Plays :

Volume the First.

The Maid's Tragedy,
Philaster,
A King and No King,
The Scornful Lady.

Volume the Second.

The Custom of the Country,
The Elder Brother, And the three first Acts of
The Spanish Curate, to Page 231.

Of the Third Volume, part of

The Humourous Lieutenant, to Page 69.
And by his Death left the Edition thus imperfect.

I then took the Care of the two last Acts
(in Volume the Second) of

The Spanish Curate, and the whole of
Wit without Money, and
The Beggar's Bush.

Volume the Third, from Page 69 of

The Humourous Lieutenant, and the whole of
The Faithful Shepherdes,
The Mad Lover,
The Loyal Subject, and
Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

Volume the Fourth.

The Laws of Candy,
The False One,
The Little French Lawyer,
Valentinian,
Monsieur Thomas.

Volume the Fifth. The two first Plays.

The Chances, and
The Bloody Brother.

Volume the Ninth. The two last Plays.

The Fair Maid of the Inn, and
Cupid's Revenge.

Volume the Tenth.

The two Noble Kinsmen,
Thierry and Theodoret,
The Woman-Hater,
The Nice Valour,
The Honest Man's Fortune,
The Masque,
Four Plays, or Moral Representations, in one.

Mr. Symphon printed under his Inspection, of
Volume the Fifth, the four last Plays,

The Wild Goose Chase,
A Wife for a Month,
The Lover's Progress,
The Pilgrim.

Volume the Sixth.

The Captain,
The Prophetess,
The Queen of Corinth,
Bonduca,
The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Volume the Seventh.

Love's Pilgrimage,
The Double Marriage,
The Maid in the Mill,
The Knight of Malta,
The Martial Maid.

Volume the Eighth.

Women Pleas'd,
The Night-Walker,
The Woman's Prize,
The Island Princess,
The Noble Gentleman.

Volume the Ninth. The four first Plays.

The Coronation,
The Sea Voyage,
The Coxcomb,
Wit at several Weapons.

E R R A T A.

Page 20, Line 30, for *Right* read *Night*
 127, 24, for *World* read *Word*
 131, 25, for *Regarded* read *Rewardred*
 138, 10, for *Past* read *Fast*
 168, 20, for *that* read *than*
 258, 9, for *now* read *no*
 341, Line the last, instead of Note 34, read

dry Bones can reach at nothing now,
But Gords or Nine-pins] Gords, i. e. Instruments of Game then in common use;
 we meet with the same Term again in *Shakespear's Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I.*
If Gord and Fullam holds.





THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY.



VOL. I.

B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King of Rhodes.

Lyfippus, *Brother to the King.*

Amintor, *a noble Gentleman.*

Melantius, } *Brothers to Evadne.*

Diphilus, }

Calianax, *an old humorous Lord, and Father to Aspatia.*

Cleon, } *Gentlemen.*

Strato, }

Diagoras, *a Servant to Calianax.*

W O M E N.

Evadne, *Wife to Amintor.*

Aspatia, *Troth-plight Wife to Amintor.*

Antiphila; } *Waiting-Gentlewomen to Aspatia.*

Olympias, }

Dula, *a Lady.*

Night, } *Masquers.*

Cynthia, }

Neptune, }

Æolus, }

S C E N E, R H O D E S.

T H E



THE
MAID'S TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lyfippus, and Diphilus.

STRATO.



HE rest are making ready, Sir. (1) *Lyf.* So let them;
There's Time enough. *Diph.* You are the Brother to
The King, my Lord; we'll take your Word.

(2) *Lyf.* *Strato*, thou hast some Skill in Poetry;

(1) *Strat.* *So let them; there's Time enough.*

Diph. *You are the Brother to the King, my Lord;*

We'll take your Word.] 'Tis very early to begin blundering at the second Line of the first Play. *Strato* was not Brother to the King, but *Lyfippus*. This Line therefore is to be placed to *Lyfippus*, and not to *Strato*: And so it is in the *Quarto* Edition publish'd in the Year 1619. Another *Quarto* in 1650, and the *Folio* Edition in 1679, have fall'n into the Error of placing it to *Strato*.

(2) *Lyf.* *Strato*, *thou hast some Skill in Poetry;*

What think'st thou of a Masque?] It should be, *the Masque*. It was not then to be form'd; nor does the Prince mean to ask, whether it will be well to have One; but whether This, which is prepared, will be a good One. This *Strato's* Answer and the Sequel of the Play plainly shew.

Mr. *Seward*.

What think'st thou of the Masque? Will it be well?

Strat. As well as Masque can be. *Lyf.* As Masque can be? *Strat.* Why, yes;

They must commend their King, and speak in Praise
Of the Assembly; bless the Bride and Bridegroom,
In Person of some God; they're tyed to Rules
Of Flattery. *Cle.* See, good my Lord, who is
Return'd!

Enter Melantius.

Lyf. Noble *Melantius!* The Land
By me welcomes thy Virtues home to *Rhodes*:
Thou, that with Blood abroad buy'st us our Peace!
The Breath of Kings is like the Breath of Gods;
My Brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here;
He will be e'en too kind, and weary thee
With often Welcomes; (3) but the Time doth give thee
A Welcome above his, or all the World's. [of mine

Mel. My Lord, my Thanks; but these scratch'd Limbs
Have spoke my Love and Truth unto my Friends,
More than my Tongue e'er could. My Mind's the same
It ever was to You; where I find Worth,
I love the Keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it. *Diph.* Hail, worthy Brother!
He, that rejoices not at your Return
In Safety, is mine Enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, *Diphilus*: but thou art faulty;
I sent for thee to exercise thine Arms
With me at *Patria*: thou can'st not, *Diphilus*:
'Twas ill. *Diph.* My noble Brother, my Excuse
Is my King's straight Command; which you, my Lord,
Can witness with me. *Lyf.* 'Tis most true, *Melantius*;
He might not come, till the Solemnity
Of this great Match was past. *Diph.* Have you heard of it?

Mel. Yes; and have given cause to those, that here
Envy my Deeds abroad, to call me gamesome;

(3) ——— but the Time doth give thee

A Welcome above this, or all the World's.] *Lyfippus* is speaking in particular of the King, his Brother's, Welcome to *Melantius*; therefore, I think, I have adopted the genuine Reading, which is authoriz'd by the *Quarto* in 1619; and the second Impression in 1622.

I have

I have no other Business here at *Rhodes*.

Lys. We have a Masque to Night, and you must tread
A Soldier's Measure. ———

Mel. These soft and silken Wars are not for me;
The Musick must be shrill, and all confus'd,
That stirs my Blood, and then I dance with Arms:
But is *Amintor* wed? *Diph.* This Day.

Mel. All Joys upon him! for he is my Friend:
(4) (Wond'r not, I call a Man so young my Friend;))
His Worth is great; Valiant he is, and Temperate;
And one that never thinks his Life his own,
If his Friend need it: When he was a Boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without Boast,
I brought home Conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one Limb
The Virtue lay to do those things he heard:
Then would he wish to see my Sword, and feel
The quickness of the Edge, and in his Hand
Weigh it; he oft would make me sinile at this;
His Youth did promise much, and his ripe Years
Will see it all perform'd. ———

Enter Aspatia, passing with Attendants.

Hail, Maid and Wife!

Thou fair *Aspatia*! may the holy Knot,
That thou hast tyed to day, last till the Hand
Of Age undo it! may'st thou bring a Race
Unto *Amintor*, that may fill the World
Successively with Soldiers! *Asp.* My hard Fortunes
Deserve not Scorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. *Mel.* How's this?

[*Exit Asp. with her Attendants.*]

Lys. You are mistaken,
For she's not married. *Mel.* You said, *Amintor* was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but— *Mel.* Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Patria* from my *Amintor*,

(4) (*Wond'r not, I call a Man so young my Friend;*)] This Verse, lost in the modern Editions, I have retriev'd from the *Quarto's* of 1619, and 1650; and the *Folio* of 1679. I have taken the Liberty to give it its true Metre and Versification.

That he should marry her. *Diph.* And so it stood
In all Opinion long; but your Arrival
Made me imagine, you had heard the Change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then? *Lys.* A Lady, Sir,
That bears the Light above her, and strikes dead
With Flashes of her Eye; the fair *Evadne*,
Your virtuous Sister. *Mel.* Peace of Heart betwixt them!
But this is strange. *Lys.* The King, my Brother, did it
To honour you; and these Solemnities
Are at his Charge.

Mel. 'Tis Royal, like himself; but I am sad,
My Speech bears so unfortunate a Sound
To beautiful *Aspatia*; there is Rage
Hid in her Father's Breast, *Calianax*,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base Revenges, as to scorn the State
Of his neglected Daughter: Holds he still
His Greatness with the King? *Lys.* Yes; but this Lady
Walks discontented, with her watry Eyes
Bent on the Earth: The unfrequented Woods
Are her Delight; where, when she sees a Bank
Stuck full of Flowers, she with a Sigh will tell
Her Servants what a pretty place it were
To bury Lovers in; and make her Maids
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a Corse.
She carries with her an infectious Grief,
That strikes all her Beholders; she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever Ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young Ladies, in their wanton Blood,
Tell mirthful Tales in Course that fill the Room
With Laughter, she will with so sad a Look
Bring forth a Story of the silent Death
Of some forsaken Virgin; which her Grief
Will put in such a Phrase, that, e'er she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

(5) *Mel.* She has a Brother under my Command,

Like

(5) *She has a Brother, under my Command,*

Like her;] The Criticks in all Ages, upon *Dramatick Poems*,
have

Like her; a Face, as womanish as hers;
But with a Spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his Years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My Lord, the Bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my Foe: I love thee well, *Amintor*,
My Mouth is much too narrow for my Heart;
I joy to look upon those Eyes of thine;
Thou art my Friend, but my disorder'd Speech
Cuts off my Love. *Amin.* Thou art *Melantius*;
All Love is spoke in that. A Sacrifice
To thank the Gods, *Melantius* is return'd
In Safety! — Victory sits on his Sword,
As she was wont; may she build there and dwell,
And may thy Armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy Valour and thy Innocence!
What endless Treasures would our Enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus! *Mel.* I'm but poor
In Words, but credit me, young Man, thy Mother

have laid it down for a Rule, that an *Incident* should be prepared, but not prevented; that is, not foreseen, so as to take off the Surprize: For then the whole Pleasure of the *Incident* is pall'd, and has no Effect upon the Audience or Readers. These Preparatives, therefore, must seem by Chance to the Spectators, tho' they are always designedly thrown in by the Poet. “*In multis Oeconomia Comicarum Poetarum ita se habet, ut Casu putet Spectator venisse quod Consilio Scriptorum factum sit.*” says DONATUS upon TERENCE. This is the most artful Preparation, that I remember in all *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* Plays, for an *Incident* which is in no kind suspected. *Melantius* says, he has a Brother of *Aspatia* under his Command, most like her in the Softness of Face and Feature. This Brother never appears in any Scene thro' the Play: But when *Aspatia* comes in Boy's Cloaths to fight with *Amintor*, to obtain her Death from his Hand, and tells him,

For till the Change of War mark'd this smooth Face
With these few Blemishes, People would call me
My Sister's Picture; and her, mine; In short,
I am the Brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia*.

This Fore-Mention of the Brother, here, makes the *Incident* the more probable, and striking; as *Amintor* must have heard of such a Brother, and could have no Suspicion that he was going to draw his Sword against *Aspatia*. The Audience are equally amused with the Fallacy.

Could do no more but weep for Joy to see thee
 After long Absence; all the Wounds I have
 Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the Cries
 Of widowed Mothers too: but this is Peace;
 And that was War. *Amin.* Pardon, thou holy God
 Of Marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
 In answer of such noble Tears as those,
 To weep upon my Wedding-day.

(6) *Mel.* I fear, thou art grown too fickle; for, I hear,
 A Lady mourns for thee; Men say, to Death;
 Forsaken of thee; on what terms, I know not.

Amin. She had my Promise, but the King forbid it;
 And made me make this worthy Change, thy Sister,
 Accompanied with Graces far above her;
 With whom I long to lose my lusty Youth,
 And grow old in her Arms. *Mel.* Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Masquers rage for you.

Lys. We are gone. *Cleon, Strato, Diphilus,* —

[*Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.*

Amin. We'll all attend you: We shall trouble You
 With our Solemnities. *Mel.* Not so, *Amintor*;
 But if you laugh at my rude Carriage
 In Peace, I'll do as much for you in War,
 When you come thither. Yet I have a Mistress,
 To bring to your Delights; rough though I am,
 I have a Mistress, and she has a Heart,
 She says; but, trust me, it is Stone, no better;
 (7) There's no place I can challenge gentle in't.

But

(6) *Mel.* *I fear, thou art grown too sick; for I hear,*] This Verse halts in the Metre, thro' a slight Corruption in the modern Editions. The oldest *Quarto*, in 1619, has it, *cruel*: but the next, in 1622, *fickle*; from which Word it was mistakenly alter'd to *sick*.

(7) *There is no Place that I can challenge in't.*] The *Quarto*, in 1619, reads it thus;

There is no Place that I can challenge, Gentlemen.

But the *Gentlemen* were all gone off. except Himself and *Amintor*. I believe, from the Traces of the old Text, that the Emendation, which I have ventured to adopt, may restore the Authors' genuine Reading: and, as it is consonant in Sense to what he says in the preceding Verse,
 I hope,

But you stand still, and here my way lies. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the Doors better for shame; you let in all the World, and anon the King will rail at me; why, very well said; by *Jove*, the King will have the Show i'th' Court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my Lord? You know, he'll have it here.

Cal. By this Light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may wear out his Heart with Swearing, and get thanks on no side; I'll be gone, look to't, who will.

Diag. My Lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your Looks will terrify them.

Cal. My Looks terrify them, you Coxcomby Afs, you! I'll be judg'd by all the Company, whether thou hast not a worse Face than I——

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your Office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off; I am sure, I sweat quite through my Office. I might have made room at my Daughter's Wedding, they ha' near kill'd her among them. And now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her; serve, that will. [*Exit Calianax.*]

Diag. He's so humorous since his Daughter was forsaken: hark, hark; there, there; so, so;——
What now? [*Knock within.*]

Mel. Open the Door. *Diag.* Who's there? *Mel.* *Melantius.*

Diag. I hope, your Lordship brings no Troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

Enter Melantius, and a Lady.

Mel. None but this Lady, Sir.

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that come in the King's Troop; the best of *Rhodes* sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, Sir. When I have seen you plac'd,

I hope, the Change will not be look'd upon as an arbitrary Conjecture. By *gerle* we must understand *soft*, in opposition to the Hardness of *Stone*.

Madam,

Madam, I must attend upon the King;
But, the Masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there, room for my Lord *Melantius*; pray, bear back; this is no place for such Youths and their Trulls; let the Doors be shut again; no! do your Heads itch? I'll scratch them for you: so, now thrust and hang: again,—who is't now? I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away; 'would, he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser Heads than his own in the twinkling of an Eye: what's the news now?

Within.] I pray, can you help me to the Speech of the Master-Cook?

Diag. If I open the Door, I'll cook some of your Calves-heads. Peace, Rogues. — again, — who is't?

Mel. Melantius.

[Within.]

Enter Calianax.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my Lord, I must; make room there for my Lord. Is your Lady plac'd? *[To Mel.]*

Mel. Yes, Sir,

I thank you. My Lord *Calianax*, well met;
Your causeless Hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your Sister here,
That brings my own poor Child to timeless Death;
She loves your Friend *Amintor*, such another
False-hearted Lord as you. *Mel.* You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking Vengeance; but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so: Who plac'd the Lady there,
So near the presence of the King? *Mel.* I did.

Cal. My Lord, she must not sit there. *Mel.* Why?

Cal. The place is kept for Women of more Worth.

Mel. More Worth than she? it mis-becomes your Age,
And Place, to be thus womanish; forbear;
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The Palsy shook your Tongue to. *Cal.* Why, 'tis well,
If I stand here to place Men's Wenches for them.

Mel. I shall forget this Place, thy Age, my Safety,

And

And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly Week,
Thou hast to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know,

You can fight for your Whore. *Mel.* Bate me the King,
And be he Flesh and Blood, he lyes, that says it;

Thy Mother at fifteen was black and sinful

To her. *Diag.* Good my Lord!

[Man,

Mel. Some God pluck threescore Years from that fond
That I may kill him, and not stain mine Honour;

It is the Curse of Soldiers, that in Peace

(8) They shall be brav'd by such ignoble Men,

As (if the Land were troubled) would with Tears

And Knees beg Succour from 'em. 'Would, that Blood

(That Sea of Blood) that I have lost in fight,

Were running in thy Veins, that it might make thee

Apt to say less, or able to maintain,

Shouldst thou say more!—This *Rhodes*, I see, is nought

But a Place privileg'd to do Men Wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may say your Pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. What vile Wrong

Has stirr'd my worthy Friend, who is as slow

To fight with Words, as he is quick of Hand?

Mel. That heap of Age, which I should reverence

If it were temperate; but testy Years

Are most contemptible. *Amin.* Good Sir, forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as yourself.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any Man;

And talk as if he had no Life to lose,

Since this our Match: The King is coming in;

I would not for more Wealth than I enjoy,

He should perceive you raging; he did hear,

You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Cal. Make room there.— [Hoboyes play within.

(8) *They shall be brain'd by such ignoble Men*] Thus, all the vulgar and modern Editions: But such ignoble Men, as *Melantius* is describing, durst not knock a Soldier's Brains out; tho' they might venture to insult him. The *Quarto* of 1619 gives us the genuine Reading, which I have inserted in the Text.

Enter

The Maid's Tragedy.

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. *Melantius*, thou art welcome, and my Love
Is with thee still; but this is not a Place
To brabble in; *Calianax*, join hands.

Cal. He shall not have my hand. *King.* This is no time
To force you to it; I do love you Both:
Calianax, you look well to your Office;
And you, *Melantius*, are welcome home.
Begin the Masque.

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your Choice.
You look'd with my Eyes when you took that Man;
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*]

Evad. O my dearest Brother!
Your Presence is more joyful than this Day
Can be unto me.

T H E M A S Q U E.

NIGHT rises in Mists.

Night. Our Reign is now; for in the quenching Sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day;
Bright *Cinthia*, hear my Voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd Light;
Appear, no longer thy pale Visage shroud,
But strike thy Silver Horns quite through a Cloud,
And send a Beam upon my swarthy Face;
By which I may discover all the Place
And Persons, and how many longing Eyes
Are come to wait on our Solemnities. [*Enter Cinthia.*]
How dull and black am I? Can I not find
This Beauty without thee, am I so blind?
Methinks, they shew like to those Eastern Streaks
That warn us hence, before the Morning breaks;
Back, my pale Servant, for these Eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker Rays than thou.

Cinth. Great Queen, they be a Troop for whom alone
One of my clearest Moons I have put on;
A Troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluckt our Reins in, and our Whips laid by,

To

To gaze upon these Mortals, that appear
Brighter than we. *Night.* Then let us keep 'em here ;
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our Places, and out-shine the Day.

Cinth. Great Queen of Shadows, you are pleas'd to speak
Of more than may be done ; we may not break
The Gods' Decrees, but when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.

(9) Yet, while our Reign lasts, let us stretch our Pow'r
To give our Servants one contented Hour,
With such unwonted solemn Grace and State,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our Brother's glorious Beams ; and with the Night
Crown'd with a thousand Stars, and our cold Light :
For almost all the World their service bend,
To *Phæbus*, and in vain my Light I lend ;
Gaz'd on unto my Setting from my Rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet Eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair Queen, and by thy Pow'r
Produce a Birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of Nymphs and Shepherds ; let their Songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy Lover ;
Or, if thou woo't, thine own *Endymion*
From the sweet flow'ry Bank he lies upon,
On *Latmus'* top, thy pale Beams drawn away ;
And of this long Night let him make a Day. [mine,

Cinth. Thou dream'st, dark Queen ; that fair Boy was not
Nor went I down to kiss him ; Ease and Wine
Have bred these bold Tales ; Poets, when they rage,
Turn Gods to Men, and make an Hour an Age ;
But I will give a greater State and Glory,
And raise to time a nobler Memory
Of what these Lovers are : Rise, rise, I say,
(10) Thou Pow'r of Deeps, thy Surges laide away,

Neptune,

(9) *Yet while our Reign lasts, &c.]* This and the nine subsequent Verses are wanting in the old *Quarto* of 1619: But we meet with them in that of 1630.

(10) — *thy Surges laid away,]* The printed Word hitherto has been, *laid* ; but I think it scarce Sense. *Neptune* in leaving the Ocean is never supposed either to bring his Surges with him, or lay them aside,

Neptune, great King of Waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. [Neptune rises.

Nept. Cinthia, see,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither; let me know,
Why I ascend.

Cinth. Doth this Majestick Show
Give thee no knowledge yet? *Nept.* Yes, now I see
Something intended (*Cinthia*) worthy thee;
Go on, I'll be a Helper. *Cinth.* Hie thee then,
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky Den.
Let loose thy Subjects; only *Boreas*,
Too foul for our Intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chain'd; we must have none here
But vernal Blaſts, and gentle Winds appear;
Such as blow Flow'rs, and through the glad Boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty Spring.
These are our Musick: Next, thy watry Race
Bring on in Couples; (we are pleas'd to grace
This noble Night,) each in their richest things
Your own Deeps, or the broken Vessel, brings;
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.

(11) *Nept.* Ho! the Wind- [Enter *Æolus* out of a Rock.
Commanding *Æolus*! *Æol.* Great *Neptune*! *Nept.* He.

Æol. What is thy Will? *Nept.* We do command thee free

aside, but barely to leave them. The Word *lade* will signify his parting the Waves with his Trident to give him a free Passage; which is an Image quite poetical!

Mr. Seward.

(11) *Ho! the Wind!*

Commanding *Æolus*!] All the Editions have mistaken the Intention of the Authors here. 'Tis well known, *Æolus*, in poetick Fable, was the Master and Controuler of the Winds; which he was supposed to keep bound in a Cave, and to let loose upon the Ocean as he was commanded by *Neptune*. He is therefore call'd here the Wind-commanding *Æolus*; a compound Adjective which must be wrote with an *Hyphen*, as I have reform'd the Text. The Editors were led into a Mistake by the Word being divided, and put into two Lines for the Preservation of the Rhyme. I ought to take Notice, for two Reasons, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson join'd with me in starting this Correction: Because it is doing Justice to the Sagacity of my Friends; and, besides, it is certainly a great Confirmation of the Truth of an Emendation, where three Persons, all distant from one another, strike out the same Observation.

Favonius,

Favonius, and thy milder Winds, to wait
 Upon our *Cynthia*; but tie *Boreas* straight;
 (12) He's too rebellious. *Æol.* I shall do it. *Nept.* Do.
Æol. Great Master of the Flood, and all below,
 Thy full Command has taken.—Ho! the Main!
Neptune!—*Nept.* Here. *Æol.* *Boreas* has broke his Chain,
 And, struggling with the rest, has got away.

Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at Sea;
 I will not long be thence; go once again,
 And call out of the bottoms of the Main
Blue Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
 Their greatest Pearls, and the most sparkling Stone
 The beaten Rock breeds; 'till this Night is done
 By me a solemn honour to the Moon.
 Fly, like a full Sail. *Æol.* I am gone. *Cinth.* Dark Night,
 Strike a full Silence, do a thorough right
 To this great *Chorus*; that our Musick may
 Touch high as Heav'n, and make the East break Day
 At Mid-night. [Musick.]

S O N G.

Cynthia, to thy Power, and Thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great Company!
And no Day
Come to steal this Night away,

(12) *Nept. Do, great Master of the Flood, and all below,*
Thy full Command has taken. Æol. Ho! the Main!] I have
 ventur'd at a small, but, as I think, at a very necessary Transposi-
 tion here in the Characters speaking. How can *Neptune* with any
 Propriety call *Æolus* great Master of the Floods and all below, when
 he himself, according to the Poetical System, bore that supreme Com-
 mand? *Æolus*, 'tis true, was suppos'd to have a Controul over the
 Winds; a sort of liminary Charge, in which he was a Substitute to
Neptune. In short, I believe that the Poets intended, so soon as *Nept-*
tune had given out his Orders, *Æolus*, (whose Operations as a God
 were not confined to Time and vulgar Motion;) should immedi-
 ately tell *Neptune* his Commands were obey'd; and then finding that
Boreas had escap'd amongst the other Winds, He calls out again to
 acquaint *Neptune* with it. Thus all is clear, and they act in their
 distinct proper Offices.

'Till

The Maid's Tragedy.

'Till the Rites of Love are ended;
 And the lusty bridegroom say,
 Welcome, Light, of all befriended.
 Pace out, you watry Powers below,
 Let your Feet,
 Like the Gallies when they row,
 Even beat.
 Let your unknown Measures, set
 To the still Winds, tell to all,
 That Gods are come, immortal, great,
 To honour this great Nuptial.

The Measure. Second Song.

Hold back thy Hours, old Night, till we have done;
 The Day will come too soon;
 Young Maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
 (13) And leav'st their Losses open to the Day.

Stay, stay, and hide

The Blushes of the Bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy Darkness cover
 The Kisses of her Lover.

Stay, and confound her Tears, and her shrill Cryings,
 Her weak Denials, Vows, and often Dyings;

Stay, and hide all;

But help not, though she call.

(14) Nept. Great Queen of us and Heav'n, hear what
 I bring

To make this hour a full one. Cinth. Speak, Sea's King.

Nept.

(13) *And leav'st their Blushes*] As the Word *Blushes* immediately recurs, I have chose to adopt the Reading of the old *Quarto* of 1619, *Losses. i. e.* "Maidens will curse thee, *Night*, if thou leav'st the *Loss* of their Virginitie open to the Day; Stay therefore, and hide the *Bride's Blushes.*"

(14) *Great Queen of us and Heav'n,*

Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,

If not her measure.— Cinth. *Speak, Sea's King.*

This Passage, I am afraid, has been sadly mangled: The Verse and Rhyme have been disconcerted; and the Sense quite lost by an extraordinary Interpolation. I think, I have apply'd a Remedy to both. What can be the meaning of *making this hour a full one, if not her Measure?*

(15) *Nept.* The Tunes my *Amphitrite* joys to have,
When she will dance upon the rising Wave,
And court me as she sails. My *Tritons*, play
Musick to lead a Storm; I'll lead the way.

[*Masquers dance*; Neptune leads it.

S O N G. Measure.

To Bed, to Bed; come, Hymen, lead the Bride,
And lay her by her Husband's Side:

Bring in the Virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone:

That they may kiss while they may say, a Maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other kist, and said:

Hesperus be long a shining,
Whilst these Lovers are a twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune! *Nept.* *Æolus!*

Æol. The Seas go high,
Boreas hath rais'd a Storm; go and apply
Thy Trident, else, I prophesy, e'er Day
Many a tall Ship will be cast away:
Descend with all thy Gods, and all their Power,
(16) To strike a Calm. *Cinth.* We thank you for this Hour:
My Favour to you all. To gratulate
So great a Service done at my desire,
Ye shall have many Floods, fuller and higher

Measure? i. e. if not a full one? The Words are certainly to be struck out. Some careful Annotator had made a marginal *Quære*, at the Close of the second Song; *If not her Measure: i. e.* Whether this Measure is not to be sung by *Cinthia*; as it undoubtedly is: But the Note of Reference to this *Quære* being forgot, it was mistaken at Press for a Part of the Text, and casually clap'd to Neptune's Speech.

(15) *Thy Tunes my Amphitrite joys to have*
When they will dance upon the rising Wave,
And court me as the Sails. &c.] The Reformation, in these four Lines of Neptune, from the vulgar Editions, are prescribed by the ingenious Mr. Seward; they are, as he says, extremely Picturesque; and, if express'd as well in Colouring, would rival the *Acis* and *Galatea* of *Raphael*.

(16) *To strike a Call.*] This is Nonsense. The two *Quarto's* of 1619 and 1630 come in to our Assistance, who both read a Calm. As the Rhymes are interrupted in the subsequent Speech of *Cinthia*, Something must be lost; a Defect which is not to be supplied by Conjecture. Both Mr. Seward and Mr. *Sympson* hit upon the Emendation authoriz'd by the old Copies.

Than you have wished for; no Ebb shall dare
To let the Day see where your Dwellings are:
Now back unto your Government in haste,
Lest your proud Charge should swell above the Waste,
And win upon the Island. *Nept.* We obey.

[*Neptune descends, and the Sea-Gods.*

Cinth. Hold up thy Head, dead Night; seest thou not
The East begins to lighten; I must down, [Day?
And give my Brother Place. *Night.* Oh! I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his Light
Upon my Kingdom, and contemns old Night;
(17) Let him go on and flame; I hope to see
Another Wild-fire in his Axletree;
And all fall drench'd: But I forget; speak, Queen;
The Day grows on, I must no more be seen.

Cin. Heave up thy drousy Head again, and see
A greater Light, a greater Majesty,
(18) Between our Set and us; whip up thy Team;
The Day breaks here, and yon same flashing Stream
Shot from the South; say, wilt thou go? which way?

Night. I'll vanish into Mists. [Exit.

Cinth. I into Day. [Exit. *Masque ends.*

King. Take lights there; Ladies, get the Bride to Bed;
We will not see you laid. Good-night, *Amintor*,
We'll ease you of that tedious Ceremony;
Were it my Case, I should think Time run slow.
If thou be'st Noble, Youth, get me a Boy,
That may defend my Kingdom from my Foes.

Amin. All Happiness to you!

King. Good-night, *Melantius.* [Exeunt.

(17) ——— I hope to see

Another Wild-fire in his Axletree,

And all false drench'd:] This alludes to the Fable of *Phaeton*, borrowing the Chariot of the Sun, and setting the World on Fire. The old *Quarto's* have it right, *And all fall drench'd*: For *Phaeton*, and the Chariot, both fell headlong from the Sky into the Ocean.

(18) *Between our Set and us* ;] This is Nonsense. The *Night* and *Cynthia* both talk of the Morning's Approach, and that they must go down; till the Latter finds out, that they are only the Rays of Light shot from the King and Court, which they mistook for the Day-break. Hence it's plain, it should be wrote — *Between our Set and us. i. e.* our Setting, or, going down.

Mr. Seward.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Antechamber to Evadne's Bedchamber.*

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

Dula. **M** Adam, shall we undress you for this Fight?
The Wars are naked, you must make to
Night.

Evad. You are merry, *Dula.*

Dula. *I should be merrier far, if 'twere
With me as 'tis with you.* [Singing.]

(19) *Evad.* How's that?

Dula. *That I might go to Bed with him
Wi' th' Credit that you do.*

Evad. Why, how now, Wench?

Dula. Come, Ladies, will you help?

Evad. I am soon undone.

Dula. And as soon done:

Good store of Clothes will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk, *Dula?*

Dula. Why, here's none but we.

Evad. Thou think'st, belike, there is no Modesty
When we are alone.

Dula. Ay, by my Troth, you hit my Thoughts aright.

Evad. You prick me, Lady. *Dula.* 'Tis against my Will:
Anon you must endure more, and lie still.

You're best to practise. *Evad.* Sure, this Wench is mad.

Dula. No, faith, this is a Trick that I have had

(19) *Evad.* *How's that?*

Dula. *That I might go to Bed with him with Credit that you do.]*

These Words I have retriev'd from the old *Quarto* of 1619: And as *Dula* is, through the whole Scene, remarkably a merry and a wanton Wench; I have a strong Suspicion that she is here singing a Stanza from some old known Ballad. I have therefore ventured to replace the whole in the Text, as, I verily believe, the Authors intended it; And especially as I had Mr. *Seward's* Approbation for so doing. Nor was it a bad Wish in *Dula* for herself, that she might be match'd with such a Man as *Amintor*.

Since I was fourteen. *Evad.* 'Tis high time to leave it.

Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton Words, put in your Head,
Will make you livelier in your Husband's Bed.

Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.—

Dula. Take it, Madam? where?

We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.

Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er. *Dula.* So will I make
The ablest Man in *Rhodes*, or his Heart ake.

Evad. Wilt take my Place to Night?

Dula. I'll hold your Cards

'Gainst any two I know. *Evad.* What wilt thou do?

Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave Play too.

Evad. *Aspatia*, take her part. *Dula.* I will refuse it.
She will pluck down aside, she does not use it.

Evad. Why, do, I prethee. *Dula.* You will find the
Quickly, because your Head lies well that way. [Play

Evad. I thank thee, *Dula*; 'would, thou could'st instill
Some of thy Mirth into *Aspatia*!

Nothing but sad Thoughts in her Breast do dwell;
Methinks, a Mean betwixt you would do well.

Dula. She is in Love; hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my Country: I love too
To do those things, that People in Love do.

Asp. It were a timeless Smile should prove my Cheek;
It were a fitter Hour for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the religious Priest
Were pacifying the offended Powers
With Sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My Right; and all your Hands have been employ'd
In giving me a spotless Offering
To young *Amintor's* Bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, *Evadne*; 'would, my Worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or He,
Or Both, thought so! Perhaps, he found me worthless;
But, till he did so, in these Ears of mine
(These credulous Ears) he pour'd the sweetest Words
That Art or Love could frame; if he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;

(20) For I have lost none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad Talk, Madam.

Asp. 'Would, I could!

Then should I leave the Cause.

Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all *Dula's* Mirth.

Asp. Thou think'st thy Heart hard, but if thou be'st Remember me; thou shalt perceive a Fire [caught, Shot suddenly into thee.

Dula. That's not so good; let 'em shoot any thing but Fire, I fear 'em not.

Asp. Well, Wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, Good-night;

I'll do the rest myself. *Dula.* Nay, let your Lord do some.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal Yew.

[Singing.

Evad. That's one of your sad Songs, Madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, Madam?

S O N G.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal Yew;
Maidens, Willow Branches bear; say, I died true:
My Love was false, but I was firm from my Hour of Birth;
Upon my buried Body lye lightly, gentle Earth!

Evad. Fie on't, Madam! the Words are so strange, they are able to make one Dream of Hobgoblins. *I could never have the Pow'r*; Sing that, *Dula*.

Dula. *I could never have the Pow'r*
To love one above an Hour,

(20) ———— *And if I did want*
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;

For I have left none that I had from you.] *Left none* must signify here *none left*, I think, or nothing: And then, surely, it is a strange Mock-plea in *Aspatia*, to say that the Heavens may safely forgive her for it. The Absurdity of the Reasoning makes it absolutely necessary that we should have recourse to the Reading of the three eldest *Quarto's*, which I have restored to the Text. Then the meaning is clear and obvious. Her Expostulation is with the Heavens to this Purpose: If I wanted Virtue, you may forgive that; Why did you not grant me a larger Portion of it? For by my Conduct and Actions I have not *lost*, or forfeited, any Part of what you bestow'd on me.

The Maid's Tragedy.

*But my Heart would prompt mine Eye
On some other Man to fly;
Venus, fix mine Eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.*

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam, Good-night; may all the Marriage-joys,
That longing Maids imagine in their Beds,
Prove so unto you; may no Discontent
Grow 'twixt your Love and you! But, if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your Moan;
Teach you an artificial Way to grieve,
To keep your Sorrow waking. Love your Lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one Night about my Hearse;
Bring each a mournful Story, and a Tear,
To offer at it when I go to Earth.

(21) With flatt'ring Ivy clasp my Coffin round;
Write on my Brow my Fortune; let my Bier
Be borne by Virgins that shall sing, by course,
The Truth of Maids, and Perjuries of Men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [Exit Evadne.]

Omnes. Madam, Good-night.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the Bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my Lord?

1 *Lady.* Here, take this Light.

Enter Amintor.

Dula. He will find her in the dark.

(21) *With flatt'ring Ivy*] It is the Suspicion of the ingenious Mr. *Symphon* to me, that the Poets' Word here might have been, *flow'ring*: A very pretty, as well as proper, Epithet. But as it has not the Countenance of any of the Copies, I only mention it as a Conjecture; and have not ventured to disturb the Text. And, indeed, *Aspatia's* Idea seems to be, that the Flattery of the Ivy, in its Quality of clasping whatever it is placed to, resembles the flattering and deceitful Embraces of false Men. For all her Sentiments arise from the Subject of Sorrow and Disappointment.

1 *Lady.*

Lady. Your Lady's scarce a-Bed yet, you must help
Asp. Go, and be happy in your Lady's Love; [her.
May all the Wrongs, that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my Death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting Kiss, and will not be deny'd.
You'll come, my Lord, and see the Virgins weep
When I am laid in Earth, though you yourself
Can know no Pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this Willow Garland, and am prouder
That I was once your Love, (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my Prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractis'd Way to grieve and die.

Dula. Come, Ladies, will you go? [*Exit Aspatia.*

Omnes. Good-night, my Lord.

Amin. Much Happiness unto you all! [*Exeunt Ladies.*

I did that Lady Wrong: Methinks, I feel
A Grief shoot suddenly through all my Veins;
Mine Eyes rain; this is strange at such a Time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my Will in keeping.—Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
Go not to Bed. My Guilt is not so great
As mine own Conscience (too sensible)
Would make me think; I only brake a Promise,
And 'twas the King inforc'd me: Timorous Flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away, my idle Fears!

Enter Evadne, from the Bedchamber.

Yonder is she, the Lustre of whose Eye
Can blot away the sad Remembrance
Of all these things: Oh, my *Evadne*, spare
That tender Body, let it not take Cold;
The Vapours of the Night shall not fall here:
To Bed, my Love; *Hymen* will punish us
For being slack Performers of his Rites.
Cam'st thou to call me? *Evad.* No.

Amin. Come, come, my Love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.

Why art thou up so long? *Evad.* I am not well.

Amin. To Bed then; let me wind thee in these Arms,
'Till I have banish'd Sickness. *Evad.* Good my Lord,
I cannot sleep. *Amin.* *Evadne*, we will watch,
I mean no sleeping. *Evad.* I'll not go to Bed.

Amin. I prethee, do. *Evad.* I will not for the World.

Amin. Why, my dear Love?

Evad. Why? I have sworn, I will not.

Amin. Sworn! *Evad.* Ay.

Amin. How? sworn, *Evadne*?

Evad. Yes, sworn, *Amintor*, and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.

Amin. To whom have you sworn this?

Evad. If I should name him, the Matter were not great.

Amin. Come, this is but the Coynefs of a Bride.

Evad. The Coynefs of a Bride? *Amin.* How prettily
That Frown becomes thee! *Evad.* Do you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy Face in such a Look,
But I shall like it. *Evad.* What Look will like you best?

Amin. Why do you ask?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. How's that?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee, put thy Jests in milder Looks.

It shews as thou wert angry. *Evad.* So, perhaps,
I am indeed. *Amin.* Why, who has done thee Wrong?
Name me the Man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.

Evad. Now I shall try thy Truth; if thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'ft not any thing compar'd with me:
Life, Honour, Joys eternal, all Delights
This World can yield, or hopeful People feign
Are in the Life to come, are light as Air
To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,
And bids him do this: Wilt thou kill this Man?
Swear, my *Amintor*, and I'll kiss the Sin
Off from thy Lips. *Amin.* I will not swear, sweet Love,
Till I do know the Cause. *Evad.* I wou'd, thou wou'd'ft;
Why, it is thou that wrong'ft me; I hate thee;
Thou should'ft have kill'd thyself —

Amin.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The Man you hated. *Evad.* Know it then, and do't.

Amin. Oh, no; what Look foe'er thou shalt put on
To try my Faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one Blemish in thy Face,

Where Falshood should abide. Leave, and to Bed;
If you have sworn to any of the Virgins,

That were your old Companions, to preserve
Your Maiden-head a Night, it may be done.

Without this means. (22) *Evad.* A Maiden-head, *Amintor*,

At my Years? *Amin.* Sure, she raves; this cannot be

Thy natural Temper; shall I call thy Maids?

Either thy healthful Sleep hath left thee long,

Or else some Fever rages in thy Blood.

Evad. Neither, *Amintor*; think you, I am mad,

Because I speak the Truth? *Amin.* Is this the Truth?

Will you not lie with me to Night? *Evad.* To Night?

You talk, as if you thought I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter? Yes, I do. *Evad.* You are deceiv'd.

Put off Amazement, and with Patience mark

What I shall utter; for the Oracle

Knows nothing truer; 'tis not for a Night,

Or two, that I forbear thy Bed, but ever.

Amin. I dream; — awake, *Amintor*!

Evad. You hear right;

I sooner will find out the Beds of Snakes,

And with my youthful Blood warm their cold Flesh,

Letting them curl themselves about my Limbs,

Than sleep one Night with thee; this is not feign'd,

Nor sounds it like the Coynefs of a Bride.

(23) *Amin.* Is Flesh so earthy to endure all this?

Are

(22) ——— *A Maiden-head, Amintor,*

At my Years?] Mr. Rymer, (in his *Tragedies* of the last Age
consider'd and *examin'd* by the Practice of the *Ancients*) not without
Justice exclaims against the Effrontery and Impudence of *Evadne's*
Character. But as the Colouring of his critical Reflections is generally
so gross and glaring, I shall refer those Readers, who have Curiosity
enough, to his Book, without quoting from him on this Subject.

(23) *Is Flesh so earthy*] Tho' all the Copies agree in this Reading,
I dare say, the Poets' Word was, *earthly*. The first only comprehends
this

Are these the Joys of Marriage? *Hymen*, keep
 This Story (that will make succeeding Youth
 Neglect thy Ceremonies) from all Ears :
 Let it not rise up for thy Shame and mine
 To After-ages; we will scorn thy Laws,
 If thou no better blest them; touch the Heart
 Of her that thou hast sent me, or the World
 Shall know this; not an Altar then will smook
 In Praise of thee; we will adopt us Sons;
 Then Virtue shall inherit, and not Blood.
 If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
 Serving our selves as other Creatures do;
 And never take Note of the Female more,
 Nor of her Issue. — I do rage in vain,
 She can but jeast; Oh! pardon me, my Love;
 So dear the Thoughts are that I hold of thee,
 That I must break forth: Satisfy my Fear;
 It is a Pain, beyond the Pain of Death,
 To be in Doubt; confirm it with an Oath,
 If this be true. *Evad.* Do you invent the Form:
 Let there be in it all the binding Words
 Devils and Conjurers can put together,
 And I will take it. I have sworn before,
 And here, by all things holy, do again,
 Never to be acquainted with thy Bed.
 Is your Doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much; 'would, I had doubted still!
 Was ever such a Marriage-Night as this!
 You Pow'rs above, if you did ever mean
 Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a Way
 How he may bear himself, and save his Honour;
 Instruct me in it; for to my dull Eyes
 There is no Mean, no moderate Course to run;
 I must live scorn'd, or be a Murderer:

this Idea, belonging to Earth, mortal: The other takes in a farther
 Sense; Is Flesh so entirely made up of that gross Element, Earth,
 that it participates of no Spirit, no enlivening Fire, to kindle a Re-
 sentment, a Feeling of Injuries?

(24) Is there a third? Why is this Night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in Thunder to us,
And drown her Voice?

Evad. This Rage will do no Good.

Amin. *Evadne*, hear me; Thou hast ta'en an Oath,
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it; call it back to thee;
(Such Vows, as that, never ascend the Heav'n;)
A Tear or two will wash it quite away.

Have Mercy on my Youth, my hopeful Youth,
If thou be pitiful; for (without Boast)
This Land was proud of me: what Lady was there,
That Men call'd fair and virtuous in this Isle,
That would have shun'd my Love? It is in thee
To make me hold this Worth — Oh! we vain Men,
That trust out all our Reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding Hand
Of feeble Woman! But thou art not Stone;
Thy Flesh is soft, and in thine Eyes doth dwell
The Spirit of Love; thy Heart cannot be hard.

Come, lead me from the bottom of Despair,
To all the Joys thou hast; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden Change
O'ercome my Spirits. *Evad.* When I call back this Oath,
The Pains of Hell environ me! *Amin.* I sleep,

And am too temperate; come Thou to Bed,
Or by those Hairs, which, if thou had'st a Soul
Like to thy Locks, were Threads for Kings to wear
About their Arms — *Evad.* Why, so, perhaps, they are.

Amin. I'll drag thee to my Bed, and make thy Tongue
Undo this wicked Oath, or on thy Flesh
I'll print a thousand Wounds to let out Life:

Evad. I fear thee not, do what thou dar'st to me;

(24) — *Why is this Night so calm?*

Why does not Heaven speak in Thunder to us? The Poets seem manifestly to have had in their Eye this Passage of *Seneca*, in his *Hippolytus*.

—— *Magne Regnator Deum,
Tam lentus audis Scelera? tam lentus vides?
Ecquando sevã Fulmen emittes manu,
Si nunc serenum est?*

Ev'ry ill-founding Word, or threatenng Look,
Thou shew'ft to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amin. It will not, sure, *Evadne?* —

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha' you your Champions?

Evad. Alas, *Amintor*, think'ft thou, I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A Maiden's Strictness? Look upon these Cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising Blood
Unapt for such a Vow. No, in this Heart
There dwells as much Desire, and as much Will
To put th' wish'd Act in practice, as e'er yet
Was known to Woman, and they have been shown
Both; but it was the Folly of thy Youth
To think this Beauty (to what Land so'er
It shall be call'd) shall stoop to any Second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the Man.

Amin. No; let me know the Man, that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his Body into Motes,
And scatter it before the Northern Wind.

Evad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Do not wrong me so;

Yes, if his Body were a pois'nous Plant,
That it were Death to touch, I have a Soul
Will throw me on him. *Evad.* Why, 'tis the King.

Amin. The King!

Evad. What will you do now? *Amin.* It is not the King.

Evad. What did he make this Match for, dull *Amintor!*

Amin. Oh! thou hast nam'd a Word, that wipes away
All Thoughts revengeful; in that Sacred Word,
The King, there lies a Terror; what frail Man
Dares lift his Hand against it? Let the Gods
Speak to him when they please; 'till when, let us
Suffer, and wait. —

Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of Heat,
And haste so to my Bed? I am no Virgin.

Amin. What Devil put it in thy Fancy then
To marry me? *Evad.* Alas, I must have one
To father Children, and to bear the Name

Of Husband to me, that my Sin may be
More honourable. *Amin.* What a strange Thing am I?

Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for. *Amin.* Why, shew it then in this;
If thou hast Pity, though thy Love be none,
Kill me; and all true Lovers, that shall live
In After-ages crost in their Desires,
Shall bless thy Memory, and call thee good;
Because such Mercy in thy Heart was found,
To rid a lingring Wretch. *Evad.* I must have one
To fill thy Room again, if thou wert dead,
Else, by this Night, I would: I pity thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden Injuries have fall'n
So thick upon me, that I lose all Sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor it is aught, if from the censuring World
I can but hide it — Reputation,
Thou art a Word, no more: But thou hast shown
An Impudence so high, that to the World,
I fear, thou wilt betray or shame thyself.

Evad. To cover Shame, I took thee; never fear,
That I would blaze myself.

Amin. Nor let the King
Know, I conceive he wrongs me; then mine Honour
Will thrust me into Action, that my Flesh
Could bear with Patience; and it is some Ease
To me in these Extreame, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the Sins
Of Mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his Heart and thine.
(25) I have left one Desire; ('tis not his Crown

Shall

(25) *I have lost one Desire, 'tis not his Crown*

Shall buy me to thy Bed: Now I resolve

He has dishonour'd thee;] In this mangled Condition does this
Passage stand in all the Vulgar Editions. But what one Desire was it,
which *Amintor* had lost? The old *Quarto* of 1619 reads, *I have left*
one Desire, &c. This is the true Reading. I have rectified the
Pointing, and now I must explain the Sense of the Passage. "I have
" one Desire left; (says *Amintor,*) for it is not his Crown should buy
" me to thy Bed, now I resolve, (i. e. am resolv'd, ascertain'd.)
" that he has dishonour'd Thee;" &c. But what then was this De-
fire

Shall buy me to thy Bed, now I resolve,
 He has dishonour'd thee;) give me thy Hand,
 Be careful of thy Credit, and sin close;
 'Tis all I wish. Upon thy Chamber-floor
 I'll rest to Night, that Morning-Visitors
 May think, we did as married People use.
 And, pr'ythee, smile upon me when they come,
 And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
 With what we did. *Evad.* Fear not, I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and as wantonly
 As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
 Let's laugh and enter here. *Evad.* I am content.

Amin. Down all the Swellings of my troubled Heart!
 When we walk thus intwin'd, let all Eyes see
 If ever Lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in Calianax's House.*

Enter Aspasia, Antiphila and Olympias.

Asp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further;
 Good Gods, how well you look! such a full Colour
 Young bashful Brides put on: Sure, you are new married.

Ant. Yes, Madam, to your Grief.

Asp. Alas! poor Wenches.

Go learn to love first, learn to lose yourselves;
 (26) Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless

The

fire left him? The Lines immediately following put it out of all
 Doubt.

————— *Give me thy Hand,*

Be careful of thy Credit, and sin close;

'Tis all I wish.

(26) *Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless*

The double Tongue that did it;

Make a Faith out of the Miracles of ancient Lovers.

Did you ne'er love yet, Wenches? speak Olympias,

Such as speak Truth and dy'd in't,

And, like me, believe all faithful, and be miserable;

Thou hast an easy Temper, fit for Stamp.] In this mangled

Condition, both as to Pointing, Detriment of Sense, Defect of Metre,
 and Confusion in the Order of the Lines, has this Passage stood in all
 the Editions. The Readers will at one Glance see, that I have fully
 cured it in all these Particulars; and I ought to confess, to the Praise
 of

The double Tongue that did it; make a Faith
Out of the Miracles of ancient Lovers;
Such as spake Truth and dy'd in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable. —

— Did you ne'er love yet, Wenches? Speak, *Olympias*;
Thou hast an easy Temper, fit for Stamp.

Olymp. Never. *Asp.* Nor you, *Antiphila*?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good Girls, be more than Women, wife.
At least, be more than I was; and, be sure,
You credit any thing the Light gives Light to
Before a Man; rather believe, the Sea
Weeps for the ruin'd Merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the Wind courts but the pregnant Sails,
When the strong Cordage cracks; rather, the Sun
Comes but to kiss the Fruit in wealthy Autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forc'd by ill Fate) take to your maiden Bosoms
(27) Two dead-cold Aspicks, and of them make Lovers;
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one Kiss
Makes a long Peace for all; but Man, base Man,
Oh, that beast Man! — Come, let's be sad, my Girls;
That Down-cast of thine Eye, *Olympias*,
Shews a fine Sorrow; mark, *Antiphila*;
Just such another was the Nymph *Oenone*,
When *Paris* brought home *Helen*: Now, a Tear,—
And then thou art a Piece expressing fully
The *Carthage* Queen, when from a cold Sea-Rock,
Full with her Sorrow, she ty'd fast her Eyes
To the fair *Trojan* Ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine Eyes do, down stole a Tear; *Antiphila*,
What would this Wench do, if she were *Aspatia*?
Here she would stand, 'till some more pitying God
Turn'd her to Marble. 'Tis enough, my Wench;

of Mr. *Seward's* Sagacity, that he started the same Emendation in every point with me.

(27) *Two dead cold Aspicks*] These must not be two distinct Epithets, but one compound Adjective with an *Hyphen*, *dead-cold*, i. e. cold as Death: for if the Aspicks were dead, how could the Kiss of them do any hurt? Here, again, Mr. *Seward* agreed with me in the Alteration made.

Shew

Shew me the piece of Needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne*, Madam? *Asp.* Yes, that Piece.
This should be *Theseus*; h'as a coz'ning Face;
You meant him for a Man. *Ant.* He was so, Madam.

Asp. Why, then 'tis well enough; — Never look back,
You have a full Wind, and a false Heart, *Theseus*;
Does not the Story say, his Keel was split,
Or his Masts spent, or some kind Rock or other
Met with his Vessel? *Ant.* Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so; could the Gods know this,
And none of all their number raise a Storm?
But they are all as ill. Ay, this false Smile
Was well exprest; just such another caught me;
(28) You shall not go on so, *Antiphila*;
In this Place work a Quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling Water,
And his Ship ploughing it; and then a Fear: [Story.
Do that Fear bravely, Wench. *Ant.* 'Twill wrong the

Asp. 'Twill make the Story, wrong'd by wanton Poets,
Live long and be believ'd. But where's the Lady?

Ant. There, Madam. *Asp.* Oh fie, you have mis'd it
Antiphila, you are much mistaken, Wench; [here,
These Colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a Soul so full of Misery
As this sad Lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost *Aspatia*;
And you shall find all true, (29) but the wild Island.
(30) Suppose, I stand upon the Sea-beach now,

Mine

(28) *You shall not go so,*] This should have been printed as a distinct Verse, had not the Omission of a Particle spoil'd both Sense and Measure, which are easily restored. Mr. Seward:

(29) ——— *but the wild Island.*] *Ariadne*, the Daughter of *Minos*, King of *Crete*, 'tis well known, was desperately in Love with *Theseus*. She by the help of a Clue extricated him from the Labyrinth to which he was confined; and embark'd with him on his Return for *Athens*: But he ungenerously gave her the Drop on the Shore of the Island *Naxos*. *Aspatia* says, her Case is in every Particular similar, except as to the wild Island.

(30) *Suppose, I stand*] This is one of those Passages, where the Poets, rapt into a glorious Enthusiasm, soar on the rapid Wings of Fancy. Enthusiasm I would call the very Essence of Poetry, since, without it, neither the happy Conduct of the Fable, the Justness of Characters

Mine Arms thus, and mine Hair blown with the Wind,
Wild as that Defart; and let all about me

(31) Be Teachers of my Story; do my Face
(If thou hadst ever Feeling of a Sorrow)

Thus, thus, *Antiphila*; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's Monument; and the Trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafeles; let the Rocks
Groan with continual Surges, and behind me
Make all a Defolation; see, see, Wenches,
(32) A miserable Life of this poor Picture.

Olym. Dear Madam!

Asp. I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that Point fix all our Eyes, that Point there;
Make a dull Silence, 'till you feel a Sadness
Give us new Souls.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My Child is wrong'd, disgrac'd. — Well, how now, Huf-
wives?

What, at your Ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy Whores, up, or I'll swinge you.

Olym. Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly;—get you in, and work;
(33) What, are you grown so resty? you want Heats?

We

Characters or Sentiments, nor the utmost Harmony of Metre, can altogether form the Poet. It is the Frequency of such noble Flights as these, and their amazing Rapidity, that sets the immortal *Shakespeare* above all other Dramatick Poets; and suffers none of our own Nation in any Degree to approach him, but *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Mr. Serward.

(31) *Tell, that I am forsaken;*] This I suspect to be a sophisticated Reading; and, very probably, from the Players. The oldest Edition, in 1619, has it; *Be Teares of my Story* — This Reading neither Sense, nor Metre, will allow of. But I doubt not, but the Emendation, which I have given, retrieves the Authors' true Words and Meaning; *Be Teachers of my Story*; i. e. Let every thing about me explain the Story of my Misfortunes.

(32) *A miserable Life of this poor Picture.*] i. e. See in Me this Picture to the Life.

(33) *What are you grown so resty? You want Ears,*

We shall have some of the Court Boys do that Office.] Thus

We shall have some of the Court-Boys heat you shortly.

Ant. My Lord, we do no more than we are charg'd :
It is the Lady's Pleasure we be thus
In Grief; she is forsaken.

Cal. There's a Rogue too,
A young dissembling Slave; well, get you in,
I'll have a Bout with that Boy; 'tis high time
Now to be valiant; I confess, my Youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an Ass?
A Court-Stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some Dozen of these Whelps; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating Soldier,
I'll maul that Rascal; h'as out-brav'd me twice;
But now, I thank the Gods, I'm valiant —
Go, get you in; I'll take a Course with all. [Exeunt.]

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

SCENE, *an Apartment in Amintor's House.*

Enter Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.

Cle. YOUR Sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, Brides must take their Morning's Rest,
The Night is troublesome. *Stra.* But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my Sister's Maidenhead
to Night?

Stra. None; it's odds against any Bridegroom living,
he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my Sister, you'll please to
allow me the same Freedom with your Mother.

the *Folio* Edition of 1679 exhibits the Text. The *Quarto* of 1630 and 1638, have it, *You want* heares. — But what *Office*, in the Name of Nonsense, were the Court-Boys to do for these young *Werches*? Or what *Consonance* is there betwixt being *resty*, and *wanting Ears*? The old Man, in his Allusion, compares them to lazy, *resty* Mares, that want to be rid so many *Heats*: and this was the *Office*, that the young, wanton, Courtiers were to do for them. I have retriev'd the true Reading from the old *Quarto's* of 1619, and 1622.

Stra.

Stra. She's at your Service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself, she needs no Tickling. Knock at the Door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the Year before them. Good-morrow, Sister; spare yourself to Day, The Night will come again.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there, my Brother? I am no reader yet; Your Sister's but now up. *Diph.* You look as you Had lost your Eyes to Night; I think, you ha' not slept:

Amin. I'faith, I have not. *Diph.* You have done better then.

Amin. We ventur'd for a Boy; (34) when he is Twelve, He shall command against the Foes of *Rhodes*. Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot; you want Sleep. *Amin.* 'Tis true;— but she,

As if she had drunk *Lethe*, or had made [*Aside.*
Even with Heav'n, did fetch so still a Sleep,
So sweet and sound — *Diph.* What's that?

Amin. Your Sister frets this Morning, and does turn Her Eyes upon me, as People on their Headfman; She does so chafe, and kifs, and chafe again, And clap my Cheeks; she's in another World.

Diph. Then I had lost; I was about to lay, You had not got her Maiden-head to Night.

Amin. Ha!

He does not mock me; you had lost, indeed; I do not use to bungle. *Cleo.* You do deserve her.

Amin. I laid my Lips to hers, and that wild Breath, That was so rude and rough to me last Night,

(34) ———— when he is twelve,

He shall command against the Foes of *Rhodes*.

Stra. You cannot; you want Sleep.] In this stupid Manner, from somewhat before, and ever since, the Year 1650, has the Text stood. *Strato* makes a direct Answer to Something, without any previous Question started, or Point propounded. The *Hemistich*, which I have restored from the three eldest *Quarto's*, makes, what he replies to, apposite and sensible.

Was sweet as *April*; I'll be guilty too,
If these be the Effects.

[*Aside.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good day, *Amintor*, for to me the Name
Of Brother is too distant; we are Friends,
And that is nearer. *Amin.* Dear *Melantius*!
Let me behold thee; Is it possible ———

Mel. What sudden Gaze is this?

Amin. 'Tis wond'rous strange.

Mel. Why does thine Eye desire so strict a View
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine. *Amin.* I wonder much, *Melantius*,
To see those noble Looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art; and on the sudden
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have Worth and Honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every Ill. But ——— *Mel.* Stay, stay, my Friend;
I fear, this Sound will not become our Loves;
(35) No more embrace me. *Amint.* Oh, mistake me not;
I know thee to be full of all those Deeds,
That we frail Men call good; but by the Course
Of Nature thou shou'dst be as quickly chang'd
As are the Winds; dissembling as the Sea,
That now wears Brows as smooth as Virgins' be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his Face;
And in an Hour calls his Billows up,
And shoots 'em at the Sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—O, how near am I
To utter my sick Thoughts! *Mel.* But why, my Friend,
Should I be so by Nature? *Amin.* I have wed
Thy Sister, who hath virtuous Thoughts enough
For one whole Family; and it is strange,

[*Aside.*

(35) *No more, embrace me.*] *Melantius* is disgusted at *Amintor's* odd Behaviour, which, not knowing the Source of his Disorder, he cannot account for: but he thinks, the Tencur of *Amintor's* Words does not become their wonted Friendship: He, therefore, seems to demand a Truce of their usual Intimacies, till his Suspicions are clear'd up. This mistaken *Comma* remov'd, we recover *Melantius's* intended Reserve; and *Amintor's* subsequent Apology accounts for the Necessity of it.

That

That you should feel no Want. —

Mel. Believe me, this Complement's too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the Course of Nature, They having Both robb'd me of so much Virtue?

Stra. O call the Bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that we may see her blush, and turn her Eyes down; it is the prettiest Sport.

Amin. *Evadne!* *Evad.* My Lord! [Within.

Amin. Come forth, my Love;

Your Brothers do attend to wish you Joy.

Evad. I am not ready yet. *Amin.* Enough, enough.

Evad. They'll mock me.

Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter *Evadne.*

Mel. Good-morrow, Sister; he, that understands Whom you have wed, need not to wish you Joy: You have enough; take heed, you be not proud.

Diph. O Sister, what have you done!

Evad. I done! why, what have I done?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* swears, you are no Maid now.

Evad. Push! *Stra.* I'faith, he does.

Evad. I knew, I shou'd be mockt.

Diph. With a Truth.

Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.

Amin. Nor I, by Heav'n. [Aside.

Diph. Sister, *Dula* swears, she heard you cry two Rooms off.

Evad. Fie, how you talk! *Diph.* Let's see you walk.

Evad. By my troth, you're spoil'd. *Mel.* *Amintor!*

Amin. Ha! *Mel.* Thou art sad.

Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that.

Shall *Diphilus*, thou, and I, sing a Catch? *Mel.* How!

Amin. Prithee, let's. *Mel.* Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightned with my Happiness: How dost thou, Love? kifs me.

Evad. I cannot love you, you tell Tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. Gentlemen, 'Would, you had all such Wives, and all the World,

That I might be no Wonder! You're all sad;
 What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
 On Water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well, you are so.

Amin. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus?
 Is there no Musick there? let's dance.

Mel. Why, this is strange, *Amintor!*

Amin, I do not know myself;

Yet I could wish, my Joy were less.

Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. *Amintor,* hark.

Amin. What says my Love? I must obey.

Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

Cle. My Lord, the King is here.

Enter King and Lysippus.

Amin. Where? *Stra.* And his Brother.

King. Good morrow, all!

Amintor, Joy on Joy fall thick upon thee!

And, Madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;

I must salute you; you are now another's;

How lik'd you your Night's Rest? *Evad.* Ill, Sir.

Amin. Ay! 'deed, she took but little.

Lys. You'll let her take more, and thank her too, shortly.

King. *Amintor,* wert thou truly honest 'till thou
 Wert married? *Amin.* Yes, Sir. *King.* Tell me then,
 how shews

The Sport unto thee? *Amin.* Why, well. *King.* What
 did you do?

Amin. No more, nor less, than other Couples use;
 You know, what 'tis; it has but a course Name.

King. (36) But, prithee, I should think, by her black Eye,
 And her red Cheek, she should be quick and stirring

In

(36) *But, prithee, I should think, &c.*] This King is a very vicious Character throughout; first, in debauching the Sister of his brave and victorious General; and then in marrying her to a young Nobleman of great Hopes, his General's darling Friend; and forcing him to break a Contract made with the Daughter of his Constable, or Keeper, of his Citadel. But why is his Character so monstrously overcharged, that he should, to the Impeachment of common Decency, question the abused Husband about his Wife's Complexion and Vigour in conjugal

In this same business, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I ne'er try'd other, Sir;
But I perceive, she is as quick as you delivered.

King. Well, you will trust me then, *Amintor*, to chuse
A Wife for you again? *Amin.* No, never, Sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill? *Amin.* So well I like
For this I bow my Knee in Thanks to you, [her.
And unto Heav'n will pay my grateful Tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented Life together here,
And die both full of gray Hairs in one Day;
For which the Thanks is yours: But if the Pow'rs,
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without Pride spoke, this World holds not a Wife
Worthy to take her Room.

King. I do not like this; all forbear the Room,
[*Exeunt* Lyf. Melan. Cleon, Strat. and Diphilus.
But you, *Amintor*, and your Lady. I've some Speech
That may concern your after-living well.

Amin. He will not tell me, he lies with her, if he do,
Something heav'nly stay my Heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this Arm of mine to Acts unlawful.

King. You'll suffer me to talk with her, *Amintor*,
And not have jealous Pangs!

Amin. Sir, I dare trust my Wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous.

King. How do you like *Amintor*? *Evad.* As I did, Sir.

King. How's that! *Evad.* As one, that, to fulfill your
Pleasure,
I have given Leave to call me Wife and Love.

King. I see, there is no lasting Faith in Sin;
They, that break word with Heav'n, will break again
With all the World, and so dost thou with me.

Evad. How, Sir?

King. This subtle Woman's Ignorance
jugal Caresses; and then withdraw her, out of the Husband's Hear-
ing, to sist whether she had not submitted to let him pay the Rites of
an Husband? This is a Piece of Conduct so flagrantly impudent, that,
abandon'd as we may be in private Enormities, even our worst Rakes
would shew so much Deference to the Fair Sex, as not to let it pass
without a Rebuke.

Will not excuse you ; thou hast taken Oaths
 So great, methought, they did not well become
 A Woman's Mouth ; that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
 A Man but me. *Evad.* I never did swear so ;
 You do me Wrong. *King.* The Day and Night have
 heard it.

Evad. I swore, indeed, that I would never love
 A Man of lower Place ; but if your Fortune
 Should throw you from this height, I bad you trust,
 I would forsake you ; and would bend to him,
 That won your Throne ; I love with my Ambition,
 Not with mine Eyes ; but if I ever yet
 Touch'd any other, Leprosie light here
 Upon my Face, which for your Royalty
 I would not stain ! *King.* Why, thou dissemblest, and
 It is in me to punish thee. *Evad.* Why, 'tis in me
 Then not to love you, which will more afflict
 Your Body, than your Punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let *Amintor* lie with thee.

Evad. I ha' not. *King.* Impudence ! he says himself so.

Evad. He lyes. *King.* He does not.

Evad. By this Light, he does ;
 Strangely, and basely, and I'll prove it so ;
 I did not only shun him for a Night,
 But told him, I would never close with him.

King. Speak lower ; it is false. *Evad.* I am no Man
 To answer with a Blow ; or, if I were,
 You are the King ; but urge not, 'tis most true.

King. Do not I know the uncontroled Thoughts
 That Youth brings with him, when his Blood is high
 With Expectation, and Desire of that
 He long hath waited for ? Is not his Spirit,
 Though he be temperate, of a valiant Strain
 As this our Age hath known ? What could he do,
 If such a sudden Speech had met his Blood,
 But ruin thee for ever ? if he'd not kill'd thee,
 He could not bear it thus ; he is as we,
 Or any other wrong'd Man. *Evad.* It is Dissembling.

King. Take him ; farewell ; henceforth I am thy Foe ;
 And what Disgraces I can blot thee with, look for.

Evad.

Evad. Stay, Sir; *Amintor* — you shall hear; *Amintor* —
Amin. What, my Love?

Evad. *Amintor*, thou hast an ingenuous Look,
And shouldst be virtuous; it amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious Lyes.

Amin. What, my dear Wife! *Evad.* Dear Wife! I do
despise thee;

Why, nothing can be baser, than to sow
Dissention amongst Lovers. *Amin.* Lovers! who?

Evad. The King and me. *Amin.* O Heav'n!

Evad. Who should live long, and love without Distaste,
Were it not for such Pickthanks as thyself!

Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punish'd
In Hell for this. *Amin.* The faithless Sin I made

To fair *Aspatia* is not yet reveng'd;

It follows me. I will not lose a Word

To this wild Woman; but to you, my King,

The Anguish of my Soul thrusts out this Truth,

You are a Tyrant; and not so much to wrong

An honest Man thus, as to take a Pride

In talking with him of it. *Evad.* Now, Sir, see,

How loud this Fellow ly'd. —

[Men

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Must right themselves: What Punishment is due

From me to him that shall abuse my Bed?

It is not Death; nor can That satisfy,

(37) Unless I send your Limbs through all the Land,

To shew how nobly I have freed my self.

King. Draw not thy Sword; thou know'st, I cannot fear
A Subject's Hand; but thou shalt feel the Weight

Of This, if thou dost rage. *Amin.* The Weight of that?

If you have any Worth, for Heav'n's sake, think,

I fear not Swords; for as you are meer Man,

I dare as easily kill you for this Deed,

(37) *Unless I send your Lives through all the Land.*] To send People's Lives thro' all the Land is certainly a very odd and unparliamentary Expression. The Poets, doubtless, must have wrote, *Limbs*, i. e. Unless I hew you to pieces, and send your Quarters, (as is done by Malefactors) thro' the Kingdom, to let your Subjects know my Injuries, and the Justice of my Revenge: Your bare Deaths cannot satisfy me.

Mr. Symphon.

(38) As you dare think to do it : but there is
 Divinity about you, that strikes dead
 My rising Passions; as you are my King,
 I fall before you, and present my Sword
 To cut mine own Flesh, if it be your Will.
 Alas! I'm nothing but a Multitude
 Of walking Griefs; yet, should I murder you,
 I might before the World take the Excuse
 Of Madnes: for compare my Injuries,
 And they will well appear too sad a Weight
 For Reason to endure; but fall I first
 Among my Sorrows, e'er my treacherous Hand
 Touch holy Things! But why, (I know not what
 I have to say;) why did you chuse out me
 To make thus wretched? there were thousand Fools
 Easy to work on, and of State enough,
 Within the Island. *Evad.* I would not have a Fool,
 It were no Credit for me. *Amin.* Worse and worse!
 Thou that dar'st talk unto thy Husband thus,
 Profess thy self a Whore, and, more than so,
 Resolve to be so still, —— it is my Fate
 To bear and bow beneath a thousand Griefs,
 To keep that little Credit with the World.
 But there were wise ones too, you might have ta'en
 Another. *King.* No; for I believe thee Honest,
 As thou art Valiant. *Amin.* All the Happiness,
 Bestow'd upon me, turns into Disgrace;
 Gods, take your Honesty again, for I
 Am loaden with it. Good my Lord the King,
 Be private in it. *King.* Thou may'st live, *Amintor,*
 Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this;
 And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A Baud! hold, hold, my Breast; a bitter Curse

(38) ——— but there is

Divinity about you, that strikes dead

My rising Passions;] So *Shakespeare* said, before our Poets, in
 his *Hamlet* :

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our Person:

There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but peep to what it would;

As little of its Will.

Seize me, if I forget not all Respects
That are religious, on another Word
Sounded like that; and through a Sea of Sins
Will wade to my Revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and, after Life, upon my Soul!

(39) *King*. Well; I am resolute, you lie not with her;
And so I leave you. [Exit King.]

Evad. You must needs be prating;
And, see, what follows. *Amin*. 'Prithee, vex me not;
Leave me; I am afraid, some sudden Start
Will pull a Murder on me. *Evad*. I am gone;
I love my Life well. [Exit Evadne.]

Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a Troth; I should be glad,
If all this Tide of Grief would make me mad. [Exit.]

Enter Melantius.

Mel. I'll know the Cause of all *Amintor's* Grievs,
Or Friendship shall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O *Melantius*,
My Daughter—she will die. *Mel*. Trust me, I am sorry;
'Would, thou hadst ta'en her Room!

Cal. Thou art a Slave,
A cut-throat Slave, a bloody treacherous Slave.

Mel. Take heed, old Man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine Office. *Cal*. I am valiant grown
At these Years, and thou art but a Slave.

Mel. Some Company will come, and I respect
Thy Years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone. *Cal*. I'll spoil your Mirth,

(39) *Well*, I am resolute you lay not with her,] The oldest *Quarto*
leaves out the Negative, and gives us this Reading:

Well, I am resolute you lay with her,

i. e. I am resolv'd, certain in my Opinion, that you have enjoy'd her.
But, I think, this is not the Intention of the Authors: The King,
'tis plain, desires to continue the Possession of her solely to himself;
and therefore, to keep up the Strain of his Tyranny, would say, I am
fix'd in the Determination, that you shall not taste of her Embraces,
and so I leave you.

I mean

I mean to fight with thee; there lie my Cloak, —
 This was my Father's Sword, and he durst fight;
 Are you prepar'd? *Mel.* Why, wilt thou doat thy self
 Out of thy Life? Hence get thee to thy Bed,
 Have carefull Looking to, and eat warm things,
 Trouble not me; my Head is full of Thoughts
 More weighty than thy Life, or Death, can be.

Cal. You have a Name in War, where you stand safe
 Amongst a Multitude; but I will try,
 What you dare do unto a weak old Man:
 In single Fight, you'll give ground, I fear: Come, draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy Death
 Upon thee with a Stroke; there's no one Blow,
 That thou canst give, hath Strength enough to kill me.
 Tempt me not so far then; the Pow'r of Earth
 Shall not redeem thee. *Cal.* I must let him alone,
 He's stout and able; and to say the Truth,
 However I may set a Face, and talk,
 I am not valiant: When I was a Youth,
 I kept my Credit with a testy Trick
 I had 'mongst Cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your Life,
 If you do stay. *Cal.* I would give half my Land
 That I durst fight with that proud Man a little:
 If I had Men to hold him, I would beat him,
 Till he askt me Mercy. *Mel.* Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will beat my Servants
 All over for this. [Exit Calianax.]

Mel. This old Fellow haunts me;
 But the distracted Carriage of mine *Amintor*
 Takes deeply on me, I will find the Cause;
 I fear, his Conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Mens Eyes are not so subtle to perceive
 My inward Misery; I bear my Grief
 Hid from the World; how art thou wretched then?
 For aught I know, all Husbands are like me;
 And every one, I talk with of his Wife,
 Is but a well Dissembler of his Woes,

As I am: 'Would, I knew it; for the Rareness
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our Friendship of late,
(40) For we were wont to change our Souls in Talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good Jest of *Strato*
and a Lady the last Day. *Mel.* How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one.

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you, not of an idle
Jest that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter
to me.

Amin. What is that, my Friend?

Mel. I have observ'd, your Words fall from your Tongue
Wildly; and all your Carriage has appear'd
Like one that strove to shew his merry Mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: You were not wont
To put such Scorn into your Speech, or wear
Upon your Face ridiculous Jollity:
Some Sadness fits here, which your Cunning wou'd
Cover o'er with Smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amin. A Sadness here! what Cause
Can Fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King
Rains Greatness on me: Have I not receiv'd
A Lady to my Bed, that in her Eye
(41) Keeps mounting Fire, and on her tender Cheeks
Inimitable Colour, in her Heart

A Prison

(40) *For we were wont to charge our Souls in Talk.*] This is flat
Nonsense, by the Mistake of a single Letter. The slight Alteration
I have made, gives us the true Meaning. So, in *A King and no
King*,

——— or for *Honesty* to enterchange my *Bosom* with, &c.
And, again,

And then how dare you offer to change Words with her?

Mr. Seward and *Mr. Symphon*, concurr'd with me in starting this
Emendation.

(41) ————— and on her tender Cheeks

Inevitable Colour,] This Epithet, I know, signifies, not to be
avoided, not to be *eschew'd*; but I don't remember that it takes in the
Idea of *not to be resisted*; which is the Sense required here. The old
Quarto of 1619 has it, *Immutable Colour*,— But Metre and Emphasis
prove that to be a corrupted Reading; out of which, I dare be confi-
dent, I have extract'd the genuine Lesson: *Inimitable Colour*; *i. e.*

A Prison for all Virtue? Are not you,
 Which is above all Joys, my constant Friend?
 What Sadness can I have? No, I am light,
 And feel the courses of my Blood more warm,
 And stirring, than they were; faith, marry too;
 And you will feel so unexpress'd a Joy
 In chaste Embraces, that you will indeed
 Appear another. *Mel.* You may shape, *Amintor*,
 Causes to cozen the whole World withal,
 And yourself too; but 'tis not like a Friend,
 To hide your Soul from me; 'tis not your Nature
 To be thus idle; I have seen you stand,
 As you were blasted, midst of all your Mirth;
 Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning Joy
 So coldly: World! what do I here? a Friend
 Is nothing; Heav'n! I wou'd ha' told that Man
 My secret Sins; I'll search an unknown Land,
 And there plant Friendship; all is wither'd here;
 Come with a Complement?—I wou'd have fought,
 Or told my Friend, he ly'd, e'er sooth'd him so;
 Out of my Bosom.——

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse; farewell;
 From this time have Acquaintance, but no Friend.

Amin. Melantius, stay; you shall know what it is.

(42) *Mel.* See, how you play'd with Friendship; be ad-
 How you give Cause unto yourself to say, [vis'd,
 You

a Complexion not to be paragon'd by Nature, nor imitated by Art. We may easily account for the Depravation at Press. The Hand-Writing in those Times was almost universally what we call Secretary: And their i's were wrote without Tittles over them. Let us then see how minute is the Difference betwixt the two Words, and how liable they might be to be mistaken One for the Other:

Inimitable,
 Immutable.

(42) *Mel.* See, how you play'd with Friendship;] The quarrelling Scene, which is now coming on, has been the Subject of much Criticism and Controversy. Some have cry'd it up above that celebrated Quarrel in *Euripides's Iphigenia at Aulis*, betwixt *Agamemnon* and his Brother *Menelaus*: And others have decry'd it as egregiously faulty in the Motives, and Progress; the Working up, and Declination of the Passions.

You ha' lost a Friend. *Amin.* Forgive what I have done,
For I am so o'ergone with Injuries
Unheard of, that I lose Consideration
Of what I ought to do—oh—oh!

Mel. Do not weep;
What is it? May I once but know the Man,
Hath turn'd my Friend thus! *Amin.* I had spoke at first,
But that— *Mel.* But what? *Amin.* I held it most unfit
For you to know; faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my Love, that will keep Company
With thee in Tears; hide nothing then from me;
For when I know the Cause of thy Distemper,
(43) With mine old Armour I'll adorn myself,
My Resolution, and cut through thy Foes,
Unto thy Quiet; till I place thy Heart
As peaceable as spotless Innocence.

What is it? *Amin.* Why, 'tis this——it is too big
To get out;——let my Tears make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely Heav'n, if he escape
Of Life or Fame, that brought this Youth to this!

Amin. Your Sister—— *Mel.* Well said.

Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it. *Mel.* No. *Amin.* Is much to
blame,

And to the King has giv'n her Honour up,
And lives in Whoredom with him. *Mel.* How is this!
Thou art run mad with Injury, indeed,
Thou cou'dst not utter this else; speak again,
For I forgive it freely; tell thy Grievs.

Amin. She's wanton; I am loth to say, a Whore;
Though it be true.——

Passions. For my own part, I will venture to be no farther an Um-
pire in the Case, than in pronouncing that I have always seen it re-
ceiv'd with vehement Applause; and that I think it very affecting
on each Side.

(43) *With mine own Armour*] I have chose to adopt the Reading
here of the two eldest *Quarto*'s; because, I think, it is justified by what
Amintor says to *Melantius*, at their first Meeting, upon his Return
from the Wars.

*And may thy Armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy Valour and thy Innocence!*

Mel.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine Anger grow
Up, beyond throwing down; what are thy Grievs?

Amin. By all our Friendship, these.

Mel. What? am I tame?

After mine Actions, shall the name of Friend
(44) Blot all our Family, and stick the Brand
Of Whore upon my Sister, unreveng'd?
My shaking Flesh, be thou a Witness for me,
With what Unwillingness I go to scourge
This Rayler, whom my Folly hath call'd Friend;
I will not take thee basely tho'; thy Sword
Hangs near thy Hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy Rashness to Repentance. Draw thy Sword.

Amin. Not on thee, did thine Anger swell as high
As the wild Surges; thou shouldst do me Ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble Hand
Wou'd cut me from my Sorrows. *Mel.* This is base
And fearful; they, that use to utter Lies,
Provide not Blows, but Words, to qualify
The Men they wrong'd; thou hast a guilty Cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my Anger up above my Grievs,
(Which is a Passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy. *Mel.* Take then more
To raise thine Anger. 'Tis meer Cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art so much prest
With Guilt and Fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy Memory loath'd, and fix a Scandal
Upon thy Name for ever. *Amin.* Then I draw,
As justly as our Magistrates their Swords,
To cut Offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your Ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty Secret from your Friend,
And then rage at it; I shall be at Ease,

(44) ——— and strike the Brand

Of whore upon my Sister,] To strike the Brand of any Infamy upon
a Person, never was the Phrase to express that Idea; yet it has possess'd
all the printed Copies for above this Century past. The true Word
I have retriev'd from the oldest *Quarto* in 1619.

If I be kill'd ; and if you fall by me,
 I shall not long out-live you. *Mel.* Stay a while.
 The name of Friend is more than Family,
 Or all the World besides ; I was a Fool.
 Thou searching human Nature, that didst wake
 To do me Wrong, thou art inquisitive,
 And thrusts't me upon Questions that will take
 My Sleep away ; 'would, I had dy'd, e'er known
 This sad Dishonour ! Pardon me, my Friend ;
 If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful Heart ;
 Pierce it, for I will never leave my Hand
 To thine ; behold the Pow'r thou hast in me !
 I do believe, my Sister is a Whore,
 A leprous one ; put up thy Sword, young Man.

Amin. How shou'd I bear it then, she being so ?
 I fear, my Friend, that you will lose me shortly ;
 And I shall do a foul Act on myself
 Through these Disgraces. *Mel.* Better, half the Land
 Were buried quick together ; no, *Amintor*,
 Thou shalt have Ease : O this adult'rous King,
 That drew her to it ! where got he the Spirit
 To wrong me so ? *Amin.* What is it then to me,
 If it be Wrong to you ! *Mel.* Why, not so much :
 The Credit of our House is thrown away ;
 But from his iron Den I'll waken Death,
 And hurl him on this King ; my Honesty
 Shall steel my Sword ; and on its horrid Point
 I'll wear my Cause, that shall amaze the Eyes
 Of this proud Man, and be too glittering
 For him to look on. *Amin.* I have quite undone
 My Fame. *Mel.* Dry up thy watry Eyes awhile,
 And cast a manly Look upon my Face ;
 For nothing is so wild as I thy Friend,
 Till I have freed thee : Still this swelling Breast ;
 I go thus from thee, and will never cease
 (45) My Vengeance, till I find thy Heart at Peace.

Amin.

(45) ——— Till I find my Heart at Peace.] *Melantius* shews but little Friendship in This, to say, he will pursue his Revenge, till he has satisfied his own Mind. He had promised Something to *Amintor* ;

Amin. It must not be so; stay, mine Eyes would tell
 How loth I am to this; but Love and Tears
 Leave me awhile, for I have hazarded
 All that this World calls happy; thou hast wrought
 A Secret from me under name of Friend,
 Which Art could ne'er have found, nor Torture wrung
 From out my Bosom; give it me again,
 For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies
 Hid in the mortal'st part; invent a way
 To give it back. *Mel.* Why, wou'd you have it back?
 I will to Death pursue him with Revenge.

Amin. Therefore, I call it from thee; for, I know,
 Thy Blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
 And shame me to Posterity: Take to thy Weapon.

Mel. Hear thou thy Friend, that bears more Years
 than thou.

Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I--- *Mel. Amintor,*—

Amin. Draw then, for I am full as resolute,
 As Fame and Honour can inforce me be;
 I cannot linger, draw. *Mel.* I do ——but is not
 My share of Credit equal then with thine,
 If I do stir? *Amin.* No; for it will be call'd
 Honour in thee to spill thy Sister's Blood,
 If she her Birth abuse; and, on the King,
 A brave Revenge: But on me, that have walkt
 With Patience in it, it will fix the Name
 Of fearfull Cuckold——O that Word! be quick.

Mel. Then join with me. *Amin.* I dare not do a Sin,
 Or else I would: Be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a Sin.
 His Grief distracts him; call thy Thoughts again,
 And to thyself pronounce the Name of Friend,
 And see what that will work; I will not fight.

Amin. You must. *Mel.* I will be kill'd first, though
 my Passions

had advis'd him to take Comfort, and pacify his Grievs; and therefore it was *his* Heart that was to be set at Rest. But the Quarrel does not lye against the Authors, but their incorrect Editors. The oldest *Quarto*, indeed, (as it does in numberless other Places,) help'd me to the true Reading.

Offer'd the like to you; 'tis not this Earth
 Shall buy my Reason to it; think a while,
 For you are (I must weep, when I speak that)
 Almost besides yourself. *Amin.* Oh my soft Temper!
 So many sweet Words from thy Sister's Mouth,
 I am afraid, would make me take her to me
 To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad, indeed,
 And know not what I do; yet have a Care
 Of me in what thou doest. *Mel.* Why thinks my Friend,
 I will forget his Honour, or, to save
 The Bravery of our House, will lose his Fame,
 And fear to touch the Throne of Majesty?

Amin. A Curse will follow that; but rather live
 And suffer with me. *Mel.* I will do what Worth
 Shall bid me, and no more. *Amin.* 'Faith, I am sick,
 And desp'rately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
 I feel a kind of Ease. *Mel.* Come, take again
 Your Mirth about you. *Amin.* I shall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you, look up, we'll walk together,
 Put thine Arm here, all shall be well again.

Amin. Thy Love, (O wretched!) Ay, thy Love, *Melan-*
 Why, I have nothing else. [*tius*;

Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius again.

Mel. This worthy young Man may do Violence
 Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
 To my best Pow'r, and sent him smiling from me,
 To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine Edge;
 My Heart will never fail me. *Diphilus,*——
 (46) Thou com'st, as sent.

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom? [*Spleens*

Diph. Why, our Sister and the King, I thought their
 Would break; they laugh'd us all out of the Room.

(46) *Thou com'st as sent.*] This is, as *Horace* says of himself, *Bre-*
vis esse laboro, Obscurus fio. The meaning is, thou com'st as critically,
 as if I had sent for thee.

Mel. They must weep, *Diphilus.* *Diph.* Must they?

Mel. They must:

Thou art my Brother, And if I did believe
Thou hadst a base Thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst. *Diph.* You should not, I would first
Mangle myself and find it. *Mel.* That was spoke
According to our Strain; Come, join thy Hands,
And swear a Firmness to what Project I
Shall lay before thee. *Diph.* You do wrong us both;
(47) People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A Bond more than our Loves, to tie our Lives
And Deaths together.——

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish;
Anon I'll tell you Wonders; we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the Armour in my House;
And what Friends you can draw unto our Side,
Not knowing of the Cause, make ready too;
Haste, *Diphilus*, the Time requires it, haste.

[*Exit Diphilus.*]

I hope, my Cause is just; I know, my Blood
Tells me, it is; and I will credit it.
To take Revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
(48) Without I had the Fort, which, (Misery!)
Remaining in the Hands of my Old Enemy
Calianax,—— but I must have it. See,

Enter Calianax.

Where he comes shaking by me: Good my Lord,

(47) *People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A Bond more than our Loves.*] This Sentiment seems to be
shadow'd from *Shakespeare*, in his *Julius Cæsar*.

Cass. And let us swear our Resolution.

Bru. No, not an Oath: if that the Face of Men,
The Suffrance of our Souls, the Time's Abuse,
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes; &c.

(48) —— —— —— *which Misery*

Remaining in the Hands.] Without the Rectification which
I have made in the Pointing, this Passage was stark Nonsense.
Mr. Symphon started the very same Adjustment, in Confirmation of
my Conjecture.

Forget

Forget your Spleen to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have Peace with ev'ry Man. *Cal.* 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your Tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. You're touchy without all Cause.

Cal. Do, mock me. *Mel.* By
Mine Honour, I speak Truth. *Cal.* Honour? where is't?

Mel. What starts you make into your idle Hatred
To my good Love and Freedom to you. I come
With Resolution to obtain a Suit of you.

Cal. A Suit of me! 'tis very like, it should
Be granted, Sir. *Mel.* Nay, go not hence; 'tis this;
You have the keeping of the Fort, and I
Would wish you by the Love you ought to bear
Unto me, to deliver it to my Hands.

Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad, to talk to me thus.

Mel. But there's a Reason why I move you to it.
I would kill the King, that wrong'd you and your
Daughter.

Cal. Out Traitor! *Mel.* Nay, but stay; I cannot scape,
The Deed once done, without I have this Fort. [*Mind*

Cal. And should I help thee? now thy treacherous
Betrays itself. *Mel.* Come, come, delay me not;

Give me a sudden Answer, or already
Thy last is spoke; refuse not offer'd Love,
When it comes clad in Secrets. *Cal.* If I say,
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't

Writ in his Looks; and should I say, I will,
He'll run and tell the King. I do not shun
Your Friendship, dear *Melantius*, but this Cause
Is weighty, give me but an Hour to think.

Mel. Take it—I know, this goes unto the King;
But I am arm'd. [*Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Methinks, I feel myself
But twenty now again; this fighting Fool
Wants Policy; I shall revenge my Girl,
And make her red again; I pray, my Legs
Will last that Pace that I will carry them;
I shall want Breath, before I find the King.

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

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a Lady.

Mel. SAVE you! *Evad.* Save you, sweet Brother!
Mel. In my blunt Eye,

Methinks, you look, *Evadne*, ——

Evad. Come, you would make
 Me blush:

Mel. I would, *Evadne*; I shall displease my Ends else.

(49) *Evad.* You shall, if you commend me; I am bashful;
 Come, Sir, how do I look? *Mel.* I would not have
 Your Women hear me

Break into Commendation of you, 'tis not seemly.

Evad. Go wait me in the Gallery——now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the Door first. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Evad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded Things, that dance
 In Visitation with their *Milan* Skins,

(50) Choke up my Business:

Evad. You are strangely dispos'd, Sir:

Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry:

Evad. No, if you praise me, it will make me sad:

Mel. Such a sad Commendation I have for you.

Evad. Brother, the Court hath made you witty,
 And learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't; has it learn'd you nothing?

Evad. Me?

Mel. Ay, *Evadne*, thou art young and handfom,
 A Lady of a sweet Complexion,
 And such a flowing Carriage, that it cannot
 Chuse but inflame a Kingdom. *Evad.* Gentle Brother!

(49) *You shall, if you command me;*] Thus all the Editions: *i. e.*
 If you bid me blush, I shall. *Evadne* is very obsequious in this Con-
 descention: but this, I dare say, was not the Poets' Intentions. They
 meant, she should say; "Nay, if you commend me, I am bashful,
 "and shall blush at your Praises:" And this is confirm'd by what *Me-*
lantius immediately subjoins to it.

(50) *Choke up my Business.*

In Visitation, &c.] The Transposition of the Lines, made here,
 is from the Authority of the old Copies. Mr. *Seward* likewise pointed
 out the same Regulation to me.

Mel.

(51) *Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy Repentance, foolish Woman,
To make me gentle. *Evad.* How is this? *Mel.* 'Tis base,
And I could blush at these Years, thorough all
My honour'd Scars, to come to such a Parly.

Evad. I understand you not. *Mel.* You dare not, Fool;
They, that commit thy Faults, fly the Remembrance.

Evad. My Faults, Sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my Forehead.

(52) *Mel.* Thy Body is too little for the Story,
The Lusts of which would fill another Woman,
As though sh'ad Twins within her. *Evad.* This is saucy;
Look, you intrude no more, there lies your Way:

Mel. Thou art my Way, and I will tread upon thee,
'Till I find Truth out.

Evad. What Truth is that you look for? [set me

(53) *Mel.* Thy long-lost Honour: 'would, the Gods had
Rather to grapple with the Plague, or stand
One of their loudest Bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without Enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my Temper.

Evad. How, Sir? where got you this Report?

Mel. Where there were People, in every Place.

Evad. They and the Seconds of it are base People;
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine Anger, do not Wretch,

(51) 'Tis yet in thy Remembrance, foolish Woman,] How was it in
her Remembrance? She was not at all conscious, that *Melantius* knew
any thing of her Misconduct and Guilt with the King; so was not pre-
pared to make any Confession. *Repentance* is the Reading of the best
and oldest Copies, and is certainly the genuine one.

(52) *Thy Body is too little for the Story,*

The Lusts of which would fill another Woman,

Though she had Twins within her.] This is Mock-Reasoning,
and *prima facie* shews its Absurdity. Surely, if a Woman has Twins
within her, she can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be
confident, I have restor'd the Poet's genuine Reading. The Propriety
of the Reasoning is a Conviction of the Certainty of the Emenda-
tion.

(53) 'Would, the Gods had set me

One of their loudest Bolts;] Ever since the *Folio* Edition of
1679, downwards, this Imperfection, and Nonsense, has possess'd the
Text. The Line, which I have retriev'd from the Generality of the
old *Quarto's* makes all clear.

I come to know that desperate Fool that drew thee
From thy fair Life; be wise, and lay him open.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn Manners; such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your Life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty Humour, and then tell me
Whose Whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine Honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lockt up in thy Blood! be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered;
The burnt Air, when the *Dog* reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious Name, 'till thy Repentance
(If the Gods grant thee any) purge thy Sickness.

Evad. Be gone, you are my Brother, that's your Safety.

Mel. I'll be a Wolf first; 'tis, to be thy Brother,
An Infamy below the Sin of Coward:
I am as far from being Part of thee,
As thou art from thy Virtue: Seek a Kindred
'Mongst sensual Beasts, and make a Goat thy Brother;
A Goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet!

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll ha' you whipt; get you to your Command,
And there preach to your Sentinels, and tell them
What a brave Man you are; I shall laugh at you.

Mel. You're grown a glorious Whore; where be your
Fighters?

What mortal Fool durst raise thee to this Daring,
And I alive? By my just Sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a Billow when the angry North
Plows up the Sea, or made Heav'n's Fire his Food:
Work me no higher; will you discover yet?

Evad. The Fellow's mad; sleep, and speak Sense.

Mel. Force my swoll'n Heart no further; I would save
Your great Maintainers are not here, they dare not; [thee;
'Would, they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em: will you tell me?
Thou hast no hope to scape; he that dares most,
And damns away his Soul to do thee Service,
Will sooner fetch Meat from a hungry Lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou'st Death about thee:
He has undone thine Honour, poyson'd thy Virtue,

And

And, of a lovely Rose, left thee a Canker.

Evad. Let me consider. *Mel.* Do, whose Child thou wert,
Whose Honour thou hast murder'd, whose Grave open'd,
And so pull'd on the Gods, that in their Justice
They must restore him Flesh again and Life,
And raise his dry Bones to revenge his Scandal.

Evad. The Gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the Earth; they'll stink here.

Mel. Do you raise Mirth out of my Easiness?
For sake me then all Weaknesses of Nature,
That make Men Women: Speak, you Whore, speak truth;
Or by the dear Soul of thy sleeping Father,
This Sword shall be thy Lover: tell, or I'll kill thee:
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

Evad. You will not murder me! *Mel.* No, 'tis a Justice
And a most noble one, to put the Light
Out of such base Offenders. *Evad.* Help!

Mel. By thy foul Self,
No human Help shall help thee, if thou criest;
When I have kill'd thee, as I have vow'd to do,
If thou confests not, naked as thou hast left
Thine Honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded Flesh the World may read
Thy black Shame, and my Justice. Wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes. *Mel.* Up, and begin your Story.

Evad. Oh, I am miserable.

Mel. 'Tis true, thou art; speak Truth still.

Evad. I have offended; Noble Sir, forgive me.

Mel. With what secure Slave? *Evad.* Do not ask me, Sir.
Mine own Remembrance is a Misery
Too mighty for me. *Mel.* Do not fall back again;
My Sword's unsheathed yet. *Evad.* What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your Fault less.

Evad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or I'll be this Day a killing thee.

Evad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay, I must ask

Mine Honour first; I've too much foolish Nature
In me; speak. *Evad.* Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearful Conscience, that's too many.

Who

Who is't? *Evad.* O, hear me gently; it was the King.

Mel. No more. My worthy Father's and my Services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee:
For all my Dangers and my Wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own Metal: These are Soldiers' Thanks.
How long have you liv'd thus, *Evadne*?

Evad. Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it: Can you be sorry?

Evad. 'Wou'd, I were half as blameless.

Mel. *Evadne*, thou wilt to thy Trade again.

Evad. First to my Grave.

Mel. 'Wou'd Gods, th'hadst been so blest:

Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee, hate him:
Cou'dst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him;
Curse, till the Gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just Wishes; yet I fear, *Evadne*,
You had rather play your Game out. *Evad.* No, I feel
Too many sad Confusions here to let in
Any loose Flame hereafter.

Mel. Dost thou not feel 'mong all those one brave Anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine Arm
To kill this base King?

Evad. All the Gods forbid it!

Mel. No, all the Gods require it, they are dishonour'd in

Evad. 'Tis too fearfull. [him.]

Mel. You're valiant in his Bed, and bold enough
To be a stale Whore, and have your Madam's Name
Discourse for Grooms and Pages; and hereafter,
When his cool Majesty hath laid you by,
To be at Pension with some needy Sir
For Meat and coarser Cloathes, thus far you know no Fear.
Come, you shall kill him. *Evad.* Good Sir!

Mel. And 'twere to kifs him dead, thou'dst smother him;
Be wise and kill him: Canst thou live, and know
What noble Minds shall make thee see thy self
Found out with ev'ry Finger, made the Shame
Of all Successions, and in this great Ruin
Thy Brother and thy noble Husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus; kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it, or by all

Holy in Heav'n and Earth, thou shalt not live
To breath a full Hour longer, not a Thought:
Come, 'tis a righteous Oath; give me thy Hand,
And, both to Heav'n held up, swear by that Wealth
This lustfull Thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul Soul out. *Evad.* Here I do swear it;
And all you Spirits of abused Ladies
Help me in this Performance!

Mel. Enough; this must be known to none
But you and I, *Evadne*; not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a Fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy Action
As the most daring; ay, as far as Justice.
Ask me not why. Farewel.

[*Exit Mel.*]

Evad. 'Would, I cou'd say so to my black Disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time! how friended,
That I should lose my self thus desperately,
And none for Pity shew me how I wandred?
There is not in the Compass of the Light
A more unhappy Creature: Sure, I am monstrous;
For I have done those Follies, those mad Mischiefs,
(54) Wou'd dare a Woman. O my loaden Soul,
Be not so cruel to me, choak not up

Enter Amintor.

The way to my Repentance! O my Lord!

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much abused Lord!

[*Kneels.*]

Amin. This cannot be.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it;
The Wrongs I did are greater; look upon me,
Though I appear with all my Faults. *Amin.* Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more Sorrow;
Heav'n knows, I have too many; do not mock me;
Though I am tame and bred up with my Wrongs,
Which are my Foster-brothers, I may leap
Like a Hand-Wolf into my natural Wildness,
And do an Outrage: pray thee, do not mock me.

(54) *Would dare a Woman.*] *i. e.* would scare, would fright her
out of her Wits to commit.

Evad.

Evad. My whole Life is so leprous, it infects
 All my Repentance: I wou'd buy your Pardon
 Though at the highest Set, even with my Life:
 That slight Contrition, that's no Sacrifice
 For what I have committed. *Amin.* Sure, I dazzle:
 There cannot be a Faith in that foul Woman,
 That knows no God more mighty than her Mischiefs:
 Thou dost still worse, still number on thy Faults,
 To press my poor Heart thus. Can I believe,
 There's any Seed of Virtue in that Woman
 Left to shoot up, that dares go on in Sin
 Known, and so known as thine is? O *Evadne!*
 (55) 'Wou'd, there were any Safety in thy Sex,
 That I might put a thousand Sorrows off,
 And credit thy Repentance! But I must not;
 Thou'st brought me to that dull Calamity,
 To that strange Misbelief of all the World,
 And all things that are in it; that, I fear,
 I shall fall like a Tree, and find my Grave,
 Only remembering that I grieve.

Evad. My Lord,
 Give me your Grievs: You are an Innocent,
 A Soul as white as Heav'n; let not my Sins
 Perish your noble Youth: I do not fall here
 To shadow by dissembling with my Tears,
 (As, all say, Women can,) or to make less
 What my hot Will hath done, which Heav'n and you
 Know to be tougher than the Hand of Time
 Can cut from Man's Remembrance; no, I do not;
 I do appear the same, the same *Evadne*,
 Drest in the Shames I liv'd in; the same Monster.
 But these are Names of Honour, to what I am;
 I do present my self the foulest Creature,
 Most pois'nous, dang'rous, and despis'd of Men,
Lerna e'er bred, or *Nilus*; I am Hell,
 'Till you, my dear Lord, shoot your Light into me,
 The Beams of your Forgiveness: I am Soul-sick;
 And wither with the Fear of one condemn'd,

(55) 'Would there were any Safety in thy Sex,] i. e. any Security,
 any Trust, or Belief to be reposed in them.

'Till

'Till I have got your Pardon. *Amin.* Rise, *Evadne.*
Those heav'nly Pow'rs, that put this Good into thee,
Grant a Continuance of it: I forgive thee;
Make thy self worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed, *Evadne*, this be serious;
Mock not the Pow'rs above, that can and dare
Give thee a great Example of their Justice
To all ensuing Eyes, if that thou playest
With thy Repentance, the best Sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win Belief,
My Life hath been so faithless; all the Creatures,
Made for Heav'n's Honours, have their Ends, and good ones,
All but the cozz'ning *Crocodiles*, false Women;
They reign here like those Plagues, those killing Sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like Tales
Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to Dust forgotten: But, my Lord,
Those short Days I shall number to my Rest,
(As many must not see me) shall, though late,
Though in my Evening, yet perceive a Will,
Since I can do no Good because a Woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it;
I will redeem one Minute of my Age,
Or, like another *Niobe*, I'll weep
'Till I am Water.

Amin. I am now dissolv'd:
My frozen Soul melts: May each Sin thou hast,
Find a new Mercy! Rise, I am at Peace:
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that Devil King tempted thy Frailty,
Sure, thou hadst made a Star. Give me thy Hand;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As Honour gives me Leave, be thy *Amintor*.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the Gods to give thee happy Days:
My Charity shall go along with thee,
Though my Embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet Repentance
Locks up my Vengeance, for which thus I kiss thee,
The last kiss we must take; and 'wou'd to Heav'n

The Holy Priest, that gave our Hands together,
Had giv'n us equal Virtues! Go, *Evadne*;
The Gods thus part our Bodies, have a care
My Honour falls no farther, I am well then.

Evad. All the dear Joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair Soul! Thus I take Leave, my Lord;
And never shall you see the foul *Evadne*,
'Till she have try'd all honour'd Means that may
Set her in Rest, and wash her Stains away.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax. Hoboys play within.

King. I cannot tell how I shou'd credit this
From you, that are his Enemy. *Cal.* I am sure,
He said it to me, and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose; but with my Sword.

King. But did he break, without all Circumstance,
To you his Foe, that he wou'd have the Fort
To kill me, and then escape? *Cal.* If he deny it,
I'll make him blush. *King.* It sounds incredibly.

Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.

King. Not so, *Calianax.* *Cal.* Yes, I shou'd fit
Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong Arms cuts your Throat.

King. Well, I will try him, and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my Life, I'll find it; if't be false,
And that you cloathe your Hate in such a Lye,
You shall hereafter doat in your own House,
Not in the Court.

Cal. Why, if it be a Lie,
Mine Ears are false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard it:
Old Men are good for nothing; you were best
Put me to Death for hearing, and free him
For meaning of it; you wou'd ha' trusted me
Once, but the time is altered. *King.* And will still,
Where I may do't with Justice to the World;
You have no Witness. *Cal.* Yes, my self. *King.* No more,
I mean, there were that heard it. *Cal.* How, no more?
Would you have more? why am not I enough
To hang a thousand Rogues? *King.* But so you may
Hang honest Men too if you please. *Cal.* I may;
'Tis like, I will do so; there are a hundred

Will swear it for a Need too, if I say it.

King. Such Witnessess we need not. *Cal.* And 'tis hard
If my Word cannot hang a boisterous Knave.

King. Enough; where's *Strato*?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir!

King. Why, where is all the Company? call *Amintor* in,
Evadne, where's my Brother, and *Melantius*?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*; call all, [*Exit Strato.*

That are without there. If he should desire

The Combat of you, 'tis not in the Pow'r

Of all our Laws to hinder it, unless

We mean to quit 'em. *Cal.* Why, if you do think

'Tis fit an old Man and a Counsellor

Do fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

*Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus,
Lysippus, Cleon, Strato.*

King. Come, Sirs; *Amintor*, thou art yet a Bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down;

Evadne, sit, and you *Amintor* too;

This Banquet is for you, Sir: Who has brought

A merry Tale about him, to raise a Laughter

Amongst our Wine? Why, *Strato*, where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,

When I desire 'em not.

Stra. 'Tis my ill Luck, Sir, so to spend them then.

(56) *King.* Reach me a Boul of Wine: *Melantius*,

Thou art sad. *Mel.* I should be, Sir, the merriest here,

But I ha' ne'er a Story of mine own

Worth telling at this time. *King.* Give me the Wine.

Melantius, I am now considering,

How easy 'twere for any Man we trust

To poison one of us in such a Boul.

(56) *King.* Reach me a Boul of Wine; *Melantius*, thou art sad.

Amin. I should be, Sir, &c.] I have adjusted the Metre,
which was confus'd; and, by the Assistance of the old *Quarto* in 1619,
affix'd the Reply to the right Character. The *King* address'd himself
to *Melantius*; and what Impertinence it is in *Amintor* to take his
Friend's Answer out of his Mouth?

Mel.

Mel. I think, it were not hard, Sir, for a Knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. I'faith, 'twere easy, it becomes us well
To get plain-dealing Men about our selves,
Such as you all are here. *Amintor,* to thee,
And to thy fair *Evadne.* *Mel.* Have you thought
Of this, *Calianax?* [*Aside.*]

Cal. Yes, marry, have I.

Mel. And what's your Resolution?

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly.

King. Reach to *Amintor, Strato. Amin.* Here, my Love,
This Wine will do thee Wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy Cheeks, and 'till thou dost
A Fault, 'twere Pity.

King. Yet I wonder much
At the strange Desperation of these Men,
That dare attempt such Acts here in our State;
He could not 'scape, that did it. *Mel.* Were he known,
Impossible. *King.* It would be known, *Melantius.*

Mel. It ought to be; if he got then away,
He must wear all our Lives upon his Sword;
He need not fly the Island, he must leave
No one alive. *King.* No; I should think, no Man
Cou'd kill me and 'scape clear, but that old Man.

Cal. But I! Heav'n blefs me! I, should I, my Liege?

King. I do not think, thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;
For thou hast in thy Hands the Means to 'scape,
By keeping of the Fort; he has, *Melantius,*
And he has kept it well. *Mel.* From Cobwebs, Sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, 'twas ne'er besieg'd
Since he commanded it. *Cal.* I shall be sure
Of your good Word, but I have kept it safe
From such as you. *Mel.* Keep your ill Temper in,
I speak no Malice; had my Brother kept it,
I shou'd ha' said as much. *King.* You are not merry;
Brother, drink Wine; sit you all still! *Calianax* [*Aside.*]
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out Words,
That would have fetch'd warm Blood upon the Cheeks
Of guilty Men, and he is never mov'd;

He knows no such Thing. *Cal.* Impudence may 'scape,
When feeble Virtue is accus'd. *King.* He must,
If he were guilty, feel an Alteration
At this our Whisper; whilst we point at him,
You see, he does not. *Cal.* Let him hang himself;
What care I, what he does? this he did say.

(57) *King.* *Melantius*, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for Men, that are in Fault,
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss; but I forgive
Freely before this Man; Heav'n do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with Shame
Of telling it; let it be so no more.

Cal. Why, this is very fine. *Mel.* I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant Fault,
But let me know it; happily, 'tis nought
But Misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take Forgiveness of the Gods,
Much less of you. *King.* Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my Mercy. *Mel.* I want Smoothness
To thank a Man for pardoning of a Crime
I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your Knowledge, but to shew you
My Ears are every where; you meant to kill me,
And get the Fort to 'scape. *Mel.* Pardon me, Sir;
My Bluntness will be pardoned: (58) You preserve
A Race of idle People here about you,
Facers, and Talkers, to defame the Worth

Of

(57) *Melantius*, you cannot easily conceive] All the Copies, after the fourth Impression in *Quarto*, in 1638, have destroy'd the Sense and Measure too by this Negative. I have made bold to expunge it, by the Authority of the better Copies.

(58) ———— You preserve

A Race of idle People here about you,

Eaters and Talkers,] This is the Reading of the more modern Copies, after the Demise of the Authors; and, as I presume, an Alteration made by the Players, who either did not understand, or like the Sound of, the original Word. *Facers* is the Reading of the eldest *Quarto*; and, I dare say, the Term intended by the Poets; since they

Of those that do things worthy. The Man that utter'd this
 Had perish'd without Food, be't who it will,
 But for this Arm that fenc'd him from the Foe.
 And if I thought you gave a Faith to this,
 The Plainness of my Nature would speak more;
 Give me a Pardon (for you ought to do't)
 To kill him that spake this. *Cal.* Ay, that will be
 The End of all, then I am fairly paid

For all my Care and Service. *Mel.* That old Man
 Who calls me Enemy, and of whom I
 (Though I will never match my Hate so low)
 Have no good Thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
 And swear, he thought me wrong'd in this. *Cal.* Who, I?
 Thou shameless Fellow! Didst thou not speak to me
 Of it thy self? *Mel.* O, then it came from him

Cal. From me! who should it come from but, from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe, your Malice is enough,
 But I ha' lost my Anger. Sir, I hope,
 You are well satisfied. *King.* *Lysippus*, cheer
Amintor and his Lady; there's no Sound
 Comes from you; I will come and do't my self.

Amin. You have done already, Sir, for me, I thank you.

King. *Melantius*, I do credit this from him,
 How slight foe'er you make't.

Mel. 'Tis strange, you should.

Cal. 'Tis strange, he should believe an old Man's Word,
 That never lied in his Life. *Mel.* I talk not to thee;
 Shall the wild Words of this distemper'd Man,
 Frantick with Age and Sorrow, make a Breach
 Betwixt your Majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
 To hearken to him; but to credit him,
 As much, at least, as I have Pow'r to bear.

make use of it in several other Passages of their Works. So *Calianax*
 says in the third Act of this Play:

*However I may set a Face, and talk,
 I am not valiant.*

And so *Calista*, towards the End of the third Act of the *Lovers'*
Progress;

——— *Leave Facing, 'twill not serve you:*

This Impudence becomes thee worse than Lying.

&c. &c.

But

But pardon me; whilst I speak only Truth,
 I may commend my self — I have bestow'd
 My careless Blood with you, and shou'd be loth
 To think an Action that wou'd make me lose
 That, and my Thanks too. When I was a Boy,
 I thrust my self into my Country's Cause,
 And did a Deed that pluck'd five Years from Time,
 And stil'd me Man then. And for You, my King,
 (59) Your Subjects all have fed by Virtue of
 My Arm. This Sword of mine hath plow'd the Ground,
 And They have reapt the Fruit of it in Peace;
 And You your self have liv'd at home in Ease.
 So terrible I grew, that without Swords
 My Name hath fetch'd you Conquest; and my Heart
 And Limbs are still the same; my Will as great
 To do you Service: Let me not be paid
 With such a strange Distrust. *King. Melantius,*
 I held it great Injustice to believe
 Thine Enemy, and did not; if I did,
 I do not, let that satisfy: What, struck
 With Sadness all! More Wine, ———

Cal. A few fine Words

Have overthrown my Truth: Ah, th'art a Villain.

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the Fort;
 Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever; [*Aside.*]
 There shall no Credit lie upon thy Words;
 Think better, and deliver it. *Cal.* My Liege,
 He's at me now again to do it; speak;
 Deny it, if thou canst; examine him
 While he is hot, for if he cool again,
 He will forswear it. *King.* This is Lunacy,
 I hope, *Melantius.* *Mel.* He hath lost himself
 Much, since his Daughter mis'd the Happiness

(59) *Your Subjects all are fed by virtue of my Arm.
 This Sword of mine hath plow'd the Ground,
 And reapt the Fruit in Peace.*

And yourself have liv'd at home in Ease.] We have only something like Metre left, and in the third Verse as little Sense. For where is the Merit of reaping the Fruits of his own Valour? He would say just the contrary. The whole, I am well assur'd, originally ran, as I have regulated it.

Mr. Seward.

My Sister gain'd; and though he call me Foe,
I pity him. *Cal.* Pity? A Pox upon you!

(60) *Mel.* Mark his disorder'd Words, and at the Masque,
Diagoras knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a Lady Whore, so innocent
She understood him not; but it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive Distraction;
Pardon him, as I do. *Cal.* I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy Cunning; if you will be safe
Chop off his Head, for there was never known
So impudent a Rascal. *King.* Some, that love him,
Get him to Bed: Why, Pity should not let
Age make it self contemptible; we must be
All Old; have him away. *Mel. Calianax,*
The King believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you ha' done well; you'll give it up
When I have us'd you thus a Month, I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir, he does move me still;
He says, he knows I'll give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me thus a Month: I am mad,
Am I not, still? *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus;
Why would you trust a sturdy Fellow there
(That has no Virtue in him, all's in his Sword)
Before me? Do but take his Weapons from him,
And he's an Ass, and I'm a very Fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, *Calianax*; but if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some Other
To see your Offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry, 'Gentlemen, it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou would'st be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, Sir. *King.* And you, *Evadne*; let me take
Thee in my Arms, *Melantius*, and believe
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my Friend

(60) *King.* Mark his disorder'd Words, and, at the Masque,
Mel. Diagoras knows, &c.] I have affix'd the Lines here
to the right Characters, from the Authority of the Eldest *Quarto*.
Mr. Seward likewise prescrib'd this Alteration to me.

Still,

Still, and for ever. Good *Calianax*,
Sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy self.

[*Exeunt all but Mel. and Cal.*]

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope,
I cou'd not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your Tongue, and that's
The strongest Part you have about you. *Cal.* I
Do look for some great Punishment for this,
For I begin to forget all my Hate,
And take't unkindly that mine Enemy
Should use me so extremely scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you Hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again; thou wretched Rogue,
Meant me no Hurt! Disgrace me with the King;
Lose all my Offices! This is no Hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call Hurt?

Mel. To poison Men, because they love me not;
To call the Credit of Mens Wives in question;
To murder Children betwixt me and Land;
This is all Hurt. *Cal.* All this, thou think'st, is Sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy Will with me;
For betwixt Grief and Anger I cou'd cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.

Cal. Ay, o' the King? I wou'd revenge o' thee.

Mel. That you must plot your self.

Cal. I'm a fine Plotter.

Mel. The Short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this Perplexity, till Peevishness
And thy Disgrace have laid thee in thy Grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
I'll take thy trembling Body in my Arms,
And bear thee over Dangers; thou shalt hold
Thy wonted State. *Cal.* If I should tell the King,
Can'st thou deny't again? *Mel.* Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canst bring any thing about:
Melantius, thou shalt have the Fort. *Mel.* Why, well;
Here let our Hate be buried, and this Hand
Shall right us Both; give me thy aged Breast
To compass.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet:
 I cannot well endure to look on thee:
 And, if I thought it were a Courtesy,
 Thou should'st not have it: But I am disgrac'd;
 My Offices are to be ta'en away;
 And if I did but hold this Fort a Day,
 I do believe, the King would take it from me,
 And give it thee, things are so strangely carried;
 Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
 There was some such thing in't I told him of;
 And that I was an honest Man. *Mel.* He'll buy
 That Knowledge very dearly. *Diphilus,*

Enter Diphilus.

What News with thee? *Diph.* This were a Night indeed
 To do it in; the King hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall perform it then; go, *Diphilus,*
 And take from this good Man, my worthy Friend,
 The Fort; he'll give it thee. *Diph.* Ha' you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same Breed? canst thou deny
 This to the King too? *Diph.* With a Confidence
 As great as his. *Cal.* Faith, like enough. *Mel.* Away,
 And use him kindly. *Cal.* Touch not me, I hate
 The whole Strain of you: if thou follow me
 A great way off, I'll give thee up the Fort;
 And hang your selves.

Mel. Be gone. *Diph.* He's finely wrought.

[*Exeunt Cal. and Diph.*]

Mel. This is a Night, 'spite of Astronomers,
 To do the Deed in; I will wash the Stain,
 That rests upon our House, off with his Blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius,* now assist me: if thou beest
 That which thou say'st, assist me: I have lost
 All my Distempers, and have found a Rage
 So pleasing; help me. *Mel.* Who can see him thus,
 And not swear Vengeance? What's the matter, Friend?

Amin. Out with thy Sword; and, hand in hand with me,
 Rush

Rush to the Chamber of this hated King;
And sink him with the Weight of all his Sins
To Hell for ever. *Mel.* 'Twere a rash Attempt,
Not to be done with Safety: Let your Reason
Plot your Revenge, and not your Passion.

Amin. If thou refus'st me in these Extreame,
Thou art no Friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heav'n, to me; my self; and, I must tell ye,
I love her as a Stranger; there is Worth
In that vile Woman, worthy things, *Melantius*;
And she repents. I'll do't my self alone,
Though I be slain. Farewel. *Mel.* He'll overthrow
My whole Design with Madnes. *Amintor*, think
What 'tis thou dost; I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,
With whom thou fight'st; I know, that he is honest,
[*Aside.*]

And this will work with him. *Amin.* I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou has charm'd my Sword
Out of my Hand, and left me shaking here
Defenceless. *Mel.* I will take it up for thee.

Amin. What a wild Beast is uncollected Man!
(61) The Thing, that we call Honour, bears us all
Headlong to Sin, and yet it self is not one.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy Thoughts!

Amin. Just like my Fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some Plot
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old Fellow's Carriage: but take heed;

(61) *The Thing that we call Honour, bears us all*

Headlong unto Sin, and yet it self is nothing.] This is One
of those Places, which was in danger of being irrecoverably spoilt;
because, as it carries something of Sense with it, the exactest Reader,
unless particularly attentive, (which no Man can be at all times)
might overlook it. But what, can *Amintor*, who has so nice a Sense
of Honour, say, that 'tis *nothing*? *Falstaffe* in his Catechism might
properly say so; because it was nothing he could either see, feel, eat,
or drink: But a Man, who had so strong a Feeling of it as *Amintor*,
could not join with him. It was then very near hurrying him into
Treason, a Crime his Conscience, when awaken'd, startled at. How
beautiful therefore is the Sentiment, as the Poets undoubtedly wrote it!

Mr. Seward.

There's

There's not the least Limb growing to a King,
 But carries Thunder in it. *Mel.* I have none [ber,
 Against him. *Amin.* Why? come then; and still remem-
 We may not think Revenge. *Mel.* I will remember.
 [Exeunt.]

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

An Antechamber to the King's Bedchamber.

Enter Evadne, and a Gentleman.

Evad. SIR, is the King a-bed?

Gent. Madam, an Hour ago.

Evad. Give me the Key then, and let none be near;
 'Tis the King's Pleasure.

Gent. I understand you, Madam,
 'Would, it were mine. I must not wish good Rest
 Unto your Ladyship. *Evad.* You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, Madam; but the King
 Will wake and then,——

Evad. Saving your Imagination, pray, good Night, Sir.

Gent. A good Night be it then, and a long one, Madam.
 I am gone.

Evad. The Night grows horrible, and all about me
 Like my black Purpose. O the Conscience
 Of a lost Virgin! Whither wilt thou pull me?
 To what things dismal, as the Depth of Hell,
 (62) Wilt thou provoke me? Let no Woman dare
 From this Hour be disloyal: If her Heart be
 Flesh, if sh' have Blood, and can fear; 'tis a Daring
 Above that desperate Fool that left his Peace,

(62) —— ——— *Let no Man dare*

*From this Hour be disloyal: If her Heart
 Be Flesh, &c.]* Thus the *Folio* in 1679, and the subsequent
 Editions, to the Detriment both of the *Numbers* and *Grammar*. I
 have retriev'd the Reading of the old *Quarto's* in 1619, 1622, and
 1630; which cures the Lameness of the *Metre*, and the Defect in
Concord.

And

And went to Sea to fight: 'Tis so many Sins,
 (63) An Age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
 The Gods want Mercy for: Yet I must through 'em.
 I have begun a Slaughter on my Honour,
 And I must end it there:

[A Door is open'd, and the King discover'd a-bed.

He sleeps. Good Heav'ns!

Why give you Peace to this untemperate Beast,
 That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him,
 And I will do it bravely: The meer Joy
 Tells me, I merit in it: Yet I must not
 Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were
 To rock him to another World: My Vengeance
 Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
 The Number of his Wrongs and Punishments.
 I'll shake his Sins like Furies, 'till I waken
 His evil Angel, his sick Conscience;
 And then I'll strike him dead.—King, by your Leave:

[Ties his Arms to the Bed.

I dare not trust your Strength. Your Grace and I
 Must grapple upon even Terms no more.
 So,—if he rail me not from my Resolution,
 I shall be strong enough. My Lord the King!
 My Lord! he sleeps, as if he meant to wake
 No more; my Lord; is he not dead already?
 My Lord; ———

King. Who's that? *Evad.* O you sleep soundly, Sir!

King. My dear *Evadne*,
 I have been dreaming of thee; come to Bed.

(63) ——— 'tis so many Sins,

An Age cannot prevent 'em;] If a Woman be disloyal, and actually dares to commit the Sin, how can an Age, or twenty Ages, prevent it? Yet thus all the Editions, that I have ever seen, without Regard to Common-sense. The slight Emendation, that I have ventured at, departs but very little from the Traces of the Letters, but gives a very considerable Alteration in Sentiment: *Viz.* That a Woman, who once transgresses against her conjugal Fidelity, pluck so many Sins on herself in Consequence of it; that, if She were to live an Hundred Years, She would not have sufficient Time to repent of them. Both Mr. *Seaward* and Mr. *Sympton* concurr'd with me in starting this Emendation.

Evad.

Evad. I am come at length, Sir, but how welcome?

King. What pretty new Device is this, *Evadne*?

(64) What, do you tie me to you? By my Life,
This is a quaint one: Come, my Dear, and kifs me;

(65) I'll be thy *Mars*; to Bed, my Queen of Love:
Let us be caught together, that the Gods
May see, and envy our Embraces.

Evad. Stay, Sir, stay;

You are too hot, and I have brought you Physick
To temper your high Veins.

King. Prithee, to Bed then; let me take it warm;
There you shall know the State of my Body better.

Evad. I know, you have a surfeited foul Body;
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad. Ay, you shall bleed: Lie still; and if the Devil,
Your Lust, will give you Leave, repent: This Steel
Comes to redeem the Honour that you stole,
King, my fair Name; which nothing but thy Death
Can answer to the World. *King.* How's this, *Evadne*?

Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this Breast
So much cold Spirit to be call'd a Woman:
I am a Tiger; I am any thing,
That knows not Pity. Stir not; if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy Fears upon thee,
That make thy Sins look double; and so fend thee
(66) (By my Revenge, I will) to seek those Torments

(64) *What do you tie me to you by my Love?*] This is the Nonsensical Reading and Punctuation of all the Editions. I need not use any Words to justify the Alteration I have made: The Reason for it is self-evident.

(65) *I'll be thy Mars;*] The Allusion here is to the Words of *Ovid* in the fourth Book of his *Metamorphoses*, where *Mars* and *Venus* are caught in Conjunction by a subtle Net which her Husband *Vulcan* had bound over them, and exposed them to the View of the Gods.

————— *Turpes jacuere ligati*

Turpiter, atque aliquis de Diis non tristibus optat

Sic feri turpis.

(66) ————— to look those Torments

Prepar'd for such black Souls.] *Look* occurs in the Line immediately preceding; and the Repetition of it is no manner of Elegance. Besides, to *look* those Torments, is no *English* Expression: It must either be, *seek*, or *brook*.

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for such black Souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet, and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such Hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing Rose
More chafly sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul Canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me: I was a World of Virtue,
Till your curst Court and you (Hell bless you for't!)
With your Temptations on Temptations
Made me give up mine Honour: For which, (King)
I'm come to kill thee. *King.* No. *Evad.* I am.

King. Thou art not.
I prithee, speak not these things; thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your Tongue, and that for Mercy
To those above us; by whose Lights I vow,
Those blessed Fires that shod to see our Sin,
If thy hot Soul had Substance with thy Blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my Steel,
(67) My Tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless Villain,
A thing out of the Overcharge of Nature;
Sent, like a thick Cloud, to disperse a Plague
Upon weak catching Women; such a Tyrant,
That for his Lust would sell away his Subjects;
Ay, all his Heav'n hereafter.

King. Hear, *Evadne*,
Thou Soul of Sweetness, hear! I am thy King. [you,
Evad. Thou art my Shame; lie still, there's none about
Within your Cries; all Promises of Safety
Are but deluding Dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul Man,
Thus I begin my Vengeance. [Stabs him.

King. Hold, *Evadne!*

(67) ————— which, being past my Steel,
My Tongue shall teach.] 'Tis evident from Common-sense,
that I have retriev'd the true Reading here. A Corruption, ex-
actly the same, had possess'd a Passage in *Shakespeare's Coriolanus*, till
I corrected it. Mr. *Seward* likewise started this Emendation here.

I do

I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, Sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these Love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody Villain
Provok'd thee to this Murder?

Evad. Thou, thou, Monster. *King.* Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at Court, and whor'd'st
me, King;

Then married me to a young Noble Gentleman;
And whor'd'st me still. *King.* *Evadne,* pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then! 'This for my Lord *Amintor*;
'This for my noble Brother; and this Stroke
For the most wrong'd of Women. [Kills him.

King. Oh! I die.

Evad. Die all our Faults together! I forgive thee. [Exit.

Enter two of the Bedchamber.

1. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects
it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine Wench; we'll have a snap at her one
of these Nights, as she goes from him.

1. Content. How quickly he had done with her!
I see, Kings can do no more that way than other mortal
People.

2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble Light,
Or he looks very pale. 2. And so he does;
Pray Heaven, he be well! let's look: Alas!
He's stiff, wounded and dead: Ho, Treason, Treason!

1. Run forth and call.

2. Treason, Treason! [Exit Gent.

1. This will be laid on us: Who can believe,
A Woman cou'd do this?

Enter Cleon and Lyfippus.

Cleon. How now, where's the Traitor?

1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful Act lies still.

Cleon. Her Act! a Woman!

Lyf. Where's the Body?

1. There.

I. There.

Lys. Farewel, thou worthy Man! There were two Bonds
That tied our Loves, a Brother and a King;
The least of which might fetch a Flood of Tears:
But such the Misery of Greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me.
Sirs, which way went she?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the Instrument.
News is now brought in, that *Melantius*
Has got the Fort, and stands upon the Wall;
And with a loud Voice calls those few, that pass
(68) At this dead time of Night, delivering
The Innocence of this Act.

Lys. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Stra. We do acknowledge it.

Lys. I would, I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden Stop. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Melantius, Diphilus, and Calianax, on the
Battlements of the Fort.*

Mel. If the dull People can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, *Diphilus*;) now we have time,
Either to bring our banish'd Honours home,
Or create new ones in our Ends.

Diph. I fear not;
My Spirit lies not that way. Courage, *Calianax*.

Cal. 'Would, I had any! you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speak to the People; thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'Tis a fine Eloquence to come to the Gallows;
You were born to be my End. The Devil take you!
Now must I hang for Company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

(68) ———— *delivering*

The innocent of this Act.] Thus the *Folio* in 1679, and the
subsequent Editions from it. The true Reading I have restored from
the old *Quarto's*: And both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympson* saw the
Corruption.

Enter

Enter Lysippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, and Guard.

Lys. See, where he stands, as boldly confident,
As if he had his full Command about him.

Stra. He looks, as if he had the better Cause, Sir ;
Under your gracious Pardon, let me speak it !
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great Things ; to all Things of that Danger
Worse Men shake at the telling of ; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble ; and this Action
Rather pull'd on, than fought ; his Mind was ever
As worthy as his Hand. *Lys.* 'Tis my Fear too ;
Heaven forgive all ! Summon him, Lord *Cleon*.

Cleon. Ho, from the Walls there. —

Mel. Worthy *Cleon*, welcome ;
We could have wish'd you here, Lord ; you are honest.

Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a Knave, though I dare
not tell you so, ——— [*Aside.*

Lys. *Melantius* !

Mel. Sir.

Lys. I am sorry, that we meet thus ; our old Love
Never requir'd such Distance ; pray Heav'n,
You have not left yourself, and fought this Safety
More out of Fear than Honour ; you have lost
A noble Master, which your Faith, *Melantius*,
Some think, might have preserv'd ; yet you know best.

Cal. When time was, I was mad ; some, that dares fight,
I hope, will pay this Rascal.

Mel. Royal young Man, whose Tears look lovely on
Had they been shed for a deserving One, [thee !
They had been lasting Monuments. Thy Brother,
While he was good, I call'd him King ; and serv'd him
With that strong Faith, that most unwearied Valour,
(69) Pull'd People from the farthest Sun to seek him,
And beg his Friendship ; — I was then his Soldier.

(69) *Pull'd People from the farthest Sun to seek him ;*

And by his Friendship, I was then his Soldier ;] Thus this
Passage has been most erroneously pointed thro' all the Editions, con-
trary to Common-sense, and the Author's Intentions. The Word *beg*
is owing to the Authority of the *Quarto* in 1619 ; which happily help'd
me to rectify the Pointing and Sense : Tho' Mr. *Seward* likewise
pointed out the true Reading. But

But since his hot Pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble Actions with his Lust,
(That never-cur'd Dishonour of my Sister,
Base Stain of Whore in her; and, which is worse,
The Joy to make it still so) like myself,
Thus have I flung him off with my Allegiance;
And stand here mine own Justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him; and this old Man,
Wrong'd almost to Lunacy.

Cal. Who I? You'd draw me in. I have had no Wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this;
'Tis no Ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a Subject, so I may be freed;
If not, I know my Strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be speedy, and be wise,
In a Reply. *Stra.* Be sudden, Sir, to tie
All up again; what's done is past Recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,
That wait for such a troubled Hour as this;
Throw him the Blank. *Lys.* *Melantius*, write in that
Thy Choice, my Seal is at it.

Mel. It was our Honours drew us to this Act,
Not Gain; and we will only work our Pardon.

Cal. Put my Name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us but now, *Calianax*.

Cal. That's all one;

I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a Trick;
I'll have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall;
Come to the back Gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the Fort.

Lys. Away, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Amintor's House.*

Enter Aspatia in Man's Apparel.

Asp. This is my fatal Hour; Heav'n may forgive
My rash Attempt, that causelessly hath laid

Griefs

Griefs on me that will never let me rest:
 And put a Woman's Heart into my Breast.
 It is more Honour for you, that I die;
 For she, that can endure the Misery
 That I have on me, and be patient too,
 May live, and laugh at all that you can do.
 God save you, Sir!

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, Sir; what's your Business?

Asp. With you, Sir, now, to do me the fair Office
 To help me to your Lord.

Ser. What, wou'd you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any Service; but, to haste,
 For my Affairs are earnest, I desire
 To speak with him. *Ser.* Sir, cause you're in such haste,
 I would be loth delay you any longer:
 You cannot.

Asp. It shall become you tho', to tell your Lord.

(70) *Ser.* Sir, he will speak with no Body: But in particular I have in Charge, about no weighty Matters.

Asp. This is most strange: Art thou Gold-proof? there's
 Help me to him. [for thee;

Ser. Pray, be not angry, Sir; I'll do my best. [*Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this Fellow answer'd me!
 There is a vile dishonest Trick in Man,
 More than in Women: All the Men I meet
 Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
 And have a Subtilty in every thing,
 Which Love could never know; but we fond Women
 Harbour the easiest and the smoothest Thoughts,
 And think, all shall go so; it is unjust,
 That Men and Women should be match'd together.

Enter Amintor, and his Man.

Amin. Where is he? *Ser.* There, my Lord.

(70) *But in particular I have in Charge, about no weighty Matters.]*
 These Words, which shew an Impertinence so common in all Servants,
 and a Desire of sifting into every Body's Business, are only to be found
 in the first *Quarto*, in 1619.

Amin.

Amin. What wou'd you, Sir?

Asp. Please it your Lordship to command your Man
Out of the Room; I shall deliver things
Worthy your Hearing. *Amin.* Leave us. [Exit Ser.]

Asp. O, that that Shape
Should bury Falshood in it! [Aside.]

Amin. Now your Will, Sir.

Asp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must
My Business; and I am not hard to know; [guess
(71) For till the Chance of War mark'd this smooth Face
With these few Blemishes, People would call me
My Sister's Picture; and her, mine; in short,
I am the Brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Amin. The wrong'd *Aspatia*! 'Would, thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd *Amintor*! Let me kiss
That Hand of thine, in Honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd *Aspatia*: Here I stand,
That did it; 'would, he could not! Gentle Youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy Looks,
That calls my Sins in a most hideous Form
Into my Mind; and I have Grief enough
Without thy Help. *Asp.* I would, I could with Credit!
Since I was twelve Years old, I had not seen
My Sister till this Hour; I now arriv'd;
She sent for me to see her Marriage,
(72) A woful one: But They, that are above,
Have Ends in every thing. She us'd few Words;
But yet enough to make me understand
The Baseness of the Injury you did her;
That little Training, I have had, is War;
I may behave myself rudely in Peace;
I wou'd not though; I shall not need to tell you,

(71) *For till the Change of War] Chance* is a much more common
Word, and more to the Purpose and Meaning of the Passage.

Mr. Seward.

(72) ——— *But they that are above,*
Have Ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what Ad-
vantage, has SHAKESPEARE express'd this Sentiment, in his *Hamlet*!
——— *And That should teach us,*
There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

I am but young ; and would be loth to lose
 Honour, that is not easily gain'd again ;
 Fairly I mean to deal ; the Age is strict
 For single Combats ; and we shall be stop'd,
 If it be publish'd : If you like your Sword,
 Use it ; if mine appear a better to you,
 Change ; for the Ground is this, and this the time
 To end our Difference.

Amin. Charitable Youth,
 (If thou be'st such,) think not, I will maintain
 So strange a Wrong ; and, for thy Sister's sake,
 Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
 I durst not do ; yet, to enjoy this World,
 I would not see her ; for, beholding thee,
 I am I know not what ; if I have aught,
 That may content thee, take it and be gone ;
 For Death is not so terrible as thou ;
 'Thine Eyes shoot Guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore,
 Thou wou'dst behave thyself ; and give me Words,
 That would fetch Tears into mine Eyes, and so
 Thou dost indeed ; but yet she bad me watch,
 Left I were cozen'd ; and be sure to fight,
 E'er I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me ;
 For her I'll die directly, but against her
 Will never hazard it. *Asp.* You must be urg'd ;
 I do not deal uncivilly with those
 That dare to fight ; but such a one as you
 Must be us'd thus. *[She strikes him.]*

Amin. I prithee, Youth, take heed ;
 Thy Sister is a thing to me so much
 Above mine Honour, that I can endure
 All this ; good Gods ! — a Blow I can endure ;
 But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless Death
 Upon thyself. *Asp.* Thou art some prating Fellow ;
 One, that hath studied out a Trick to talk
 And move soft-hearted People ; to be kick'd *[She kicks him.]*
 Thus, to be kick'd — why should he be so slow *[Aside.]*
 In giving me my Death ! *Amin.* A Man can bear

No more, and keep his Flesh; forgive me then;
 I wou'd endure yet, if I could; now shew
 The Spirit thou pretend'ft, and understand,
 (73) Thou hast no Hour to live: [They fight.
 What dost thou mean?

Thou canst not fight: The Blows thou mak'ft at me
 Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
 Thou spread'ft thine Arms, and tak'ft upon thy Breast,
 Alas! defenceless. *Asp.* I have got enough,
 And my Desire; there is no Place so fit
 For me to die as here.

Enter Evadne, her Hands bloody, with a Knife.

Evad. *Amintor*, I am loaden with Events,
 That fly to make thee happy; I have Joys,
 That in a Moment can call back thy Wrongs,
 And settle thee in thy free State again;
 It is *Evadne* still that follows thee,
 But not her Mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
 But thou hast Looks and Things so full of News,
 That I am staid.

Evad. Noble *Amintor*, put off thy Amaze;
 Let thine Eyes loose, and speak, am I not fair?
 Looks not *Evadne* beauteous with these Rites now?
 Were those Hours half so lovely in thine Eyes,
 When our Hands met before the Holy Man?
 I was too foul within to look fair then;
 Since I knew Ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is Prefage of some important thing
 About thee, which, it seems, thy Tongue hath lost.
 Thy Hands are bloody, and thou hast a Knife.

Evad. In this consists thy Happiness and mine.
 Joy to *Amintor*! for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most Pow'r to hurt us, that we love;
 We lay our sleeping Lives within their Arms.

(73) ——— and understand,

Thou hast no Honour to live:] This Nonsense, which is descended down to us from the *Folio* Edition in 1679, I have corrected by the Authority of the three eldest *Quarto's*. Mr. *Seward* likewise dictated to me the Emendation necessary.

Why, thou hast rais'd up Mischief to this height,
 And found out One to out-name thy other Faults ;
 Thou hast no Intermission of thy Sins,
 But all thy Life is a continued Ill.

Black is thy Colour now, Disease thy Nature.
 Joy to *Amintor* ! — Thou hast touch'd a Life,
 The very Name of which had Pow'r to chain
 Up all my Rage, and calm my wildest Wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a way
 To meet thy Love so clear as through his Life,
 I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Cou'dst thou procure the Gods to speak to me,
 To bid me love this Woman, and forgive ;
 I think, I should fall out with them. Behold,
 Here lies a Youth, whose Wounds bleed in my Breast,
 Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his Death
 From my slow Hand : And to augment my Woe,
 You now are present stain'd with a King's Blood
 Most violently shed. This keeps Night here,
 (74) And throws an unknown Wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh ! [then,

Amin. No more, pursue me not. *Evad.* Forgive me
 And take me to thy Bed : We may not part.

Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my Rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I wou'd stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed,
 It will return with me. *Evad.* If it must be,
 I shall not fear to meet it ; take me home.

Amin. Thou Monster of all Cruelty, forbear.

Evad. For Heav'n's sake look more calm ;
 Thine Eyes are sharper
 Than thou canst make thy Sword. *Amin.* Away, away ;
 Thy Knees are more to me than Violence.
 I'm worse than sick to see Knees follow me
 For that I must not grant ; for Heav'n's sake, stand.

(74) ———— an unknown Wilderness] This is a Word here
 appropriated by the Poets to signify *Wildness* ; from the Verb, *bewilder*.

MILTON seems to have been pleas'd with the Liberty of using it in
 this Sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost* ; B. ix. v. 245.

*The Paths and Bowers doubt not but our joint Hands
 Will keep from Wilderness with Ease ;*

Evad.

Evad. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy Language;
Ith' midst of all my Anger and my Grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, *I lov'd thee once*; I dare not stay;
There is no End of Women's Reasoning. [*Leaves her.*

Evad. *Amintor*, thou shalt love me once again;
Go, I am calm; farewell; and Peace for ever!

Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee. [*Kills her self.*

Amin. I have a little human Nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy Hand. [*Returns.*

Evad. Thy Hand was welcome, but it came too late;
Oh, I am loit! the heavy Sleep makes Haste. [*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This Earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted Motion in my Blood:
My Soul grows weary of her House, and I
All over am a Trouble to my self.

There is some hidden Pow'r in these dead Things,
That calls my Flesh unto 'em; I am cold;
Be resolute, and bear 'em Company:
There's something yet, which I am loth to leave.

There's Man enough in me to meet the Fears,
That Death can bring; and yet, 'wou'd, it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole Discourse
Of Death, I durst not meet the boldest Way;
Yet still, betwixt the Reason and the Act,
The Wrong, I to *Aspatia* did, stands up.

(75) I have not such another Fault to answer;
Though she may justly arm her self with Scorn
And Hate of me, my Soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in Tears my Sorrow.
I will not leave this Act unsatisfied,
If all, that's left in me, can answer it.

Asp. Was it a Dream? There stands *Amintor* still:
Or I dream still.

(75) *I have not such a Fault to answer,*
[*Tho' she may justly arm with Scorn*] The Lameness of these two
Verses, both in Sense and Measure, I have cur'd from the Authority
of the three eldest *Quarto's*.

Amin. How dost thou? Speak, receive my Love, and Thy Blood climbs up to his old Place again: [Help: There's Hope of thy Recovery.

Asp. Did you not name *Aspatia*? *Amin.* I did.

Asp. And talk'd of Tears and Sorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true, and 'till these happy Signs in thee Did stay my Course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Thou'rt there already, and these Wounds are hers: Those Threats, I brought with me, fought not Revenge; But came to fetch this Blessing from thy Hand.

I am *Aspatia* yet. ———

Amin. Dare my Soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall, sure, live, *Amintor*; I am well: A kind of healthful Joy wanders within me.

(76) *Amin.* The World wants Lives to expiate thy Loss: Come, let me bear thee to some Place of Help.

Asp. *Amintor*, thou must stay, I must rest here; My Strength begins to disobey my Will.

How dost thou, my best Soul? I wou'd fain live Now, if I cou'd: Wou'dst thou have lov'd me then?

Amin. Alas!

All that I am's not worth a Hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thy Hand, mine Hands grope up and And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick: [down,

(76) *The World wants Lines to excuse thy Loss:*] The Sense and Verse are both spoil'd; I hope, I have restored Both. My Emendation gives this Meaning. All the *Lives* of all the Women in the World cannot to me atone for the Loss of thine. I guess, that some Transcriber, or Editor, had first by meer Accident chang'd *Lives* to *Lines*; and the Word, *expiate*, not making the least Sense with That, occasion'd some future Editor, without Regard to the Metre, to substitute *excuse* instead of it; which does carry some Shadow of Sense, tho' but an empty one. ——— This is the Emendation and Comment of the ingenious Mr. *Seward*. ——— Long before I receiv'd his Thoughts upon this Passage, I had substituted with less Variation from the Text:

The World wants Limits to excuse thy Loss.

i. e. Were the World ever so wide and large, the Loss of Thee is so great, that its whole *Vastidity*, as *Shakespeare* says, would not be sufficient to *excuse*, or *compensate* for it. I have adopted my Friend's Conjecture into the Text, because I would be always willing to shew a Diffidence of my own poor Efforts. The Readers will have the Benefit of both our Conjectures.

Have

Have I thy Hand, *Amintor*?

Amin. Thou greatest Blessing of the World, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my Sense.

Oh! I must go; farewell.

[*Dies.*

Amin. She swoons: *Aspatia!* help; for Heav'n's Sake,
Such as may chain Life ever to this Frame. [Water,

Aspatia, speak: What, no Help? yet I fool;
I'll chafe her Temples; yet there's nothing stirs;

Some hidden Pow'r tell her, *Amintor* calls;

And let her answer me: *Aspatia,* speak.

I've heard, if there be any Life, but bow

The Body thus, and it will shew it self.

Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet. —

Since out of Justice we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it Mercy if you'll pity me,

You heav'nly Powers! and lend, for some few Years,

The blessed Soul to this fair Seat again.

No Comfort comes, the Gods deny me too.

I'll bow the Body once again: *Aspatia!*

The Soul is fled for ever; and I wrong

My self, so long to lose her Company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, Love.

[*Kills himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great Grace to my Lord, to have the
new King come to him; I must tell him, he is entering.

O Heav'n! help, help!

[*Seeing the dead Bodies.*

Enter Lyfippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus,
and Strato.

Lys. Where's *Amintor*?

Stra. O there, there.

Lys. How strange is this!

Cal. What should we do here?

Mel. These Deaths are such acquainted Things with me,
That yet my Heart dissolves not. May I stand

Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your Tears;

This is *Amintor*: Heart! he was my Friend;

Melt, now it flows; *Amintor,* give a Word

To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

G 4

Mel.

Mel. *Melantius* calls his Friend *Amintor* ; Oh, Thy Arms are kinder to me than thy Tongue ; Speak, speak.

Amin. What ?

Mel. That little Word was more worth all the Sounds That ever I shall hear again. *Diph.* O Brother ! Here lies our Sister slain ; you lose your Self In Sorrow there. *Mel.* Why, *Diphilus*, it is A thing to laugh at in respect of this ; Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Son ; All that I had ; speak once again ; what Youth Lies slain there by thee ? *Amin.* 'Tis *Aspatia*.
(77) My Last is said ; let me give up my Soul Into thy Bosom. [Dies.

Cal. What's that ? What's that ? *Aspatia* !

Mel. I never did repent the Greatness of My Heart till now ; it will not burst at need.

Cal. My Daughter dead here too ! and you have all fine new Tricks to grieve ; but I ne'er knew any but direct Crying.

Mel. I am a Pratler, but no more.

[Offers to kill himself.

Diph. Hold, Brother.

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie ; how unmanly was this Offer in you ! Does this become our Strain ?

Cal. I know not what the Matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am Friends with you ; you have given me that among you will kill me quickly ; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

(77) *My Senses fade,*] This I take to be a Sophistication of the Players, who are fond of throwing in their Poetical Flowers where there is no Occasion for them. *Amintor's* Strength was certainly fading ; but he dies in sound Mind and Memory : He does not appear to have any Wildness, or Delirium, upon him. I have retriev'd the Reading of the two eldest *Quarto's* ; and it seems to me, in *Amintor's* Death, that our Poets had a Desire of imitating that of *Hamlet* in SHAKESPEARE.

— He has my dying Voice,
So tell him, with th' Occurrents more and less
Which have solicited. — The rest is Silence.

Mel.

Mel. His Spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From Death for want of Weapons. —
Is not my Hand a Weapon good enough
To stop my Breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, *Amintor*, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve Life; this I swear to keep.

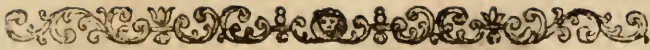
Lys. Look to him tho', and bear those Bodies in.
May this a fair Example be to me,
(78) To rule with Temper: For on lustful Kings
Unlook'd-for, sudden, Deaths from Heav'n are sent;
But curst is He, that is their Instrument. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

(78) — For on lustfull Kings.] Mr. *Rhymer* has very justly remark'd in his Criticisms on Tragedy, that as the *Moral* is a Lesson on the Dangers attending *Incontinence*, the Play ought to take its Name from the *King*: Whereas the whole Distress of the Story lying on *Aspatia* being abandon'd, and the gross Injury done to *Amintor*, the *Moral*, that we have, is in no kind to the Purpose. *Amintor* is every where, indeed, condemning himself for his Perfidy to his betroth'd Mistress; and inculcating, that the Heavens are strict in punishing him for that Crime; and so we have another *Moral* in the Body of the *Fable*.



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PHILASTER:

OR,

LOVE *lies a* BLEEDING.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King of Sicily and Calabria, *an Usurper.*

Philafter, *rightfull Heir to the Crown.*

Pharamond, *Prince of Spain.*

Dion, *a Lord.*

Cleremont, }
Thrafiline, } *Noble Gentlemen, his Associates.*

An old Captain.

Five Citizens.

A Country Fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The King's Guard and Train.

W O M E N.

Arethusa, *the King's Daughter.*

Galatea, *a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.*

Megra, *a lascivious Lady.*

Another Lady attending the Princess.

Eufrafia, *Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page,
and call'd Bellario.*

S C E N E, S I C I L Y.



PHILASTER:

OR,

LOVE *lies a* BLEEDING.

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

S C E N E, *an Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrafiline.

C L E R E M O N T.

ERE's nor Lords, nor Ladies.

H*Dion.* Credit me, Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict Charge from the King to attend here: (1) Besides, it was loudly publish'd, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the Cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the *Spanish* Prince; that's come to marry our Kingdom's Heir, and be our Sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

(1) *It was boldly publish'd,*] This Adverb can have no sort of Propriety here. What *Boldness* is there in publishing an Order from the King, that no Gentleman or Lady should be refused Admittance? I make no Doubt but it is an Error of the Press, and that the original Word was what I have substituted for it.

Mr. Seward.

Dion.

Dion. O Sir, the Multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own Opinions) speak That they would have; but the Prince, before his own Approach, receiv'd so many confident Messages from the State, that, I think, she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, is it thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Calabria*?

Dion. Sir, it is, without Controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome Labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with Safety, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the People admiring the Bravery of his Mind, and lamenting his Injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Dion. Yes, whose Father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria* unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful *Sicily*. My self drew some Blood in those Wars, which I would give my Hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my Ignorance in State-Policy will not let me know, why, *Philaster* being Heir to one of these Kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free Liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems, your Nature is more constant than to enquire after State-news. But the King, of late, made a Hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Sicily* and his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in Arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-Order or Proclamation; 'till they saw *Philaster* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a Guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their Arms from them; some to make Bonfires, some to drink, all for his Deliverance: Which, wise Men say, is the Cause the King labours to bring in the Power of a Foreign Nation to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra.

Thra. See, the Ladies; what's the first? [Princess.

Dion. A wise and modest Gentlewoman that attends the

Cle. The Second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her Measure; simper when she is courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

Cle.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think, she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our Confederate Princes; she'll cog and lye with a whole Army before the League shall break: Her Name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her Dishonour advanc'd beyond *Hercules-Pillars*. She loves to try the several Constitutions of Men's Bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the Worth of her own Body, by making Experiment upon it, for the Good of the Common-wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable Member.

(2) *Meg.* Peace, if you love me: You shall see these Gentlemen stand their Ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should? *Lady.* What if they should?

Meg. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad; what Foreigner wou'd do so? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Lady.* What if they be?

Meg. Good Madam, let her go on; what if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain Discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say, *Excuse me*.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *Meg.* Do you laugh, Madam?

Dion. Your Desires upon you, Ladies!

(2) *Peace, if you love me;*] I have made a Transposition in the Speakers, here, from the following accurate Criticism of Mr. *Seward*.

“ The Character given of the last of these three Ladies so exactly suits *Megra*, and all the Speeches which the *anonymous Lady* speaks, her excessive Fondness for the Courtship of Men, and of Foreigners in particular, are so entirely in her Strain; that I am persuaded, she has been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the Custom of any good Writer to give a long and distinguishing Character of, and to make a Person the chief Speaker in any Scene, who is a meer Cypher in the whole Play besides: Particularly, when there is another in the same Scene, to whom both the Character and the Speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have been some Jumble of the Players; She, who acted *Megra*, having given up so much of her Part to initiate some younger Actreiss. The Entrance should have been thus regulated:

Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra.

“ And all the Speeches of the two latter transposed. Mr. *Seward*.

Meg.

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, Lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no Stranger; and to me you appear a very strange Fellow.

Lady. Methinks, he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted. *Tbra.* Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train.

King. To give a stronger Testimony of Love
Than sickly Promises (which commonly
In Princes find both Birth and Burial
In one Breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir,
To make your fair Indearments to our Daughter,
And worthy Services known to our Subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at: Next, our Intent
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
(The best part of your Life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few Years and Sex
Yet teach her nothing but her Fears and Blushes;
Desires without Desire, Discourse and Knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate Health; and, when she sleeps,
In making no ill Day, know no ill Dreams.
Think not, dear Sir, these undivided Parts,
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd Ornaments;
To speak her perfect Love to you, or add
An artificial Shadow to her Nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet no Woman.
But woo her still, and think her Modesty
A sweeter Mistress than the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were she a Queen, whose Eye
Speaks common Loves and Comforts to her Servants.
Last, noble Son, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus publick, is not only
To add a Comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,

By

By Oath to your Succession, which shall be
Within this Month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear. *Cle.* Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too :
Well, we shall see, we shall see: No more.

Pha. Kissing your white Hand, Mistrefs, I take Leave,
To thank your Royal Father; and thus far,
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your Subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a Person, of what Eminence,
Ripe Expectation of what Faculties,
Manners and Virtues you would wed your Kingdoms:
You in me have your Wishes. (3) Oh, this Country!
By more than all my Hopes, I hold it happy ;

(3) — — — *Oh this Coun'ry,*

By more than all my Hopes I hold it

Happy, in their dear Memories that have been

Kings great and good, happy in yours, that is,

And from you (as a Chronicle to keep

Your noble Name from eating Age) do I

Opine myself most happy.] It is very plain, that this is design'd

as a set, formal, and precomposed Speech, much superior in Language to any thing that is afterwards put into the Mouth of *Phar- amond*; and agreeing with the rest of his Character in Nothing but its Ostentation and Vain-glory. In such a Speech it is not probable that the Authors left the first Verse above so lame; especially, as the Word, which naturally supplies it, renders the formal Flow of the Period as well as the Metre more beautifull. The last Line seems to have lost its Beauty, by a more material Omission, which totally alters the Sense. It is really no unhandsome Complement to the King, to tell him that he thinks himself happy in succeeding him; whom he shall so imitate in his Government, as to make himself a Chronicle to preserve his Memory. This by no means agrees with all the rest of his Speech, which is stuff'd with the vaineit Self Applause. He certainly therefore in the Original wound up the Period with the same Arrogance; which the slight Addition, that I have given, will make him do.

Mr. Seward.

Happy, in their dear Memories that have been
 Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
 Your noble Name from eating Age) do I
 Opine it in myself most happy. Gentlemen,
 Believe me in a Word, a Prince's Word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
 But through the Travels of my Life I'll find it,
 And tie it to this Country. And I vow,
 My Reign shall be so easy to the Subject,
 That ev'ry Man shall be his Prince himself,
 And his own Law: (yet I his Prince, and Law.)
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest self
 (Dear, in the Choice of him, whose Name and Lustre
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
 You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
 You shall enjoy a Man of Men to be
 Your Servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
 Great Queens must die. *Thra.* Miraculous!

Cle. This Speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
 A large Inventory of his own Commendations.

Enter Philaster.

(4) *Dion.* I wonder what's his Price? For, certainly,
 He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his Shape:
 But here comes one more worthy those large Speeches,
 Than the large Speaker of them.
 Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
 In all th' Anatomy of yon Man's Virtues,
 One Sinew found enough to promise for him,
 He shall be Constable.
 By this Sun, he'll ne'er make King
 Unless it be of Trifles, in my poor Judgment.

(4) *I wonder, what's his Price? For certainly
 He'll tell himself, he has so prais'd his Shape:]* Four of the
 old *Quarto's* have it rightly, *sell himself*; as I have reform'd the
 Text. I ought in justice to acknowledge, that both *Mr. Seward* and
Mr. Symphon concurred in starting this Emendation.

Phi.

Pbi. Right noble Sir, as low as my Obedience,
And with a Heart as loyal as my Knee,
I beg your Favour.

King. Rise, you have it, Sir.

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks! He fears.

(5) Oh! this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your Intents, Sir.

Pbi. Shall I speak 'em freely? —

Be still my Royal Sovereign. *King.* As a Subject,

We give you Freedom. *Dion.* Now it heats.

Pbi. Then thus I turn

My Language to you, Prince; you, Foreign Man.

Ne'er stare, nor put on Wonder, for you must

Indure me, and you shall. (6) This Earth you tread on

(A Dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princess,)

By my dead Father (Oh! I had a Father,

Whose Memory I bow to) was not left

To your Inheritance, and I up and living;

Having myself about me and my Sword,

The Souls of all my Name, and Memories,

These Arms and some few Friends, besides the Gods,

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

(5) *Oh! this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!*] This Sentiment *Shakespeare* has finely, and as concisely, express'd in his *Hamlet*.

'Tis Conscience, that makes Cowards of us all.

(6) ——— This Earth you tread on

(A Dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princess,

Whose Memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)

To your Inheritance, &c.] To bow to the Memory of a Per-

son present, is certainly not Sente I at first alter'd it, whose Merits

I do bow to; but observing afterwards, that a Transposition of two

Lines, a Mistake very common to Printers, was the most probable

Corruption, I have replaced them in their natural Order. In Con-

firmation of this Transposition, it will be very necessary to observe

that our Authors have used the very same Expression at the beginning

of their Tragedy call'd, *The False One*.

She being by her Father's Testament,

Whose Memory I bow to, &c.

Mr. Seward.

I must do Justice to the Sagacity of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Symphon*,

in acknowledging that he dictated the very same Transposition: And,

indeed, I had some Years ago made the Discovery.

And say, *I might have been.* I tell thee, *Pharamond*,
 When thou art King, look, I be dead and rotten,
 And my Name Ashes; For hear me, *Pharamond*,
 This very Ground thou goest on, this fat Earth,
 My Father's Friends made fertile with their Faiths,
 Before that Day of Shame, shall gape and swallow
 Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
 Into her hidden Bowels: Prince, it shall;
 By *Nemesis*, it shall. *Pba.* He's mad beyond Cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a Fellow has some Fire in's Veins:
 Th' Outlandish Prince looks like a Tooth-Drawer.

Pbi. Sir, Prince of Poppingjays, I'll make it well appear
 To you, I am not mad. *King.* You do displease us:
 You are too bold. *Pbi.* No, Sir, I am too tame,
 Too much a Turtle, a Thing born without Passion,
 A faint Shadow, that every drunken Cloud sails over,
 And maketh nothing. *King.* I do not fancy this;
 Call our Physicians; sure, he is somewhat tainted.

Tbra. I do not think, 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as giv'n him a general Purge already, for all
 the Right he has; and now he means to let him Blood:
 Be constant, Gentlemen; by these hilts, I'll run his Hazard,
 although I run my Name out of the Kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are one Soul.

Pba. What you have seen in me, to stir Offence,
 I cannot find; unless it be this Lady
 Offer'd into mine Arms, with the Succession,
 Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your Fury
 To mutiny within you; without disputing
 Your *Genealogies*, or taking Knowledge
 Whose Branch you are. The King will leave it me;
 And I dare make it mine. You have your Answer.

(7) *Pbi.* If thou wert sole Inheritor to him

(7) *If thou wert sole Inheritor to him*

Who made the World his.] i. e. *Alexander the Great.* So
 Mr. Lee in his Tragedy of *The Rival Queens.*

But see, the Master of the World approaches.

This is as fine an Introduction, as possibly can be, to the first Entrance
 of that Great Conquerour; and raises the Expectation of the Audience
 to give a due Attention to every Line he speaks.

That

That made the World his, and cou'dst see no Sun
Shine upon any Thing but thine; were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,

And ring'd among the choicest of his Friends,
(Such as would blush to talk such serious Follies,
Or back such bellied Commendations,)

(8) And from this Presence, spite of all these Bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:

I gave you not this Freedom to brave our best Friends,
You do deserve our Frown: Go to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies,

(9) This would have been a Pattern of Succession,
Had he ne'er met this Mischief. By my Life,
He is the worthiest the true Name of Man
This Day within my Knowledge. *Meg.* I cannot tell
What you may call your Knowledge, but th' other is
The Man set in mine Eye; Oh! 'Tis a Prince
Of Wax. *Gal.* A Dog it is. *King.* *Philaster*, tell me
The Injuries you aim at, in your Riddles.

Phi. If you had my Eyes, Sir, and Sufferance,
My Griefs upon you, and my broken Fortunes,
My Wants great, and now nought but Hopes and Fears,
My Wrongs would make ill Riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my King, and right me not?

King. Give me your Wrongs in private. [*They whisper.*

Phi. Take them then,

And ease me of a Load would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not stand the Shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him, there's Danger in't. Every

(8) *And from this present,]* The old *Quarto's* dictate, *Presence*, as I have reform'd the Text. The ingenious Mr. *Seward* likewise prescrib'd this Alteration.

(9) *This would have been a Pattern of Succession,*

Had he ne'er met this Mischief.] My Friend Mr. *Symphon* uses to substitute *Submission* for *Succession*. I submit his Conjecture to the Readers, tho' I have not ventured to disturb the Text; because the Poets, perhaps, might mean, that *Philaster* might have been a pattern to succeeding Kings, had not he fall'n under the Misfortune of having his Right to the Kingdom usurp'd upon.

Man in this Age has not a Soul of Crystal for all Men to read their Actions through: Mens Hearts and Faces are so far asunder, that they hold no Intelligence. Do but view yon Stranger well, and you shall see a Fever through all his Bravery, (10) and feel him shake like a true Recreant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the Report of an Elder Gun, I have no Augury.

King. Go to:

Be more your Self, as you respect our Favour;
You'll stir us else: Sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and shall be, at our Pleasure, what Fashion we
Will put upon you: Smooth your Brow, or by the Gods—

Pbi. I am dead, Sir, you're my Fate: It was not I
(11) Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak Stars led me to, all my weak Fortunes.
Who dares in all this Presence speak (that is
But Man of Flesh and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full Virtues! *King.* Sure, he's posselt.

Pbi. Yes, with my Father's Spirit: It's here, O King!
A dangerous Spirit; now he tells me, King,
I was a King's Heir, bids me be a King;
And whispers to me, these be all my Subjects.
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my Fancy, and there gives me Shapes
That kneel, and do me Service, cry me *King*:
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious Spirit,
And will undo me: Noble Sir, your Hand;
I am your Servant.

(10) and feel him shake like a true Tenant;] This is as errant Nonsense, as ever the Press was guilty of. Mr. *Seaward* conjectures *Truant*; i. e. like a Boy who has play'd Truant, and is afraid of the Rod. The Word, which I have substituted, and which does not depart far from the Traces of the Text, seems authoriz'd by a similar Passage of our Authors, in their *Women pleas'd*.

————— Here I swear to ye,

By the unvalued Love I bear this Beauty,

(And kiss the Book too) never to be recreant, &c.

(11) ————— It was not I

Said I was not wrong'd:] The *Quarto* in 1628 justly throws out this Negative; both the Reasoning and the Metre prove it to be a Corruption of the Text.

King.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your Life and Spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild Speech, without so much
As your Imprisonment. [*Ex. King, Pha. and Are.*

Dion. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the People.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave Fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking Fellow, hot at Hand; but eye
yon Stranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O
these Strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the
rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I
could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor Head-piece, Lady: 'Tis
a weak one, and had need of a Night-cap.

Dion. See, how his Fancy labours; has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous Train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,
Made his Soul melt within him, and his Blood
Run into Whey! It stood upon his Brow,
Like a cold Winter Dew. *Phi.* Gentlemen,
You have no Suit to me? (12) I am no Minion:
You stand, methinks, like Men that would be Courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a Price,
Not to undo your Children: You're all honest:
Go get you home again, and make your Country
A virtuous Court; to which your Great ones may,
In their diseas'd Age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy Sir? *Phi.* Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I find,
I may live many Years. *Dion.* The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your Wrongs and Injuries: Shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your Father to you: (13) In whose Name,
We'll

(12) ———— *I am no Minion:*] *i. e.* No Favourite of Influence enough to carry any Suits at Court. The Word is frequently used by *Shakespeare*.

(13) ———— *In whose Name*
We'll waken all the Gods, and conjure up
The Rods of Vengeance, the abused People;] This puts me in
Mind of a Passage in *Hesiod*, in his Ἐργα καὶ Ἡμέραι v. 260.
H 4 ———— ὄρη

We'll waken all the Gods, and conjure up
 The Rods of Vengeance, the abused People;
 Who, like to raging Torrents, shall swell high,
 And so begirt the Dens of these Male-Dragons,
 That, through the strongest Safety, they shall beg
 For Mercy at your Sword's Point. *Phi.* (14) Friends,
 no more;

Our Ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an Age
 We dare not trust our Wills to: Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and Honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*,

You had a virtuous Gentlewoman call'd you Father;
 Is she yet alive? *Dion.* Most honour'd Sir, she is:
 And for the Penance but of an idle Dream,
 Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave Lord; the Princess would intreat
 Your present Company.

Phi. The Princess send for me! You are mistaken.

Lady. If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

(15) *Phi.* Kifs her fair Hand, and say, I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes, go to see a Woman.

————— ὅρα δ' ἄποτίση
 Δῆμοσ' ἀτασθαλίας βασιλείων

This has been generally understood, as if the People should suffer for the Faults of their Prince; and *Horace* is quoted in Support of this Opinion.

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

But would it not be better to understand it in *Fletcher's* Words, for the People to be rais'd up to punish the Crimes and Misdemeanours of the Prince?

Mr. Symphon.

(14) ————— *Friends, no more;*

Our Years may be corrupted:] This is certainly a typographical Corruption. The *Quarto's* in 1628, and 1634, have it rightly, *Ears*; and so, *Mr. Seward* saw, the Text ought to be restored.

(15) *Kifs her Hand, and say, I will attend her.*] The halting Metre of this Verse plainly shews an Omission of a Monosyllable at *Pref.* I have restored the Epithet from the *Quarto* in 1628: and *Mr. Seward* directed the Insertion of the Word, *fair*, to support the Versification.

Cle.

Cle. But do you weigh the Danger you are in?

Pbi. Danger in a sweet Face?

By *Jupiter*, I must not fear a Woman.

Thra. But are you sure, it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul Train to catch your Life.

Pbi. I do not think it, Gentlemen; she's noble;
Her Eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white Friends in her Face may steal my Soul out:
There's all the Danger in't: But be what may,

(16) Her single Name hath armed me. [*Ex. Phil.*

Dion. Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless:
Come, Gentlemen, let's make our Friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. [*Ex. Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *Lady.* Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come?

Lady. Dear Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my Woman's Strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with Danger like to grow
About my Marriage, that these under Things
Dare not abide in such a troubled Sea:

How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearfull?

Lady. Fear, Madam? Sure, he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in Praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble Things,
As Fools in Strife throw Gold into the Sea,
Drown'd in the Doing: But, I know, he fears.

Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his Looks hid more
Of Love than Fear.

(16) *Her single Name hath arm'd me.* *Dion, go on:*] The modern Editions, by a mistaken Comma here, have placed to *Philaster* what is not to be said till he has left the Company. 'Tis *Dion* who is to speak, and makes a Remark on the Prince's Bravery. The *Quarto's* in 1628, 1634, and 1652, all concur in the true Reading.

Are.

Are. Of Love? To whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain Words I sent
With such a winning Gesture, and quick Look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of Love to me? Alas! thy Ignorance
Lets thee not see the Crosses of our Births.
Nature, that loves not to be question'd why
She did or this, or that, but has her Ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the World
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As He, and I am: If a Bowl of Blood,
Drawn from this Arm of mine, would poison thee,
A Draught of his would cure thee. Of Love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think, I hear him. *Are.* Bring him in:
You Gods, that would not have your Dooms withstood,
Whose holy Wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the Passion of a feeble Maid
The Way unto your Justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my Lord *Philaster.* *Are.* Oh! 'tis well:
Withdraw yourself. *Pbi.* Madam, your Messenger
Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, *Philaster,* but the Words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The Mouth of Woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your Worth?
Have I in Person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser Instruments to throw Disgrace
Upon your Virtues? *Pbi.* Never, Madam, you.

Are. Why then should you, in such a publick Place,
Injure a Princess, and a Scandal lay
Upon my Fortunes, fam'd to be so great:
Calling a great Part of my Dowry in Question?

Pbi. Madam, this Truth, which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But for your fair and virtuous Self,
I could afford myself to have no Right
To any thing you wish'd. *Are.* *Philaster,* know,

I must

I must enjoy these Kingdoms. *Pbi.* Madam, Both?

Are. Both, or I die: By Fate, I die, *Philaster*,
If I not calmly may enjoy them Both.

Pbi. I would do much to save that noble Life:
Yet would be loth to have Posterity

Find in our Stories, that *Philaster* gave
His Right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,

To save a Lady's Longing. *Are.* Nay, then hear:
I must, and will have them, and more.

Pbi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little Life the Gods prepar'd
To trouble this poor Piece of Earth withal.

Pbi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy Face.

Pbi. No. *Are.* Do.

Pbi. I can't endure it: Turn away my Face?

(17) I never yet saw Enemy that look'd

So dreadfully, but that I thought myself

As great a Basilisk as he; or spake

So horribly, but that I thought my Tongue

Bore Thunder underneath, as much as his:

Nor Beast that I could turn from: Shall I then

Begin to fear sweet Sounds? A Lady's Voice,

Whom I do love? Say, you would have my Life;

Why, I will give it you; for it is of me

A Thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask

Of so poor Use, that I shall make no Price

If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy Looks.

Pbi. I do. *Are.* Then know I must have them, and thee.

Pbi. And me?

Are. Thy Love; without which, all the Land,
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no Use,

But to be buried in. *Pbi.* Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow

(17) *I never yet saw Enemy that look'd*

So dreadfull, but that I thought myself] The second Verse here
is lame, and wants Crutches. The *Quarto's* in 1628, 1634, and
1652, support the Metre by turning the Adjective into an Adverb, as
I have reform'd the Text.

On thee: Now, though thy Breath doth strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my Breast.

Pbi. Madam, you are too full of noble Thoughts,
To lay a Train for this contemned Life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no Ill: Love you!
By all my Hopes, I do, above my Life:
But how this Passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a Man,
That would be jealous.

Are. Another Soul, into my Body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more Strength and Spirit,
Than this thy Breath: But spend not hasty Time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me so; and, sure, our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret Justice of the Gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome Guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it. *Pbi.* 'Twill be ill,
I should abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true, and worse,
You should come often: How shall we devise
To hold Intelligence, (18) that our true Loves,
On any new Occasion may agree,
What Path is best to tread? *Pbi.* I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods, I hope, to this Intent,
Not yet seen in the Court. Hunting the Buck,
I found him sitting by a Fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his Thirst,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears;
A Garland lay by him, made by himself,
Of many several Flowers, bred in the Bay,
Stuck in that mystick Order, that the Rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender Eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.

(18) ————— *That our true Lovers*

On any new Occasion may agree,] Here again the old *Quarto's*
come in to our Assistance, and clear us from the Nonsense of *Lovers*
instead of *Loves*.

Seeing

Seeing such pretty helpless Innocence
 Dwell in his Face, I ask'd him all his Story ;
 He told me, that his Parents gentle dy'd,
 Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
 Which gave him Roots; and of the crystal Springs,
 Which did not stop their Courses; and the Sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light ;
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every Flower, as Country People hold,
 Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
 Express his Grief; and to my Thoughts did read
 The prettiest Lecture of his Country Art
 That cou'd be wish'd: So that, methought, I cou'd
 Have studied it. (19) I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was as glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest Boy,
 That ever Master kept: Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden Love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.

Are. What will you do, *Philaster*, with yourself?

Pbi. Why, that which all the Gods have appointed out
 for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the Prince.

Pbi. Hide me from *Pharamond*!

When Thunder speaks, which is the Voice of *Jove*,
 Though I do Reverence, yet I hide me not ;
 And shall a stranger Prince have Leave to brag
 Unto a Foreign Nation, that he made

(19) ————— *I gladly entertain'd him,*

Who was glad to follow;] Here again the Verse halts for want
 of an innocent Monosyllable, which I have restored, and which
 Mr. *Seward* likewise pointed out to me. So our Authors in their Co-
 medy, call'd, *The Women pleas'd*:

I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.

I am sorry, I have Occasion so often to trouble the Readers with these
Minutiæ Litterarum: I am very far from pleading any Merit in it;
 but it is the dull Duty of an Editor to shew, at least, his Industry in a
 faithful Collation of the old Copies.

Philaster

Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Pbi. Though it should sleep for ever to the World,
It is a simple Sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my Conscience lie.

Are. Then, good *Philaster*, give him Scope and Way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake do. *Pbi.* I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pba. My Princely Mistrefs, as true Lovers ought,
I come to kifs these fair Hands; and to shew,
In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love
Writ in my Heart.

Pbi. If I shall have an Answer no directlier,
I am gone. *Pba.* To what would he have an Answer?

Are. To his Claim unto the Kingdom.

Pba. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King.

Pbi. Good Sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

Pba. But now the Time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of your Right to any Kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable, — *Pbi.* Good Sir, let me go.

Pba. And by my Sword, —

Pbi. Peace, *Pharamond*; if thou —

Are. Leave us, *Philaster*. *Pbi.* I have done.

Pba. You are gone; by Heav'n, I'll fetch you back.

Pbi. You shall not need. *Pba.* What now?

Pbi. Know, *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawl with such a Blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant Voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, Men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pba. Do you slight

My Greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

Pbi. It is a Place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a Reverence: But were't the Church,
Ay, at the Altar, there's no Place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your Greatness, know, Sir, I can grasp
You, and your Greatness thus, thus into nothing:

Give

Give not a Word, not a Word back: Farewel.

[Exit Philaster.]

Pba. 'Tis an odd Fellow; Madam, we must stop His Mouth with some Office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your Controuler.

Pba. I think, he would discharge it well. But, Madam, I hope, our Hearts are knit; and yet so slow The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long Before our Hands be so: If then you please, Being agreed in Heart, (20) let us not wait For dreaming Forme, but take a little stoln Delights, and so prevent our Joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such Thoughts, I must withdraw in Honour. [Exit Are.]

Pba. The Constitution of my Body will never hold out till the Wedding; I must seek elsewhere. [Exit. Pha.]

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

Enter Philaster, and Bellario.

Pbi. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable, Boy: Full of-Regard unto thy tender Youth, For thine own Modesty; and for my sake, Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask, Ay, or deserve. *Bel.* Sir, you did take me up When I was nothing; and only yet am something, By being yours; You trusted me unknown; And that which you are apt to construe now A simple Innocence in me, perhaps, Might have been Craft; the Cunning of a Boy Hardened in Lies and Theft; yet ventur'd You To part my Miseries and me: for which,

(20) ———— *let us not wait*

For dreaming for me,] Whatever Pharamond might presume, the Princess had no such Fondness as to engage her to dream for him. But the Corruption is to be laid to the Press, and Sense to be restored to the Authors as their undoubted Right.

I never

I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That bears more Honour in her Breast than You.

Phi. But, Boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing Love
To them that clap thy Cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:
But when thy Judgment comes to rule those Passions,
'Thou wilt remember best those careful Friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of Life.
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the World,
I never knew a Man hasty to part with
A Servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My Father would prefer the Boys he kept
To greater Men than he; but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle Boy, I find no Fault at all
In thy Behaviour. *Bel.* Sir, if I have made
A Fault of Ignorance, instruct my Youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and Experience will adorn my Mind
With larger Knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful Fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What Master holds so strict a Hand
Over his Boy, that he will part with him
Without one Warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my Stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy Love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st,
It is my Business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy Trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With Joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle Boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bel.* I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do

More Service for you ; take this little Prayer.
 Heav'n blefs your Loves, your Fights, all your Designs!
 May fick Men, if they have your Wish, be well ;
 And Heav'n hate thofe you curfe, though I be one!
[Exit.]

Phi. The Love of Boys unto their Lords is ftrange,
 I have read Wonders of it ; yet this Boy
 For my fake (if a Man may judge by Looks,
 And Speech) would out-do Story. I may fee
 A Day to pay him for his Loyalty. [Exit Phi.]

Enter Pharamond.

Pba. Why fhould thefe Ladies ftay fo long ? They muft
 come this way ; I know, the Queen employs 'em not ;
 for the reverend Mother fent me Word, they would all
 be for the Garden. If they fhould all prove honeft now,
 I were in a fair Taking ; I was never fo long without
 Sport in my Life, and, in my Confcience, 'tis not my
 Fault : Oh, for our Country Ladies ! Here's one boulded,
 I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your Grace ! *Pba.* Shall I not be a Trouble ?

Gal. Not to me, Sir.

Pba. Nay, nay, you are too quick ; by this fweet
 Hand,——

Gal. You'll be forfworn, Sir, 'tis but an old Glove.
 If you will talk at diftance, I am for you ;
 But, good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag ;
 Thefe two I bar ;
 And then, I think, I fhall have Senfe enough
 To answer all the weighty Apothegmes
 (21) Your Royal Blood fhall manage.

Pba. Dear Lady, can you love ?

Gal. Dear, Prince, how dear ! I ne'er coft you a
 Coach yet, nor put you to the dear Repentance of a Ban-

(21) *Your Royal Blood fhall manage.*] This Word is ufed as the
French do their *mesnager* ; and the *Italians*, *maneggiare*. So we
 likewise have adopted it, and fay, *manage* (or, handle) a Difpute or
 Argument.

quet; here's no Scarlet, Sir, to blush the Sin out it was given for: This Wire mine own Hair covers; and this Face has been so far from being dear to any; that it ne'er cost Penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no Hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercer's Wife curse our good Doings.

Pha. You mistake me, Lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; 'would, you or I could help it!

Pha. Do Ladies of this Country use to give No more Respect to Men of my full Being?

Gal. Full Being! I understand you not, unless your Grace means growing to Fatness; and then your only Remedy (upon my Knowledge, Prince) is in a Morning a Cup of neat White-wine brew'd with *Carduus*; then fast till Supper, about eight you may eat; use Exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, (22) you can shoot in a Tiller; but, of all, your Grace must fly *Phlebotomy*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whey: They are all Dullers of the vital Spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty Wench, I like her Wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden Appetite; she's a *Dancee*, and must be courted in a Show'r of Gold! Madam, look here, all these; and more, than——

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live, 'tis fair Gold; you would have Silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; but if you have present Use, my Lord, I'll send my Man with Silver, and keep your Gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white Money. Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Exit Gal. behind the Hangings.*]

(22) *you can shoot in a Tiller;*] *i. e.* a Stand; a small Tree left in a Wood for Growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a Steel-bow; *quasi dicas, a Steeler:* *i. e.* *Arcus chalybeatus*, as SKINNER says in his *Etymologicum*.

Pba. If there be but two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps. Ten such *Campfire* Constitutions, as this, would call the Golden Age again in Question; and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd Husband to get his own Children; and what a Mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another; if she be of the same Last, the Devil shall pluck her on. Many fair Mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many Mornings bring as many Days, Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pba. She gives good Words yet; sure, this Wench is free.

If your more serious Business do not call you, Let me hold Quarter with you, we'll talk an Hour Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your Grace talk of?

Pba. Of some such pretty Subject as yourself. I'll go no further than your Eye, or Lip; There's Theme enough for one Man for an Age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my Lips are yet even, Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough, Or my Glass wrongs me.

Pba. O, they are two twinn'd Cherries dyed in Blushes, Which those fair Suns above with their bright Beams Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest Beauty,

Bow down those Branches, that the longing Taste Of the faint Looker-on may meet those Blessings, And taste and live. *Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince!

She that hath Snow enough about her Heart, To take the wanton Spring of ten such Lines off, May be a Nun without Probation.

Sir, you've, in such neat Poetry, gather'd a kiss, That if I had but five Lines of that Number, Such pretty begging Blanks, I should commend Your Fore-head, or your Cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pba. Do it in Prose; you cannot miss it, Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pba.* By my Life, you shall not. I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks, 'tis easy, now I ha' don't before;

But yet I should stick at it. *Pba.* Stick till To-morrow; I'll ne'er part you, Sweetest. But we lose time, Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pba. I'll teach you in a short Sentence, 'cause I will not load your Memory; this is all, Love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pba. Not to a willing Mind, that will endeavour; if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one Night, as you'll go to Bed, I'll lose my Royal Blood for't.

Meg. Why, Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pba. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old Measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the Function; she's afraid to lie with herself if she have but any masculine Imaginations about her; I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my Honour, that's a foul Fault, indeed; but Time and your good Help will wear it out, Sir.

Pba. And for any other I see, excepting your dear Self, dearest Lady, I had rather be Sir *Tim* the School-master, and leap a Dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea*?

Pba. Out upon her! She's as cold of her Favour as an Apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her Wit, Sir?

Pba. I hold her Wit? The Strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the Kingdom; they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a Squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a Tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pba. To your Bed; if you mistrust my Faith, you do me the unnoblest Wrong.

Meg. I dare not, Prince, I dare not.

Pba. Make your own Conditions, my Purse shall seal 'em;

'em ; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal : Give two Hours to your Thoughts every Morning about it. Come, I know, you are bashful ; speak in my Ear, will you be mine ? Keep this, and with it me : Soon I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my Chamber's most unsafe ; but when 'tis Night, I'll find some means to slip into your Lodging : till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my Heart go with thee !
[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Galatea from behind the Hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious Petticoat-Prince ! Are these your Virtues ? Well, if I do not lay a Train to blow your Sport up, I am no Woman : (23) And, Lady Dowfabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the Boy ? *Lady.* Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Cloaths ?

Lady. I did. *Are.* And has he don't ?

Lady. Yes, Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking Boy, is it not ?
 Ask'd you his Name ? *Lady.* No, Madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. O, you are welcome ; what good News ?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace,
 That says, she hath done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discover'd ?

Gal. I have strain'd a Point of Modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how ?

Gal. In list'ning after Bawdry ; I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time

(23) and, *Lady Towfabel, I'll fit you for't.*] There's no such Word as *Towfabel*, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the Dictionaries. I think, by the Change of a single Letter, I have retriev'd the genuine Word of our Poets, *Dowfabel*. This is of *French* Extraction, *Douce et belle ; i. e.* Sweet, and fair : But it is here intended ironically, and in Derision.

to hearken after Bawdry ; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*,
was so hot on't. *Are.* With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspected : I can tell the
Time and Place.

Are. O when, and where ?

Gal. To Night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the Presence, mingle there again
With other Ladies ; leave the rest to me :

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why did'st thou this?) have not decreed it so

In lasting Leaves (whose smallest Characters
Were never altered ;) yet, this Match shall break.

Where's the Boy ? *Lady.* Here, Madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your Service, is't not so ?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd ; I wait on you,
To do him Service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me ;
Tell me thy Name. *Bel. Bellario.*

Are. Thou can'st sing, and play ?

Bel. If Grief will give me Leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas ! What kind of Grief can thy Years know ?
Had'st thou a curst Master when thou went'st to School ?

Thou art not capable of other Grief ;

Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as Waters be,
When no Breath troubles them : Believe me, Boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled Brows and hollow Eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.

Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me ?

Bel. Love, Madam ? I know not what it is.

Are. Can'st thou know Grief, and never yet knew'st
Love ?

Thou art deceiv'd, Boy ; does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well ? *Bel.* If it be Love,
To forget all Respect of his own Friends,
In thinking on your Face ; if it be Love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the Day,
Mingled with Starts, crying your Name as loud
And hastily, as Men i' th' Streets do Fire :
If it be Love, to weep himself away,

When

When he but hears of any Lady dead,
 Or kill'd, because it might have been your Chance;
 If, when he goes to Rest (which will not be)
 'Twixt ev'ry Prayer he says, he names you once
 As others drop a Bead, be to be in Love;
 Then, Madam, I dare swear he loves you. *Are.* O!
 You are a cunning Boy, and taught to lie,
 For your Lord's Credit; but thou knowest, a Lye,
 That bears this Sound, is welcomer to me,
 Than any Truth, that says, he loves me not.
 Lead the Way, Boy: Do you attend me too;
 'Tis thy Lord's Business hastes me thus; Away.
 [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and
 Galatea.

Dion. Come, Ladies, shall we talk a Round? As Men
 Do walk a Mile, Women should talk an Hour
 After Supper: 'Tis their Exercife. *Gal.* 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all
 My Eyes will do to lead me to my Bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
 The Way to your Lodging with 'em to Night.

Enter Pharamond.

Tbra. The Prince ——

Pba. Not a-bed, Ladies? You're good Sitters up;
 What think you of a pleasant Dream to last
 Till Morning? [it.

Meg. I should chuse, my Lord, a pleasing Wake before

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my Lord, you're courting of the Ladies.
 Is't not late, Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, Madam.

Are. Wait you there. [Exit Arethusa.]

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; look you, my Lord,
 The Princess has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

Pba. His Form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why, this is he must, when you once are wed,

Sit by your Pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His Hand and Voice, binding your Thoughts in Sleep;
The Princess does provide him for you, and for herself.

Pha. I find no Musick in these Boys. *Meg.* Nor I.
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not Wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the Princess? *Thra.* Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet Boy, how brave she keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all, good Rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To-morrow Morning, ere you've done your Dreams.

[*Exit Pha.*

Meg. All Happiness attend your Grace! Gentlemen,
good Rest;
Come, shall we to Bed?

Gal. Yes, all good Night. [*Ex. Gal. and Meg.*

Dion. May your Dreams be true to you;
What shall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late, the King
Is up still, see, he comes, a Guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa and Guard.

King. Look, your Intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my Life, it is: And I do hope,
Your Highness will not tie me to a Man,
That in the Heat of Wooing throws me off,
And takes another. *Dion.* What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
That Lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureless Diseases; get you to your Rest. *Ex. Are. and Bel.*
You shall be righted: Gentlemen, draw near,
We shall employ you: Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his Lodging? *Dion.* I saw him enter there.

King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If *Megra* be in her Lodging. *Cle.* Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain Discovery of our Suspicion.
You Gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds Wealth, or State from others, shall be curst
In that, which meaner Men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no Male of him

Left

Left to inherit; and his Name shall be
 Blotted from the Earth: If he have any Child,
 It shall be crossly match'd; the Gods themselves
 Shall sow wild Strife betwixt her Lord and her.
 Yet, if it be your Wills, forgive the Sin
 I have committed; let it not fall
 Upon this understanding Child of mine;
 She has not broke your Laws; (24) but how can I
 Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,
 Praying upon the Ground I hold by Wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her Women swear, she is
 within; but they, I think, are Bawds; I told 'em, I must
 speak with her: They laugh'd, and said, their Lady lay
 speechless. I said, my Business was important; they said,
 their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my Busi-
 ness was a matter that concern'd Life and Death; they
 answer'd, so was Sleeping, at which their Lady was; I
 urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw
 her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that
 Sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: An-
 swers more direct I could not get: [In short, Sir, I think,
 she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: You o'th' Guard,
 Wait at the Back-door of the Prince's Lodging;
 And see that none pass thence, upon your Lives.
 Knock, Gentlemen: Knock louder: louder yet:
 What, has their Pleasure taken off their Hearing?
 I'll break your Meditations. Knock again:

(24) ———— *but how can I
 Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,
 Praying upon the Ground I hold by Wrong?*] In this Sentiment
 our Authors seem to be copying *Shakespeare*, in a noble Passage of his
Hamlet.

————— *Forgive me my foul Murther!
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murther;
 My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence? &c.*

Not

Not yet? I do not think, he sleeps, having this Larum by him; once more; *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy Groom knocks at this Dead of Night? Where be our Waiters? By my vexed Soul, He meets his Death, that meets me, for this Boldness.

King. Prince, you do wrong your Thoughts, we are your Friends;

Come down. *Pha.* The King?

King. The same, Sir, come down, We have Cause of present Counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you To your Chamber. [*Pha. below.*]

King. No, 'tis too late, Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private Reasons to myself, Make me unmannerly, and say, *you cannot*; Nay, press not forward, Gentlemen, he must Come through my Life, that comes here. [*Enters.*]

King. Sir, be resolv'd, I must and will come.

Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd; He that enters here, enters upon his Death. Sir, 'tis a Sign you make no Stranger of me, To bring these Renegadoes to my Chamber, At these unseason'd Hours. *King.* Why do you Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor shall be; Only I'll search your Lodging, for some Cause To ourself known: Enter, I say. ———

Pha. I say, no. [*Meg. above.*]

Meg. Let 'em enter, Prince, let 'em enter, I am up, and ready; I do know their Business, 'Tis the poor breaking of a Lady's Honour, They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it. You have your Business, Gentlemen, I lay here. My Lord the King, this is not noble in you To make publick the Weakness of a Woman.

King. Come down. [*Clamors,*

Meg. I dare, my Lord; your Whootings and your Your

(25) Your private Whispers, and your broader Fleeings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this base Carriage;
But I have Vengeance yet in Store for some,
Shall, in the most Contempt you can have of me,
Be Joy and Nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

(26) Meg. Yes, to laugh at your Worst: But I shall
wring you,
If my Skill fail me not.

King, Sir, I must dearly chide you for this Looseness,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but, no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to Bed.

Cle. Get him another Wench, and you bring him to
Bed indeed.

(25) *Your private Whispers and your broad Fleeings,*] This is no
Verse, however it has currently pass'd the Ears of all the Editors.
The Addition, which I have made, of a single Syllable both improves
the Sense and retrieves the Metre.

(26) *Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,*] *Megra* de-
sign'd to accuse the Princess of a Fact, which she had a strong Suspi-
cion of her being really guilty of. She had mention'd it before to the
Prince; and there were Circumstances enough to make a Woman,
who was bad herself, believe the Princess so. How then could she
say, she would *wrong* the King, when she believ'd what she was to
speak? Besides, it is not a true scolding Word. I would substitute,
worst; which differs but in two Letters, and is an excellent one for
the purpose. The Jingle and Reduplication of the same Word is fre-
quently practis'd by our Poets. So in *Rule a Wife*, and *have a*
Wife.

I find thee a wise young Wife. Esti. I'll wise your

Worship.

Mr. Seward.

Notwithstanding this ingenious Conjecture, I am pretty certain that
the Word, which I have inserted, is the true Reading: because it
has the Authority of the *Quarto's* in 1628, and 1634; and is likewise
used in the same Sense by our Poets in other Passages. So, in the
Elder Brother;

——— *for I've the Doucets of his Gravity*

Fast in a String, and will so pinch and wring him.

And the *Humourous Lieutenant*;

Will Nothing wring you, then, d'ye think?

And so in *Women pleas'd*;

Wringing and kicking up to th' Ears in Love yonder.

&c. &c.

Dion.

Dion. (27) 'Tis strange, a Man can't ride a Stage or two,
To breathe himself, without a Warrant for't :
If this Geer hold, that Lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray Heav'n, we may lie with our own Wives in Safety,
That they be not by some Trick of State mistaken.

Enter Megra.

King. Now, Lady of Honour, where's your Honour now?
No Man can fit your Palate, but the Prince.
Thou most ill-shrowded Rottenness; thou Piece
Made by a Painter and a 'Potheary ;
Thou troubled Sea of Lust; thou Wilderness,
Inhabited by wild Thoughts; thou swoln Cloud of
Infection; thou ripe Mine of all Diseases;
Thou all Sin, all Hell, last, all Devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your Courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my Daughter?
By all the Gods, all these, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, shall hoot thee through the Court ;
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald Rhymes,
And fear thy Name with Candles upon Walls:
Do you laugh, Lady *Venus*?

Meg. 'Faith, Sir, you must pardon me ;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King; nay, if you dare do it ;
By all those Gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own; I will have Fellows, and
Such Fellows in it, as shall make noble Mirth.
The Princess, your dear Daughter, shall stand by me
On Walls, and sung in Ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her and her Haunts,
Her Lays, Leaps, and Outlays, and will discover all ;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the Boy

(27) 'Tis strange a Man cannot ride a Stag] 'Tis very unusual, I believe, to ride a Stag: Nor is the Expression ever used, that I know, to *ride a Stag*, meaning, to *ride after*, or *hunt down* one. My Alteration restores the true Reading of the Poets. So, in the same Sense, in the *Custom of the Country*;

Five Dames to Day; this was but a small Stage.

She

She keeps, a handsome Boy; about eighteen:
 Know what she does with him, and where, and when.
 Come, Sir, you put me to a Woman's Madness,
 The Glory of a Fury; and if I do not
 Do it to the height ———

King. What Boy is this she raves at? [things?

Meg. Alas! good-minded Prince, you know not these
 I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this Fault,
 As you would keep your Health, from the hot Air
 Of the corrupted People; or, by Heav'n,
 I will not fall alone: What I have known,
 Shall be as publick as a Print; all Tongues
 Shall speak it, as they do the Language they
 Are born in, free and commonly; I'll set it
 Like a prodigious Star for all to gaze at,
 So high and glowing, that Kingdoms far and foreign
 Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till they find
 No Tongue to make it more, nor no more People;
 And then behold the Fall of your fair Princess.

King. Has she a Boy?

Cle. So please your Grace, I have seen a Boy wait
 On her, a fair Boy.

King. Go, get you to your Quarter:
 For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
 To forget you. [Ex. King, Meg. and Guard.

Cle. Why, here's a Male Spirit for *Hercules*; if ever
 there be nine Worthies of Women, this Wench shall ride
 astride, and be their Captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a Garrison of Devils in her Tongue,
 she uttereth such Balls of Wild-fire. She has so nettled the
 King, that all the Doctors in the Country will scarce cure
 him. That Boy was a strange-found-out Antidote to cure
 her Infection: that Boy, that Princess' Boy; that brave,
 chaste, virtuous Lady's Boy; and a fair Boy, a well spoken
 Boy: All these consider'd, can make nothing else —
 But there I leave you, Gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [Exeunt.

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

Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thrafiline.

Cle. N A Y, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay, and 'tis the Gods,
 That rais'd this Punishment to scourge the King
 With his own Issue: Is it not a Shame
 For us, that should write Noble in the Land,
 For us, that should be Freemen, to behold
 A Man, that is the Bravery of his Age,
Philaster, prest down from his Royal Right,
 By this regardless King? and only look,
 And see the Scepter ready to be cast
 Into the Hands of that lascivious Lady,
 That lives in Lust with a smooth Boy, now to be
 Married to yon strange Prince, who, but that People
 Please to let him be a Prince, is born a Slave
 In that which should be his most Noble Part,
 His Mind? *Thra.* That Man, that would not stir with you,
 To aid *Philaster*, let the Gods forget
 That such a Creature walks upon the Earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;
 The Gentry do await it, (28) and the People,
 Against their Nature, are all bent for him,
 And like a Field of standing Corn, that's mov'd
 With a stiff Gale, their Heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only Cause, that draws *Philaster* back
 From this Attempt, is the fair Princess' Love,
 Which he admires, and we can now confute.

(28) ————— and the People,

Against their Nature, are all bent for him.] This seems, at first View, an odd Passage. How are the People *against their Natures* for *Philaster*? What, was there never any People unanimous in their Choice of a Governor? I take it, he must be understood, as meaning, the People (whose Nature for the most part is unconstant, giddy, and wavering) are now so well assured of *Philaster's* Worth, and Right to the Crown, join'd to his present ill Usage, that they are resoly'd and steady to do him Justice. This is properly styled, *against their Nature*, or Custom.

Mr. Sympson.

Thra.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, Gentlemen,

'Tis without question so. *Cle.* Ay, 'tis past Speech,
She lives dishonestly. But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his Faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own Good,
I'll make this new Report to be my Knowledge,
I'll say, I know it; nay, I'll swear, I saw it.

Cle. It will be best. *Thra.* 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes.

Good-morrow to your Honour, we have spent
Some time in seeking you. *Phi.* My worthy Friends,
You that can keep your Memories to know
Your Friend in Miseries, and cannot frown
On Men disgrac'd for Virtue, a good Day
Attend you all. What Service may I do
Worthy your Acceptation? *Dion.* my good Lord,
We come to urge that Virtue, which we know
Lives in your Breast, forth; rise, and make a Head;
The Nobles and the People are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a Man,
That ever heard the World, or knew such Thing
As Virtue, but will second your Attempts:

Phi. How honourable is this Love in you
To me, that have deserv'd none? Know, my Friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor *Philaster*
With too much Courtesy) I cou'd afford
To melt myself in Thanks; but my Designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your Loves: but yet the Time
Is short of what I wou'd.

Dion. The Time is fuller, Sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By Violence, may now be caught. As for the King,
You know, the People have long hated him;
But now the Princess, whom they lov'd. —

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion.

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange Means?

Dion. She's known a Whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest.

Dion. My Lord ———

Phi. Thou lyest, [Offers to draw, and is held.

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought, thy Mind
Had been of Honour. Thus to rob a Lady

Of her good Name, is an infectious Sin,

Not to be pardon'd; be it false as Hell,

'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown

Amongst the People, fruitful to increase

All Evil they shall hear. Let me alone,

That I may cut off Falshood, whilst it springs.

Set Hills on Hills betwixt me and the Man

That utters this, and I will scale them all,

And from the utmost Top fall on his Neck,

Like Thunder from a Cloud. *Dion.* This is most strange;

Sure, he does love her. *Phi.* I do love fair Truth:

She is my Mistress, and who injures her,

Draws Vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my Arms.

Thra. Nay, good my Lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember

This is your honour'd Friend, that comes to do

His Service, and will shew you why he utter'd this.

Phil. I ask you pardon, Sir, my Zeal to Truth

Made me unmannerly: Should I have heard

Dishonour spoke of you, behind your Back

Untruly, I had been as much distemper'd,

Enrag'd, as now. *Dion.* But this, my Lord, is Truth.

Phi. O, say not so; good Sir, forbear to say so;

(29) 'Tis Truth then, that all Womankind is false;

Urge it no more, it is impossible;

Why should you think the Princess light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false; by Heav'n, 'tis false; it cannot be,

Can it? Speak, Gentlemen; for Love of Truth, speak;

(29) 'Tis the Truth that all Womankind is false;] There is here very little Remains of either Sense, or Measure. The Addition of one Letter will restore the Former, and the Transposition of two Words the Latter. This Emendation is authoriz'd by the best old Quarto's.

Mr. Seward.

Is't

Is't possible? can Women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why, no, my Lord.

Pbi. Why, then it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her Boy.

Pbi. What Boy?

Dion. A Page, a Boy that serves her.

Pbi. O good Gods,

A little Boy ———

Dion. Ay, know you him, my Lord?

Pbi. Hell and Sin know him! Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you;

If she were lustful, would she take a Boy,

That knows not yet Desire? she would have One

Should meet her Thoughts, and know the Sin he acts,

Which is the great Delight of Wickedness;

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

Dion. How you, my Lord?

Pbi. Why, all the World's abus'd

In an unjust Report. *Dion.* Oh, noble Sir, your Virtues
Cannot look into the subtle Thoughts of Woman.

In short, my Lord, I took them: I myself.

Pbi. Now, all the Devils, thou didst; fly from my Rage:

'Would, thou hadst ta'en Devils ingendring Plagues,

When thou didst take them; hide thee from my Eyes.

'Would, thou hadst taken Thunder on thy Breast,

When thou didst take them; or been stricken dumb

For ever; that this foul Deed might have slept

In Silence. *Thra.* Have you known him so ill-temper'd?

Cle. Never before. *Pbi.* The Winds, that are let loose
From the four several Corners of the Earth,

And spread themselves all over Sea and Land,

Kiss not a chaste one. What Friend bears a Sword

To run me through?

Dion. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Pbi. When any falls from Virtue, I am distracted;
I have an Interest in't.

Dion. But, good my Lord, recall yourself,
And think, what's best to be done.

Pbi. I thank you, I will do it;

Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:

To morrow I will find your Lodging forth,
(30) And give you Answer.

Dion. All the Gods direct you
The readiest Way!

Thra. He was extream impatient.

Cle. It was his Virtue, and his noble Mind.

[*Exeunt Dion, Cleo. and Thra.*

Pbi. I had forgot to ask him, where he took them;
I'll follow him. — O, that I had a Sea
Within my Breast, to quench the Fire I feel!
More Circumstances will but fan this Fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This Deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from Lies, as she is far from Truth.
O, that like Beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and Rams will fight,
To keep their Females standing in their Sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their Spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their Pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the Water of the Springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no Start in Sleep.
But miserable Man — See, see, you Gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks still; and the Face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; Is this Justice? Do you mean
To intrap Mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a Brow? I cannot now
Think, he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you, my Lord!
The Princess doth commend her Love, her Life,
And this unto you. *Pbi.* Oh *Bellario*,
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it

(30) *And give you Answer.*

The readiest Way. Dion. All the Gods direct you.] This is the nonsensical Collocation of all the printed Copies. The Transposition, which I have made, is self-evident, and deserves no farther Proof.

In loving thee, my Boy; sh'as made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attired me past my Wish,
Past my Desert; more fit for her Attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, Boy. O, let all Women,
That love black Deeds, learn to dissemble here!
Here, by this Paper she docs write to me,
As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant
To all the World besides; but, unto me,
A Maiden-snow that melted with my Looks.
Tell me, my Boy, how doth the Princess use thee?
For I shall guess her Love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her Servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preserv'd
Her Life three times by my Fidelity.
As Mothers fond do use their only Sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my Trust,
For whom my Life should pay, if he met Harm,
So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind Language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my Youth
With all her loving Secrets; and does call me
Her pretty Servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my Services
Regarded; and such Words of that soft Strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than e'er she spake. *Phi.* This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No, *Bellario.*

Bel. Methinks, your Words
Fall not from off your Tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your Looks that Quietness,
That I was wont to see. ———

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, Boy:
And she stroaks thy Head?

Bel. Yes. *Phi.* And does clap thy Cheeks?

Bel. She does, my Lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, Boy? ha!

Bel. How, my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee? *Bel.* Never, my Lord, by

Phi. Come, come, I know she does. [Heav'n.

Bel. No, by my Life.

Phi. Why, then, she does not love me; come, she does,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all Charms
Of Love between us, by the Hope of Peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all Delights
Naked, as to her Bed: I took her Oath,
Thou should'st enjoy her: Tell me, gentle Boy,
Is she not parallels? Is not her Breath
Sweet as *Arabian* Winds, when Fruits are ripe?
Are not her Breasts two liquid Ivory Balls?
Is she not all a lasting Mine of Joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see, why my disturbed Thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her,
My Heart held Augury; you are abus'd,
Some Villain has abus'd you; I do see,
Whereto you tend; Fall Rocks upon his Head,
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle Train,
To bring that noble Frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st, I will be angry with thee; Come,
Thou shalt know all my Drift; I hate her more,
Than I love Happiness; and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow Eyes into her Deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she faln to Lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some Comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the Boy you sent:
Had she the Lust of Sparrows, or of Goats;
Had she a Sin that way, hid from the World,
Beyond the Name of Lust, I would not aid
Her base Desires; but what I came to know
As Servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my Life last Ages. *Phi.* Oh, my Heart!
This is a Salve worse than the main Disease.
Tell me thy Thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy Heart
To know it; I will see thy Thoughts as plain
As I do now thy Face. *Bel.* Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the Gods,

As chaste as Ice; but were she foul as Hell,
 And I did know it, thus; the Breath of Kings,
 The Points of Swords; Tortures, nor Bulls of Brass,
 Should draw it from me. *Phi.* Then it is no time
 To dally with thee; I will take thy Life,
 For I do hate thee; I cou'd curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
 The Gods have not a Punishment in Store
 Greater for me, than is your Hate. *Phi.* Fie, fie!
 So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
 And where thou didst enjoy her, or let Plagues
 Fall on me strait, if I destroy thee not!

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did: and when I lie
 To save my Life, may I live long and loath'd!
 Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
 I'll love those Pieces you have cut away,
 Better than those that grow; and kiss those Limbs,
 Because you made 'em so

Phi. Fear'st thou not Death?
 Can Boys condemn that? *Bel.* Oh, what Boy is he
 Can be content to live to be a Man,
 That sees the best of Men thus passionate,
 Thus, without Reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
 What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my Lord;
 'Tis less than to be born; a lasting Sleep,
 A quiet Resting from all Jealousy;
 A Thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
 It is but giving over of a Game
 That must be lost.

Phi. But there are Pains, false Boy,
 For perjur'd Souls; think but on these, and then
 Thy Heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
 If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
 Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
 Send me to suffer in those Punishments
 You speak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what shou'd I do?

Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
 So earnestly, that if it were not true,
 The Gods would not endure him. Rise, *Bellarion*;
 Thy Proteftations are fo deep, and thou
 Dost look fo truly, when thou utterest them,
 That though I know 'em false, as were my Hopes,
 I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
 To blame to injure me, for I must love
 Thy honest Looks, and take no Vengeance on
 Thy tender Youth: A Love from me to thee
 Is firm whate'er thou dost: It troubles me,
 That I have call'd the Blood out of thy Cheeks,
 That did fo well become thee: But, good Boy,
 Let me not see thee more; Something is done,
 That will diftract me, that will make me mad,
 If I behold thee; if thou tender'ft me,
 Let me not see thee. *Bel.* I will fly as far
 As there is Morning, e'er I give Distaste
 To that most honour'd Mind. But through these Tears,
 Shed at my hopeless Parting, I can see
 A World of Treason practis'd upon you,
 And Her, and Me. Farewel, for evermore!
 If you shall hear, that Sorrow struck me dead,
 And after find me loyal, let there be
 A Tear shed from you in my Memory,
 And I shall rest at Peace. [*Exit Bel.*

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
 Whatever thou deserv'ft! Oh, where shall I
 Go bathe this Body? Nature, too unkind,
 That made no Medicine for a troubled Mind!
[*Exit Philaster.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel, my Boy comes not back again.
 But that, I know, my Love will question him
 Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
 How I remembred him when his dear Name
 Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
 And ten Thousand such; I should be angry at his Stay.

Enter

Enter King.

(31) *King.* What, at your Meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single Self, I need no Guard ;
I do no Wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me: Have you not a Boy? *Are.* Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of Boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting Boy.

King. A handsome Boy?

Are. I think, he be not ugly :
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him ;
I took him not for Beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays ?

Are. Yes, Sir. *King.* About Eighteen ?

Are. I never ask'd his Age. *King.* Is he full of Service?

Are. By your Pardon, why do you ask ?

King. Put him away. *Are.* Sir ?

King. Put him away, ha's done you that good Service,
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you. *King.* If you fear
Shew it in Duty ; put away that Boy. [me,

Are. Let me have Reason for it, Sir, and then
Your Will is my Command.

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That by my Life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord ?

King. 'Tis a new Language, that all love to learn,
The common People speak it well already,
They need no Grammar ; understand me well,
There be foul Whispers stirring ; cast him off ;
And suddenly do it: Farewel. [Exit King.

Are. Where may a Maiden live securely free,
Keeping her Honour safe? Not with the Living,
They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,

(31) *What are your Meditations?*] I have restor'd the Reading of
the elder *Quarto's* here, because I take it to be the rightest.

And make 'em Truths: They draw a Nourishment
 Out of Defamings, grow upon Disgraces,
 And when they see a Virtue fortified
 Strongly above the Battery of their Tongues;
 Oh, how they cast to sink it; and defeated
 (Soul-sick with Poison) strike the Monuments
 Where noble Names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
 And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Pbi. Peace to your fairest Thoughts, my dearest
 Mistress!

Are. Oh, my dearest Servant, I have a War within me.

Pbi. He must be more than Man, that makes these
 Run into Rivers; sweetest Fair, the Cause; [Crystals
 And as I am your Slave, ty'd to your Goodness,
 Your Creature made again from what I was,
 And newly spirited, I'll right your Honours.

Are. Oh, my best Love; that Boy! *Pbi.* What Boy?

Are. The pretty Boy you gave me, — *Pbi.* What of

Are. Must be no more mine. *Pbi.* Why? [him?

Are. They are jealous of him. *Pbi.* Jealous, who?

Are. The King. *Pbi.* Oh, my Fortune!

Then 'tis no idle Jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh cruel,

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you,
 How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
 And weep the Tears I send? Who shall now bring you
 Letters, Rings, Bracelets, lose his Health in Service?

Wake tedious Nights in Stories of your Praise?

Who now shall sing your crying Elegies?

And strike a sad Soul into senseless Pictures,

And make them mourn? Who shall take up his Lute,

And touch it, till he crown a silent Sleep

Upon my Eyelid, making me dream and cry,

Oh my dear, dear *Philaster*. *Pbi.* Oh my Heart!

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This Lady was not Loyal! Mistress, forget

The Boy, I'll get thee a far better one.

Are. Oh never, never, such a Boy again,

As my *Bellario*.

Pbi. 'Tis but your fond Affection.

Are. With thee, my Boy, farewell for ever
All Secrecy in Servants: Farewel Faith,
And all Desire to do well for itself:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy Wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste Love!

Pbi. And all this Passion for a Boy?

Are. He was your Boy, you put him to me, and
The Loss of such must have a Mourning for.

Pbi. O thou forgetful Woman! *Are.* How, my Lord?

Pbi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a Medicine to restore my Wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And to do thus. *Are.* Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?

Pbi. For ever, *Arethusa*. Oh you Gods,
Give me a worthy Patience; Have I stood
Naked, alone, the Shock of many Fortunes?
Have I seen Mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as Death into my Bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this Tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad Bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a Woman's Falshood? Oh that Boy,
The cursed Boy! None but a villain Boy,
To ease your Lust? *Are.* Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the Plot cast for my Overthrow;
Oh, I am wretched.

Pbi. Now you may take that little Right I have
To this poor Kingdom; give it to your Joy,
For I have no Joy in it. Some far Place,
Where never Womankind durst set her Foot,
For bursting with her Poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:

There dig a Cave, and preach to Birds and Beasts,
What Woman is, and help to save them from you.
How Heav'n is in your Eyes, but, in your Hearts,

More

More Hell than Hell has; how your Tongues, like
Scorpions,

Both heal and poison; how your Thoughts are woven
With thousand Changes in one subtle Web,
And worn so by you. How that foolish Man,
That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.

How all the Good you have, is but a Shadow,
I' th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your Vows are Frosts,
Past for a Night, and with the next Sun gone.

How you are, being taken all together,
A meer Confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That Love cannot distinguish. These sad Texts,
Till my last Hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my Woe, all my Delight! [Exit Phi.]

Are. Be merciful, ye Gods, and strike me dead;
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my Breast
Transparent as pure Crystal, that the World,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest Thought
My Heart holds. Where shall a Woman turn her Eyes,
(32) To find out Constancy? Save me, how black,

Enter Bellario.

And guiltily, methinks, that Boy looks now?
Oh thou Dissembler, that, before thou spak'it,
Wert in thy Cradle false! Sent to make Lyes,
And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the Ashes of a Maid
Fool'd by her Passion; but the Conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my Command force thee to that, which Shame
Would do without it. If thou understoodst
The loathed Office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of Hills,

(32) ————— *Save me, how black*

And guilty, methinks, that Boy looks now?] Nothing betrays
a Corruption so evidently at the first Glance, as a Lameness in the
Metre. The *Epithet* here must necessarily be turn'd into an *Adverb*,
and that supports the Versification.

Left

Left Men should dig and find thee. *Bel.* Oh what God,
 Angry with Men, hath sent this strange Disease
 Into the noblest Minds? Madam, this Grief
 You add unto me is no more than Drops
 To Seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
 My Lord hath struck his Anger through my Heart,
 And let out all the Hope of future Joys:
 You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
 To take my latest Leave; Farewel for ever!
 I durst not run away in Honesty,
 From such a Lady, like a Boy that stole,
 Or made some grievous Fault; the Pow'r of Gods
 Assist you in your Suff'rings! hasty Time
 Reveal the Truth to your abused Lord,
 And mine; that he may know your Worth! Whilst I
 Go seek out some forgotten Place to die. [Exit Bel.]

Are. Peace guide thee, thou hast overthrown me once,
 (33) Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,
 Thou, or another Villain, with thy Looks,
 Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
 My Hair dishevel'd through the fiery Streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
 With Earnestness. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a Maid,
 As with a Man, let me discover thee
 Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
 That I may die pursu'd by cruel Hounds;
 And have my Story written in my Wounds. [Exeunt.]

(33) *Yet if I had another Troy to lose, &c.*] The Image seems here plainly to be shadow'd from the Picture of *Hecuba*, drawn by SHAKESPEARE in his *Hamlet*, as running about the Streets of *Troy* in the midst of the Flames.

*But who, oh, who had seen the mobled Queen,
 Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the Flames
 With bisson Rheum; a Clout upon that Head
 Where late the Diadem stood, &c.*

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

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethufa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrafiline, and Attendants.

King. **W**HAT, are the Hounds before, and all the Woodmen?

Our Horses ready, and our Bows bent?

Dion. All, Sir.

[gotten

King. You're cloudy, Sir; come, come, we have for-Your venial Trespass, let not that sit heavy Upon your Spirit; none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his Leaping, dull as a Dormouse: See how he sinks; the Wench has shot him betwixt Wind and Water, and, I hope, sprung a Leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest Fault is, he hunts too much in the Purlues; 'would, he would leave off Poaching!

Dion. And for his Horn, h'as left it at the Lodge where he lay late; Oh, he's a precious Lime-hound; turn him loose upon the Pursuit of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' Slip. When my Fox-bitch *Beauty* grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your Boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command it, Sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible, this Fellow should repent? Methinks, that were not noble in him; (34) and yet he looks like a mortified Member, as if he had a sick Man's Slaver in's Mouth. If a worse Man had done this Fault now, some Physical Justice or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack) have opened the Obstructions of his Liver, and let him blood with a Dog-whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon Lady looks, as if

(34) *And yet he looks like a mortified Member, as if he had a sick Man's Slave in his Mouth*] We must, surely, read *Slaver*. Every Body must, I think, assent to this; and therefore it needs no Note in Confirmation.

she came from Churching with her Neighbour; why, what a Devil can a Man see in her Face, but that she's honest?

(35) *Thra.* Troth, no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the Eye, that spoils her Coat; but he must be a cunning Herald, that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! O there's a rank Regiment where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam is Drum-major. Now the World and the Flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure, this Lady has a good Turn done her against her Will: Before, she was common talk; now none dare say, Cantharides can stir her; her Face looks like a War-rant, willing and commanding all Tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly Protection, and a gracious; and may use her Body discreetly, for her Health's sake, once a Week, excepting Lent and Dog-days: Oh, if they were to be got for Money, what a great Sum would come out of the City for these Licences?

King. To Horse, to Horse, we lose the Morning,
Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the Bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The Princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a Stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

(35) *Pha.* *Troth, no great Matter to speak of, &c.*] How comes *Pharamond* to interpose in this Argument, and reply to what *Dion*, *Cleremont*, and those whom he knew to be of *Philaster's* Party, are talking of, and that, *under the Rose*, as we say? The Speech must certainly be placed to *Thrasiline*. *Pha.* and *Thra.* (The Abbreviation of the Characters speaking) might easily be mistaken at Press.

1 *Wood.*

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a Stone-bow for me. (36) I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the Say, for paying Ten Shillings: He was there at the Fall of a Deer, and would needs (out of his Mightiness) give Ten Groats for the Dowcets; (37) marry, the Steward would have had the Velvet-Head into the bargain, to tuft his Hat withal: I think, he should love Venery; he is an old Sir *Triftram*; for if you be remember'd, (38) he forsook the Stag once to strike a Rascal mitching in a Meadow, and her he kill'd in the Eye. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Galatea*.

1 *Wood.* That's a good Wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her Women in the Brakes. She's liberal, and, by my Bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a Fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more, *Megra*.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, I' faith, Boy; there's a Wench will ride her Haunces as hard after a Kennel of Hounds, as a Hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one Afternoon (if the Woods have been answerable) and it has been Work enough for one Man

(36 *I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the Say, for paying Ten Shillings:*) When a Deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a Ceremony for the Keeper to offer his Knife to a Man of the first Distinction in the Field, that he may rip up the Belly, and take an *Affay* of the Plight and Fatness of the Game. But this, as the Woodman says, *Pharamond* declined, to save the customary Fee of Ten Shillings.

(37 *marry, the Steward would have had the Velvet-Head into the Bargain to turf his Hat withal:*) What Consonancy is there betwixt *Velvet* and *Turf*? The original Word must certainly have been, *tuft*; which corresponds with the soft *Pile* of the Velvet. *Velouté*, tufted, as the *French* Dictionaries explain it to us.

(38 *he forsook the Stag once to strike a Rascal milking in a Meadow, and her he kill'd in the Eye.*) A *Rascal* is a lean Deer, or Doe; But what Sense is there in a Deer milking in a Meadow? I hope, I have retriev'd the true Reading, *mitching*; i. e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the Herd. To kill her in *the Eye* is a Sarcasm on *Pharamond* as a bad Shooter; for all good Ones level at the Heart.

to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and the pays well. Hark, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these Woods
With Milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
The Right of Crowns, nor the dissembling Trains
Of Womens' Looks; but dig'd myself a Cave,
Where I, my Fire, my Cattel, and my Bed,
Might have been shut together in one Shed;
And then had taken me some mountain Girl,
Beaten with Winds, chaste as the harden'd Rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my Bed
With Leaves, and Reeds, and with the Skins of Beasts
Our Neighbours; and have borne at her big Breasts
My large coarse Issue: This had been a Life
Free from Vexation.

Enter Bellario,

(39) *Bel.* Oh wicked Men!
An Innocent may walk safe among Beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord
Sits as his Soul were searching out the way
To leave his Body. Pardon me, that must
Break thro' thy last Command; for I must speak;
You, that are griev'd, can pity; hear, my Lord.

Phi. Is there a Creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity? *Bel.* Oh, my noble Lord,
View my strange Fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your Bounty (if my Service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little Piece I hold of Life
From Cold and Hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? Be gone:
Go, sell those misbecoming Cloaths thou wear'st,

(39) *Oh wicked Men!*

An innocent Man may walk safe among Beasts,] But *Bellario*, who speaks this, was no Man. It is a Fault of the modern Editions. *Man* is mistakenly repeated, from *Men* occurring in the precedent Line. I have regulated the Text by the Authority of the best *Quarto's*.

And

And feed thyself with them. ———

Bel. Alas! my Lord, I can get nothing for them :
The silly Country People think, 'tis Treason
To touch such gay Things.

Phi. Now, by my Life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy Sight,
Thou'rt falsn again to thy dissembling Trade :
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a Plague untry'd for me?
(40) Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st,
when first

I took thee up; Curse on the Time! If thy
Commanding Tears can work on any other,
Use thy old Art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee; for
Thine Eyes are Poison unto mine; and I
Am loth to grow in Rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That Path in Chase that leads unto my Grave.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Bel. severally.*]

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden Chance! You,
Woodman, ———

1 *Wood.* My Lord *Dion*, ———

(41) *Dion.* Saw you a Lady come this way on a sable
Horse studded with Stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes; Rode she to the Wood, or to the Plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my Lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt Wood.*]

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your Questions then! What, is she
found?

(40) *Ev'n so thou wept'st, and spok'st, when first*] This Verse is defective in a whole Foot. I have fill'd up the Chasm by the Authority of the old *Quarto* in 1628.

(41) *Saw you a Lady come this way on a sable Horse stubbed with Stars of white?*] *Stubbed*, as I apprehend, is Nonsense; *Studded* I have restored from the best *Quarto*'s.

Cle.

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his Daughter himself; she cannot stray about a little necessary natural Business, but the whole Court must be in Arms; when she has done, we shall have Peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless Tales amongst us; some say, her Horse run away with her; some a Wolf pursued her; others, it was a Plot to kill her; and that armed Men were seen in the Wood: but, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Thrafiline.

King. Where is she? *Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Answer me so again.

Cle. Sir, shall I lye?

King. Yes, lye and damn, rather than tell me that; I say again, where is she? Mutter not;

Sir, speak you where is she? *Dion.* Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heav'n, It is thy last. You Fellows, answer me; Where is she? Mark me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my Daughter, shew her me;

I do command you all, as you are Subjects,

To shew her me: What, am I not your King?

(42) If, ay; then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible, and honest! Hear me, thou, Thou Traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things Possible and honest; shew her me,

Or let me perish, if I cover not

All *Sicily* with Blood.

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose The Jewel of my Life; go, bring her me, And set her here before me; 'tis the King

(42) *If I, then am not I to be obey'd?*] The Repetition of the two *I*'s, here, is very absurd. But, as I have remark'd in my Notes upon SHAKESPEARE, it was frequent, at that time of Day, to express the Particle *ay* by the Vowel *I*.

Will have it so, whose Breath can still the Winds,
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,
And stop the Floods of Heav'n; speak, can it not?

Dion. No. *King.* No! cannot the Breath of Kings
do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the Lungs
Be but corrupted. *King.* Is it so? Take Heed.

Dion. Sir, take you Heed; how you do dare the Pow'rs
That must be just. *King.* Alas! what are we Kings?
Why do you, Gods, place us above the rest;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe, we hold within our Hands your Thunder;
And when we come to try the Pow'r we have,
There's not a Leaf shakes at our Threatnings.
I have sin'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd; let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the Gods; 'would, some body
would draw Bonds, for the Performance of Covenants be-
twixt them!

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her Horse.

He gallop'd empty by: There is some Treason;
You, *Galatea*, rode with her into the Wood; why left
you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth
To disobey the Daughter of my King.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our Hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,
By this Hand, there shall be no more *Sicily*.

Dion. What, will he carry it to *Spain* in's Pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one Man alive, but the King,
A Cook and a Tailor. (43) *Dion.* Yet you may do well

To

(43) Yet you may do well to spare your Lady's Bedfellow, and her
you may keep for a Spawner.] The Addition of a single Letter has
made

To spare your Lady-Bedfellow, and her
You may keep for a Spawner.

King. I see, the Injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, disperse your selves: the Man that
finds her,

Or (if she be kill'd) the Traitor; I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand Pounds
to find her.

Pba. Come, let us seek.

King. Each Man a several Way, here I myself.

Dion. Come, Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd myself. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a Way,
Without the Counsel of my troubled Head;
I'll follow you boldly about these Woods,
O'er Mountains, thorow Brambles, Pits, and Floods:
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heav'n knows, I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live, yet I
Will try her Charity. O hear, you that have Plenty,
And from that flowing Store, drop some on dry Ground; see,
The lively Red is gone to guard her Heart;
I fear, she faints. Madam, look up; she breathes not;
Open once more those rosy Twins, and send

made sad Nonsense of this. His Lady's Bedfellow can mean none
but *Bellarion*; whom *Dion*, indeed, believ'd to be the Princess's Gal-
lant, and therefore might speak tauntingly of both of them. But, as
he thought him a Man, how would he have him kept for a Spawner?
It should be;

————— *You may do well*
To spare your Lady Bedfellow, and her
You may keep for a Spawner.

Meaning, *Megra*.

Mr. Seward.

This Emendation is authoriz'd by the old *Quarto* in 1628, and several others of the best *Quarto's*

Unto my Lord, your latest Farewell; Oh, she stirs:
How is it, Madam? Speak Comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable Life,
And hold me there; I pray thee, let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in Rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when, and where, I heard
This killing Truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing it.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not, ye Gods! good Gods,
'Tempt not a frail Man! what's he, that has a Heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My Lord, help the Princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

(44) *Phi.* Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by Scorpions, or adore the Eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust the Tongues,
Of Hell-bred Women: Some good Gods look down,
And shrink these Veins up; stick me here a Stone,
Lasting to Ages in the Memory
Of this damn'd Act. Hear me, you wicked Ones;
You have put Hills of Fire into this Breast,
Not to be quench'd with Tears; for which may Guilt
Sit on your Bosoms! at your Meals, and Beds,
Despair await you! What, before my Face?
Poison of Asps between your Lips! Diseases
Be your best Issues! Nature make a Curse,
And throw it on you! *Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me. *Phi.* I have done;

(44) *Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd*

And kiss'd by Scorpions, or adore the Eyes

Of Basilisks, rather than trust to Tongues

And shrink these Veins up;] But how would *trusting to Tongues*

shrink *Philaster's* Veins up? This is absolute Nonsense; and never could have been remedied but by the Assistance of the old *Quarto's* which are worth their Weight in Gold, and from which I have restored the Line sunk by the Negligence of the more modern Editors.

Forgive

Forgive my Passion. Not the calmed Sea,
 When *Æolus* locks up his windy Brood,
 Is less disturb'd than I; I'll make you know it.
 Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this Sword,
 And search how temperate a Heart I have;
 Then you, and this your Boy, may live and reign
 In Lust, without Controul. Wilt thou, *Bellarion*?
 I prithee, kill me; thou art poor, and may'st
 Nourish ambitious Thoughts, when I am dead:
 This Way were freer; Am I raging now?
 If I were mad, I should desire to live;
 Sirs, feel my Pulse; where ever have you known
 A Man in a more equal Tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my Lord, your Pulse keeps Madman's time,
 So does your Tongue. *Pbi.* You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you? *Bel.* Not for a World.

Pbi. I blame not thee,

Bellarion; thou hast done but that, which Gods
 Would have transform'd themselves to do; be gone,
 Leave me without Reply; this is the last
 Of all our Meeting. Kill me with this Sword;
 Be wise, or worse will follow: we are Two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my Fortunes be so good to let me fall
 Upon thy Hand, I shall have Peace in Death.
 Yet tell me this, will there be no Slanders,
 No Jealousies in the other World, no Ill there?

Pbi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way. *Pbi.* Then guide
 My feeble Hand, you that have Pow'r to do it,
 For I must perform a piece of Justice. If your Youth
 Have any way offended Heav'n, let Pray'rs
 Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the King if he be in the Forest, I have
 hunted him these two Hours; if I should come home and
 not see him, my Sisters would laugh at me; I can see no-
 thing but People better hors'd than myself, that out-
 ride

ride me; I can hear nothing but Shouting. These Kings had need of good Brains, this Whooping is able to put a mean Man out of his Wits. There's a Courtier with his Sword drawn; by this Hand, upon a Woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at Peace?

Are. With Heav'ns and Earth.

Phi. May they divide thy Soul and Body!

Coun. Hold, Dastard, strike a Woman! thou'rt a a Craven, I warrant thee; (45) thou would'st be loth to play half a Dozen of Venies at Wasters with a good Fellow for a broken Head.

Phi. Leave us, good Friend.

Are. What ill-bred Man art thou, to intrude thyself Upon our private Sports, our Recreations?

Coun. Gad 'uds me, I understand you not; but, I know, the Rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own Affairs: It will be ill To multiply Blood upon my Head; which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick; but I can lay it on, if you touch the Woman. [*They fight.*]

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

Are. Heav'ns guard my Lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the Tread of People: I am hurt. The Gods take part against me, cou'd this Boor Have held me thus else? I must shift for Life, Though I do loath it. I would find a Course To lose it rather by my Will, than Force. [*Exit Phi.*]

(45) *Thou would'st be loth to play half a Dozen of Venies at Wasters*] i. e. Cudgels. MINSHEW, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a most ridiculous Reason for the Etymology of this Word: that Cudgels were call'd *Wasters*, because, in frequently clashing against each other, they splinter'd and *wasted*. I'll venture to advance a more probable Conjecture. We find in our old Law-Books, that the Statute of *Westminster* (5^o *Edwardi tertii*, cap. 14) was made against *Night-walkers*, and *suspected Persons call'd Roberdesmen*, *Wastours*, and *Draw-latches*. These *Wastours*, or Plunderers, derived their Name from the Latine Terme, *Vastatores*; and thence the mischievous Weapons, or Bludgeons, with which they went arm'd, were call'd *Wasters*; i. e. Destroyers.

Coun.

Coun. I cannot follow the Rogue. I pray thee, Wench, come and kifs me now.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrafiline,
and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish Woman; a Knave has hurt her. [Madam?

Pha. The Princess, Gentlemen! Where's the Wound, Is it dangerous? *Are.* He has not hurt me.

Coun. I'faith, she lyes; h'as hurt her in the Breast, look else.

Pha. O sacred Spring of innocent Blood!

Dion. 'Tis above Wonder! Who should dare do this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, Villain, who has hurt the Princess?

Coun. Is it the Princess? *Dion.* Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen Something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a Rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest Wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far; I made my Father's old Fox fly about his Ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,

'Tis some distracted Fellow. *Pha.* By this Hand, I'll leave ne'er a Piece of him bigger than a Nut, And bring him all in my Hat to you.

Are. Nay, good Sir;

If you do take him, bring him quick to me, And I will study for a Punishment,

Great as his Fault. *Pha.* I will. *Are.* But swear.

Pha. By all my Love, I will: Woodmen, conduct the Princess to the King, and bear that wounded Fellow to Dressing: Come, Gentlemen, we'll follow the Chase close.

[*Ex. Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. and 1 Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, Friend, let me see the King:

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive Thanks.

[*Exeunt.*

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay Sights.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A Heaviness near Death sits on my Brow,
And I must sleep: Bear me, thou gentle Bank,
For ever, if thou wilt: You sweet Ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I cou'd wish,
I rather were a Corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you: Dulness shuts mine Eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh! that I could take
So sound a Sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill, my Conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The Gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed Villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her; He has Wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? *Bellario* sleeping? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no Justice that thy Sleep [*Cry within.*
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. Hark! I am pursued. You Gods,
I'll take this offer'd Means of my Escape:
They have no Mark to know me, but my Wounds,
If she be true; if false, let Mischief light
On all the World at once! Sword, print my Wounds,
Upon this sleeping Boy: I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. [*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come; blest be the Hand!
It meant me well; again, for Pity's sake.

Phi. I have caught myself, [*Phi. falls.*
The Loss of Blood hath stay'd my Flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full Revenge,
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than Death:

I'll teach thee to revenge: This luckless Hand
Wounded the Princess; (46) tell my Followers,
Thou didst receive these Hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a Reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my Lord, and save yourself.

Pbi. How's this? ———

Wouldst thou, I should be safe? *Bel.* Else it were vain
For me to live. These little Wounds, I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble Hand,
I'll help to cover you. *Pbi.* Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good Lord,
Creep in amongst those Bushes: Who does know,
But that the Gods may save your much-lov'd Breath?

Pbi. Then I shall die for Grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well: Peace! I hear 'em come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

Bel. With my own Wounds I'll bloody my own Sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont *and* Thrasiline.

Pba. To this Place we have track'd him by his Blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, Sir, what are you?

Bel. A wretched Creature wounded in these Woods
By Beasts; relieve me, if your Names be Men,
Or I shall perish. *Dion.* This is he, my Lord,
Upon my Soul, that hurt her; 'tis the Boy,
That wicked Boy that serv'd her.

Pba. O thou damn'd

In thy Creation! What Cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the Princess? *Bel.* Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended. *Bel.* I confess;
Urge it no more, that, big with evil Thoughts,

(46) ———— *tell my Followers*] We are not to understand this Word here for his Retinue, his Friends, or those that follow'd him as Servants; but his Pursuers.

I set upon her, and did make my Aim
 Her Death. For Charity, let fall at once
 The Punishment you mean, and do not load
 This weary Flesh with Tortures. *Pba.* I will know.
 Who hir'd thee to this Deed. *Bel.* Mine own Revenge.

Pba. Revenge, for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
 Me as her Page, and, when my Fortunes ebb'd,
 (47) That Men strid o'er them careles, she did shower
 Her welcome Graces on me, and did swell
 My Fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their Banks,
 Threatning the Men that crost 'em; when, as swift
 As Storms arise at Sea, she turn'd her Eyes
 To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
 The Streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse,
 And more contemn'd than other little Brooks,
 Because I had been great: In short, I knew
 I could not live, and therefore did desire
 To die reveng'd. *Pba.* If Tortures can be found,
 Long as thy natural Life, resolve to feel
 The utmost Rigour. [*Philaster creeps out of a Bush.*]

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Pbi. Turn back, you Ravishers of Innocence,
 Know ye the Price of that you bear away
 So rudely?

Pba. Who's that? *Dion.* 'Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Pbi. 'Tis not the Treasure of all Kings in one,
 The Wealth of *Tagus*, nor the Rocks of Pearl
 That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
 That Virtue. It was I, that hurt the Princess.
 Place me, some God, upon a *Piramis*,
 Higher than Hills of Earth, and lend a Voice
 Loud as your Thunder to me, that from thence
 I may discourse to all the Under-world
 The Worth that dwells in him. *Pba.* How's this?

(47) *That Men strid o'er them carelesly, she did show'r*] The old *Quarto* in 1628, to the Improvement of the Metre, has it, *careles*: by the Authority of which I have reform'd the Text.

Bel. My Lord, some Man
Weary of Life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely Courtesies, *Bellario.*

Bel. Alas! he's mad; come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the Oaths that Men ought most to keep,
And Gods do punish most, when Men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, *Bellario,*
How thou dost drown the Virtues, thou hast shown,
With Perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I:
You know, she stood betwixt me and my Right.

Pha. Thy own Tongue be thy Judge.

Cle. It was *Philaster.* *Dion.* Is't not a brave Boy?
Well, Sirs, I fear me, we are all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no Friend here? *Dion.* Yes.

Phi. Then shew it; some
Good Body lend a Hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have Tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his Neck, that there
I may weep Floods, and breathe out my Spirit:
'Tis not the Wealth of *Plutus*, nor the Gold
Lock'd in the Heart of Earth can buy away
This Arm-full from me; this had been a Ransom
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Cæsar*,
Had he been taken: You hard-hearted Men,
More stony than these Mountains, can you see
Such clear pure Blood drop, and not cut your Flesh
(48) To stop his Life? To bind whose bitter Wounds,
Queens ought to tear their Hair, and with their Tears,
Bath 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the Wealth
Of poor *Philaster.*

Enter King, Arethusa, and a Guard.

King. Is the Villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the Deed; but say it was
Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

(48) ————— *To bind whose better Wounds*

Queens ought to tear their Hair,] Better than what? than the
Hair of Queens? But, here again, the old *Quarto* of 1628 comes in
to our Assistance, and rescues the Text from this Nonsense.

King.

King. The Fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us.

Are. Ay me! I know, he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. No, Sir; if it was he, he was disguis'd.

Pbi. I was so. Oh my Stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious Fool!

Thou, that hast laid a Train for thy own Life;
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to Prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless Life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to Earth go weeping: Grant me then
(By all the Love a Father bears his Child)
Their Custodies, and that I may appoint
Their Tortures, and their Death.

Dion. Death? soft! our Law
Will not reach that, for this Fault.

King. 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a Guard.
Come, Princely *Pbaramond*, this Business past,
We may with more Security go on
To your intended Match.

Cle. I pray, that this Action lose not *Philaster* the Hearts
of the People.

Dion. Fear it not, their overwise Heads will think it
but a Trick. [*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Dion, Cleremont and Thrasiline.

Thra. H A S the King sent for him to Death?

Dion. Yes, but the King must know, 'tis not
in his Pow'r to war with Heav'n.

Cle. We linger Time; the King sent for *Philaster* and
the Headsman an Hour ago.

Thra. Are all his Wounds well?

Dion. All, they were but Scratches; but the Loss of
Blood made him faint. *Cle.* We dally, Gentlemen.

Thra.

Thra. Away.

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster, Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. Nay, dear *Philaster*, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my Lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Pbi. Oh *Arethusa!* O *Bellario!* leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from Earth,
If you continue so; I am a Man,
False to a Pair of the most trusty ones
That ever Earth bore; can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me, but the King hath sent
To call me to my Death, Oh shew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee, my Boy,
I shall deliver Words will mollify
The Hearts of Beasts, to spare thy Innocence.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, my Life is not a thing
Worthy your noble Thoughts; 'tis not a Life,
'Tis but a Piece of Childhood thrown away:
Should I out-live you, I should then out-live
Virtue and Honour: and, when that Day comes,
If ever I shall close these Eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my Perjury,
And waste my Limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st Maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my Hands to bring my Lord to Death)
Do by the Honour of a Virgin swear,
To tell no Hours beyond it.

Pbi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this Prison, all joyful to our Deaths.

Pbi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a Wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my Faults:
Ev'ry just Servant, ev'ry Maid in Love,
Will have a Piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord, say not so. *Bel.* A Piece of you?
He was not born of Women that can cut
It and look on. *Pbi.* Take me in Tears betwixt you,

For

For my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

[done

Bel. Lament no more. *Phi.* What would you have
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My Life no Price, compar'd to yours? For Love, Sirs,
Deal with me plainly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, Sir. *Phi.* Why, if it were?

Bel. Then Sir, we would have ask'd you Pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? be plain.

Bel. We would, my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my Death.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you, Sir, he's gone to see the City,
And the new Platform, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him. *King.* Is the Princess ready
To bring her Prisoner out? *Thra.* She waits your Grace.

King. Tell her, we stay.

Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The Head, you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly: If it must off,
Like a wild Overflow, that swoops before him
A Golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,
Cracks the strong Hearts of Pines, whose Cable Roots
Held out a Thousand Storms, a Thousand Thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole Villages
Upon his Back, and in that Heat of Pride,
Charges strong Towns, Tow'rs, Castles, Palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy Head,
Thy Noble Head, bury the Lives of Thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a Sacrifice,
In thy red Ruins.

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario in a Robe
and Garland.*

King. How now, what Masque is this?

Bel.

Bel. Right Royal Sir, I should
 Sing you an Epithalamium of these Lovers,
 But having lost my best Airs with my Fortunes,
 And wanting a Celestial Harp to strike
 This blessed Union on, thus in glad Story
 I give you all. These two fair Cedar-branches,
 The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew,
 Straitest and tallest, under whose still Shades
 The worthier Beasts have made their Layers, and slept
 Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell Thunder-stroke,
 Free from the Clouds, when they were big with Humour,
 And delivered in Thousand Spouts, their Issues to the
 O! there was none but silent Quiet there! [Earth:
 'Till never-pleas'd Fortune shot up Shrubs,
 Base Under-Brambles, to divorce these Branches;
 And for a while they did so; and did reign
 Over the Mountain, and choak'd up his Beauty
 With Brakes, rude Thorns and Thistles, 'till the Sun
 Scorch'd them ev'n to the Roots, and dry'd them there:
 And now a gentle Gale hath blown again,
 That made these Branches meet, and twine together,
 Never to be divided: The God, that sings
 His holy Numbers over Marriage-Beds,
 Hath knit their noble Hearts, and here they stand
 Your Children, mighty King; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain Truth,
 For now there is no Masquing in't; This Gentleman,
 The Prisoner, that you gave me, is become
 My Keeper, and through all the bitter Throes
 Your Jealousies and his ill Fate have wrought him,
 Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
 Arriv'd here my dear Husband.

King. Your dear Husband! Call in
 The Captain of the Citadel; there you shall keep
 Your Wedding. I'll provide a Masque shall make
 Your *Hymen* turn his Saffron into a fullen Coat,
 And sing sad Requiems to your parting Souls:
 Blood shall put out your Torches, and, instead
 Of gaudy Flow'rs about your wanton Necks,

An Ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor,
 Ready to crop your Loves' Sweets. Hear, you Gods:
 From this Time do I shake all Title off
 Of Father to this Woman, this base Woman;
 And what there is of Vengeance, in a Lion
 Cast amongst Dogs, or robb'd of his dear Young,
 The same inforc'd more Terrible, more Mighty,
 Expect from me. *Are. Sir.*

By that little Life I have left to swear by,
 There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
 What I have done, I've done without Repentance;
 For Death can be no Bugbear unto me,
 So long as *Pharamond* is not my Headsman.

Dion. Sweet Peace upon thy Soul, thou worthy Maid,
 Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
 Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
 And let my dying Words be better with you
 Than my dull living Actions; If you aim
 At the dear Life of this sweet Innocent,
 You are a Tyrant and a savage Monster;
 Your Memory shall be as foul behind you,
 (49) As you are, living; all your better Deeds
 Shall be in Water writ, but this in Marble:
 No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
 (50) But for the Shame of Men. No Monument

(Though

(49) ————— all your better Deeds

Shall be in Water writ, but this in Marble:] This Sentiment
 seems to have been shadow'd out from SHAKESPEARE in his *King
 Henry the Eighth.*

Mens evil Manners live in Brass, their Virtues

We write in Water.]

Tho' perhaps, our several Poets might have had CATULLUS for their
 Original.

In vento & rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

(50) ————— No Monument

(*Tho' high and big as Pelion*) &c.] Some of the old *Quarto's*
 ridiculously have it *Pelican*; (as, I remember, some of the old Edi-
 tions of SHAKESPEARE read *Politician* instead of *Pelican*.) The true
 Reading, undoubtedly, is *Pelion*, a Mountain very amply celebrated
 by the *Classicks*; and mentioned by our own choicest *Classick* in his
Hamlet.

(Though high, and big, as *Pelion*) shall be able
 To cover this base Murder; make it rich
 With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
 Like to the Pyramids; lay on Epitaphs,
 Such as make great Men-Gods; my little Marble
 (That only cloaths my Ashes, not my Faults)
 Shall far out-shine it. And, for after Issues,
 Think not so madly of the heav'nly Wisdoms,
 That they will give you more for your mad Rage
 To cut off, 'less it be some Snake, or something
 Like to yourself, that in his Birth shall strangle you.
 Remember my Father, King; there was a Fault,
 But I forgive it: Let that Sin persuade you
 To love this Lady. If you have a Soul,
 Think, save her, and be saved; for myself,
 I have so long expected this glad Hour,
 So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
 That, Heaven knows, it is my Joy to die;
 I find a Recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the King? *King.* Here.

Mes. Get you to your Strength,
 And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from Danger;
 He's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,
 Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Dion.* Oh brave Followers!
 Mutiny, my fine dear Countrymen, mutiny!
 Now, my brave valiant Foremen, shew your Weapons
 In Honour of your Mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm.

King. A Thousand Devils take 'em!

Dion. A Thousand Blessings on 'em!

Mes. Arm, arm, O King, the City is in Mutiny,
 Led by an old grey Ruffian, who comes on

*Now pile your Dust upon the quick and dead,
 Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made
 T' o'er-top old Pelion, or the Skyish Head
 Of blue Olympus.*

In Rescue of the Lord *Philaster*.

[*Exit with Are. Phi. Bel.*

King. Away to th' Citadel; I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the Guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong Attendance. [*Exit King.*

[*Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.*

Cle. The City up! This was above our Wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the Marriage too; now, by my Life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all. A Plague upon my
self; a Thousand Plagues, for having such unworthy
Thoughts of her dear Honour! O I could beat myself,
or do you beat me and I'll beat you, for we had all one
Thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose Time.

Dion. You say true, are your Swords sharp? Well, my
dear Countrymen, what ye lack,—If you continue and fall
not back upon the first broken Shin, (51) I'll have you
chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and
sung in all-to-be-prais'd Sonnets, and grav'd in new brave
Ballads, that all Tongues shall trouble you in *Sæcula Sæ-*
culorum, my kind Can-carriers.

Tbra. What if a Toy take 'em i' th' Heels now, and
they run all away, (52) and cry, *the Devil take the hind-*
most?

Dion. Then the same Devil take the foremost too, and
sowce him for his Breakfast! If they all prove Cowards,
my Curses fly amongst them and be speeding! May they
have Murrains reign to keep the Gentlemen at home,
unbound in easy Freeze! May the Moths branch their
Velvets, and their Silks only be worn before sore Eyes!

(51) *I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be prais'd, and sung in Sonnets, and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all Tongues shall trouble you in Sæcula Sæculorum, my kind Can-carriers*] I thought this for a long Time to be such desperate Nonsense, that the Meaning of the Poets would be quite irretrievable, as no one of the Editions give the least Glimpse of Light or Assistance. But (Thanks to plodding Industry!) I hope, I have found the certain Cure.

(52) *and cry, the Devil take the Hindmost?*] *Occupet extremum Scabies*, says HORACE: To which Execration, no Doubt, our Author's had an Eye.

May their false Lights undo 'em, and discover Presses, Holes, Stains, and Oldness in their Stuffs, and make them Shop-rid! May they keep Whores and Horses, and break; and live mewed up with Necks of Beef and Turnips! May they have many Children, and none like the Father! May they know no Language but that Gibberish they prattle to their Parcels; (53) unless it be the *Gothick* Latine they write in their Bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their Debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the Vengeance of all the Gods confound them; how they swarm together! What a Hum they raise? Devils choak your wild Throats; if a Man had need to use their Valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, they will fight like Sheep. 'Tis *Philaster*, none but *Philaster*, must allay this Heat: They will not hear me speak, but sling Dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run, dear Friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*; speak him fair, call him Prince, do him all the Courtesy you can, commend me to him. Oh my Wits, my Wits!

[*Exit Cle.*

Dion. Oh my brave Countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a Pin out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you Brawn and Bacon, and foil you every long Vacation a Brace of Foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor Prince, the Gods know, and I fear.

(53) *Unless it be the goarish Latine*] Thus the *Folio* Edition in 1679; but there is no such Word in *English*, and, consequently, it is stark Nonsense. The *Quarto* of 1628 has it, *goatish*; but there is nothing wanton, or lascivious, in a Bond; therefore, this Reading is as unmeaning as the other. I dare warrant, that I have retriev'd the Authors' genuine Text, in the Word *Gothick*; i. e. *barbarous*: No greater *Barbarisms* than in *Law-Latine*. So, in *Wit without Money*,

No more Sense spoken, all Things Goth and Vandal.]

Dion. Why, Sir, They'll flea him, and make Church-Buckets on's Skin to quench Rebellion, then clap a Rivet in's Sconce, and hang him up for a Sign.

Enter Cleremont with Philaster.

King. O worthy Sir, forgive me; do not make Your Miseries and my Faults meet together, To bring a greater Danger. Be yourself, Still found amongst Diseases. I have wrong'd you, And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your Goodniefs know it. Calm the People, And be what you were born to: Take your Love, And with her my Repentance, and my Wishes, And all my Pray'rs; by th' Gods, my Heart speaks this: And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be struck with Thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your Greatness so much Wrong,
As not to make your Word Truth; free the Princess,
And the poor Boy, and let me stand the Shock
Of this mad Sea-breach, which I'll either turn
Or perish with it. *King.* Let your own Word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my Leave, kissing your Hand,
And hanging on your Royal Word: Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir; I shall bring you Peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the Gods go with thee! [Exeunt.]

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come, my brave Myrmidons, let us fall on,
Let our Caps swarm, my Boys,
And your nimble Tongues forget your Mothers
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your Mouths
Up, Children, till your Pallats fall frightened half a
Fathom, past the Cure of Bay-salt and gross Pepper.
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in Request, my Ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear Indentures, Kings of Clubs,

Than

(54) Than your cold Water Camblets or your Paintings
Spotted with Copper; let not your hasty Silks,
Or your branch'd Cloath of Bodkin, or your Tissues,
Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard,

(55) You *Robbin-hoods*, *Scarlets*, and *Johns*, tie your
Affections

In Durance to your Shops; no, dainty Duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd Spirits, your wrought Valours;
And let your uncut Choler make the King feel
The Measure of your Mightiness. *Philaster!*

Cry, my Rose-nobles, cry. *All. Philaster! Philaster!*

Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince? these are
mad Boys, I tell you; these are Things that will not strike
their Top-sails to a Foist: and let a Man of War, (56) an
Argosy, hull and cry Cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude Slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,
And give your Greatness Warning, that you talk
No more such Bug-words, or that foldred Crown
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,
Down with your noble Blood; or, as I live,
I'll have you codled: Let him loose, my Spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills, my *Hectors*,
And let us see what this trim Man dares do.

Now, Sir, have at you; here I lie,

(57) And with this swashing Blow, (do you sweat, Prince?)

(54) ————— or your Paintings

Spitted *with Copper*,] This to me is quite unintelligible; I
have ventured to substitute, *spotted*; i. e. sprinkled with Copper, as
our painted Papers for Hangings are, to resemble Gold, and look
gaudy.

(55) *Robin-hoods*, *Scarlets*, and *Johns*,] All, who know any thing
of the Story of *Robin-hood*, must know that *Scarlet* and *John* were
two of his Favourite Dependants.

(56) *an Argosie*, *hull and cry Cockles*.] Any large Vessel, so called
from *Jason's* large Ship *Argo*. A Vessel is said to *hull*, when she
floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the Water.

(57) *Do you swear, Prince?*] If he did *swear*, it must be to him-
self; for he was too much intimidated to venture to swear at the
swaggering Rout who had incircled him, and were at the very Point
of knocking out his Brains. But I have reform'd the Text by the
Authority of several of the old *Quarto's*.

I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a Hare at a Poulterer's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked Villains?

(58) *1 Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; we have not seen one so a great while.

Cap. He would have Weapons, would he? Give him a Broad-side, my brave Boys, with your Pikes; branch me his Skin in Flowers like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortal Cut; your Royalty shall ravel; jag him, Gentlemen; I'll have him cut to the Kell, then down the Seams; oh, for a Whip to make him Galoone-Laces.

I'll have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O spare me, Gentlemen. [himself,

Cap. Hold, hold, the Man begins to fear and know
(59) He shall for this time only be seal'd up
With a Feather through his Nose, that he may only
See Heaven, and think whither he is going.

Nay, beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you, you'd
Be King, thou tender Heir apparent to
A Church-Ale, thou slight Prince of single Sarcenet;

(60) Thou royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor Men's Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds!

2 Cit. Shall's geld him, Captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his Dowcets, my dear Donfels,
As you respect the Ladies, let them flourish;
The Curses of a longing Woman kill
As speedy as a Plague, Boys.

(58) *Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; We have not seen one Foe a great while.*] This is a typographical Error, which, however, makes Non-Sense of the Passage. *Foe* is mistakenly put for *fo*. *Mr. Symphon.*

(59) *He shall for this time only be seal'd up with a Feather thro' the Nose,*] There is a Difference, which the Printers did not know, betwixt *scal'd* and *seal'd*; the Latter is a Term in *Falconry*; When a Hawk is first taken, a Thread is run through its Eye-lids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the Hood.

(60) *Thou royal Ring-tail,*] A *Ring-tail* is a sort of a Kite with a whitish Tail.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a Leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an Arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his Nose, and at mine own Charge build a College, and clap'd upon the Gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit with, For, certainly, a royal Gut would sound like Silver.

Pba. 'Would, they were in thy Belly, and I past my Pain once! [rets.

5 *Cit.* Good Captain, let me have his Liver to feed Fer-
Cap. Who will have Parcels else? Speak.

Pba. Good Gods, consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the Trimming of your two-hand Sword,

And let me have his Skin to make false Scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He had no Horns, Sir, had he?

(61) *Cap.* No, Sir, he's a Pollard;

What would'st thou do with Horns? 2 *Cit.* O, if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles of 'em; But his Shin-bones, if they be found, shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*!

Pbi. I thank you, Gentlemen; but why are these Rude Weapons brought abroad, to teach your Hands Uncivil Trades? *Cap.* My Royal *Rosclear*, We are thy Myrmidons, thy Guard, thy Roarers; And when thy noble Body is in Durance, Thus do we clap our musty Murrians on, And trace the Streets in Terror: Is it Peace, Thou *Mars* of Men; Is the King sociable, And bids thee live? Art thou above thy Foemen, And free as *Phæbus*? Speak; if not, this Stand Of Royal Blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run Even to the Lees of Honour.——

Pbi. Hold and be satisfied, I am myself Free as my Thoughts are; by the Gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty Darling of the King?

(61) *No, Sir, he's a Pollard;*] A Pollard, amongst *Gardiners*, is an old Tree which has been often lopp'd; but, amongst *Hunters*, a Stag, or Male-Deer, which has cast its Head, or Horns.

Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?
 Do the Lords bow, and the regarded Scarlets,
 Kiss the gum-gols, and cry, *we are your Servants*?
 Is the Court navigable, and the Presence stuck
 With Flags of Friendship? If not, we are thy Castle,
 And this Man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your Friend;
 I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Phi. Sir, there is some Humanity in you,
 You have a noble Soul, forget my Name,
 And know my Misery; set me safe aboard
 From these wild *Canibals*, and, as I live,
 I'll quit this Land for ever: There is nothing,
 (62) Perpetual Prisonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickness,
 All Dangers of all Sorts, and all together,
 The worst Company of the worst Men, Madness, Age,
 To be as many Creatures as a Woman;
 And do, as all they do; nay, to despair;
 But I would rather make it a new Nature,
 And live with all those, that endure one Hour
 Amongst these wild Dogs.

(62) *Perpetual Prisonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickness*

Of all sorts, all Dangers, and all together,] The misplacing
 the Words here has spoil'd the Measure of the Verse, and the Beauty
 of the *Climax*. It should have been,

———— ——— *Hunger, Sickness,*

All Dangers of all sorts, and all together,

The latter part of this Speech has great Difficulties in it; I cannot
 model it into a consistent Sense, tho' I have some Glimpse of a
 Meaning. I wish the old *Quarto's* may assist in clearing up the Ob-
 scurity. Mr. Seward.

As none of the old *Quarto's* come in to our Aid, we must try how
 far Explanation will go towards it.

To be as many Creatures as a Woman,

i. e. To be as fickle, variable, and changing:

And do as all they do;

i. e. make a Practise of Incontinency: For, as he thought, there
 were Proofs of the Princess being turn'd a Wanton, he on that Ac-
 count deems the whole Sex Prostitutes. After he has number'd up
 the worst States of Mankind, and wish'd himself as one of them, (as
 Mr. Seward observ'd to me) he carries it farther, and would choose
 to be of a Species below Human Nature; and live with such, rather
 than to endure one Hour amongst these wild Dogs.

Phi.

Phi. I do pity you: Friends, discharge your Fears,
Deliver me the Prince; I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my Safety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt you,
He's a fierce Man I can tell you, Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your Leave, I'll have a Sur-cingle,
And mail you like a Hawk. [He stirs.

Phi. Away, away, there is no Danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his Fit off.
Look you, Friends, how gently he leads; upon my Word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good, my Friends, go to your Houses, and by me have
Your Pardons, and my Love; —

And know, there shall be nothing in my Pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your Wishes.
To give you more Thanks, were to flatter you;
Continue still your Love, and for an Earnest
Drink this. *All.* Long maist thou live, brave Prince!
Brave Prince, brave Prince! [Exeunt *Phi.* and *Pha.*

Cap. Go thy ways; thou art the King of Courtesy:
Fall off again, my sweet Youths; come, and every Man
trace to his House again, and hang his Pewter up; then
to the Tavern, and bring your Wives in Muffs: We will
have Musick, and the red Grape shall make us dance,
and rise, Boys. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont,
Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?

(63) *Dion.* Sir, all is quiet as the Dead of Night,

(64) As peaceable as Sleep; my Lord *Philaster*
Brings on the Prince himself. *King.* Kind Gentleman!

(63) *Sir, all is quiet as this Dead of Night.*] There is no Hint of
the Scene being at Midnight; we must therefore read *the* Dead of
Night. Mr. Seward.

(64) — — — — — *My Lord Philaster*

Brings on the Prince himself. *King.* Kind Gentlemen!] It
is plain, that the King is speaking here of the Kindness of *Philaster*
in appeasing the People, and redeeming *Pharamond*; and not of the
Kindness of *Dion*, and the others present, who only inform'd him of
it. We must therefore read, *Gentleman.* Mr. Seward.

I will

I will not break the least Word I have giv'n
In Promise to him ; I have heap'd a World
Of Grief upon his Head, which yet, I hope,
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *King.* My Son!
Blest be the Time, that I have Leave to call
Such Virtue mine! Now thou art in mine Arms,
Methinks, I have a Salve unto my Breast
For all the Stings that dwell there; Streams of Grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of Joy
That I repent it, issue from mine Eyes:
Let them appease thee, take thy Right; take her,
She is thy Right too, and forget to urge
My vexed Soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my Memory,
Past and forgotten: For you, Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full Leave
To make an honourable Voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your Realm
With fair Provision, I do see a Lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you Company:
How like you this Piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and has found it worth
His princely Liking; we were ta'en a-bed,
I know your Meaning; I am not the first,
That Nature taught to seek a Fellow forth:
Can Shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes Salves
To cure ill Names, that meaner People want?

Phi. What mean you?

(65) *Meg.* You must get another Ship
To bear the Princess and the Boy together.

Dion. How now!

(65) ——— you must get another Ship

To clear the Princess and the Boy together.] Instead of *clear*,
I have substituted the Word that has the Sanction of all the old
Quarto's.

Meg.

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At That all Women may be ta'en sometimes:
Ship us all four, my Lord, we can endure
Weather and Wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for Father.

Are. This Earth, how false it is! what Means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your Belief.
My Lords, believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. O stop your Ears, great King, that I may speak
As Freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her Actions: Hear me, Sir,
Believe your heated Blood when it rebels
Against your Reason, sooner than this Lady.

Meg. By this good Light, he bears it handsomly.

Phi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the Wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing; believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her Words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But Death? *King.* Forget her, Sir, since all is knit
Between us: But I must request of you
(66) One Favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command whate'er it be. *King.* Swear to be true
To what you promise. *Phi.* By the Pow'rs above,
Let it not be the Death of her or him,
And it is granted. *King.* Bear away the Boy
To Torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. O, let me call my Words back, worthy Sir;
Ask something else, bury my Life and Right
In one poor Grave, but do not take away
My Life and Fame at once.

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your Eyes on me, here stands a Man
The falsest and the basest of this World:
Set Swords against this Breast, some honest Man,

(66) ———— *And will sadly be denied.*] i. e. shall be very sorry
to be denied.

For I have liv'd till I am pitied.
 My former Deeds were hateful, but this last
 Is pitiful ; for I unwillingly
 Have given the dear Preserver of my Life
 Unto his Torture: Is it in the Pow'r

[*Offers to kill himself.*

Of Flesh and Blood to carry this, and live?

Are. (67) Dear Sir, be patient yet ; Oh, stay that Hand.
King. Sirs, strip that Boy.

Dion. Come, Sir, your tender Flesh will try your
 Constancy.

Bel. O kill me, Gentlemen. *Dion.* No, help, Sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Hasten there, why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my Vow,

You know, just Gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says. *King.* Speak then.

Bel. Great King, if you command

This Lord to talk with me alone, my Tongue,
 Urg'd by my Heart, shall utter all the Thoughts
 My Youth hath known, and stranger Things than these
 You hear not often. *King.* Walk aside with him.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this Face, my Lord?

Dion. No. *Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
 I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told
 In Court of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady,
 And Daughter to you ; betwixt whom and me
 They, that would flatter my bad Face, would swear
 There was such strange Resemblance, that we two
 Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

Dion. By Heav'n, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair Sake,

Who now doth spend the Spring-time of her Life

• In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,

(67) *Dear Sir, be patient yet ; or stay that Hand.*] I have reform'd
 the Text, from the Authority of the old *Quarto's*: and the ingenious
 Mr. *Seward* prescrib'd the same Emendation.

That

That I may 'scape this Torture. *Dion.* But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia*, as thou dost look.

How came it to thy Knowledge that she lives
In Pilgrimage? *Bel.* I know it not, my Lord.
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my Shame, is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee; art thou she?
Or else her Murderer? Where wert thou born?

Bel. In *Siracusa*. *Dion.* What's thy Name?

Bel. *Euphrasia*.

Dion. 'Tis just, 'tis she now, I do know thee; Oh
That thou hadst died, and I had never seen
Thee nor my Shame. How shall I own thee? Shall
This Tongue of mine e'er call thee Daughter more?

Bel. 'Would, I had died, indeed, I wish it too;
And so I must have done by Vow; e'er publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer; yet I joy in this,
The Princess is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Dion. All is discover'd. *Pbi.* Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself*

All is discover'd; pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him. *Are.* What is discover'd?

Dion. Why, my Shame;

It is a Woman, let her speak the rest.

Pbi. How! that again. *Dion.* It is a Woman.

Pbi. Blest be you Pow'rs that favour Innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Pbi. It is a Woman, Sir; hark, Gentlemen!

It is a Woman. *Arethusa*, take
My Soul into thy Breast, that would be gone
With Joy: It is a Woman, — thou art fair,
And virtuous still to Ages, 'spight of Malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his Shame?

Bel. I am his Daughter.

Pbi. The Gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none, but before you two,
The Virtue of our Age, I bend my Knee
For Mercy. *Pbi.* Take it freely; for, I know,

Though

Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
 'Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,
 I have a Pow'r to pardon Sins as oft
 As any Man has Pow'r to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy. *Pbi.* But, *Bellario*,
 (For I must call thee still so) tell me, why
 Thou didst conceal thy Sex; it was a Fault;
 A Fault, *Bellario*, though thy other Deeds
 Of Truth outweigh'd it: All these Jealousies
 Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd,
 What now we know.

(68) *Bel.* My Father oft would speak
 Your Worth and Virtue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the Man so prais'd; but yet all this
 Was but a Maiden-longing, to be lost
 As soon as found; till sitting in my Window,
 Printing my Thoughts in Lawn, I saw a God,
 I thought (but it was you) enter our Gates;
 My Blood flew out, and back again as fast,
 As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
 Like Breath, then was I call'd away in haste
 To entertain you. Never was a Man,
 Heav'd from a Sheep-cote to a Scepter, rais'd
 So high in Thoughts as I; you left a Kiss
 Upon these Lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever; I did hear you talk,
 Far above Singing; after you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my Heart, and search'd
 What stir'd it so: Alas! I found it Love;
 Yet far from Lust, for could I have but liv'd
 In Presence of you, I had had my End;

(68) ———— *My Father oft would speak, &c.]* The Beauty, the Innocence, of *Euphrasia's* Character is finely depicted in this Narration from her own Mouth. Our Poets, when they intended it, seldom fail'd in the Art of moving the Passions. The young Lady, from her Father's Encomiums first, had fall'n in Love with *Philaster*; tho' she knew, that she could have no Pretensions to his Bed. But as her next, and only, Happiness was to live in his Sight, she disguis'd her Sex, and enter'd into his Service. Her Resolution, and Vow, never to marry any other, is a fine Heightning of her Character.

For

For this I did delude my noble Father
 With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
 In Habit of a Boy; and, for I knew
 My Birth no Match for you, I was past Hope
 Of having you: and understanding well
 That when I made Discovery of my Sex,
 I could not stay with you; I made a Vow,
 By all the most religious Things a Maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was Hope to hide me from Mens Eyes,
 For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
 Abide with you; then fate I by the Fount,
 Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a Match
 Within our Kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
 And I will pay thy Dowry; and thyself
 Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, Sir, will I
 Marry, it is a Thing within my Vow;
 But if I may have Leave to serve the Princess,
 To see the Virtues of her Lord and her,
 I shall have Hope to live. *Are.* And I, *Philaster*
 Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
 Dress'd like a Page to serve you, nor will I
 Suspect her living here: Come, live with me,
 Live free, as I do; she that loves my Lord,
 Curst be the Wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve, such Virtues should be laid in Earth
 Without an Heir. Hear me, my royal Father,
 Wrong not the Freedom of our Souls so much,
 To think to take Revenge of that base Woman;
 Her Malice cannot hurt us; set her free
 As she was born, saving from Shame and Sin.

King. Set her at Liberty, but leave the Court,
 This is no Place for such: You, *Pharamond*,
 Shall have free Passage, and a Conduct home
 Worthy so great a Prince; when you come there,
 Remember, 'twas your Faults that lost you her,
 And not my purpos'd Will. *Pha.* I do confess,
 Renowned Sir.

King.

King. Last, join your Hands in one. Enjoy, *Philaster,*
This Kingdom which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine; my Blessing on you!
All happy Hours be at your Marriage-Joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all Lands,
And live to see your plenteous Branches spring
Where-ever there is Sun! — Let Princes learn
By this to rule the Passions of their Blood,
For, What Heav'n wills, can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





A K I N G,

A N D

N O K I N G.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Arbaces, *King of Iberia.*

Tigranes, *King of Armenia.*

Gobrias, *Lord Protector, and Father of Arbaces.*

Bacurius, *another Lord.*

Mardonius, }
Bessus, } *Two Captains,*

Ligones, *Father of Spaconia.*

Arane, *the Queen's Mother.*

Panthea, *her Daughter.*

Spaconia, *a Lady, Daughter of Ligones.*

Mandane, *a Waiting-woman; and other Attendants.*

Two Gentlemen.

Three Men and a Woman.

Philip, *a Servant, and two Citizens Wives.*

A Messenger.

A Servant to Bacurius.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

SCENE, *on the Frontiers of Armenia; and, afterwards, in the Metropolis of Iberia.*

A KING



A KING, and No KING.

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

Enter Mardonius and (1) Bessus.

MARDONIUS.

BESSUS, the King has made a fair Hand on't, he has ended the Wars at a Blow; 'Would my Sword had a close Basket Hilt to hold Wine, and the Blade would make Knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We, that are Commanders, shall do well enough.

Mar. 'Faith, *Bessus*, such Commanders as thou may; I had as lieve set thee Perdue for a Pudding i' th' Dark, as *Alexander* the Great.

Bes. I love these Jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think, thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling; *Bessus*, I'll say so much i' thy Behalf; and yet thou'rt

(1) The Character of *Bessus*, I think, must be allow'd in general a fine Copy from SHAKESPEARE's inimitable *Falstaffe*. He is a Coward, yet would fain set up for a Hero; Ostentatious, without any Grain of Merit to support his Vain glory; A Lyar throughout, to exalt his assumed Qualifications; and lewd, without any Countenance from the Ladies to give him an Umbrage for it. As to his *Wit* and *Humour*, the Precedence must certainly be adjudg'd to *Falstaffe*, the great Original.

valiant enough upon a Retreat; I think, thou wouldst kill any Man that itop'd thee, if thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave Combate, *Mardonius*?

Mar. Why, didst thou see't?

Bes. You stood wi' me.

Mar. I did so; but, methought, thou wink'dst every Blow they struck.

Bes. Well, I believe, there are better Soldiers than I, that never saw two Princes fight in Lists.

Mar. By my Troth, I think so too, *Bessus*, many a Thousand; but, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the Wars: I'm glad, thou dar'st talk of such dangerous Busineses.

Bes. To take a Prince Prisoner in the Heart of's own Country in single Combat.

Mar. See, how thy Blood curdles at this; I think, thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this Passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly? *Mar.* Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for't.

Mar. Hum! no Venture neither, good *Bessus*.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver Piece of Service than that I'm so fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any Valour?

Bes. I fam'd! Ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't; I have been with thee e'er since thou cam'st to th' Wars, and this is the first Word that ever I heard on't; prithee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian World.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my Conscience; thou deserv'dst it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good Service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a Man in's Chamber, or thy Agility in shifting a Trencher; but, otherwise, no Service, good *Bessus*.

Bes. You saw me do the Service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the Place vanish'd?

Bes.

Bes. At *Bessus*' desp'rate Redemption.

Mar. At *Bessus*' desp'rate Redemption, where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the Day; the Place bears my Name.

Mar. Pray thee, who christened it?

Bes. The Soldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily dispos'd Man, what would become of thee? One, that had but a Grain of Choler in the whole Composition of his Body, would send thee of an Errand to the Worms for putting thy Name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there i' th' Head o' th' Troops with a Truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy Company, when we should charge the Enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, *Bessus*, I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came I not up when the Day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou mean'dst to fly, and, thy Fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the Enemy, and a hot Charge thou gav'st; as I'll do thee Right, thou art furious in running away, and, I think, we owe thy Fear for our Victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always and run away upon th' Enemy, thou shouldst be General, by this Light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such Words, dear *Bessus*; for though I have ever known thee a Coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, come, our King's a brave Fellow.

Mar. He is so, *Bessus*; I wonder how thou cam'st to know it. But if thou wert a Man of Understanding I would tell thee, (2) he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and

(2) *He is vain-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry, and dull, and joyful, and sorrowful, in Extremity in an Hour:* } *Mardonius* here has very exactly decypher'd the Character of the King. The slight Variation that I have made in the pointing. I think, gives us the Meaning of the Poets; *viz.* that *Arbaces* displays the Contrast of all his Passions, to their utmost pitch, in the compass of an Hour.

and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in Extremity, in an Hour: Do not think me thy Friend for this, for, if I car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, *Bessus*. Here he is with his Prey in his Foot.

Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and two Gentlemen.

Arb. Thy Sadness, brave *Tigranes*, takes away
From my full Victory: Am I become
Of so small Fame, that any Man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They, that plac'd me here,
Intended it an Honour large enough,
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the Day.
What should afflict you? you're as free as I;
To be my Prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly; and never think,
The Man, I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be us'd servilely: Thy Ransom is
To take my only Sister to thy Wife.
A heavy one, *Tigranes*, for she is
A Lady, that the Neighbour Princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, *Tigranes*; she but nine Years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since; your Wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a Youth,
The way to Victory; she was a pretty Child,
Then I was little better; but now Fame

For, as *Mardonius* afterwards says of him, this Comment is confirm'd;

I never saw such suddain Extremities.

I ought to subjoin Mr. *Seward's* Defence of this Play. — “Mr. *Rhymer* flings the most virulent of all his Invectives against *Othello* and
“*Arbaces*, falsely deeming all the Faults of those Characters to be so
“many Charges against the Poets; whereas their Intent was not to
“paint *Perfection* but *Human Nature*, to blend the *Virtues* and *Vices*
“together, so that both may spring from the same *Temper*, and, like
“handsom and ill-favour'd Children, both still bear a *Resemblance* to their
“Sire. To do this well is one of the highest Efforts of Poetry. *Ar-*
“*baces*, like his great Pattern *Achilles*, has *Virtues* and *Vices* in the Ex-
“treme. His *Violence* makes us expect some dreadful Effect, and it
“therefore soon hurries him into an Attempt to commit *Incest*. He is
“to raise *Terror* and *Anger*, not *Pity* and *Love*; and Mr. *Rhymer* hav-
“ing the same *Choler* in his *Temper*, ridiculously took fire, and fu-
“riously attack'd his own *Shadow*.”

Cries

Cries loudly on her, and my Messengers
Make me believe, she is a Miracle ;
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a Stroke
But of her Eye, *Tigranes*. *Tigr*. Is't the Course of
Iberia to use their Prisoners thus?

Had Fortune thrown my Name above *Arbaces*,
I should not thus have talk'd, Sir: In *Armenia*,
We hold it base: You should have kept your Temper
Till you saw Home again, where 'tis the Fashion,
Perhaps, to brag. *Arb*. Be you my Witness, Earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this Captive Prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the Acts

That I have wrought upon his suffering Land?
Should I then boast! where lies that Foot of Ground
Within his whole Realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering; far then from me
Be Ostentation. I could tell the World

How I have laid his Kingdom desolate
By this sole Arm, prop'd by Divinity;
Stript him out of his Glories, and have sent
The Pride of all his Youth to people Graves;
And made his Virgins languish for their Loves,
If I would brag. Should I, that have the Pow'r
To teach the neighbour World Humility,
Mix with Vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none. [*Aside*.

Arb. *Tigranes*, — no, did I but take Delight
To stretch my Deeds as others do, on Words,
I could amaze my Hearers. *Mar*. So you do.

Arb. (3) But he shall wrong his and my Modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: After an Act
Fit for a God to do upon his Foe,
A little Glory in a Soldier's Mouth

(3) *But he shall wrong his and my Modesty,*

That thinks me apt to boast after any Act

Fit for a good Man to do upon his Foe,] The Measure, the

Pointing, and the Sense, are all defective here. I have restor'd all
three from the Authority of the *Quarto's* in 1619, and 1676.

Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity, that Valour should be thus drunk.

[*Aside.*]

Arb. I offer you my Sister, and you answer,
I do insult: A Lady that no Suit,
Nor Treasure, nor thy Crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;
But that you think to over-grace me with
The Marriage of your Sister, troubles me,
I would give Worlds for Ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her. *Arb.* See, if I insult,
That am the Conqueror, and for a Ransom
Offer rich Treasure to the Conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his Scorn:
It cannot be Self-Flattery to say,
The Daughters of your Country, set by her,
Would see their Shame, run home and blush to Death,
At their own Foulness; yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful, those Words express her not;
They say, her Looks have something excellent,
That wants a Name: Yet were she odious,
Her Birth deserves the Empire of the World,
Sister to such a Brother; that hath ta'en
Victory Prisoner, and throughout the Earth
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him; Nature did her Wrong,
To print continual Conquest on her Cheeks,
And make no Man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me, but you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy Valour and thy Pas-
sions sever'd, would have made two excellent Fellows in
their kinds: I know not, whether I should be sorry thou
art so valiant, or so passionate; 'wou'd, one of 'em were
away!

[*Aside.*]

Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her Worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought,
So perfect, that no one of her own Sex

Could

Could find a Want; (4) Were she so tempting fair,
 That she could wish it off, for damning Souls;
 I would pay any Ransom, twenty Lives,
 Rather than meet her married in my Bed.
 Perhaps, I have a Love, where I have fix'd
 Mine Eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me;
 I am not fickle. *Arb.* Is that all the Cause?
 Think you, you can so knit yourself in Love
 To any other, that her searching Sight
 Cannot dissolve it? So, before you try'd,
 You thought yourself a Match for me in Fight:
 Trust me, *Tigranes*, she can do as much
 In Peace, as I in War; she'll conquer too;
 You shall see, (5) if you have the Pow'r to stand
 The Force of her swift Looks. If you dislike,
 I'll send you home with Love, and name your Ransom
 Some other way; but if she be your Choice,
 She frees you: To *Iberia* you must.

(4) ————— *were she so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, for damning Souls;] This Passage is
 so obscure in the Expression, that, I believe, it will want a short Com-
 ment to the Generality of Readers. The Authors mean " Were she
 " so temptingly fair, that she could wish to be less beautiful, for
 " Fear of damning Souls, in their coveting to enjoy her Charms; &c.
 So, SHAKESPEARE in his *Othello*;

A Fellow almost damn'd in a fair Wife.
i. e. grown so uxorious through the Attractions of her Beauty, as to
 neglect all his Duty towards Heaven, and consequently incur the Dan-
 ger of Damnation. This Sentiment is explain'd in another Passage of
 that immortal Author, in his *Merchant of Venice*.

————— *it is very meet,*
The Lord Bassanio live an upright Life.
For, having such a Blessing in his Lady,
He finds the Joys of Heaven here on Earth;
And if on Earth he do not merit it,
In Reason he should never come to Heav'n.

(5) ————— *if you have the Pow'r to stand* "
The Force of her swift Looks.] Both Mr. Seward and Mr. Symp-
 son chuse to adopt the Epithet, *sweet*. I have not ventur'd to alter
 the Text; because, I think, the Word *swift* is more consonant to
Force, *i. e.* the Power of her *keen, pointed* Glances; as *Arbaces* speaks
 of her a little above;

She'll make you sprink, as I did, with a Stroke
But of her Eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a Prisoner's Sufferance,
And will obey; but give me Leave to talk
In private with some Friends before I go.

Arb. Some do await him forth, and see him safe,
But let him freely fend for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his Conference;
I will not have him know what Bondage is,

[*Exit Tigranes.*

'Till he be free from me. This Prince, *Mardonius*,
Is full of Wisdom, Valour, all the Graces
Man can receive. *Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have don't,
Hadst thou join'd with him, though thy Name in Arms
Be great; must all Men, that are virtuous,
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquered him, and bravely, did I not?

Bef. An please your Majesty, I was afraid at first,——

Mar. When wert thou other? *Arb.* Of what?

Bef. That you would not have spy'd your best Ad-
vantage; for your Majesty, in my Opinion, lay too
high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain
thus.

Mar. Like a Tailor at a Wake.

Bef. And then, if't please your Majesty to remember,
at one Time, by my troth, I wish'd myself wi'you.

Mar. By my troth, thou would'st ha' stunk 'em both
out o'th' Lifts.

Arb. What to do?

Bef. To put your Majesty in mind of an Occasion; you
lay thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a Blow at your Leg, which
you, by doing thus, avoided; but if you had whip'd up
your Leg thus, and reach'd him on the Ear, you had
made the Blood-Royal run down his Head.

Mar. What Country Fence-School did'st thou learn
that at?

Arb. Pish! did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

Arb. Talk'd enough?

Will you confine my Words? By Heav'n and Earth,
I were much better be a King of Beasts

Than

Than such a People: If I had not Patience
Above a God, I should be call'd a Tyrant
Throughout the World. They will offend to Death
Each Minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art Earth again: Why, this is like
Tigranes' Speech, that needs would say, I brag'd.
Bessus, he said, I brag'd. *Bes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?

By all the World, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own Subjects: Tie me to a Chair,
And jeast at me; but I shall make a Start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty; who will answer me?
He said, I boasted; speak, *Mardonius*,
Did I? He will not answer. O my Temper!
I give you Thanks above, that taught my Heart
Patience, I can endure his Silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me Answer? Am I grown
To such a poor Respect, or do you mean
To break my Wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else by Heav'n, — *i Gent.* So please your —

Arb. Monstrous,

I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,
As if I were too faucy. I will live
In Woods, and talk to Trees, they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest Subject
Can find a Freedom to discharge his Soul,
And not I; now it is a Time to speak;
I hearken. *i Gent.* May it please —

Arb. I mean not you,

Did not I stop you once? (6) but I am grown

To

(6) ————— *but I am grown*

To balk, but I desie, let another speak.] The flagrant Non-
sense of this Passage made me look upon it as one of the *Loci despe-*
rati in our Authors; and irretrievable by Conjecture, as none of the
Copies lend the least Light to clear it up. If I have made some to-
lerable Emendations thro' the Work, I would give the Merit of them
all up, to have been the Master of that Correction which the Saga-
city of Mr. *Scward* has shewn in restoring the undisputed Sense of our
Authors.

To talk but idly ; let another speak.

2 *Gent.* I hope your Majesty ———

Arb. Thou draw'ft thy Words,
That I muſt wait an Hour, where other Men
Can hear in Inſtants ; throw your Words away,
Quick, and to purpoſe ; I have told you this.

Beſ. An pleaſe your Majesty, ———

Arb. Wilt thou devour me ? this is ſuch a Rudeneſs
As yet you never ſhew'd me, and I want
Pow'r to command too, elſe *Mardonius*
Would ſpeak at my Requeſt ; were you my King,
I would have answer'd at your Word, *Mardonius* ;
I pray you ſpeak, and truly, did I boaſt ?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great Care

————— *but I am grown*

To talk but idly ; *i. e.* neither to be attended to, nor obey'd.
I am proud here to ſubjoin the Gentleman's Note.

“ As it may be ſome Entertainment to the curious Reader to ſee
“ an humble Critick poring in the Dark, if he by that means has at
“ laſt open'd the Door to Day-light, I will give the Proceſs of this
“ Emendation. Every one muſt ſee, that the Text, as it ſtood, was
“ abſolutely Nonſenſe : and Mr. *Theobald* inform'd me, that it has
“ ſtood ſo through all the Editions : and, not having hit upon any
“ Emendation himſelf, he had look'd upon it as one of the *Loci deſ-*
“ *perati* of our Authors. It is eaſy to obſerve, that the Senſe re-
“ quired muſt be either, *that I am grown not to have what I ſay ob-*
“ *ſerv'd* : or, *to have my Will contradicted in every thing*. I had
“ advanc'd ſeveral Conjeſtures, but they departed too much from the
“ Traces of the Letters. In rejeſting them, therefore, I obſerv'd,
“ that had any of them been clear, as to the Senſe ; yet they made
“ a Syllable too much in the Verſe. Nothing is ſo great an Aſſiſtance
“ in retrieving the Senſe, as a due Attendance to the Metre ; for a
“ redundant Syllable having crept into the former Reading, one may
“ eaſily ſee that it moſt probably was in the Words ; *I deſie*, that be-
“ ing evidently a Corruption. The Word, therefore, that I have hit
“ upon, gives the full Idea required ; and ſuppoſe, *deſie*, to have been
“ written with a final *y* inſtead of *ie*, it drops only one Vowel, and
“ changes an *f* into an *l*.”

Mr. Seward.

In ſupport of this beautiful Emendation, I will obſerve, that the
King, in the next Page, inculcates the ſame Meaning, tho' in different
Words.

————— *Why, here they ſtand like Death ;*
My Words move nothing.

What

What will offend me, when you dare to utter
Such Things as these.

Mar. You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,
With that sole Arm prop'd by Divinity:
Was not that Bragging, and a Wrong to us,
That daily ventur'd Lives?

Arb. O that thy Name
Were great as mine! 'would, I had paid my Wealth,
It were as great, that I might combate thee!
I would, through all the Regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, wi' my Sword
Drive thee about the World, 'till I had met
Some Place that yet Man's Curiosity
Hath mis'd of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of Mankind; such Funeral Rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bef. The King
Rages extreamly, shall we sink away?
He'll strike us. 2 *Gent.* Content.

Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole Arm.
I grant, you were my Instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but 'twas this Arm
Mov'd you like Wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd.
Whither slip you now? what, are you too good
To wait on me, Puffe? I had need have Temper,
That rule such People; I have nothing left
At my own Choice; I would, I might be private:
Mean Men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our Curse,
To have a Tumult that out of their Loves
Will wait on us, whether we will or no;
Will you be gone? Why, here they stand like Death,
My Words move nothing. 1 *Gent.* Must we go?

Bef. I know not.

Arb. I pray you, leave me, Sirs; I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my Sight:

[*Exeunt all but Arb. and Mar.*

Why, now they leave me all: *Mardonius* — *Mar.* Sir.

Arb. What, will you leave me quite alone? methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this;
If I were but your Friend, — Stay here, and wait.

Mar.

Mar. Sir, shall I speak?

Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat
What I would have: Do, speak.

Mar. But will you hear me out?

Arb. You article with me, to talk thus: Well,
I'll hear you out. *Mar.* Sir, that I have ever lov'd you,
My Sword hath spoken for me; that I do,
If it be doubted, I dare call an Oath,
A great one to my Witness; and were you not
My King, from amongst Men, I should have chose
You out to love above the rest; nor can
This challenge Thanks; for my own sake I should have
Done it, because I would have lov'd the most
Deserving Man; for so you are.

Arb. Alas! *Mardonius*, rise, you shall not kneel;
We all are Soldiers, and all venture Lives:
And where there is no Difference in Mens Worths,
Titles are Jaests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast lov'd me, and hast Wrong;
Thy Love is not rewarded; but believe,
It shall be better; more than Friend in Arms,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

Mar. Sir, you did promise, you would hear me out.

Arb. And so I will; speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy Things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this Worth, you hold some
Qualities
That do eclipse your Virtues.

Arb. Eclipse my Virtues? *Mar.* Yes, your Passions;
Which are so manifold, that they appear even in this:
When I commend you, you hug me for that Truth;
But when I speak your Faults, you make a Start,
(7) And fly the Hearing out.

Arb. When you commend me? O, that I should live
To need such Commendations! If my Deeds

(7) *And fly the Hearing* but.] This Particle seems to have no Right
to stand here; we must, to make Sense, substitute *out* in its Place.

Mr. *Symphon*.

And so I had corrected the Passage long ago.

Blew

Blew not my Praise themselves about the Earth,
I were most wretched: Spare your idle Praise:
If thou did'st mean to flatter, and should'st utter
Words in my Praise, that thou thought'st Impudence,
My Deeds should make 'em modest: When you praise,
I hug you? 'tis so false, that wert thou worthy
Thou should'st receive a Death, a glorious Death
From me: but thou shalt understand thy Lyes,
For should'st thou praise me into Heav'n, and there
Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee then
As much as now, which is as much as Dust,
Because I see thy Envy.

Mar. However you will use me after, yet for your own
Promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the Winds,
For they shall lend as large an Ear as I
To what you utter: Speak.

Mar. Would you but leave these hasty Tempers, which
I do not say take from you all your Worth,
(8) But darken it, then you will shine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep some Passions, lest
Men should take you for a God, your Virtues are such.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never understood the Word. Were you no
King, and free from these Moods, should I chuse a
Companion for Wit and Pleasure, it should be you; or
for Honesty to enterchange my Bosom with, it should be
you; or Wisdom to give me Counsel, I would pick out
you; or Valour to defend my Reputation, still I should
find out you; for you are fit to fight for all the World,
if it could come in Question: Now I have spoke, consider
to yourself, find out a Use; if so, then what shall fall to
me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? more than ten such Lives
As mine, *Mardonius*: It was nobly said,
Thou hast spoke Truth, and boldly such a Truth

(8) *which I do not say take from you all your Worth, but darken 'em,*]
Worth being a Substantive of the Singular Number, we must certainly
read *it*, instead of 'em.

Mr. Symphon.

As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle, thou shalt see
A swift Amendment, but I want those Parts
You praise me for: I fight for all the World?

(9) Give thee a Sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in Years,
I know, thou dar'st and wilt; it troubles me
That I should use so rough a Phrase to thee,
Impute it to my Folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me: that thou and I
Should differ thus! *Mar.* Why, 'tis no matter, Sir.

Arb. Faith, but it is; but thou dost ever take
All things I do, thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with Love,
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: Pray thee, tell me
Where had'st thou that same Jewel in thine Ear?

Mar. Why, at the taking of a Town.

Arb. A Wench, upon my Life, a Wench, *Mardonius*,
gave thee that Jewel.

Mar. Wench! they respect not me, I'm old and
rough, and every Limb about me, but that which should,
grows stiffer; i'those Businesses, I may swear, I am truly
honest: For I pay justly for what I take, and would be
glad to be at a Certainty.

Arb. Why, do the Wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this Light, do they.

Arb. Did'st thou sit at an old Rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. Ay, ten Shillings to me, every new young Fellow
they come acquainted with.

Arb. How can'st live on't?

Mar. Why, I think, I must petition you.

Arb. Thou shalt take them up at my Price.

(9) Give me a Sword, and thou wilt go as far

Beyond me,] The whole Turn of the Sentence plainly requires
an Alteration of *Me* into *Thee*, as Mr. *Seward* pointed out to me;
and his Conjecture is authoriz'd by the three *Quarto's* in 1619, 1631,
and 1676.

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen, and Bessus.

Mar. Your Price? *Arb.* Ay, the King's Price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 Gent. Is he not merry now?

1 Gent. I think not.

Bes. He is, he is: we'll shew ourselves.

Arb. Bessus, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I bad you haste; *Gobrias* will want Entertainment for me.

Bes. An please your Majesty, I have a Suite.

Arb. Is't not lousy, *Bessus,* what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a Lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two Suites.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Panthea* your Majesty's Sister, to learn Fashions, as her Friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many Nights' Lodgings as 'tis thither, will't not?

Bes. I know not that, Sir, but Gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable Question, and yet, I think, thou can't decide it.

Bes. Your Majesty has a good Opinion of my Understanding.

Arb. I have so good an Opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you see this Sword, Sir?

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my Back-biters eat it to a Knife within this Week, say, I am not valiant:

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your Majesty!

Arb. From *Gobrias*? *Mes.* Yes, Sir.

Arb. How does he, is he well?

Mes. In perfect Health.

Arb. Take that for thy good News. A trustier Servant to his Prince there lives not, than is good *Gobrias*.

1 *Gent.* The King starts back.

Mar. His Blood goes back as fast.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The Hand of Heaven is on me; be it far
From me to struggle! (10) If my secret Sins
Have pull'd this Curse upon me, lend me Tears
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel
A Child-like Innocence within my Breast;
Which once perform'd, O give me Leave to stand
As fix'd as Constancy herself; my Eyes
Set here unmov'd, regardless of the World,
Though thousand Miseries incompass me.

Mar. This is strange, Sir, how do you?

Arb. *Mardonius*, my Mother — *Mar.* Is she dead?

Arb. Alas, she's not so happy; thou dost know
How she hath laboured, since my Father died,
To take by Treason hence this loathed Life,
That wou'd but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new Sins, not repent the old:
(11) She now had hired a Slave to come from thence,
And strike me here, whom *Gobrias*, sitting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'st Servant! Heav'n, let me but live
To pay that Man; Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many Deaths
As are the Times that he hath sav'd my Life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her Sins on her own Head;

(10) ————— if my secret Sins

Have pull'd this Curse upon me, lend me Tears

Now to wash me white, that I may feel]

The Defect of the Metre at the beginning of the third Verse plainly demonstrates a Defect in the Sense. I have restor'd the true Reading from the oldest Quarto in 1619.

(11) *She now had stirr'd a Slave to come from thence.*

And strike me here;] *Stirr'd* is not absolute Nonsense, because it may signify, *moved, prevail'd upon, egg'd on* to do a thing; but as *hired* is authoriz'd by the oldest Quarto, I have adopted it as the more eligible and easy Word.

Vex not yourself. *Arb.* What will the World
Conceive of me? with what unnatural Sins
Will they suppose me loaden, when my Life
Is fought by her, that gave it to the World?
But yet he writes me Comfort here; my Sister,
He says, is grown in Beauty and in Grace,
In all the innocent Virtues that become
A tender spotless Maid: (12) she stains her Cheeks
With mourning Tears, to purge her Mother's Ill,
And 'mongst that sacred Dew she mingles Pray'rs,
Her pure Oblations, for my safe Return.
If I have lost the Duty of a Son,
If any Pomp or Vanity of State
Made me forget my Natural Offices;
Nay, farther, if I have not every Night
Expostulated with my wand'ring Thoughts,
If aught unto my Parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back: (13) Do you direct her Arm
Unto this foul dissembling Heart of mine:
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your Pow'r to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching Treason; I will use no Means,
But Prayer: for rather suffer me to see
From mine own Veins issue a deadly Flood,
Than wash my Danger off with Mother's Blood.

Mar. I never saw such sudden Extremities. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why? wilt thou have me die, *Spaconia*,
What should I do? *Spa.* Nay, let me stay alone,

(12) ————— *she stains her Cheeks*

With morning Tears, to purge her Mother's Ill;] But why
morning Tears? Are they more effective and prevalent than those
shed in the *Evening*, or at *Midnight*? The ingenious *Mr. Sympson*,
prescrib'd *mourning* to me, i. e. *Tears of real Grief*: And his Con-
jecture is supported by the three *Quarto's* in 1619, 1631, and 1676.

(13) ————— *Do you direct her Arm*

Unto this foul dissembling Heart of mine.] Who is to direct her
Arm? The Gods, I suppose, must be meant; but they are neither
invoked, nor mention'd. This is a bold *Elleipsis*; but yet not infre-
quent with our Poets.

Mr. Sympson.

And when you see *Armenia* again,
 You shall behold a Tomb more worth than I;
 Some Friend, that either loves me or my Cause,
 Will build me something to distinguish me
 From other Women; many a weeping Verse
 He will lay on, and much lament those Maids,
 That plac'd their Loves unfortunately high,
 As I have done, where they can never reach.
 But why should you go to *Iberia*?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! ask the Man,
 That rages in a Fever, why he lies
 Distemper'd there, when all the other Youths
 Are coursing o'er the Meadows with their Loves?
 Can I resist it? am I not a Slave
 To him that conquer'd me? *Spa.* That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
 Thy Body; but thy Mind may be as free
 As his; his Will did never combat thine,
 And take it Prisoner. *Tigr.* But if he by Force
 Convey my Body hence, what helps it me,
 Or thee, to be unwilling? *Spa.* O *Tigranes*,
 I know, you are to see a Lady there,
 To see, and like, I fear: perhaps, the Hope
 Of her makes you forget me, e'er we part;
 Be happier than you know to wish; farewell!

Tigr. *Spaconia*, stay, and hear me what I say.
 In short, Destruction meet me that I may
 See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
 To be thy faithful Lover! part with me
 Thou shalt not, there are none that know our Love;
 And I have given Gold unto a Captain,
 That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,
 That he will place a Lady of our Land
 With the King's Sister that is offer'd me;
 Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
 Persuade her by what subtle Means you can
 To be as backward in her Love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing Maid,
 When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
 With Words from loving you?

Tigr.

Tigr. Dispraise my Health,
My Honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather lose you: Can my Heart
Consent to let my Tongue throw out such Words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a Thing at first to lie.

Tigr. Yet do thy best.

Enter Bessius.

Bes. What, is your Majesty ready?

Tigr. There is the Lady, Captain.

Bes. Sweet Lady, by your Leave; I could wish myself
more full of Courtship for your fair Sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall feel no Want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have receiv'd new Let-
ters from the King, that require more Haste than I ex-
pected; he will follow me suddenly himself, and begins to
call for your Majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet Lady, shall I call you my *Charge* hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your Tongue;
Sir, you shall call me what you please.

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

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane,
Waiting-women with Attendants.*

G O B R I A S.

MY Lord *Bacurius*, you must have Regard
Unto the Queen, she is your Prisoner;
'Tis at your Peril, if she make Escape.

Bac. My Lord, I know't, she is my Prisoner,
From you committed; yet she is a Woman;
And so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close, I shall not shame to say
I sorrow for her. *Gob.* So do I, my Lord;

I sorrow for her, that so little Grace
 Doth govern her; that she should stretch her Arm
 Against her King; so little Womanhood
 And natural Goodness, as to think the Death
 Of her own Son. *Ara.* Thou know'st the Reason why,
 Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

Gob. There is a Lady takes not after you,
 Her Father is within her; that good Man,
 Whose Tears weigh'd down his Sins. Mark, how she
 How well it does become her; and if you [weeps,
 Can find no Disposition in yourself
 To Sorrow, yet by Gracefulness in her
 Find out the way, and by your Reason weep:
 All this she does for you, and more she needs,
 When for yourself you will not lose a Tear;
 Think, how this Want of Grief discredits you.
 And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a Time
 Fit for your Purpose; but you know, I know
 You speak not what you think. *Pan.* I would my Heart
 Were Stone, before my Softness should be urg'd
 Against my Mother! A more troubled Thought
 No Virgin bears about; should I excuse
 My Mother's Fault, I should set light a Life,
 In losing which a Brother and a King
 Were taken from me; if I seek to save
 That Life so lov'd, I lose another Life
 That gave me Being; I shall lose a Mother;
 A Word of such a Sound in a Child's Ears,
 That it strikes Reverence through it; May the Will
 Of Heav'n be done, and if One needs must fall,
 Take a poor Virgin's Life to answer all!

Ara. But, *Gobrias*, let us talk; you know, this Fault
 Is not in me as in another Mother.

Gob. I know, it is not. *Ara.* Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your Help?

Ara. I know, it is.

Gob. Nay, should you publish it before the World,
 Think you, 'twould be believ'd?

Ara. I know, it would not.

Nay,

(14) *Gob.* Nay, should I join wi' you, should we both be
Yet should we not both die uncredited? [sworn,

Ara. I think, we should.

Gob. Why then take you such violent Courses? As
for me, I do but Right in saving of the King from all
your Plots.

Ara. The King?

Gob. I bad you rest with Patience, and a Time
Would come for me to reconcile all to
Your own Content, but by this way you take
Away my Pow'r; and what was done unknown,
Was not by me but you: Your urging being done
I must preserve my own, but Time may bring
All this to Light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this over-curious Brain,
That gave that Plot a birth! Accurst this Womb,
That after did conceive to my Disgrace!

Bac. My Lord Protector, they say, there are divers
Letters come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good
Service, and brought again a Day by his particular Va-
lour; receiv'd you any to that Effect?

Gob. Yes, 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the Day was won,
But that 'twas won by him; we held him here
A Coward: He did me Wrong once, at which I laugh'd,
And so did all the World; for neither I,
Nor any other, held him worth my Sword.

Enter Bessus and Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my Lord Protector; from the King

(14) *Nay, should I join with you, should we not both be torn, and
yet both die uncredited?*] I can't think, this Word came from the
Poets, or was design'd by them to stand for *tortured*; neither do I
know how to apply an healing Hand to the Text, unless we transpose
and read thus.

— — — *should we both be sworn,*

Yet should not we both die uncredited? Mr. *Sympson.*

My Friend does not seem much to like his Conjecture: But as the
Passage is certainly corrupted without it, and as it retrieves plain
Sense, I have ventured to insert it; and, I am verily persuaded, it
will not do him any Discredit.

These Letters; and to your Grace, Madam, these.

Gob. How does his Majesty?

Bef. As well as Conquest by his own Means and his valiant Commanders can make him; your Letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know My Brother's Health: Good Captain, is he well?

Bef. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bef. He's a strange Soldier, that gets not a Knock.

Pan. I do not ask how strange that Soldier is That gets no Hurt, but whether he have one.

Bef. He had divers. *Pan.* And is he well again?

Bef. Well again, an't please your Grace? Why, I was run twice through the Body, and shot i' th' Head with a Cross-arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'st, is he well?

Bef. Not care how I do? Let a Man out of the Mightiness of his Spirit fructify foreign Countries with his Blood for the Good of his own, and thus he shall be answered: Why, I may live to relieve with Spear and Shield such a Lady as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care; I'm glad that thou art well; I prithee, is he so?

Gob. The King is well, and will be here To-morrow.

Pan. My Prayer is heard, now will I open mine.

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your Charge: Madam, the wonted Mercy of the King, That overtakes your Faults, has met with this, And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely; Your own Will is your Law, be where you please.

Ara. I thank him. [morrow?

Gob. You will be ready to wait upon his Majesty To-

Ara. I will. [Exit Arane.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter; I am glad I have lost this Office.

Gob. Good Captain *Bessus*, tell us the Discourse betwixt *Tigranes* and our King, and how we got the Victory.

Pan. I prithee do, and if my Brother were In any Danger, let not thy Tale make him

Abide there long, before thou bring him off;
For all that while my Heart will beat.

Bef. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell the Truth, and thus it was; they fought single in Lifts, but one to one; As for my own Part, I was dangerously hurt but three Days before, else, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought, we had; and the Occasion of my Hurt was this, the Enemy had made Trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the Manner of your Hurt be much material to this Business, we'll hear't some other Time.

Pan. I prithee, leave it, and go on with my Brother.

Bef. I will, but 'twould be worth your Hearing: (15)
To the Lifts they came, and single Sword and Target was their Fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bef. Without the Lifts there stood some dozen Captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: And 'twas my Chance to stand next a Captain o' th' Enemies' side, called *Tiribafus*; Valiant, they said, he was; whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this *Tiribafus* cast something a scornful Look on me, and ask'd me who I thought would overcome; I smil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the Event of that whose King would

(15) *To the Lifts they came, and single Sword and Gantlet was their Fight.*] I know, in all Ages of the World, that Soldiers had a Steel Glove, or *Gantlet*, to defend the Back of their Hands from the Cuts of a broad Sword; but, surely, this is an odd Word for a Weapon of War; and for two Combatants to fight with their Gloves on, was no great sign of Courage or Dexterity. A *Target*, (as I suspect, the original Word to have been) gracefully and artfully managed, was a Defence for the whole Body.

So the Words are again join'd in *The Mad Lover*.

————— *This Fellow,*

With all his Frights about him and his Furies,

His Larums, and his Lances, Swords, and Targets, &c.

And so we find in *The Coronation*.

*Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at several Doors; their Pages
before them, bearing their Targets.*

Mr. Symphon.

win :

win: Something he answered, and a Scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to help him, I——

Pan. All this is of thyself; I pray thee, *Bessus*, Tell something of my Brother, did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes, I'll tell your Grace, they were not to fight till the Word given, which for my own Part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own Part.——

Bac. I fear yet, this Fellow's abus'd with a good Report.

Bes. But I——

Pan. Still of himself.

Bes. Cry'd, give the Word, when, as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping; but the Word was not given then; yet one *Cosroes*, of the Enemies' part, held up his Finger to me, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you: I said not a Word, nor made Sign during the Combat, but that once done——

Pan. He slips o'er all the Fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me, *Cosroes*, said I,——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes. Captain, said I, so it was.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No? Your Grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the Lady My Brother writes to me to take?

Bes. And please your Grace, this is she: Charge, will you come near the Princess?

Pan. You're welcome from your Country, and this Land Shall shew unto you all the Kindnesses

That I can make it; what's your Name?

Spa. *Thalestris.*

Pan. You're very welcome, you have got a Letter To put you to me, that has Power enough To place mine Enemy here; then much more you, That are so far from being so to me That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my Word for her Truth.

Spa. My Truth?

Pan.

Pan. Why, Captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bef. I cannot tell, Servants are slippery, but I dare give my Word for her; and for Honesty, she came along with me, and many Favours she did me by the way; but, by this Light, none but what she might do with Modesty, to a Man of my Rank.

Pan. Why, Captain, here's no Body thinks otherwise.

Bef. Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your Pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her Knee, I pray God, I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my Knee?

Bef. No, you know, I did not; and if any Man will say, I did, this Sword shall answer; Nay, I'll defend the Reputation of my Charge, whilst I live: Your Grace shall understand, I am secret in these Businesses; and know how to defend a Lady's Honour.

Spa. I hope, your Grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bef. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good Name against the World; and so I take my Leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

Bac. O Captain *Bessus*, I thank you, I would speak with you anon.

Bef. When you please, I will attend your Lordship.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my Leave too.

Pan. Good *Bacurius!* [Exeunt *Bef.* and *Bac.*]

Gob. Madam, what writes his Majesty to you?

Pan. O my Lord,
The kindest Words, I'll keep 'em whilst I live,
Here in my Bosom; there's no Art in 'em,
They lie disorder'd in this Paper, just
As hearty Nature speaks 'em. (16) *Gob.* And to me

(16) ————— *And to me*

He writes, what Tears of Joy he shed, to hear

How you were grown in ev'ry Virtue's Way] The ingenious

Mr. Symphon conjectured to me, that it should be, *virtuous Way*: And this is confirm'd by the Authority of the old *Quarto* in 1619.

He

He writes, what Tears of Joy he shed to hear
 How you were grown in every virtuous Way,
 And yields all Thanks to me, for that dear Care
 Which I was bound to have in Training you,
 There is no Princess living that enjoys
 A Brother of that Worth.—

Pan. My Lord, no Maid longs more for any thing,
 And feels more Heat and Cold within her Breast,
 Than I do now, in hopes to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
 At this he writes, he brings along with him
 A Husband for you, that same Captive Prince;
 And if he loves you, as he makes a Shew,
 He will allow you Freedom in your Choice.

Pan. And so he will, my Lord, I warrant you,
 He will but offer, and give me the Power
 To take or leave. *Gob.* Trust me, were I a Lady,
 I could not like that Man were bargain'd with
 Before I chose him. *Pan.* But I am not built
 On such wild Humours, if I find him worthy,
 He is not less because he's offered.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not; 'would, he would seem less!

Gob. I think, there is no Lady can affect
 Another Prince, your Brother standing by;
 He doth eclipse Men's Virtues so with his.

Spa. I know a Lady may, and, more I fear,
 Another Lady will. *Pan.* 'Would, I might see him!

Gob. Why so you shall, my Businesses are great,
 I will attend you when it is his Pleasure to see you.

Pan. I thank you, good my Lord.

Gob. You will be ready, Madam? [Exit Gob.]

Pan. Yes.

Spa. I do beseech you, Madam, send away
 Your other Women, and receive from me
 A few sad Words, which, set against your Joys,
 May make 'em shine the more.

Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [Exeunt Women.]

Spa. I kneel a Stranger here to beg a Thing
 Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant;
 'Tis such another strange ill-laid Request,

As if a Beggar should intreat a King
To leave his Scepter and his Throne to him,
And take his Rags to wander o'er the World
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange Request.

Spa. As ill is mine. *Pan.* Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that Nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die:
(17) I am ashamed to speak it; but where Life
Lies at the Stake, I cannot think her Woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it: I shall seem
A strange Petitioner, that wish all Ill
To them I beg of, e'er they give me aught;
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,
Nor wise, for in your Ill consists my Good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my Prayer,
If foul, you had not Power to hinder me,
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the Meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my Request is more without the Bounds
Of Reason yet: For 'tis not in the Pow'r
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then 'tis idle; pray thee, speak it out.

Spa. Your Brother brings a Prince into this Land,
Of such a noble Shape, so sweet a Grace,
So full of Worth withal, that every Maid,
That looks upon him, gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And so mad is my Demand,
That I desire you not to have this Man;
'This excellent Man, for whom you needs must die,

(17) _____ *but where Life
Lies at the Stake, I cannot think her Woman,
That will not take something unreasonably.*

To hazard saving of it:] But what was the Woman to take
in this Case? I think, I may venture to say, I have restored the original
Word of the Poets; My Emendation is confirm'd by what she
says three Lines above.

*Alas! 'Tis of that Nature, that it must
Be utter'd, _____*

If you should miss him. I do now expect,
 You should laugh at me. *Pan.* Trust me, I could weep
 Rather, for I have found in all thy Words
 A strange disjointed Sorrow. *Spa.* 'Tis by me
 His own Desire so, that you would not love him.

Pan. His own Desire! Why credit me, *Thalestris*,
 I am no common Wooer: If he shall
 Woove me, his Worth may be such, that I dare
 Not swear I will not love him; but if he
 Will stay to have me woove him, I will promise thee
 He may keep all his Graces to himself,
 And fear no Ravishing from me. *Spa.* 'Tis yet
 His own Desire, but when he sees your Face,
 I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you
 As you have Pity, stop those tender Ears
 From his enchanting Voice, close up those Eyes,
 That you may neither catch a Dart from him,
 Nor he from you; I charge you as you hope
 To live in Quiet; for when I am dead,
 For certain I will walk to visit him
 If he break Promise with me: For as fast
 As Oaths without a formal Ceremony,
 Can make me, I am to him,——

Pan. Then be fearless;
 (18) For if he were a thing 'twixt God and Man,
 I could gaze on him, if I knew it Sin
 To love him, without Passion: Dry your Eyes;
 I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me,
 I will not hinder you; but I perceive,
 You are not what you seem; rise, rise, *Thalestris*,

(18) *For if he were a Thing 'twixt God and Man,
 I could gaze on him; if I knew it Sin
 To love him without Passion:*] The false Pointings have quite
 spoil'd the Sense of this. It certainly is no Sin to love any one with-
 out Passion. The Difference, which I have made in the Punctuation,
 seems to give the proper Meaning of the Poets. *i. e.* If she knew it
 a Sin to fall in Love with him, let him be ever so lovely, she could
 avoid it. The Confidence, with which she speaks this, is extremely
 natural, to shew how little we know our own Weakness: For she
 soon after falls in Love with one, whom she took for her own Brother.

Mr. Seward.

If

If your right Name be so. *Spa.* Indeed, it is not ;
Spaconia is my Name ; but I desire
Not to be known to other. *Pan.* Why, by me
You shall not, I will never do you Wrong ;
What Good I can, I will : Think not my Birth
Or Education such, that I should injure
A stranger Virgin ; you are welcome hither ;
In Company you wish to be commanded,
But when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We shall out-go her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd, than carry out
Women fiddling to these Shews.

Wom. Is the King hard by ?

1 *Man.* You heard, he with the Bottles said, he thought
we should come too late : What abundance of People
here is ?

Wom. But what had he in those Bottles ?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, Ink, goodman Fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do ?

1 *Man.* Why, the King, look you, will many times
call for these Bottles, and break his Mind to his Friends.

Wom. Let's take our Places, we shall have no Room else.

2 *Man.* The Man told us he would walk o' Foot through
the People. 3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our Shops are well look'd to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my Master, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter Philip with two Citizens Wives.

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the Fields be, what sweet Living
'tis in the Country !

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor Souls, God help 'em ; they live as
contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My Husband's Cousin would have had me gone
into the Country last Year ; wert thou ever there ?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor Souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of Creatures are they, for Love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good People, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go down with me this Summer when I am brought to Bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no Place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there, there's no body cries Brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor Milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor Milk! how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themselves i'th' Country.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord! but the People there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* Ay, God knows, will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our Husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not? Alas! I'good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves.

Philip, I pray, chuse us a Place.

Phil. There's the best, Forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your Leave, good People, a little.

3 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my Friend, do not thrust my Mistress so, she's with Child.

(19) 2 *Man.* Let her look to herself then, has she not had Thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldring here, she may, haps, go home with a Cake in her Belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech, why do you lean on me?

Phil. Because I will.

(19) *Let her look to herself then, has she not had showing enough yet?*] How could she have *showing* enough, when as yet she had seen nothing? The Woman, as we find, was with Child; and the Man, having a mind to be rude upon the Occasion, says, *has she not had thrusting enough?* For so the eldest *Quarto* in 1619 exhibits it: and *Philip* says in the preceding Speech, *do not thrust my Mistress so, she's with Child.* In 1676, the Players, I presume, had chang'd this Word to *showing*; and thence came the Corruption of *showing*.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sawce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look, if one ha' not struck *Philip*; come hither, *Philip*; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit.* As God fave me, la, thou'rt as wild as a Buck; there's no Quarrel, but thou'rt at one End or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the first End then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well, Slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit.* I'll give a Crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a Bawdy-house.

1 *Cit.* Ay, you're full of your Roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a Fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The King, the King, the King! Now, now, now, now.

Flourish. Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and Mardonius.

All. God preserve your Majesty!

Arb. I thank you all, now are my Joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving Subjects;
By you I grow, 'tis your united Love
That lifts me to this Height: all the Account
That I can render you for all the Love
You've bestowed on me, all your Expences to
Maintain my War, is but a little Word,
You will imagine 'tis slender Payment, yet 'tis such a
Word, as is not to be bought but with your Bloods, 'tis
Peace.

All. God preserve your Majesty!

Arb. Now you may live securely i'your Towns,
Your Children round about you; you may sit
Under your Vines, and make the Miseries
Of other Kingdoms a Discourse for you,
And lend them Sorrows; for yourselves, you may
Safely forget, there are such Things as Tears;

And may you all, whose good Thoughts I have gain'd,
 Hold me unworthy, when I think my Life
 A Sacrifice too great to keep you thus
 In such a calm Estate!

All. God bless your Majesty!

Arb. See, all good People, I have brought the Man,
 Whose very Name you fear'd, a Captive home;
 Behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; in your Hearts
 Sing Songs of Gladness, and Deliverance.

1 *Cit.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit.* How he looks.

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

Mar. These are sweet People.

Tigr. Sir, you do me Wrong,
 To render me a scorn'd Spectacle
 To common People. *Arb.* It was far from me
 To mean it so: If I have aught deserv'd,
 My loving Subjects, let me beg of you,
 Not to revile this Prince, (20) in whom there dwells
 All Worth of which the Nature of a Man
 Is capable; Valour beyond Compare;
 The Terror of his Name has stretch'd itself
 Where-ever there is Sun; and yet for you
 I fought with him single, and won him too;
 I made his Valour stoop, and brought that Name
 Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a Height, to fall
 Beneath mine: this, inspir'd with all your Loves,
 I did perform, and will, for your Content,
 Be ever ready for a greater Work.

All. The Lord bless your Majesty!

Tigr. So, he has made me Amends now with a Speech
 in Commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-
 glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may

(20) ————— in whom there dwells

All Worth of which the Name of Man

Is capable.] As I have adjusted all this Speech to its proper

Metre, a Corruption is evident in the Text from the Defect of the
 Versification. I have restored the right Reading, from the Authority
 of the three *Quarto's* in 1619, 1631, and 1676.

Do Good to any Creature here, speak out ;
 For I must leave you : And it troubles me,
 That my Occasions for the Good of you,
 Are such as call me from you : else, my Joy
 Would be to spend my Days among you all.
 You shew your Loves in these large Multitudes
 That come to meet me, I will pray for you ;
 (21) Heav'n prosper you, that you may know old Years,
 And live to see your Childrens Children
 Sit at your Boards with Plenty! When there is
 A Want of any thing, let it be known
 To me, and I will be a Father to you :
 God keep you all !

[*Flourish. Exeunt Kings and their Train.*

All. God bless your Majesty, God bless your Majesty !

1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? All's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's sake, I have not made a Fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away, all's done.

3 *Man.* Content: farewell, *Philip.*

1 *Cit.* Away, you Halter-sack, you.

2 *Man.* *Philip* will not fight, he's afraid on's Face.

Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my Face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, *Philip*, if thou saw'st it in a
 Glass; it looks so like a Visor.

[*Exeunt the three Men, and Woman.*

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, Sirrah; Come, *Philip*, walk
 before us homewards; (22) did not his Majesty say he had
 brought us home Peas for all our Money?

2 *Cit.*

(21) *Heav'n prosper you, that you may know old Years,*

And live to see your Children's Children sit

At your Boards with Plenty!] As the *Emphasis* at the Begin-
 ning of the third Verse is manifestly faulty, so one might suspect
 a Syllable had slipt out at Press; yet I do not take that to be the Case.
 For as I know it was a most frequent Licence in the Poets of that
 Age to extend a Dissyllable in Pronunciation to three Syllables; I do
 not doubt but the Poets made out their Versification by that Liberty,
 thus:

And live to see your Childrens' Chil-de-ren
Sit at your Boards with Plenty!

(22) *Did not his Majesty say, he had brought us home Peas for all*
our Money?] This ridiculous Blunder from the Ignorance of the Ci-
 tizen

2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit.* They're the first I heard of this Year, by my troth; I long'd for some of 'em: Did he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a Peck brought home to our Houses. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Arbaces, and Gobrias.

Arb. MY Sister take it ill?

Gob. Not very ill;

Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,
To have her Husband chosen to her Hands.

Arb. Why, *Gobrias*, let her; I must have her know,
My Will, and not her own, must govern her:
What, will she marry with some Slave at home?

Gob. O, she is far from any Stubbornness,
You much mistake her, and, no doubt, will like
Where you would have her; but when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with such a Jewel.

Arb. To part with her? Why, *Gobrias*, art thou mad?
She is my Sister. *Gob.* Sir, I know, she is:
But it were pity to make poor our Land,
With such a Beauty to enrich another.

Arb. Pish! will she have him?

Gob. I do hope, she will not; [*Aside.*]
I think, she will, Sir. ———

Arb. Were she my Father, and my Mother too,
And all the Names for which we think Folks Friends,
She should be forc'd to have him, when I know
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say, she's loth.

tizen in mistaking *Peace* for *Peas*, might have an effect perhaps (at least of Laughter) on the gross Audiences of those Times; tho' I question whether it would not meet with a Rebuke from the nicer Taltes in ours.

Gob.

Gob. Heav'n bring my Purpose luckily to pass!
You know, 'tis just; she will not need Constraint
She loves you so. *Arb.* How does she love me? Speak.

Gob. She loves you more than People love their Health,
That live by Labour; more than I could love
A Man that died for me, if he could live
Again. *Arb.* She is not like her Mother then.

Gob. O, no, when you were in *Armenia*,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first, on every little Scratch,
She kept her Chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the News
Was so long coming, that before we heard
She was as near her Death, as you your Health.

Arb. Alas, poor Soul! but yet she must be rul'd;
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her; have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready? *Gob.* Sir, I have.

Enter 1 Gentleman and Tigranes.

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian* King.

Arb. He's welcome.

1 *Gent.* And the Queen Mother and the Princess wait
without.

Arb. Good *Gobrias*, bring 'em in. [*Exit Gobrias.*]

Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poison
Their only Sons; think you, you shall be safe?

Tigr. Too safe I am, Sir.

Enter *Gobrias*, *Arane*, *Panthea*, *Spaconia*, *Bacurius*,
Mardonius, *Bessus*, and two Gentlemen.

(23) *Ara.* As low as this I bow to you, and would
As

(23) *As low as this I bow to you, and would*
As low as is my Grave, to shew a Mind
Thankful for all your Mercies.

Arb. O stand up,

And let me kneel; the Light will be asham'd

To see Observance done to me by you.] There is a fine Pas-
sage, upon a similar Occasion, in SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*; to

As low as is my Grave, to shew a Mind
Thankful for all your Mercies. *Arb.* O stand up,
And let me kneel; the Light will be asham'd
To see Observance done to me by you.

Ara. You are my King.

Arb. You are my Mother, rise;
As far be all your Faults from your own Soul,
As from my Memory; then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself. *Ara.* I came
Only to shew my Duty, and acknowledge
My Sorrows for my Sins; longer to stay,
Were but to draw Eyes more attentively
Upon my Shame; that Pow'r, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still! *Arb.* Your own Desires
Shall be your Guide. [Exit Arane:

Pan. Now let me die, since I
Have seen my Lord the King return in Safety.
I have seen all the Good that Life can shew me;
I've ne'er another Wish for Heav'n to grant,
Nor were it fit I should; for I am bound
To spend my Age to come, in giving Thanks
That this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your Majesty speak?

Arb. To whom? *Gob.* To the Princess.

Pan. Alas, Sir, I am fearful; you do look
On me, as if I were some loathed Thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gob. Sir, you should speak to her. *Arb.* Ha?

Pan. I know, I am unworthy, yet not ill: arm'd with

which our Authors might possibly have an Eye:

Vol. O stand up bless'd!

*Whilst with no softer Cushion than the Flint
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew Duty as mistaken all the while
Between the Child and Parent.*

Cor. What is this?

*Your Knees to me? to your corrected Son?
Then let the Pebbles on the hungry Beach
Fillop the Stars; then let the mutinous Winds
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun;
Murth'ring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight Work.*

which Innocence here I will kneel, 'till I am one with Earth, but I will gain some Words and Kindness from you.

Tigr. Will you speak, Sir?

Arb. Speak, am I what I was?

What art thou, that dost creep into my Breast,
And dar'st not see my Face? shew forth thyself:
(24) I feel a pair of fiery Wings display'd,
Hither, from thence; you shall not tarry there,
Up, and be gone, if thou be'st Love, be gone:
Or I will tear thee from my wounded Breast,
Pull thy lov'd Down away, (25) and with a Quill
By this right Arm drawn from thy wanton Wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy Blood;
That you are Pow'rs bely'd, and all your Darts
Are to be blown away, by Men resolv'd,
Like Dust; I know, thou fear'st my Words, away.

Tigr. O Misery! Why should he be so slow?
There can no Falshood come of loving her;
Though I have given my Faith, she is a Thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my Faith:
I would, he would present me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you so far
From kind Words? Yet to save my Modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb, say something, though it be
Poison'd with Anger, that may strike me dead.

Mar. Have you no Life at all? For Manhood sake,

(24) *I feel a pair of fiery Wings display'd*

Hither, from hence:] I have retriev'd the genuine Reading here by the Addition of a single Letter, from the eldest *Quarto's* in 1619; and the ingenious Mr. *Sympton* likewise observ'd to me, that it should be so; and was a Speech with Action.

(25) *————— And with thy Quill*

Drawn by this right Arm from thy wonted Wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother in thy Blood;] The Alterations, made here, are likewise from the Authority of the eldest *Quarto's*; and Mr. *Sympton's* Sagacity here saw, that the Changes, which are so confirm'd, were absolutely necessary. Thy *laughing Mother* ——— *Venus* is by the Poets, both *Greek* and *Latine*, characteriz'd with the Epithets of *φιδρομευειδής*, and *ridens*.

Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus ;
A Tree would find a Tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd Respect.

Arb. You mean this Lady: Lift her from the Earth ;
Why do you let her kneel so long? Alas,
Madam, your Beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your Suit to me?
It shall be granted, yet the Time is short,
And my Affairs are great :

But where's my Sister? I bade, she should be brought.

(26) *Mar.* What, is he mad?

Ar. *Gobrias*, where is she?

Gob. Sir.

Arb. Where is she, Man?

Gob. Who, Sir?

Arb. Who, hast thou forgot my Sister?

Gob. Your Sister, Sir?

Arb. Your Sister, Sir? Some one that hath a Wit,
Answer, where is she?

Gob. Do you not see her there?

Arb. Where?

Gob. There.

Arb. There, where?

Mar. S'light, there, are you blind?

Arb. Which do you mean, that little one?

Gob. No, Sir.

Arb. No, Sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

Gob. That's she.

Arb. Away.

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. 'Tis false.

Gob. Is it?

Arb. As Hell; by Heav'n, as false as Hell;

(26) *What is she mad?*] There is no Reason to ask this with regard to the Princess; she had given no Symptoms of any thing like Madness, which the King had; and concerning him is the Question ask'd. Mr. Seward.

The Change is authoriz'd by the *Quarto* in 1619, and the *Folio* in 1679.

My Sister ——— Is she dead? If it be so,
 Speak boldly to me? for I am a Man,
 And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
 And do not think to cozen me with this:
 I see, you all are mute and stand amaz'd,
 Fearful to answer me; (27) it is too true,
 A decreed Instant cuts off ev'ry Life,
 For which to mourn, is to repine; she dy'd
 A Virgin though, more innocent than Sleep;
 As clear as her own Eyes; and Blessedness
 Eternal waits upon her where she is:
 I know, she could not make a Wish to change
 Her State for new, and you shall see me bear
 My Crosses like a Man; we all must die,
 And she hath taught us how. *Gob.* Do not mistake,
 And vex yourself for nothing; for her Death
 Is a long Life off yet, I hope: 'Tis she,
 And if my Speech deserve not Faith, lay Death
 Upon me, and my latest Words shall force
 A Credit from you. *Arb.* Which, good *Gobrias*?
 That Lady, dost thou mean? *Gob.* That Lady, Sir,
 She is your Sister, and she is your Sister
 That loves you so, 'tis she for whom I weep,
 To see you use her thus. *Arb.* It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious,
 I cannot hold, I must present myself,
 And yet the Sight of my *Spaconia*

(27) ——— it is too true,
*A decreed Instant cuts off ev'ry Life,
 For which to mourn is to repine; she died
 A Virgin, though more innocent than Sheep,*

] The King has been mourning for his Sister's supposed Death; and then immediately comforts himself up, that she died a Virgin. But this Passage has long labour'd under a wrong Reading, a wrong Pointing, and, thence consequently, an absurd Reasoning. If she were more innocent than a Sheep, might she not therefore die a Virgin? But how low and ridiculous is it in a Prince to compare the *Innocence* of a fine young Lady, his beloved Sister, to that of a *Sheep*? I have cured the Pointing; and retriev'd the genuine Reading, by the Aid of the old *Quarto* in 1619.

Touches me, as a sudden Thunder-clap
 Does one that is about to sin. *Arb.* Away,
 No more of this; here I pronounce him Traitor,
 The direct Plotter of my Death, that names
 Or thinks her for my Sister; 'tis a Lye,
 The most malicious of the World, invented
 To mad your King; he that will say so next,
 Let him draw out his Sword and sheath it here,
 It is a Sin fully as pardonable:
 She is no Kin to me, nor shall she be;
 If she were ever, I create her none:
 And which of you can question this? my Pow'r
 Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,
 And not disputed with: I have decreed her
 As far from having part of Blood with me,
 As the nak'd *Indians*; come and answer me,
 He that is boldest now; is that my Sister?

Mar. O, this is fine.

Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your Majesty,
 I never thought she was, she's nothing like you.

Arb. No, 'tis true, she is not.

Mar. Thou shou'dst be hang'd.

Pan. Sir, I will speak but once; by the same Pow'r
 You make my Blood a Stranger unto yours,
 You may command me dead; and so much Love
 A Stranger may importune; pray you, do;
 If this Request appear too much to grant,
 Adopt me of some other Family,
 By your unquestion'd Word; else I shall live
 Like sinful Issues that are left in Streets
 By their regardless Mothers, and no Name
 Will be found for me.

Arb. I will hear no more,
 Why should there be such Musick in a Voice,
 And Sin for me to hear it? All the World
 May take Delight in this; (28) yet 'tis Damnation

For

(28) ————— and 'tis Damnation

For me to do so;] To make Sense and true Reasoning, the Con-
 junction

For me to do so: You are fair, and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is blest,
That is so near you as a Brother is;
But you are nought to me but a Disease;
Continual Torment without Hope of Ease;
Such an ungodly Sicknes I have got,
That he, that undertakes my Cure, must first
O'erthrow Divinity, all moral Laws,
And leave Mankind as unconfin'd as Beasts;
Allowing 'em to do all Actions
As freely, as they drink when they desire,
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the Want of that,
The having which would kill me: No Man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My Body and my Mind too, rest thou there,
Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would, I were past speaking.

Gob. Fear not, Madam,
The King will alter, 'tis some sudden Rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.

Pan. Pray Heav'n it do!

Fig. Though she, to whom I swore, be here, I cannot
Stifle my Passion longer; if my Father,
Should rise again disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.
Madam, a Stranger, and a Pris'ner begs
To be bid welcome. *Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so: For I am here a Stranger
Greater than you; we know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost Thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain, found here i'the Court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,

junction *and* must be changed into the discretive Particle *yet*. The King means, all the World, besides himself, may take Delight in the Musick of her Tongue; but it would be Damnation in him to do so.

As one not worth the owning. *Spa.* O, I fear *Tigranes* will be caught, he looks, methinks,
As he would change his Eyes with her; some Help
There is above for me, I hope.

Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter Things that mis-become your Looks,
Can you want owning? *Spa.* O, 'tis certain so.

Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.

Arb. How now? *Tigr.* And then
See if you want an Owner. *Arb.* They are talking.

Tigr. Nations shall own you for their Queen.

Arb. *Tigranes*, art not thou my Prisoner?

Tigr. I am:

Arb. And who is this?

Tigr. She is your Sister. *Arb.* She is so.

Mar. Is she so again? that's well. *Arb.* And then
How dare you offer to change Words with her?

Tigr. Dare do it! Why? You brought me hither, Sir,
To that Intent. *Arb.* Perhaps, I told you so;
If I had sworn it, had you so much Folly
To credit it? The least Word, that she speaks,
Is worth a Life; rule your disorder'd Tongue,
Or I will temper it. *Spa.* Blest be that Breath!

Tigr. Temper my Tongue! — Such Incivilities
As these no barbarous People ever knew:
You break the Laws of Nature, and of Nations;
You talk to me as if I were a Prisoner
For Theft: My Tongue be temper'd? I must speak,
If Thunder check me, and I will. *Arb.* You will?

Spa. Alas, my Fortune!

Tygr. Do not fear his Frown,
Dear Madam, hear me.

Arb. Fear not my Frown? But that 'twere base in me
To fight with one, I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquer'd by me.

Mar. He has one Ransom with him already; methinks,
'Twere good to fight double, or quit.

Arb. Away with him to Prison: Now, Sir, see
If my Frowns be regardless; Why delay you?
Seize him, *Bacurius*; you shall know my Word

Sweeps like a Wind; and all, it grapples with,
Are as the Chaff before it. *Tigr.* Touch me not.

Arb. Help there. *Tigr.* Away.

1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.

2 *Gent.* You must be forc'd.

Bac. Sir, you must pardon us,

We must obey. *Arb.* Why do you dally there?

Drag him away by any thing. *Bac.* Come, Sir.

Tig. Justice, thou ought'st to give me Strength enough
To shake all these off; (29) this is Tyranny,

Arbaces, subtler than the burning Bull's;

(30) Or that fam'd Tyrant's Bed. 'Thou mightst as well

(29) ————— *this is Tyranny,*

Arbaces, *subtler than the burning Bulls*;] What *burning Bulls* the Editors had in their Heads, I am unacquainted with. *Jafon*, I know, towards obtaining the *golden Fleece*, was obliged to combat with brazen-footed Bulls, that breath'd Fire from their Nostrils. But these were only some of the Guardians of the *Fleece*; and how is any Tyranny concern'd in this? The Allusion is to the Tyranny of *Phalaris*, who inclosed the Wretches, that had offended him, in a Bull of Brafs, and burn'd them alive; being delighted to hear their Groans express the bellowing of a Bull. This was, indeed, Tyranny. One *Perillus*, we are told, made this Savage Present to *Phalaris*; and the Tyrant made the first Experiment upon him of his own cruel Ingenuity: Upon which, *Ovid* has very properly observ'd,

————— *Nec Lex est justior ulla,*
Quàm necis Artifices Arte perire suâ.

“ There is no more equal Justice, than that the Artificers of Mis-
“ chief should suffer by their own bad Arts.”

(30) *Or that fam'd Titan's Bed.*] Here the Editors (from the *Folio* Edition of 1679, downwards) have foisted in another sham Fable. What fam'd *Titan's Bed* was this? The *Titans* took up Arms against *Jupiter*, with Intent to dethrone him; and, being vanquish'd, were thrown into subterranean *Volcano's*, and overwhelm'd with Mountains. But where, again, was the Tyranny of this? They rebell'd against a rightfull Prince, and were justly punish'd. The *Quarto* Edition of 1628, gives it us thus;

Or that fam'd Tyrant's Bed. —————

And this is the true Reading. The Poets allude to the Bed of the inhumane *Procrustes*, an infamous Robber of *Attica*, who compell'd all his Prisoners to lie in it; and, if they were too short, he by Racks stretch'd out their Limbs to the Extent of it; if they were of too tall a Stature, he lop'd off their Feet, and reduced them to a Length suitable to his Bed. Both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympson* sagaciously saw, that *Tyrant* was the Word of our Authors.

Search i' the deep of Winter through the Snow
 For half-starv'd People, to bring home with thee,
 To shew 'em Fire and send 'em back again,
 As use me thus.

Arb. Let him be close, *Bacurius*. [*Exe. Tigr. and Bac.*]

Spa. I ne'er rejoic'd at any Ill to him,
 But this Imprisonment: What shall become
 Of me forsaken? *Gob.* You will not let your Sister
 Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

Arb. By no means, *Gobrias*, I have done her Wrong,
 And made myself believe much of myself,
 That is not in me: You did kneel to me,
 Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
 And, like a God incens'd, gave no Ear
 To all your Prayers: Behold, I kneel to you,
 Shew a Contempt as large as was my own,
 And I will suffer it; yet at the last
 Forgive me.

Pan. O you wrong me more in this,
 Than in your Rage you did: You mock me now.

Arb. Never forgive me then, which is the worst
 Can happen to me. *Pan.* If you be in Earnest,
 Stand up and give me but a gentle Look,
 And two kind Words, and I shall be in Heav'n.

Arb. Rise you then too; here I acknowledge thee
 My Hope, the only Jewel of my Life,
 The best of Sisters, dearer than my Breath,
 A Happiness as high as I could think;
 And when my Actions call thee otherwise,
 Perdition light upon me! *Pan.* This is better
 Than if you had not frown'd, it comes to me,
 Like Mercy at the Block, and when I leave
 To serve you with my Life, your Curse be with me!

Arb. Then thus I do salute thee, and again,
 To make this Knot the stronger; Paradise
 Is there: It may be, you are yet in Doubt,
 This third Kiss blots it out — I wade in Sin,
 And foolishly intice myself along;
 Take her away, see her a Prisoner
 In her own Chamber closely, *Gobrias*.

Pan.

Pan. Alas, Sir, why?

Arb. I must not stay the Answer,

Do it. *Gob.* Good Sir! *Arb.* No more, do it, I say.

Mar. This is better and better. —

Pan. Yet hear me speak.

Arb. I will not hear you speak.

Away with her, let no Man think to speak
For such a Creature; (31) for she is a Witch,
A Poisoner, and a Traitor.

Gob. Madam, this Office grieves me.

Pan. Nay, it is well; the King is pleased with it.

Arb. *Bessus*, go you along too with her; I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long; but I am desperately sick,
For she has given me Poison in a Kiss;
She had it 'twixt her Lips, and with her Eyes
She witches People: Go, without a Word.

[*Exeunt Gob. Pan. Bef. and Spaconia.*]

Why should you, that have made me stand in War
Like Fate itself, cutting what Threads I pleas'd,
Decree such an unworthy End of me,
And all my Glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret Thoughts
Have ever harbour'd Swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me Sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your Mercy; rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such Unmanly Sins: (32) Incest is in me

Dwelling

(31) ————— for she is a Witch,

A Prisoner and a Traitor.] Here is a Blunder of the Copy-
ists; who, seeing in the Line above Orders given to take *Panthea*
away, had foisted in this Lesson upon us: But *Poisoner* is the Word
that the Poets gave her. So, in a few Lines below;

Sh' as given me Poison in a Kiss,

She had it 'twixt her Lips.

Mr. Symphon.

And the Conjecture is confirm'd by the *Quarto's* in 1619, 1631,
and 1676.

(32) ————— Incest is in me

Dwelling already, and it must be holy

That pulls it thence,] The Obscurity of this Passage puzzled

me

Dwelling already ; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence ; where art, *Mardonius* ?

Mar. Here, Sir.

Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst ;
Am I not grown a strange Weight ?

Mar. As you were.

Arb. No heavier ?

Mar. No, Sir. *Arb.* Why, my Legs
Refuse to bear my Body ; O *Mardonius*,
Thou hast in Field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run.

Mar. And so I shall again. *Arb.* O, no, 'tis past.

Mar. Pray you go rest yourself.

Arb. Wilt thou hereafter when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but Infamy,
Remember some of those Things ?

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I pray thee, do : For thou shalt never see me so
again.

Mar. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bessius alone.

Bes. They talk of Fame, I have gotten it in the Wars,
and will afford any Man a reasonable Penny-worth :
Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that
it is to be atchiev'd with Danger ; but my Opinion is
otherwise : For if I might stand still in Cannon-proof,
and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuse it : My
Reputation came principally by thinking to run away,
which no Body knows but *Mardonius*, and, I think, he
conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the Wars, I
came to the Town a young Fellow, without Means or
Parts to deserve Friends ; and my empty Guts persuaded
me to lye, and abuse People, for my Meat ; which I
did, and they beat me : Then would I fast two Days,

me a great while ; but by pondering often over it, I think, I have
traced the Intention of the Poets. The King would say, that Inceit
has already taken up its Residence in him ; and is a Sin of so horrid
a Dye, that nothing but the Assistance of the *Holy Powers* can ex-
pell it.

till

till my Hunger cry'd out on me, *Rail still*; then, methought, I had a monstrous Stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this State I continu'd till they hung me up by th' Heels, and beat me wi' Hasle-Sticks as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd some Body wi' me for Venison: After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole Kingdom took Notice of me for a baffled whip'd Fellow, and what I said was remembred in Mirth but never in Anger, of which I was glad; I would, it were at that Pass again! After this, Heav'n calls an Aunt of mine, that left two Hundred Pounds in a Cousin's Hand for me, who, taking me to be a gallant young Spirit, raised a Company for me with the Money, and sent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no Company, and alone I durst not run. I was never at Battel but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid, that I saw no more than my Shoulders do; but fled with my whole Company amongst mine Enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the Report of my Valour is come over before me, and, they say, I was a raw young Fellow, but now I am improv'd; a Plague on their Eloquence! 'twill cost me many a Beating; and *Mardonius* might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get Honour on me, (33) and all the Men I have abus'd call me freshly to Account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of Challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good-morrow, Captain *Bessus*.

Bes. Good-morrow, Sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you.

Bes. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three Years since: Your Worth, he says, is fam'd,

(33) and all the Men I have abus'd call me freshly *worthily*, as they call it by the way of Challenge] I have retriev'd two Words from the old *Quarto*; and by regulating the Pointing, and the Addition of a *Parentthesis*, have cured this Passage of its Obscurity.

ard he doth nothing doubt but you will do him Right, as befeems a Soldier.

Bef. A Pox on 'em, fo they cry all !

Gent. And a flight Note I have about me for you, for the Delivery of which you muft excufe me ; it is an Office that Friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you ; fince I defire but Right on both Sides.

Bef. 'Tis a Challenge, Sir, is it not ?

Gent. 'Tis an Inviting to the Field.

Bef. An Inviting ? O Sir, your Mercy ; what a Complement he delivers it with ? He might as agreeable to my Nature prefent me Poison with fuch a Speech : Um, um, um, *Reputation*, um, um, um, *call you to Account*, um, um, um, *forc'd to this*, um, um, um, *with my Sword*, um, um, um, *like a Gentleman*, um, um, um, *dear to me*, um, um, um, *Satisfaction* : 'Tis very well, Sir, I do accept it, but he muft await an Answer this thirteen Weeks.

Gent. Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his Stain as foon as he could.

Bef. Sir, upon my Credit I am already ingag'd to two Hundred and twelve, all which muft have their Stains wip'd off, if that be the Word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he fhall ftay a competent Time.

Bef. Upon my Faith, Sir, to two Hundred and twelve, and I have a fpent Body, too much bruis'd in Battel ; fo that I cannot fight, I muft be plain, above three Combats a Day : All the Kindnefs I can fhew him, is to fet him refolvedly in my Roll, the two Hundred and thirteenth Man, which is fomething ; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him, than before him, I think fo ; pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will Sir, Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Bef. Good-morrow, good Sir. Certainly, my fafeft way were to print myfelf a Coward, with a Discovery how I came by my Credit, and clap it upon every Poft ; I have received above thirty Challenges within this two Hours ; marry, all but the firft I put off with Engage-
ment ;

ment; and, by good Fortune, the first is no madder of Fighting than I, so that that's referred, the Place where it must be ended is four Days Journey off, and our Arbitrators are these: He has chosen a Gentleman in Travel, and I have a special Friend with a quartain Ague, like to hold him this five Years, for mine: And when his Man comes home, we are to expect my Friend's Health: (34) If they would send me Challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other Living; I can make seven Shillings a Day o' th' Paper to the Grocers: Yet I learn nothing by all these but a little Skill in comparing of Stiles. I do find evidently, that there is some one Scrivener in this Town, that has a great Hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a Cut, and six of 'em in a Hand; and they all end, *my Reputation is dear to me, and I must require Satisfaction.* Who's there? More Paper, I hope; no, 'tis my Lord *Bacurius*; I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now, Captain *Bessus*, I come about a frivolous Matter, caus'd by as idle a Report: You know, you were a Coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my Lord.

Bac. But now People will call you Valiant, desertlessly, I think; yet for their Satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Bes. O my good Lord, my deep Engagements————

Bac. Tell not me of your Engagements, Captain *Bessus*, it is not to be put off with an Excuse: For my own Part, I am none of the Multitude that believe your Conversion from Coward.

(34) *if they would find me Challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other Living;*] I have substituted the Word of the eldest *Quarto*. which is certainly the true Reading: If they would continue to send him so many Letters of Challenge, he could supply all his Necessities by the Money, that the Grocers would give him for the Paper.

Bef. My Lord, I seek no Quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who then, pray?

Bef. *Bessus*, the Coward, wrong'd you. *Bac.* Right.

Bef. And shall *Bessus* the Valiant maintain what *Bessus* the Coward did?

Bac. I pray thee, leave these cheating Tricks; I swear, thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extreamly, and kick'd.

Bef. Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord, I will fight with you; and, by my Sword, it shall cost me twenty Pounds, but I will have my Leg well a Week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your Leg? Why, what ails your Leg? I'll do a Cure on you, stand up. [Kicks him.]

Bef. My Lord, this is not Noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a Phrase in thy Mouth? I will kick thee out of all good Words before I leave thee.

Bef. My Lord, I take this as a Punishment for the Offence I did when I was a Coward.

Bac. When thou wert? Confess thyself a Coward still, or by this Light, I'll beat thee into Spunge.

Bef. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, Sir? And why do you wear a Sword then? Come, unbuckle.

Bef. My Lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy Head will ake extreamly.

Bef. It is a pretty Hilt, and, if your Lordship take an Affection to it, with all my Heart I present it to you for a New-year's-gift.

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet Captain, farewell.

Bef. One Word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my Knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, Captain; cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good Captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear Captain. [Exit Bac.]

Bef. I will make better Use of this, than of my Sword:

A bate

A base Spirit has this Vantage of a brave one, it keeps always at a Stay, nothing brings it down, not Beating. I remember, I promis'd the King in a great Audience, that I would make my Back-biters eat my Sword to a Knife; how to get another Sword, I know not; nor know any Means left for me to maintain my Credit, but Impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and his Followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my Sword.
[*Exit* Bessus.]

Enter Mardonius.

(35) *Mar.* I'll move the King, he is most strangely alter'd:

I guess the Cause, I fear, too right; Heav'n has Some secret End in't, and it is a Scourge, No Question, justly laid on him: He 'as follow'd me Through twenty Rooms; and ever, when I stay To wait's Command, he blushes like a Girl, And looks upon me, as if Modesty Kept in his Business; so turns away from me; But, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet I know not how, I cannot choose but weep To see him; his very Enemies, I think, Whose Wounds have bred his Fame, if they should see Him now, would find Tears i' their Eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it; why should I keep A Breast to harbour Thoughts I dare not speak? Darkness is in my Bosom, and there lie A thousand Thoughts that cannot brook the Light:

(35) *I'll move the King, &c.*] This and all the subsequent Scene betwixt the King and *Mardonius* has all along been printed as Prose; but it came from the Poets strictly in Metre. To such I have reduced it with no small Difficulty, and with the great Assistance of the ingenious Mr. *Seaward*: Not without the Necessity of throwing out, here and there, some few trifling Monosyllables, which were foisted in, as I presume, by the Players, to support a Cadence more to their Minds; but which, indeed, much incumber the Versification.

How wilt thou vex me, when this Deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, Sir?

Arb. Why, very well, *Mardonius*;

How dost thou do? *Mar.* Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope, thou art; for to be plain with thee,
Thou art in Hell else: Secret scorching Flames,
That far transcend earthly material Fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no Cure.

Is it not strange, *Mardonius*, there's no Cure?

Mar. Sir,

Either I mistake, or there is something hid
That you would utter to me. *Arb.* So there is,
But yet I cannot do it. *Mar.* Out with it, Sir,
If it be dangerous, I will not shrink
To do you Service, I shall not esteem
My Life a weightier Matter than indeed
It is: I know, 'tis subject to more Chances
Than it has Hours, (36) and I were better lose it
In my King's Cause, than with an Ague, or
A Fall, or sleeping to a Thief; as all these
Are probable enough: Let me but know
What I shall do for you. *Arb.* It will not out:
Were you with *Gobrias*, and bad him give
My Sister all Content the Place affords,
And give her Leave to send and speak to whom
She please? *Mar.* Yes, Sir, I was.

(36) ————— and I were better lose it

*In my King's Cause, than with an Ague, or
A Fall, or sleeping to a Thief; &c.]* I own, I did not un-
derstand, *this sleeping to a Thief*; I had conjectured
————— or sleeping to my Death;

i. e. meaning; by a *Lethargy*, or *Apoplexy*. But I have retracted
my Conjecture, as *Mr. Seward* has given me so ingenious a Comment
on the Passage.

“ This is a very sensible Expression: What can be more so,
“ than to call, *being stab'd in one's Sleep by a Thief*, one of the
“ common Accidents by which our Lives may be taken away. Be-
“ sides, the Expressions, an *Ague*, or a *Fall*, or *sleeping to a Thief*,
“ contain the three common Methods of Death (in Opposition to the
“ glorious one of dying in War in our King's, and Country's Cause)
“ *viz. Sicknes*, *Mischance*, or *Villany*. *Mr. Seward.*

Arb.

Arb. And did you to
Bacurius say as much about *Tigranes*?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my Business.

Mar. O say not so,
You had an Answer of all this before ;
Besides, I think, this Business might be utter'd
More carelesly. *Arb.* Come thou shalt have it out ;
I do beseech thee by the Love thou hast
Profest to me, to see my Sister from me.

Mar. Well, and what then? *Arb.* That's all.

Mar. That's strange,
Shall I say nothing to her? *Arb.* Not a Word ;
But if thou lov'st me, find some subtle Way
To make her understand by Signs. *Mar.* But what shall
I make her understand? *Arb.* O *Mardonius*,
For that I must be pardoned. *Mar.* You may ;
But I can only see her then. *Arb.* 'Tis true ;
Bear her this Ring then, and, on more Advice,
Thou shalt speak to her : Tell her I do love
My Kindred all : Wilt thou? *Mar.* Is there no more ?

Arb. And her the best ; better than a Broth'r loves
His Sister : That is all. *Mar.* Methinks, this need not
Have been deliver'd with such Caution ; I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet ; Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,
After I hear it, I'll pass through Fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a Brother ought ;
Dost thou conceive me? *Mar.* I hope, I do not, Sir.

Arb. Thou'rt dull, kneel down before her, and ne'er
Again, 'till she will love me. *Mar.* I think, she does. [rise

Arb. But better than she does, another Way ;
As Wives love Husbands.

Mar. Why, there are few Wives,
That love their Husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me : Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it then,
Naked as it is : I would desire her Love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a Sin that needs must damn us both ;

And thee too: Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes, there's your Ring again; what have I done Dishonestly in my whole Life, name it, Sir, That you should put so base a Business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me, then, that thou wouldst

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it; but if all [do it?] My Hairs were Lives, I would not be engag'd In such a Cause to save my last of Life.

Arb. O Guilt! how poor and weak a thing art thou? This Man that is my Servant, whom my Breath Might blow about the World, might beat me here Having this Cause; whilst I, prest down with Sin, Could not resist him: Dear *Mardonius*, It was a Motion mis-beseeming Man, I'm sorry for't. *Mar.* Heav'n grant, you may be so! You must understand, nothing, that you can utter, Can move my Love and Service from my Prince. Otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more. For you are sinful, and if you do this Crime, You ought to have no Laws. For after this, It will be great Injustice in you to punish Any Offender, and for any Crime. For myself, I find my Heart too big: I feel, I have not Patience to look on whilst you Run these forbidden Courses. Means I have None but your Favour, and I am rather glad 'That I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em With such Conditions; I shall find a Dwelling Amongst some People, where though our Garments per- Be coarse, we shall be richer far within, [haps And harbour no such Vices in 'em: The Gods Preserve and mend you!

Arb. *Mardonius*, stay, *Mardonius*; for though My present State requires nothing but Knaves To be about me, such as are prepar'd For every wicked Act, yet who does know, But that my loathed Fate may turn about, And I have Use for honest Men again? I hope, I may; I prithee, leave me not.

Enter

Enter Bessus.

Bes. Where is the King? *Mar.* There.

Bes. An't please your Majesty, there's the Knife.

Arb. What Knife?

Bes. The Sword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you Fool, the King is serious,
And cannot now admit your Vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest Man, if my Enemies have
not brought it to this; what, do you think, I lye?

Arb. No, no, 'tis well, *Bessus*, 'tis very well; I'm
glad on't.

Mar. If your Enemies brought it to this, your Ene-
mies are Cutlers, come leave the King.

Bes. Why, may not Valour approach him?

Mar. Yes, but he has Affairs; depart, or I shall be
something unmannerly with you.

Arb. No, let him stay, *Mardonius*, let him stay;
I have Occasion with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now. *Mar.* Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. *Mardonius* give way to these State-Affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present Purpose.

[*Exit Mar.*

Arb. *Bessus*, I should imploy thee, wilt thou do't?

Bes. Do't for you? By this Air, I will do any thing
without Exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent
thing.

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this Light, but I will, any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name the Thing,

Thy Conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that Thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my Sister for me;
Thou understandst me, in a wicked manner.

Bes. O, you would have a Bout with her?

I'll do't, I'll do't, i' faith.

Arb. Wilt thou, dost thou make no more on't;

Bes. More? No, why is there any thing else? If there
be, it shall be done too.

Arb.

Arb. Hast thou no greater Sense of such a Sin?
Thou art too wicked for my Company,
Though I have Hell within me, thou may'st yet
Corrupt me further: Pray thee, answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this Motion?

Bef. Why, your Majesty looks as well in my Opinion,
As ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me after thy Grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable Thing
That I have met with. Thou hast Eyes
Like Flames of Sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a Mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four Rows of Iron Teeth.

Bef. I feel no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I
look; I'll do my Business as well as they that look bet-
ter; and when this is dispatch'd, if you have a Mind
to your Mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it
hard.

Arb. My Mother! Heav'n forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspir'd with Horror: Now I hate thee
Worse than my Sin, which, if I could come by,
Should suffer Death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any Breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
E'er I will deal by such an Instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this;
Out of the World, away!

Bef. What do you mean, Sir?

Arb. Hung round with Curses, take thy fearful Flight
Into the Desarts, where 'mongst all the Monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bef. Good Sir ———

Arb. If there were no such Instruments as thou,
We Kings could never act such wicked Deeds:
Seek out a Man that mocks Divinity,
That breaks each Precept both of God and Man,
And Nature's too, and does it without Lust,
Meerly because it is a Law, and good,

And

And live with him: for him thou canst not spoil.
Away, I say, I will not do this Sin. [Exit Bessus.
I'll press it here, 'till it do break my Breast;
It heaves me to get out; but thou art a Sin,
And spite of Torture I will keep thee in. [Exit.

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

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, and Spaconia.

Gab. H A V E you written, Madam?

Pan. Yes, good *Gobrias*.

Gob. And with a Kindness, and such winning Words
As may provoke him, at one Instant, feel
His double Fault, your Wrong, and his own Rashness?

Pan. I have sent Words enough, if Words may win
From his Displeasure; and such Words, I hope, [him
As shall gain much upon his Goodness, *Gobrias*.

Yet fearing, since they're many, and a Woman's,
A poor Belief may follow; I have woven
As many Truths within 'em to speak for me,
That if he but be gracious, and receive 'em ———

Gob. Good Lady, be not fearful; though he should not
Give you your present End in this, believe it,
(37) You shall feel, if your Virtue can induce you
To labour out this Tempest (which I know,
Is but a poor Proof 'gainst your Patience:)
All those Contents, your Spirit will arrive at,

(37) *You shall feel, if your Virtue can induce you
To labour on't. this Tempest which I know,
Is but a poor Proof 'gainst your Patience:
All those Contents, your Spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you,*]

The Corruption of the Letters
and Stops of this Passage hath spoil'd both Sense and Grammar. It
shou'd, without question, be as I have reform'd the Text. The
Emendation, I think, self-evident. Mr. Seward.

I had likewise made this Regulation myself, and it is authoriz'd by
the old *Quarto* in 1619.

Newer

Newer and sweeter to you; your Royal Brother,
 When he shall once collect himself, and see
 How far he has been afunder from himself;
 What a mere Stranger to his golden Temper:
 Must from those Roots of Virtue, (never dying,
 Though somewhat stop'd with Humour,) shoot again
 Into a thousand Glories, bearing fair Branches
 High as our Hopes can look at, straight as Justice,
 Loaden with ripe Contents; he loves you dearly,
 I know it, and, I hope, I need not farther
 Win you to understand it. *Pan.* I believe it.
 But howsoever, I'm sure, I love him dearly:
 So dearly, that if any thing I write
 For my Enlarging should beget his Anger,
 Heav'n be a Witness with me and my Faith,
 I had rather live intomb'd here. —

Gob. You shall not feel a worse Stroke than your Grief,
 I am sorry, 'tis so sharp; I kiss your Hand,
 And this Night will deliver this true Story,
 With this Hand to your Brother.

Pan. Peace go with you!

You are a good Man.

[*Exit Gob.*

My Spaconia,

Why are you ever sad thus? *Spa.* O dear Lady, —

Pan. Prithee, discover not a Way to Sadness,
 Nearer than I have in me; our two Sorrows
 Work like two eager Hawks, who shall get highest;
 How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
 Is easier known than cur'd.

Spa. Heav'n comfort both,
 And give yours happy Ends, however I
 Fall in my stubborn Fortunes!

Pan. This but teaches
 How to be more familiar with our Sorrows,
 That are too much our Masters: Good *Spaconia,*
 How shall I do you Service? *Spa.* Noblest Lady,
 You make me more a Slave still to your Goodness;
 I only live to purchase Thanks to pay you,
 For that is all the Business of my Life now.
 I will be bold, since you will have it so,

To ask a noble Favour of you.

Pan. Speak it, 'tis yours; for from so sweet a Virtue,
No ill Demand has Issue.

Spa. Then, ever virtuous, let me beg your Will
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,
With whom I'm equal Prisoner, if not more.

Pan. Reserve me to a greater End, *Spaconia*;
Bacurius cannot want so much Good-manners
As to deny your gentle Visitation,
Though you came only with your own Command.

Spa. I know, they will deny me, gracious Madam,
Being a Stranger, and so little fam'd,

(38) So utter empty of those Excellencies
That tame Authority; but in you, sweet Lady,
All these are natural; beside, a Pow'r
Deriv'd immediate from your Royal Brother,
Whose least Word in you may command the Kingdom.

Pan. More than my Word, *Spaconia*, you shall carry,
For Fear it fail you.

Spa. Dare you trust a Token?
Madam, I fear, I am grown too bold a Beggar.

Pan. You are a pretty One, and, trust me, Lady,
It joys me, I shall do a Good to you,
Though to myself I never shall be happy:
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a Token
Deliver it; I think, they will not stay you:
So all your own Desires go with you, Lady!

Spa. And sweet Peace to your Grace!

Pan. Pray Heav'n, I find it. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tigranes, in Prison.

Tigr. Fool that I am, I have undone myself,
And with my own Hand turn'd my Fortune round,
That was a fair one: I have childishly

(38) *So utter empty of those Excellencies*

That tame Authority;] The oldest *Quarto* in 1619 reads, that
have, &c. but the *Quarto's* in 1631, 1661, and 1676, all concur in
giving us the Word *tame*, which, without doubt, is the true Reading.
She means, she is utterly void of those Talents that can have any Con-
troul over People in Office and Power.

Play'd with my Hope so long, 'till I have broke it,
 And now too late I mourn for't; O *Spaconia!*
 Thou hast found an even Way to thy Revenge now;
 Why didst thou follow me like a faint Shadow,
 To wither my Desires? But, wretched Fool,
 Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,
 To make me freeze thus? Why did I prefer her
 To the fair Princess? O thou Fool, thou Fool,
 Thou Family of Fools, live like a Slave still;
 And in thee bear thine own Hell and thy Torment,
 Thou hast deserv'd it: Couldst thou find no Lady
 But she, that has thy Hopes to put her to,
 And hazard all thy Peace? None to abuse,
 But she that lov'd thee ever? (poor *Spaconia!*)
 And so much lov'd thee, that in Honesty
 And Honour thou art bound to meet her Virtues:
 She, that forgat the Greatness of her Grief
 (39) And Miseries, that must follow such mad Passions,
 Endless and wild in Women; she that for thee,
 And with thee, left her Liberty, her Name,
 And Country; you have paid me, equal Heav'ns,
 And sent my own Rod to correct me with,
 A Woman: for Inconstancy I'll suffer;
 Lay it on, Justice, 'till my Soul melt in me
 For my unmanly, beastly, sudden Doting
 Upon a new Face; after all my Oaths,
 Many, and strange ones.
 I feel my old Fire flame again and burn
 So strong and violent, that should I see her
 Again, the Grief and that would kill me.

(39) *And Miseries, that must follow such mad Passions,
 Endless and wild as Women?*] Why must *Tigranes*, whilst he
 is speaking in Praise of one Woman, abuse all Women in general?
 Besides, had he a mind to abuse 'em, and apply the Epithet *wild* to
 them, he cou'd with no Propriety add the other, *endless*: I hope, I
 have restor'd the true Particle, which gives a very different and a very
 good Sense to the whole Sentence, *i. e.* when Women, so weak to
 defend themselves, have such strong Passions as to fly their Friends,
 and follow a Prisoner into an Enemy's Country, they must run the
 Hazard of *endless* and *wild* Miseries. Or if the Epithets *endless* and
wild be apply'd to Passions, the Sense will be much the same, and the
 Emendation as necessary.

Mr. Seward.

Enter

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bac. Lady,
Your Token I acknowledge, you may pass;
There is the King.

Spa. I thank your Lordship for it. [Exit *Bac.*

Tigr. She comes, she comes, Shame hide me ever
from her,

'Would, I were bury'd, or so far remov'd
Light might not find me out, I dare not see her.

Spa. Nay, never hide yourself; or were you hid,
Where Earth hides all her Riches, near her Center;
My Wrongs without more Day would light me to you:
I must speak, e'er I die; were all your Greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd Man,
And only mighty in your Wickedness
Of wronging Women. Thou art false, false, Prince;
I live to see it, (40) poor *Spaconia* lives
To tell thee thou art false; and tell thee more;
She lives to tell thee, thou art more unconstant,
Than all ill Women ever were together.
Thy Faith as firm as raging Over-flows,
That no Bank can command; as lasting
As Boys' gay Bubbles, blown i'th' Air and broken:
The Wind is fix'd, to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten Mariner with his shrill Whistle
Calm the loud Murmur of the troubled Main,
And strike it smooth again; than thy Soul fall
To 've Peace in Love with any: Thou art all,
That all good Men must hate; and if thy Story
Shall tell succeeding Ages what thou wert,
O, let it spare me in it, lest true Lovers,
In Pity of my Wrong, burn thy black Legend,
And with their Curses, shake thy sleeping Ashes!

(40) ————— poor *Spaconia* lives

To tell thee thou art false; and then no more;] Should not
Spaconia then have held her Tongue? Yes. But does she so? The
next Lines shew us, she does not. To cure this Place, therefore, I
think, we ought to read.

To tell thee, thou art false; and tell thee more; Mr. Symphon.

Tigr.

Tigr. Oh! oh!

(41) *Spa.* The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our Ends alike, that thou may'st die for Love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The Princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a Bull, and safer,
Than such a Beast as thou art. — I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrew me for it! Sir,
This Sorrow works me, like a cunning Friendship,
Into the same Piece with it; he's asham'd,
Alas, I have been too rugged: Dear my Lord,
I am sorry, I have spoken any thing,
Indeed, I am, that may add more Restraint
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a Fault of Love, not Malice;
And do, as I will do, forgive it, Prince.
I do, and can forgive the greatest Sins
To me you can repent of; pray, believe.

Tigr. O my *Spaconia!* O thou virtuous Woman!

Spa. No more; the King, Sir ———

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, and Mardonius.

Arb. Have you been carefull of our noble Prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his Greatness?

Bac. I hope, his Grace will quit me for my Care, Sir.

Arb. 'Tis well. Royal *Tigranes*, Health!

Tigr. More than the Strictness of this Place can give, Sir,
I offer back again to great *Arbaces*.

Arb. We thank you, worthy Prince; and, pray, excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here;
I hope, your noble Usage has been equal
With your own Person: Your Imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not last two Days.

(41) *The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our Ends, that thou may'st die for Love,
Though not for me;*] The Second Verse is manifestly defective
in a whole Foot. The *Quarto's* in 1619, 1631, and 1676, all have
furnish'd me with the Word which I have substituted into the Text,
and which makes out the Versification.

Tigr. I thank you, Sir.
My Usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a Royal Conqueror. For my Restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for;
But I must bear it.

Arb. What Lady's that, *Bacurius*?

Bac. One of the Princess' Women, Sir.

Arb. I fear'd it;

Why comes she hither?

Bac. To speak with Prince *Tigranes*.

Arb. From whom, *Bacurius*?

Bac. From the Princess, Sir.

Arb. I knew, I had seen her.

Mar. His Fit begins to take him now again,
'Tis a strange Fever, and 'twill shake us all
Anon, I fear; I would, he were well cur'd of
This raging Folly! Give me the Wars, where Men
Are mad, and may talk what they list, and held
The bravest Fellows; this pelting prating Peace
Is good for nothing: Drinking's a Virtue to't.

Arb. I see, there's Truth in no Man, nor Obedience,
But for his own Ends: Why did you let her in?

Bac. 'Twas your Command to bar none from him;
besides,

The Princess sent her Ring, Sir, for my Warrant.

Arb. A Token to *Tigranes*, did she not?

Sir, tell the Truth. *Bac.* I do not use to lie, Sir,
'Tis no Way I eat, or live by, and, I think,
This is no Token, Sir.

Mar. This Combat has undone him: If he had been
well beaten, he had been temperate; I shall never see
him handsome again, 'till he have a Horse-man's staff
yok'd thorough his Shoulders, or an Arm broken with a
Bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with. *Bac.* Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the Clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me so, Sir, I dare speak it;
And, durst a worse Man tell me, though my better —

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my Soul.

Arb. Sirrah, you answer, as you had no Life.

Bac. That I fear, Sir, to lose nobly.

Arb. I say, Sir, once again.

Bac. You may say what you please, Sir,
'Would, I might do so!

Arb. I will, Sir, and say openly, this Woman carries Letters; by my Life, I know, she carries Letters, this Woman does it.

Mar. 'Would, *Bessus* were here to take her aside and search her! he would quickly tell you what she carried, Sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this Woman carries Letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill World for Bawds, Chamber-maids, and Post-boys. I thank Heav'n, I have none but his Letters-Patents, Things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this Cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do what, Sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your Turn, Prince:

Tigr. Serve my Turn, Sir?

Arb. Ay, Sir, it shall not serve your Turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good Sir.

Arb. This Woman shall carry no more Letters back to your Love *Panthea*; by Heav'n, she shall not; I say, she shall not.

Mar. This would make a Saint swear like a Soldier; (42) and a Soldier, like *Termagant*.

Tigr. This beats me more, King, than the Blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away Both, and together let them Prisoners be, strictly and closely kept, or Sirrah, your Life shall answer it; and let no body speak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must indure these Passions:

(42) and a Soldier like *Termagant*.] These Words I have retriev'd from the eldest *Quarto* in 1619. *Termagant* was an old swearing, swaggering Character, well known for some Centuries past. It is mention'd by SHAKESPEARE in his *Hamlet*; by SPENSER in his *Fairy Queen*; by CHAUCER in his Tale of Sir *Thopas*, and in several old Plays.

(43) *Spa.* This is th' Imprisonment I've look'd for
And the dear Place I would choofe. [always;
[*Exeunt* Tigr. *Spa.* *Bac.*

Mar. Sir, you have done well now.

Arb. Dare you reprove it? *Mar.* No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no Letters, Sir, to anger you,
But a dry Sonnet of my Corporal's
To an old Suttler's Wife, and that I'll burn, Sir;
'Tis like to prove a fine Age for the Ignorant.

Arb. How dar'est thou so oft forfeit thy Life?
Thou know'st, 'tis in my Power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not, or if you do,
you'll miss it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish Follies,
When I am dead? Who shall put to his Power
To draw those Virtues out of a Flood of Humours,
When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?
No, cut my Head off:
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse,
(44) And have your too self-glorious Temper rock'd
Into a deep Sleep, and the Kingdom with you;
Till foreign Swords be in your Throats, and Slaughter
Be every where about you like your Flatterers.
Do, kill me.

(43) *This is th' Imprisonment I've look'd for always.*] But, surely,
Tigranes had no Reason to look for, or suspect, any such Treatment.
The eldest *Quarto* in 1619, and that of 1676, place this Verse and
the subsequent one to the Beginning of *Spaconia's* Speech; and they
certainly belong to her. She blesses her Fate, that she is to be with
her *Tigranes*, tho' in a Prison. I own, tho' I would not venture to
depart so far from the Text, I could wish we might suppose, the
Authors had wrote;

This is th' Imprisonment I've long'd for always.

For she had no more Reason to look for it, than *Tigranes* had.

(44) *And have your too self-glorious Temper rot*

Into a deep Sleep] Besides the Impropriety of rotting into
Sleep, the Expression is too coarse for the Character of *Mardonius*;
who, tho' bold and honest, is not abusive. I hope, I have restor'd
the original Word.

Mr. Seward.

This Emendation is finely imagin'd; and is sufficiently confirm'd
by the three Verses that follow.

Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good *Mardonius*,
 Thou know'st, I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
 Believe it, good old Soldier, I am thine;
 But I am rack'd clean from myself, bear with me,
 Woo't thou bear with me, my *Mardonius*?

Enter Gobrias.

Mar. There comes a good Man, love him too, he's
 temperate,
 You may live to have Need of such a Virtue,
 Rage is not still in Fashion.

Arb. Welcome, good *Gobrias*.

Gob. My Service and this Letter to your Grace.

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich Mine of Virtue and all Beauty,
 Your mournful Sister.

Arb. She is in Prison, *Gobrias*, is she not?

Gob. She is, Sir, till your Pleasure do enlarge her,
 Which on my Knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
 That all the Sweetness of the World in one,
 The Youth and Virtue that would tame wild Tygers,
 And wilder People, that have known no Manners,
 Should live thus cloister'd up; for your Love's sake,
 If there be any in that noble Heart,
 To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn;
 Or for her Love to you, which is as much
 As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
 Have Pity on her Beauties.

Arb. Pray thee, stand up; 'Tis true, she is too fair,
 And all these Commendations but her own;
 'Would, thou hadst never so commended her,
 Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, *Gobrias*!
 If thou but knew'st the Wrong her Beauty does her,
 Thou wouldst in Pity of her be a Lyar;
 Thy Ignorance has drawn me, wretched Man,
 Whither myself, nor thou, can't well tell: O my Fate!
 I think, she loves me, but, I fear, another
 Is deeper in her Heart: How think'st thou, *Gobrias*?

Gob. I do beseech your Grace, believe it not;
 For, let me perish, if it be not false! Good Sir, read
 her Letter.

Mar.

Mar. This Love, or what a Devil it is, I know not, begets more Mischief than a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lousy, than live within the Air on't. He, that had seen this brave Fellow charge through a Grove of Pikes but t'other Day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his Eyes again: If he continue thus but two Days more, a Tailor may beat him with one Hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, she fain would be at Liberty.
And there be a thousand Reasons, *Gobrias*,
Thousands that will deny't:
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and blest her Virtues for it,
And me, though she were closer; she would, *Gobrias*,
Good Man, indeed, she would.

Gob. Then, good Sir, for her Satisfaction,
Send for her, and with Reason make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will; go bring her to me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Bessus, two Sword-men, and a Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome Both; some Stools there,
And reach a Table; Gentlemen o' th' Sword, [Boy,
Pray sit without more Complement; be gone, Child.
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant.

1 Sw. We understand ourselves, Sir.

Bes. Nay, Gentlemen, and my dear Friends o' th' Sword,
No Complement, I pray; but to the Cause
I hang upon, which in few, is my Honour.

2 Sw. You cannot hang too much, Sir, for your Honour;
But to your Cause——

Bes. Be wise, and speak the Truth; my first Doubt is,
My Beating by my Prince.

1 Sw. Stay there a little, Sir; do you doubt a Beating?
Or have you had a Beating by your Prince?

Bes. Gentlemen o' th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 Sw. Brother, what think you of this Case?

1 Sw. If he has beaten him, the Case is clear.

2 Sw. If he have beaten him, I grant the Case;

But how? We cannot be too subtle in this Business,
I say, but how?

Bef. Even with his Royal Hand.

1 *Sw.* Was it a Blow of Love, or Indignation?

Bef. 'Twas Twenty Blows of Indignation, Gentlemen;
Besides two Blows o'th' Face.

(45) 2 *Sw.* Those Blows o'th' Face have made a new
Cause on't,

The rest were but an honourable Rudeness.

1 *Sw.* Two Blows o'th' Face, and given by a worse
Man, I must confess, as the Sword-men say, had turn'd
the Business: Mark me, Brother, by a worse Man: But
being by his Prince, had they been Ten, and those Ten
drawn Ten Teeth, besides the Hazard of his Nose for
ever; all this had been but Favours: This is my flat
Opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Sw.* The King may do much, Captain, believe it;
for had he crack'd your Skull through, like a Bottle, or
broke a Rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost
no Honour: This is strange, you may imagine, but this
is Truth now, Captain.

Bef. I will be glad to embrace it, Gentlemen;
But how far may he strike me?

1 *Sw.* There is another: A new Cause rising from the
Time and Distance, in which I will deliver my Opinion:
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten: For these
are natural to Man: Your Prince, I say, may beat you,
so far forth as his Dominion reacheth, that's for the Di-
stance; the Time ten Miles a-Day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen Miles a-Day;
His Stage is ten, his Beatings are fifteen.

Bef. 'Tis of the longest, but we Subjects must —

1 *Sw.* Be subject to it; you are Wise and Virtuous.

Bef. Obedience ever makes that noble Use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten Body;

(45) *Those Blows o'th' Face have made a new Cause on't,*
The rest were but an horrible Rudeness.] The last, I am sure,
is an horrible rough, as well as defective, Verse. The *Quarto's* of
1619, and 1676 have the Epithet, which I have restored in the
Text.

I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th' Sword.

2 Sw. No Trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may Profit your Understanding, we are bound By virtue of our Calling to utter our Opinions, Shortly, and discreetly.

Bef. My forest Business is, I have been kick'd.

2 Sw. How far, Sir?

(46) Bef. Not to flatter myself in it, all over; my Sword lost, but not forc'd; for discreetly I rendred it, to save that Imputation.

1 Sw. It shew'd Discretion, the best Part of Valour.

2 Sw. Brother, this is a pretty Cause; pray, ponder Our Friend here has been kick'd. [on't;

1 Sw. He has so, Brother.

2 Sw. So'rcly, he says: Now, had he set down here Upon the meer Kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 Sw. I think, it had been cowardly indeed.

2 Sw. But our Friend has redeem'd it, in delivering His Sword without Compulsion; and that Man, That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one, And his Kicks Nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the delivering, Which is the Confirmation of a Coward.

1 Sw. Brother, I take it, you mistake the Question; For, say, that I were kick'd.

2 Sw. I must not say so;

(46) *Not to flatter myself in it, all over; my Sword forc'd, but not lost;*] This is as absurd and ridiculous a Transposition (made thro' the Error of the Copyists, or at Press) as we shall meet with in haste. Tho' *Befus* was by Nature and Habit a Lyar, yet here he meant to represent the State of his Case seriously to the *Sword-men*, to have their Opinion upon it. We find in a preceding Scene, that, upon *Bacurius* discovering him to be a notorious Poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his Sword. *Befus* obeys, and does it with a Gasconade; saying, *it is a pretty Hilt, and if his Lordship takes an Affection to it, with all his Heart he'll present it to him for a New-years-gift.* How then was his Sword forc'd from him? It was not; for he immediately subjoins here to the *Sword-men*; *for I discreetly render'd it to save that Imputation.* All the Editions concur in the Blunder; and, I imagine, the most accurate Readers may have slip'd over this Absurdity. Let the two Words *forc'd* and *lost* change Places, and then all is clear, and the Fact truly stated.

Nor I must not hear it spoke by Tongue of Man.
You kick'd, dear Brother! You're merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the Case, I were kick'd;—

2 *Sw.* Let them put it, that are Things weary of their Lives, and know not Honour; put the Case, you were kick'd?

1 *Sw.* I do not say, I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no silly Creature that wears his Head without a Case, his Soul in a Skin-coat: You kick'd, dear Brother?

Bef. Nay, Gentlemen, let us do what we shall do, Truly and honestly; good Sirs, to the Question.

1 *Sw.* Why, then I say, suppose your Boy kick'd, Captain?

2 *Sw.* The Boy may be suppos'd, he's liable. But kick my Brother?

1 *Sw.* A foolish forward Zeal, Sir, in my Friend; But to the Boy,—Suppose, the Boy were kick'd.

Bef. I do suppose it.

1 *Sw.* Has your Boy a Sword?

Bef. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a Sword too.

1 *Sw.* I do suppose it; you grant, your Boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, Captain, let it be supposed still; the Word *Grant* makes not for us.

(47) 1 *Sw.* I say this must be granted.

2 *Sw.*

(47) 1 *Sw.* *I say, this must be granted.*

2 *Sw.* *This must be granted, Brother?*

1 *Sw.* *Ay, this must be granted.*

2 *Sw.* *Still this must, &c.]* The Poets here are flirting (I was almost going to say, invidiously) at a Passage in SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*.

————— *It is a Mind
That shall remain a Poison where it is,
Not poison any further.*

Cor. Shall remain?

*Hear you this Triton of the Minnows? Mark you
His absolute shall?*

Com. 'Twas from the Canon.

Cor. Shall!

————— *Have you thus
Giv'n Hydra here to choose an Officer,*

That

2 Sw. This must be granted, Brother?

1 Sw. Ay, this must be granted.

2 Sw. Still, this must?

1 Sw. I say, this must be granted. [palter.

2 Sw. Ay, give me the must again? (48) Brother, you

1 Sw. I will not hear you, Wasp.

2 Sw. Brother, I say, you palter; the Must three times together? I wear as sharp Steel as another Man, and my Fox bites as deep; musted, my dear Brother?

But to the Cause again.

Bef. Nay, look you, Gentlemen.

2 Sw. In a Word, I ha' done.

1 Sw. A tall Man, but intemperate, 'tis great Pity; Once more suppose the Boy kick'd. 2 Sw. Forward.

1 Sw. And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the Kicker.

2 Sw. So much for us; proceed.

1 Sw. And in this beaten Scorn, as I may call it, Delivers up his Weapon; where lies the Error?

Bef. It lies i'th' Beating, Sir, I found it four Days since.

2 Sw. The Error, and a fore one, as I take it, Lies in the Thing kicking.

Bef. I understand that well, 'tis so, indeed, Sir.

1 Sw. That is according to the Man that did it.

2 Sw. There springs a new Branch, whose was the Foot?

Bef. A Lord's.

That with his peremptory shall —

————— They choose their Magistrate!

And such a one as he, who puts his shall,

His popular shall, &c.

(48) 2 Sw. ————— Brother, you palter.

1 Sw. *I will not bear you, Wasp.*] Here again is a Sneer upon that celebrated quarrelling Scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, in SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*.

————— Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy Humour? By the Gods,

You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,

Tho' it do split you. For, from this Day forth,

I'll use you for my Mirth, yea, for my Laughter,

When you are waspish.

250 *A King, and No King.*

1 Sw. The Cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,
And Both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Bef. I did laugh,

But how will that help me, Gentlemen?

2 Sw. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Bef. As loud as a kick'd Man could laugh, I laugh'd,
Sir.

1 Sw. My Reason now; the valiant Man is known
By suffering and contemning it; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 Sw. If he be sure, he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave Sufferance you speak of, Brother,
Consists not in a Beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd Body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; (49) in a Head rebuk'd
With Pots of all size, Daggers, Stools, and Bed-staves;
This shows a valiant Man.

(49) ————— in a Head rebuk'd

With Pots of all Size, degrees; Stools and Bed-staves;

This shews a valiant Man.] What an inharmonious Line is this Second here? Besides, where is the mighty Difference betwixt *Size* and *Degrees*? What then if we should read *Daggers*? There is a pleasant Passage in *PLAUTUS's Persian* about Parasites, whom he styles *hard-headed* Fellows, because they had frequently Things thrown at their Pates.

His Cognomentum erat duris Capitonibus.

Casaubon has this Note upon the Place. *Olim inter alia Instrumenta perditæ Luxûs, et Matulæ in Triclinia inferri solitæ; quas sæpe, ubi incaluissent, in Capita sibi invicem illiserunt. Hinc dicti propterea Parasiti, duri Capitones.*

Mr. Symphon.

My Friend has deliver'd his Conjecture, about substituting *Daggers*, with Distrust and Disapprobation. But, I believe, I shall soon overcome his Modesty; and demonstrate the Emendation to be most certain. In the first Place, the Word has the Sanction of the oldest *Quarto* in 1619. Then, again, afterwards, where *Mardonius* is characterizing *Bessus* to *Lygones*, he says,

— He has had, since he was first a Slave,
At least three Hundred Daggers set in's Head,
As little Boys do Knives in hot Meat;

So, in Rule a Wife and have a Wife;

From thence to th' Dicing-House, there I found Quarrels,
Needless and senseless, Swords, Pots, Candlesticks,
Tables, and Stools, and all in one Confusion,
And no Man knew his Friend.

The Word, *Swords*, here, is plainly equivalent to *Daggers*.

Bef.

Bef. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,
For these are all familiar Things, to me ;
Familiar as my Sleep, or Want of Money ;
All my whole Body's but one Bruise with Beating,
I think I have been Cudgell'd with all Nations,
And almost all Religions.

2 Sw. Embrace him, Brother, this Man is valiant.
I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1 Sw. Captain, thou art a valiant Gentleman,
To abide upon't, a very valiant Man.

Bef. My equal Friends o' th' Sword, I must request
Your Hands to this. *2 Sw.* 'Tis fit it should be.

Bef. Boy,
Get me some Wine, and Pen and Ink within:
Am I clear, Gentlemen?

1 Sw. Sir, when the World has taken Notice what
we have done,
Make much of your Body, for I'll pawn my Steel,
Men will be coyer of their Legs hereafter.

Bef. I must request you go along and testify to the
Lord *Bacurius*, whose Foot has struck me, how you find
my Cause.

2 Sw. We will, and tell that Lord, he must be rul'd ;
Or there are those, abroad, will rule his Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arbaces, at one Door ; and Gobrias, and Panthea
at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the Princess.

Arb. Leave us then alone,
For the main Cause of her Imprisonment
Must not be heard by any, but herself. [*Exit Gob.*]
You're welcome, Sister ; and I would to Heav'n,
I could so bid you by another Name :
If You above love not such Sins as these,
Circle my Heart with Thoughts as cold as Snow,
To quench these rising Flames that harbour here.

Pan. Sir, does it please you, I should speak?

Arb. Please me?

Ay, more than all the Art of Musick can ;

Thy

Thy Speech doth please me, for it ever sounds,
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected News;
And yet it is not fit thou should'st be heard.

I pray thee, think so. *Pan.* Be it so, I will.

I am the first, that ever had a Wrong
So far from being fit to have Redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it: I will back
To Prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit. *Arb.* No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious Thought:
I have collected all that's Man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To hear thee largely; but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undo us Both.

Pan. Alas, Sir, am I Venom?

Arb. Yes, to me;

Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a Degree of Heat or Cold,
As Nature can make: Yet as unsound Men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st Meats
Into Diseases; so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee; I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the World, and why it should be thus,
Is all I wish to know. *Arb.* Why, credit me,

Panthea, credit me that am thy Brother,
Thy loving Brother, that there is a Cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear; wilt thou but credit this?

By Heav'n, 'tis true; believe it, if thou can'st.

Pan. Children and Fools are ever credulous,
And I am Both, I think, for I believe;
If you dissemble, be it on your Head;
I'll back unto my Prison: Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some Place where you are;
For in myself, I find I know not what
To call it, but it is a great Desire
To see you often.

Arb. Fie, you come in a Step, what do you mean?
Dear Sister, do not so: Alas, *Panthea*,
Where I am, would you be? Why, that's the Cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I must endure it, Sir; Heav'n keep you!

Arb. Nay, you shall hear the Cause in short, *Panthea*;
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me;
And hang thy Head down like a Violet
Full of the morning Dew: There is a Way
To gain thy Freedom, but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse Bondage, and, I know,
Thou wouldst encounter Fire, and make a Proof
Whether the Gods have Care of Innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I've lost,
The only Difference betwixt Man and Beast,
My Reason. *Pan.* Heav'n forbid!

Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a Bound,
As the wild Ocean, that obeys the Winds;
Each sudden Passion throws me where it lifts,
And overwhelms All that oppose my Will:
I have beheld thee with a lustful Eye:
My Heart is set on Wickedness to act
Such Sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of; if thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy Liberty, and yield me a Content;
If not, thy Dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee; for, Heav'n knows,
That laid this Punishment upon my Pride,
Thy Sight at some time will enforce my Madness
To make a Start e'en to thy Ravishing;
Now spit upon me, and call all Reproaches
Thou can'st devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a Sickness
As killing as the Plague, ready to seize thee.

Pan. Far be it from me to revile the King!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out Death, that else would search out me,

And

And in a Grave sleep with my Innocence,
 Than welcome such a Sin: It is my Fate,
 To these cross Accidents I was ordain'd,
 And must have Patience; and but that my Eyes
 Have more of Woman in 'em than my Heart,
 I would not weep: Peace enter you again!

Arb. Farewel, and, good *Panthea*, pray for me;
 Thy Prayers are pure, that I may find a Death
 However soon, before my Passions grow,
 That they forget what I desire is Sin;
 For thither they are tending: If that happen,
 Then I shall force thee, tho' thou wert a Virgin
 By Vow to Heaven, and shall pull a Heap
 Of strange, yet uninvented, Sin upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know
 It is a sullen Fate that governs us;
 For I could wish as heartily as you
 I were no Sister to you, I should then
 Embrace your lawful Love, sooner than Health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly,
 That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my Heart
 To like another. *Arb.* Then I curse my Birth;
 Must this be added to my Miseries
 That thou art willing too? Is there no Stop
 To our full Happiness, but these meer Sounds,
 Brother and Sister?

Pan. There is nothing else,
 But these, alas! will separate us more
 Than twenty Worlds betwixt us.

Arb. I have liv'd
 To conquer Men, and now am overthrown
 Only by Words, Brother and Sister: Where
 Have those Words Dwelling? I will find 'em out,
 And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
 Not to be grasp'd: Let 'em be Men or Beasts,
 And I will cut 'em from the Earth; or Towns,
 And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
 Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,
 And yet have unquench'd Fire left in my Breast:

Let 'em be any thing but meerly Voice.

Pan. But 'tis not in the Pow'r of any Force,
Or Policy, to conquer them. *Arb. Panthea,*
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our Eyes out? *Pan.* 'Would, I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine. *Arb. Accursed Man,*
Thou bought'st thy Reason at too dear a Rate;
For thou hast all thy Actions bounded in
With curious Rules, when ev'ry Beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a Kindred,
But wretched Man? Who ever saw the Bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd,
Because they had one Dam? *Pan.* Sir, I disturb
You and myself too; 'twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was,
Stay, we will love just as becomes our Births,
No otherwife: Brothers and Sisters may
Walk Hand in Hand together; so will we.
Come nearer: Is there any Hurt in this?

Pan. I hope not, Sir.

Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?

Pan. No, by Heav'n. *Arb.* Why yet
You sent unto *Tigranes*, Sister. *Pan.* True,
But for another: For the Truth — *Arb.* No more.
I'll credit thee, thou canst not lie,
Thou art all Truth.

Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kiss.

Arb. And so they may, *Panthea*, so will we,
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous,
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

Pan. If you have any Mercy, let me go
To prison, to my Death, to any thing:
I feel a Sin growing upon my Blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.

Arb. That is impossible, what shou'd we do?

Pan.

Pan. Fly, Sir, for Heav'n's sake.

Arb. So we must; away!

Sin grows upon us more by this Delay.

[*Exeunt, several ways.*]

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

Enter Mardonius and Lygones.

Mar. SIR, the King has seen your Commission, and believes it; and freely by this Warrant gives you Power to visit Prince *Tigranes*, your noble Master.

Lyg. I thank his Grace, and kiss his Hand.

Mar. But is the Main of all your Business ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse; I am ashamed, it is a Business, ———

Mar. You serve a worthy Person, and a Stranger, I am sure, you are; you may employ me if you please without your Purse, such Offices should ever be their own Rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your Nobleness.

Mar. I may have Need of you, and then this Courtesy, If it be any, is not ill bestowed;

(50) But may I civilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a Hurter, if no Helper.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know; I have lost a foolish Daughter, And with her all my Patience, pilfer'd away By a mean Captain of your King's.

Mar. Stay there, Sir:

If he have reach'd the noble Worth of Captain,
He may well claim a worthy Gentlewoman,

(50) *But may I civilly desire the rest?*] *Mardonius* may seem here, at first View, to be over-inquisitive into the Secrets of one, whom he had never seen before: but he, first, offers him his best Services without Fee, or Reward. But the Motive of the Poets for this Curiosity was to let the Audience be inform'd that *Lygones* was the Father of *Spaconia*; and that a scurvy Captain, belonging to *Arbaces*, had pilfer'd her away from him.

Though

Though she were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too : But this wretched Fellow
Reaches no further than the empty Name,
That serves to feed him ; were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble Nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good Man,
My Cares were so much lighter, and my Grave
A Span yet from me.

Mar. I confess, such Fellows
Be in all Royal Camps, and have and must be,
To make the Sin of Coward more detested
In the mean Soldier, that with such a Foil
Sets off much Valour. By Description
I should now guess him to you ; it was *Bessus*,
I dare almost with Confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy Name as *Bessus*, and now I
think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain, do you call him ?
Believe me, Sir, you have a Misery
Too mighty for your Age : A Pox upon him !
For that must be the End of all his Service :
Your Daughter was not mad, Sir ?

Lyg. No ; 'would, she had been !
The Fault had had more Credit : I would do something.

Mar. I would fain counsel you, but to what, I know not,
He's so below a Beating, that the Women
Find him not worthy of their Distaves, and
To hang him were to cast away a Rope ;
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied Coward,
That no Revenge can catch him : I'll tell you, Sir,
And Truth ; this Rascal fears nor God nor Man,
He has been so beaten : Sufferance has made him
Wainscot ; he has had since he was first a Slave,
At least three hundred Daggers set in's Head,
As little Boys do new Knives in hot Meat,
There's not a Rib in's Body, o' my Conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry Beating :
And now his Sides look like two Wicker Targets,
Every way bended ; Children will shortly take him
For a Wall, and set their Stone-bows in his Forehead,

He's of so base a Sense, I cannot in
A Week imagine what shall be done to him.

Lyg. Surely, I have committed some great Sin
That this base Fellow should be made my Rod.
I would see him, but I shall have no Patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter if you have not: If
A Laming of him, or some such Toy may do
You Pleasure, Sir, he has it for you, and
I'll help you to him: 'tis now News to him
To have a Leg broken, or Shoulder out,
With being turn'd o' th' Stones like Tansy: Draw not
Your Sword, if you do love it; for, on my Conscience,
His Head will break it: we use him i'th' Wars
Like to a Ram to shake a Wall withal.
Here comes the very Person of him, do
As you shall find your Temper, I must leave you:
But if you do not break him like a Bisket,
You're much to blame, Sir. [Exit Mar.

Enter Bessus and the Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your Name *Bessus*?

Bes. Men call me Captain *Bessus*.

Lyg. Then, Captain *Bessus*,
You're a rank Rascal, without more Exordiums,
A dirty frozen Slave; and with the Favour
Of your Friends here, I will beat you.

2 Sw. Pray, use your Pleasure, Sir;
You seem to be a Gentleman.

Lyg. Thus, Captain *Bessus*, thus;
Thus twinge your Nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your Cause, Sir, quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1 Sw. Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more Beating:
You have stol'n away a Lady, Captain Coward,
And such an one — [Beats him.

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, Sir,
I never yet stole any living Thing
That had a Tooth about it. *Lyg.* I know you dare lie.
Bes.

Bef. With none but Summer Whores upon my Life, Sir; My Means and Manners never could attempt Above a Hedge or Haycock.

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me, where is this Lady? Do that, you do not use to do, tell Truth, Or, by my Hand, I'll beat your Captain's Brains out, Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

Bef. There was a Lady, Sir, I must confefs, Once in my Charge: The Prince *Tigranes* gave her To my Guard for her Safety, how I us'd her She may herself report, she's with the Prince now: I did but wait upon her like a Groom, Which she will testify, I'm sure: If not, My Brains are at your Service when you please, Sir, And glad I have 'em for you.

Lyg. This is most likely; Sir, I ask your Pardon, and am sorry I Was so intemperate. *Bef.* Well, I can ask no more, You will think it strange now to have me beat you At the first Sight. *Lyg.* Indeed, I would; but, I know, Your Goodness can forget twenty Beatings, you must Forgive me.

Bef. Yes, there's my Hand, go where you will, I shall think you a valiant Fellow for all this.

Lyg. My Daughter is a Whore, I feel it now Too sensible; yet I will see her once, Discharge myself from being Father to her, And then back to my Country, and there die: Farewel, good Captain.

[*Exit Lyg.*]

Bef. Farewel, Sir, farewel, Commend me to the Gentlewoman, I pray.

1 Sw. How now, Captain? Bear up, Man.

Bef. Gentlemen o'th' Sword, your Hands once more; I have been kick'd again, but the foolish Fellow is Penitent, h'as ask'd me Mercy, and my Honour's safe.

2 Sw. We knew that, or the foolish Fellow had better have kick'd his Grandfire.

Bef. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 Sw. There be our Hands again, now let him come And say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas! good ignorant old Man, let him go, let him go, these Courses will undo him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lygones and Bacurius.

Bac. My Lord, your Authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my Consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King: I am a Minister, but not a Governor of this State; yonder is your King, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is, indeed, and with him my disloyal Child.

Tygr. I do perceive my Fault so much, that yet, Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your Majesty!

Tygr. What, good *Lygones!*

Welcome, what Business hath brought thee hither?

Lyg. Several; my publick Business will appear By this; I have a Message to deliver, Which if it please you so to authorize, Is an Embassage from th' *Armenian* State, Unto *Arbaces* for your Liberty:

The Offer's there set down, please you to read it.

Tygr. There is no Alteration happen'd since I came thence? *Lyg.* None, Sir, all is as it was.

Tygr. And all our Friends are well?

Lyg. All very well.

Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good, I dare not see my Father, it was Fault Enough not to acquaint him with that Good.

Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.

Spa. Good Sir, forgive me.

Lyg. Forgive you, why? I am no Kin t'you, am I?

Spa. Should it be measur'd by my mean Deserts, Indeed, you are not.

Lyg. Thou could'st prate unhappily, E'er thou could'st go; 'would, thou could'st do as well! And how does Custom hold out here? *Spa.* Sir?

Lyg. Are you

In private still, or how? *Spa.* What do you mean?

Lyg.

Lyg. Do you take Money? Are you come to sell
Sin yet?

Perhaps, I can help you to some liberal Clients :
Or has not the King cast you off yet? O thou
Vile Creature, whose best Commendation is,
That thou art a young Whore. I would thy Mother
Had liv'd to see this, or rather that I had died
E'er I had seen it; why didst not make me acquainted
When thou wert first resolv'd to be a Whore,
I would have seen thy hot Lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a Dancer
And a whole Confort of Musicians
In my own House only to fiddle to thee.

Spa. Sir, I was never Whore.

Lyg. If thou could'st not
Say so much for thyself, thou should'st be carted.

Tigr. *Lygones*, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it. *Lyg.* Well, Sir, I will: but I've
A private Business with you. *Tigr.* Speak, what is't?

Lyg. How has my Age deserv'd so ill of you,
That you can pick no Strumpets in the Land,
But out of my Breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good *Lygones*?

Lyg. Yes, and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a Whore for any Prince alive,
And yet Scorn will not help: methinks, my Daughter
Might have been spar'd, there were enow besides.

Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As Morning Light for me, and I dare swear
For all the World. *Lyg.* Why is she with you then?
Can she wait on you better than your Man,
Has she a Gift in plucking off your Stockings,
Can she make Cawdles well, or cut your Corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a Queen
I know, you do contemn her, so should I,
And every Subject else think much at it.

Tigr. Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firm than
Earth:

Thou see'st thy Queen there. *Lyg.* Then have I made a fair
Hand on't: I call'd her Whore. If I shall speak

Now as her Father, I cannot chuse but greatly
Rejoice that she shall be a Queen: but if I
Shall speak to you as a Statesman, she were more fit
To be your Whore.

Tigr. Get you about your Business to *Arbaces*,
Now you talk idly. *Lyg.* Yes, Sir, I will go,
And shall she be a Queen? she had more Wit
Than her old Father, when she ran away:
Shall she be Queen? now, by my Troth, 'tis fine,
I'll dance out of all Measure at her Wedding:
Shall I not, Sir? *Tigr.* Yes, marry, shalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make these withered Kexes bear my Body
Two Hours together above Ground. *Tigr.* Nay, go,
My Business requires Haste.

Lyg. Good Heav'n preserve you!
You are an excellent King. *Spa.* Farewel, good Father.

Lyg. Farewel, sweet virtuous Daughter,
I never was so joyful in all my Life,
That I remember: shall she be a Queen?
Now I perceive a Man may weep for Joy,
I had thought they had lied that said so. [*Exit Ligones.*]

Tigr. Come, my dear Love.

Spa. But you may see another
May alter that again. *Tigr.* Urge it no more,
I have made up a new strong Constancy,
Not to be shook with Eyes: I know, I have
The Passions of a Man, but if I meet
With any Subject that should hold my Eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: let that suffice. [*Excunt.*]

Enter Bacurius and his Servant.

Bac. Three Gentlemen without to speak with me?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter Bessus with the two Sword-men.

Ser. They are entred, Sir, already.

Bac. Now, Fellows, your Business? Are these the
Gentlemen?

Bes.

Bef. My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen, my Friends o'th' Sword, along with me.

Bac. I am afraid, you'll fight then.

Bef. My good Lord, I will not,
Your Lordship's much mistaken; fear not, Lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.

Bef. I ask no more in Honour; Gentlemen, you hear my Lord is sorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten; One whose dull Body will require a Laming,

As Surfeits do the Diet, Spring and Fall.

Now to your Sword-men; what come they for, good Captain Stock-fish?

Bef. It seems, your Lordship has forgot my Name.

Bac. No, nor your Nature neither, though they are Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing, Than my Remembrance, or any honest Man's: What shall these Billets do; be pil'd up in my Wood-yard?

Bef. Your Lordship holds your Mirth still, Heav'n continue it! but for these Gentlemen, they come——

Bac. To swear you are a Coward, spare your Book, I do believe it.

Bef. Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch Under their valiant Hands I am no Coward.

Bac. That would be a Show, indeed, worth seeing: Sirs, be wise, and take Money for this Motion, travell with it; and where the Name of *Bessus* has been known, or a good Coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a Tilt-ing. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your Captainship, and more natural: Men of most valiant Hands, is this true?

2 Sw. It is so, most renowned.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1 Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true;
We have examined from your Lordship's Foot there,
To this Man's Head, the Nature of the Beatings;
And we do find his Honour is come off
Clean and sufficient: this, as our Swords shall help us.

Bac. You are much bounden to your *Bilbo* Men,
I'm glad you're straight again; Captain, 'twere good,
You'd think on some way how to gratify them,
They've undergone a Labour for you, *Bessus*,
'Would have puzzled *Hercules* with all his Valour

2 Sw. Your Lordship must understand, we are no Men
o'th' Law, that take Pay for our Opinions: it is suffi-
cient we have clear'd our Friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd in
Conscience, will discharge, Captain; I'll pay this Rent
for you.

Bes. Spare yourself, my good Lord; my brave Friends
aim at nothing but the Virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold Discharge, Sir, for their Pains.

2 Sw. O Lord; my good Lord.

Bac. Be not so modest, I will give you Something.

Bes. They shall dine with your Lordship, that's suffi-
cient.

Bac. Something in Hand the while, you Rogues, you
Apple-Squires:

Do you come hither with your bottled Valour,
Your windy Froth, to limit out my Beatings?

1 Sw. I do beseech your Lordship.

2 Sw. O, good Lord!

Bac. S'foot, what a beavy of beaten Slaves are here?
Get me a Cudgel, Sirrah, and a tough one.

2 Sw. More of your Foot, I do beseech your Lord-
ship.

Bac. You shall, you shall, Dog, and your Fellow-beagle:

1 Sw. O' this side, good my Lord.

Bac. Off with your Swords,
For if you hurt my Foot, I'll have you flead,
You Rascals.

1 Sw. Mine's off, my Lord.

2 Sw. I beseech your Lordship, stay a little, my Strap's
tied to my Cod-piece Point: now, when you please.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant Friends, you long
for a little too?

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship.

Bac. What's that in your Pocket hurts my Toe, you
Mungril?

Mungril? Thy Buttocks cannot be so hard, out with it quickly.

2 Sw. Here 'tis, Sir, a small Piece of Artillery, that a Gentleman, a dear Friend of your Lordship's, sent me with, to get it mended, Sir; for, if you mark, the Nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A Friend of mine, you Rascal? I was never wearier of doing any thing, than kicking these two Foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is a good Cudgel, Sir.

Bac. It comes too late, I'm weary; pray thee, do thou beat them.

2 Sw. My Lord, this is foul Play, i'faith; to put a fresh Man upon us; Men are but Men, Sir.

Bac. That Jeast shall save your Bones, Captain, rally up your rotten Regiment, and be gone: I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these Rascals, 'till they cry'd, *Ho; Bessus*, you may put your Hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewel, as you like this, pray visit me again, 'twill keep me in good Health. [*Exit Bac.*]

2 Sw. H'as a devilish hard Foot, I never felt the like.

1 Sw. Nor I, and yet, I am sure, I have felt a hundred.

2 Sw. If he kick thus i'th' Dog-days, he will be dry-foundred: What Cure now, Captain, besides Oil of Bays?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go.

2 Sw. Yes, Heav'n be thanked; but I feel a shrew'd Ach; sure, h'as sprang my Huckle-bone.

1 Sw. I ha' lost a Hanch.

Bes. A little Butter, Friend, a little Butter, Butter and Parsley is a Sovereign Matter: *probatum est.*

2 Sw. Captain, we must request your Hand now to our Honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye, and then let all the World come, we are valiant to ourselves, and there's an end.

1 Sw. Nay, then, we must be valiant; O my Ribs.

2 Sw. O my small Guts! a Plague upon these sharp-toed Shoes, they are Murderers!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Arbaces, with his Sword drawn.

(51) Arb. It is resolv'd: — I bare it whilst I could, I can no more; Hell, open all thy Gates, And I will thorough them: If they be shut, I'll batter 'em, but I will find the Place Where the most Damn'd have Dwelling: E'er I end, Amongst them all they shall not have a Sin, But I may call it mine: I must begin With' Murder of my Friends, and so go on, To that incestuous Ravishing, and end My Life and Sins with a forbidden Blow Upon myself.

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What Tragedy is near? That Hand was never wont to draw a Sword, But it cry'd Dead to something. Arb. Mardonius, Have you bid Gobrias come?

Mar. How do you, Sir?

Arb. Well; is he coming?

Mar. Why, Sir, are you thus? Why do your Hands proclaim a lawless War Against yourself? —

(51) It is resolv'd: — I bare it whilst I could, I can no more; [- - - - -] I must begin

With Murder of my Friends, &c.] Thus this Passage has stood from the first Edition quite downwards. But, surely, no Character was ever introduced on the Stage, with a Sword drawn and an Intention of Self-Murder; and so little said, to explain to the Audience the Drift of what he was about. But neither Absurdity in This, or Barrenness of Invention, are to be placed to the Account of the Authors. The noble intermediate Lines, which I have inserted, are owing to the invaluable Quarto in 1619. I suspect, why they were dropp'd; they border, indeed, a little upon Impiety: and the Preciseness of the Players, or their wise Manager, could not judge them proper to be spoken; tho' Arbaces, through the whole Play, is drawn a Man of the most wild and extravagant Passions; tho' he was almost besides himself with the Thought of his intended Incest; and tho' he shew'd the utmost Contempt of Religion, in that confirm'd Madness of coming up to a Resolution of destroying himself.

Arb.

Arb. Thou answerest me one Question with another,
Is *Gobrias* coming? *Mar.* Sir, he is. *Arb.* 'Tis well,
I can forbear your Questions then, be gone.

Mar. Sir, I have mark'd, —

Arb. Mark less, it troubles you
And me. *Mar.* You are more variable than you were.

Arb. It may be so. *Mar.* To Day no Hermit could be
Humbler than you were to us all.

Arb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new Rage into your Eyes,
As you would look us all out of the Land.

Arb. I do confess it, will that satisfy?

I prithee, get thee gone. *Mar.* Sir, I will speak.

Arb. Will ye? *Mar.* It is my Duty.

I fear, you'll kill yourself: I am a Subject,
And you shall do me Wrong in't: 'tis my Cause,
And I may speak. *Arb.* Thou art not train'd in Sin.

It seems, *Mardonius*: kill myself! by Heav'n,
I will not do it yet; and when I will,
I'll tell thee then, I shall be such a Creature,
That thou wilt give me Leave without a Word.

(52) There is a Method in Man's Wickedness,
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myself, there are
A hundred thousand Sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do, and I shall come to't last;
But take my Oath, not now; be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I'm sorry, 'tis so ill.

(53) *Arb.* Be sorry then, true Sorrow is alone,
Grieve by thyself. —

Mar.

(52) *There is a Method in Man's Wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.*] This Thought is plainly borrow'd
from *JUVENAL'S Satires*; (as I had mark'd in the Margin of my
Book, and as *Mr. Sympson* likewise hinted to me)

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

(53) *Be sorry then; true Sorrow is alone;
Grieve by thyself.*] This Reflection is as evidently shadow'd
out from one of *MARTIAL'S Epigrams*.

Ille dolet verè, qui sine Teite dolet.

This,

Mar. I pray you, let me see your Sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arb. Why, so; — what Folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to Mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? these are Toys
For Children to be pleas'd with, and not Men,
Now I am safe, you think: I would, the Book
Of Fate were here; my Sword is not so sure
But I would get it out and mangle that,
That all the Destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd Decrees, and haste to make us new,
Far other Fortunes; mine could not be worse;
Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heav'n put into your Bosom temperate Thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. — [Exit *Mar.*]

Arb. Go, thou art honest.
Why should the hasty Error of my Youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a Sin
Helpless upon me?

Enter Gobrias.

Gob. There is the King, now it is ripe.
(54) *Arb.* Draw near, thou guilty Man,
That art the Author of the loathed'st Crime
Five Ages have brought forth, and hear me speak;
Curfes incurable, and all the Evils
Man's Body or his Spirit can receive,
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, Sir, do you curse me thus?

Arb. Why do I curse thee? if there be a Man
Subtle in Curfes, that exceeds the rest,
His worst Wish on thee! thou hast broke my Heart.

This, if I remember right, was thus render'd by our facetious
Tom Brown.

That Man grieves with a Witness, who grieves without one.
(54) *Draw near, thou guilty Man.*] The subsequent Scenes, to the
End of the Play, have been through the whole Course of the Impres-
sions deliver'd down to us as Prose; but I have restor'd them to their
strict Metre and Versification: And thro' my whole Edition (where the
Interpolations, or Castrations, by the Stage do not obstruct me in it)
I shall endeavour to do our Authors the same Justice.

Gob.

Gob. How, Sir, have I preserv'd you from a Child,
From all the Arrows Malice or Ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for Pay?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hardned Murderers
Of Infants and their Mothers? thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a Way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:
This was a curious Way of Torturing.

Gob. What do you mean?

Arb. Thou know'st the Evils thou hast done to me;
Dost thou remember all those witching Letters
Thou sent'st unto me to *Armenia*,
Fill'd with the Praise of my beloved Sister,
Where thou extol'dst her Beauty; what had I
To do with that? What could her Beauty be
To me? And thou didst write how well she lov'd me,
Dost thou remember this? So that I doted
Something before I saw her. *Gob.* This is true.

Arb. Is it? and when I was return'd, thou know'st,
Thou didst pursue it, 'till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbeliev'd Affection,
As good Men cannot think on.

Gob. This I grant;
I think, I was the Cause. *Arb.* Wert thou? Nay, more,
I think, thou meant'st it. *Gob.* Sir, I hate to lie,
As I love Heav'n and Honesty, I did;
It was my Meaning. *Arb.* Be thine own sad Judge,
A further Condemnation will not need;
Prepare thyself to die. *Gob.* Why, Sir, to die?

Arb. Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet Offender
So impudent, that had a Thought of Mercy
After Confession of a Crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in,
But I can take Revenge, that's all the Sweetness
Left for me.

Gob. Now's the Time; — hear me but speak.

Arb. No, yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,

And

And never gav'st me Warning; (55) so much Time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy Sins,
If thou hast Hope, that there is yet a Prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your Sins, before you do 'em;
If you kill me, — *Arb.* I will not stay then. *Gob.* Know,
You kill your Father. *Arb.* How?

Gob. You kill your Father.

Arb. My Father? though I know it for a Lye,
Made out of Fear to save thy stained Life,
The very Reverence of the Word comes cross me,
And ties mine Arm down. *Gob.* I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again, I am thy Father;
I charge thee, hear me. *Arb.* If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A Bastard Issue, the despised Fruit
Of lawless Lust, I should no more admire
All my wild Passions: but another Truth
Shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by
The Spirit of Pain, it should be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of Lies
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Ara. Turn thee about,
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked Man,
Hear me, thou Tyrant. *Arb.* I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou Strumpet; I have blotted out
The Name of Mother, as thou hast thy Shame.

Ara. My Shame! thou hast less Shame than any thing;
Why dost thou keep my Daughter in a Prison?
Why dost thou call her Sister, and do this?

(55) ————— so much Time

As I give thee now, had prevented thee

For ever.] The eldest *Quarto* in 1619 gives us the genuine

Text; *prevented me.* I had not taken notice of so minute a Variation, but that the Sagacity of the ingenious *Mr. Seward* pointed it out to me as absolutely necessary to the Sense.

Arb.

Arb. Cease thy strange Impudence, and answer quickly;
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an Answer,
And have it. *Ara.* Help me, gentle *Gobrias*.

Arb. Guilt dares not help Guilt; though they grow
together
In doing Ill, yet at the Punishment
They sever, and each flies the Noise of other;
Think not of Help, answer. *Ara.* I will; to what?

Arb. To such a thing, as if it be a Truth,
Think, what a Creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do, what I must blush
Only to ask thee: Tell me who I am,
Whose Son I am, without all Circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my Sword will be,
If thou refuseth. *Ara.* Why, you are his Son.

Arb. His Son? swear, swear, thou worse than Wo-
man damn'd.

Ara. By all that's good, you are.

Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad, now is the Cause
Of all my strange Misfortunes come to Light:
What Reverence expectest thou from a Child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heav'n,
Thy Husband, and the Land? Adulterous Witch!
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me,
I was thy Lust which thou wouldst have forgot:
Thou wicked Mother of my Sins, and me,
Show me the Way to the Inheritance
I have by thee; which is a spacious World
Of impious Acts, that I may soon possess it:
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such Diseases
As use to pay Lust, recompence thy Deed!

Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.

Arb. Too well;
You are a pair of Vipers; and behold
The Serpent you have got; there is no Beast
But if he knew it, has a Pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more Descents,
And I am every way as beastly got,

As far without the Compass of a Law
As they.

Ara. You spend your Rage and Words in vain,
And rail upon a Guefs; hear us a little.

Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My Breath, and die. *Gob.* Why, but you are no Bastard.

Arb. How's that? *Ara.* Nor Child of mine.

Arb. Still you go on
In Wonders to me. *Gob.* Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring Comfort to you. *Arb.* I will kneel,
And hear with the Obedience of a Child;
Good Father, speak; I do acknowledge you,
So you bring Comfort. —

Gob. First know, our last King, your supposed Father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the Land thought her past Hope
Of Issue from him. *Arb.* Therefore she took Leave
To play the Whore, because the King was old:
Is this the Comfort? *Ara.* What will you find out
To give me Satisfaction, when you find
How you have injur'd me? Let Fire consume me,
If ever I were Whore! *Gob.* Forbear these Starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to Despair,
As you are now: If you can find a Temper,
My Breath shall be a pleasant western Wind
That cools and blasts not.

Arb. Bring it out, good Father.
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently
As to an Angel: If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as Night.

Gob. Our King, I say, was old, and this our Queen,
Desir'd to bring an Heir, but yet her Husband
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think, she would not: If she would have been,
The Truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender Opportunities,
She hardly could have been: But yet her Cunning
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with Child,
And Posts were sent in haste throughout the Land,

And

(56) And God was humbly thank'd in ev'ry Church,
That so had bless'd the Queen; and Prayers were made
For her safe Going and Delivery:

She feign'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd
This Hope of Issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large Respect from every Man,
And saw her Pow'r encrease, and was resolv'd
Since, she believ'd, she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a Child.

Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No Noise at all; but pray you to the Point,
Quick as you can. *Gob.* Now when the Time was full,
She should be brought to Bed, I had a Son
Born, which was You; this, the Queen hearing of,
Mov'd me to let her have you; and such Reasons
She shew'd to me, as she knew well would tie
My Secrecy, she swore you should be King;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own House kept a Funeral,
And had an empty Coffin put in Earth.
That Night this Queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of Women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the World believe,
She was delivered of you. You grew up
As the King's Son, till you were six Years old;
Then did the King die, and did leave to me
Protection of the Realm; and, contrary
To his own Expectation, left this Queen
Truly with Child, indeed, of the fair Princess
Panthea: Then she could have torn her Hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In Publick, for she knew she should be found
A Traitor; and her Tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than Truth.

(56) *And God was humbly thank'd in every Church,
That so had bless'd the Queen.*] This Passage is only to be
found in the two *Quarto's* of 1619, and 1676; but without them
the whole Versification is disconcerted, and made imperfect.

This was the only Cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the Reason, why I fought to kindle
Some Sparks of Love in you to fair *Pantbea*,
That she might get part of her Right again.

Arb. And have you made an End now? Is this all?
If not, I will be still till I be aged;

Till all my Hairs be Silver. *Gob.* This is all.

Arb. And is it true, say you too, Madam?

Ara. Yes,

Heav'n knows, it is most true. *Arb.* *Pantbea* then
Is not my Sister? *Gob.* No.

Arb. But can you prove this?

Gob. If you will give Consent, else who dares go
About it. *Arb.* Give Consent?

Why I will have 'em all that know it rack'd,
To get this from 'em; All, that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in and be
Partakers of my Joy: O, you are welcome.

*Enter Bessius, Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other
Attendants.*

Arb. *Mardonius*, the best News! nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it, I am found no King.

Mar. Is that so good News?

Arb. Yes, the happiest News
That e'er was heard. *Mar.* Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.

Arb. One call the Queen. *Mar.* Why, she is there.

Arb. The Queen,

Mardonius; *Pantbea* is the Queen;
And I am plain *Arbaces*; go some one,
She is in *Gobrias*' House; and, since I saw you,
There are a thousand Things delivered to me,
You little dream of. *[Exit a Gentleman.*

Mar. So it should seem: My Lord,
What Fury's this? *Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no Fury,
All that he says is Truth. *Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

Arb. Why do you keep your Hats off, Gentlemen?
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be;

Nay,

Nay, trust me; in good Faith, it must not be;
I cannot now command you, but I pray you
For the Respect you bare me, when you took
Me for your King, each Man clap on his Hat
At my Desire.

Mar. We will. But you're not found
So mean a Man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we, may you not? *Arb.* O, not here;
You may, but not I, for here is my Father
In Presence. *Mar.* Where?

Arb. Why, there: O the whole Story
Would be a WilderNESS to lose thyself
For ever: O pardon me, my dearest Father,
For all the idle and unreverend Words
That I have spoke in idle Moods to you:
I am *Arbaces*, we all Fellow-Subjects,
Nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my Sister.

Bes. Why, if you remember, Fellow-subject *Arbaces*, I
told you once she was not your Sister: Ay, and she look'd
nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good Captain *Bessus*.

Bes. Here will arise another Question now amongst
the Sword-men, whether I be to call him to Account for
beating me, now he is proved no King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir, here's *Lygones*, the Agent for the *Armenian*
State.

Arb. Where is he? I know your Business, good
Lygones.

Lyg. We must have our King again, and will.

Arb. I knew, that was your Business: You shall have
Your King again, and have him so again
As never King was had. Go one of you
And bid *Bacurius* bring *Tigranes* hither;
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*,
The Queen *Panthea*, sent me Word this Morning,
Was brave *Tigranes*' Mistress. [*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*]

Lyg. 'Tis *Spaconia*.

Arb. Ay, Ay, *Spaconia*. *Lyg.* She is my Daughter.

Arb. She is so: I could now tell any thing
I never heard: Your King shall go so home,
As never Man went. *Mar.* Shall he go on's Head?

Arb. He shall have Chariots easier than Air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think,
He shall pay any Ransom, and thyself,
That art the Messenger, shall ride before him
On a Horse cut out of an entire Diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden Wheels,
I know not how yet *Lyg.* Why I shall be made
For ever! They bely'd this King with us,
And said he was unkind. *Arb.* And then thy Daughter,
She shall have some strange Thing; we'll have the King-
Sold utterly, and put into a Toy [dom
Which she shall wear about her carelessly
Some where or other. See, the virtuous Queen;
Behold the humblest Subject, that you have,
Kneel here before you.

Enter Panthea and 1 Gentleman.

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your Vassal? *Arb.* Grant me one Request.

Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? What I can,
I will. *Arb.* That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful. *Pan.* Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this Air.

Arb. I'll kiss this Hand in Earnest.

2 Gent. Sir, Tigranes

Is coming, though he made it strange at first,
To see the Princess any more.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Arb. The Queen,
Thou mean'st. O my *Tigranes*, pardon me,
Tread on my Neck, I freely offer it;
And if thou be'st so given, take Revenge,
For I have injur'd thee,—— *Tigr.* No, I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found Repentance,
Than I my Liberty. *Arb.* May'st thou be happy
In thy fair Choice, for thou art temperate!

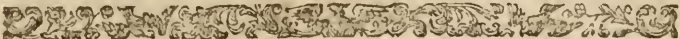
You

You owe no Ransom to the State ; know, that
I have a thousand Joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My Thanks to Heav'n for 'em : Will you go
With me and help me ? Pray you, do. *Tigr.* I will.

Arb. Take then your Fair One with you, and you Queen
Of Goodness and of us, O give me Leave
To take your Arm in mine : Come every one
That takes Delight in Goodness, help to sing
Loud Thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.

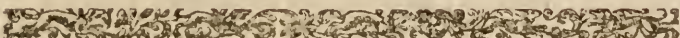
[*Exeunt omnes.*





THE
SCORNFULL LADY.

A
COMEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Elder Loveless, a Suitor to the Lady.

Young Loveless, a Prodigal.

Savil, Steward to Elder Loveless.

Welford, a Suitor to the Lady.

Sir Roger, Curate to the Lady.

A Captain,

A Traveller,

A Poet,

A Tobacco-man,

Morecraft, an Usurer.

} *Hangers-on to Young Loveless.*

W O M E N.

Lady,

and

Martha,

} *Two Sisters.*

Younglove, or Abigail, a waiting Gentlewoman.

A rich Widow.

Wenches, Fiddlers; and Attendants.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E



THE
SCORNFULL LADY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Elder Loveless, Young Loveless, Savil the Steward, and a Page.

Elder LOVELESS.

B Rother, is your last Hope past, to mollify *Morecraft's* Heart about your Mortgage?

Yo. Love. Hopelessly past. I have presented the Usurer with a richer Draught than ever *Cleopatra* swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand Pounds Worth of my Land, more than he paid for, (1) at a Gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Love. I have as hard a Task to perform in this House.

Yo. Love. Faith, mine was to make an Usurer honest, or to lose my Land.

(1) *at a Gulp, without Trumpets.*] The Allusion is here either to the Drinking of Healths at our publick Halls and City Entertainments; or else to a Passage in the *Acharnenses* of ARISTOPHANES, upon which the old *Scholiast* informs us, that it was a Custom in *Athens*, at certain of their Feasts, to challenge one another to drink by Sound of Trumpet.

El. Love.

El. Love. And mine is to persuade a passionate Woman, or to leave the Land. Make the Boat stay; I fear, I shall begin my unfortunate Journey this Night; though the Darknes of the Night, and the Roughness of the Waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling Man.

Savil. Sir, your Father's old Friends hold it the sounder Course for your Body and Estate to stay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your Country, than to travel and die without Issue.

El. Love. *Savil*, you shall gain the Opinion of a better Servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my Will, howsoever my Intents succeed.

Yo. Love. Yonder's Mistress *Younglove*, Brother, the grave Rubber of your Mistress's Toes.

Enter Younglove, or Abigail.

El. Love. Mrs. *Younglove* ———

Abig. Master *Loveless*, truly, we thought your Sails had been hoist: my Mistress is persuaded you are Sea-sick e'er this.

El. Love. Loves she her ill-taken-up Resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this Light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff Opinion by the End. I attempted her to Day, when they say a Woman can deny nothing.

El. Love. What critical Minute was that?

Abig. When her Smock was over her Ears; but she was no more pliant, than if it hung about her Heels.

El. Love. I prithee, deliver my Service, and say, I desire to see the dear Cause of my Banishment; and then for *France*.

Abig. I'll do't; hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Love. Yes, have you lost your Memory?

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty Fellow. [Exit.]

(2) *Yo. Love.* O, this is a sweet Brache!

El. Love. Why, she knows not you.

Yo. Love. No, but she offer'd me once to know her.

(2) O, this is a sweet Brache!] A sort of Hound, or any little stinking, household Cur.

To this Day she loves Youth of Eighteen; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* struck her in Love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in Kindness would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queen's Time once over: she was struck when they acted Lovers, and forsook some when they play'd Murtherers. (3) She has nine *Spur-ryals*, and the Servants say, she hoards old Gold; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the Farmer's eldest Son, (or her Mistress's Husband's Clerk shall be,) that marries her, shall make her a Jointure of Fourscore Pounds a Year; she tells Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Love. Enough, I know her. Brother, I shall intreat you only to salute my Mistress and take Leave, we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady and Waiting-women.

Lady. Now, Sir, this first Part of your Will is perform'd: What's the rest?

El. Love. First, let me beg your Notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a Favour done to me. Though the Gentleman hath receiv'd but an untimely Grace from you, yet my charitable Disposition wou'd have been ready to have done him freer Courtesies as a Stranger, than upon those cold Commendations.

Yo. Love. Lady, my Salutations crave Acquaintance and Leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope, you are the Master of your own Occasion.

[*Exit Yo. Love. and Savil.*

El. Love. 'Would, I were so! Mistress, for me to praise over again that Worth, which all the World, and you yourself can see,

Lady. It's a cold Room this, Servant.

El. Love. Mistress ———

Lady. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't, out here?

(3) *She has nine Spur-ryals,*] This was a Piece of Gold Coin very current in the Reign of King *James I.*

El. Love.

El. Love. Mistrefs, another in my Place, that were not ty'd to believe all your Actions juſt, would apprehend himſelf wrong'd: But I, whoſe Virtues are Conſtancy and Obedience, —

Lady. Younglove, make a good Fire above to warm me after my Servant's *Exordiums*.

El. Love. I have heard and ſeen your Affability to be ſuch, that the Servants you give Wages to may ſpeak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' Purpose.

El. Love. Miſtrefs, your Will leads my Speeches from the Purpose. But, as a Man —

Lady. A *Similie*, Servant? This Room was built for honeſt Meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a Time or Place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies* and *Metaphors*? If you have aught to ſay, break into't: my Answers ſhall very reaſonably meet you.

El. Love. Miſtrefs, I came to ſee you.

Lady. That's happily diſpatch'd; the next —

El. Love. To take Leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

El. Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many Circumſtances to win me to give you Leave to perform my Command; Is there a third?

El. Love. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? never apter. Faſt (good Servant) faſt.

El. Love. 'Twas to intreat you to hear Reaſon.

Lady. Moſt willingly, have you brought one can ſpeak it?

El. Love. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren Heart Love and Forgiveneſs.

Lady. You wou'd ſtay at Home?

El. Love. Yes, Lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtleſly will, when you have debated that your Commander is but your Miſtrefs, a Woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with Paſſions: but the Thing, by her commanded, is, to ſee *Dover's* dread-
full

full Cliff, passing in a poor Water-house; the Dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and *Calais*, (4) five long Hours Sail, with three poor Weeks' Victuals.

El. Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an *English* Host, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable Post-horse, like one that rode in Quest of his Mother Tongue.

El. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible Labours) perform'd for your Mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new Allegiance to some *French* Lady, who is content to change Language with your Laughter, and, after your whole Year spent in Tennis and broken Speech, to stand to the Hazard of being laugh'd at, at your Return, and have Tales made on you by the Chambermaids.

El. Love. You wrong me much:

Lady. Louder yet.

El. Love. You know, your least Word is of Force to make me seek out Dangers; move me not with Toys: But in this Banishment, I must take Leave to say, you are unjust: Was one Kiss forc'd from you in Publick by me so unpardonable? Why, all the Hours of Day and Night have seen us kifs.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you told the Company that heard me chide.

El. Love. Your own Eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

El. Love. I did, yet no Sign of Disgrace need to have stain'd your Cheek: You yourself knew your pure and simple Heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least Baseness.

Lady. I did: But if a Maid's Heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own Face will write her guilty.

(4) *Five long Hours' Sail, with three poor Week's Victuals.*] This Speech is all through Sarcastical. She is bantering her Gallant on the supposed Danger of his Voyage; and the great Care he is taking of himself, in laying in three Weeks Provisions only to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*.

El. Love. But where lay this Disgrace? The World, that knew us, knew our Resolutions well: And could it be hop'd, that I should give away my Freedom; and venture a perpetual Bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict Wisdome take too much Love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

Lady. Believe me; if my Wedding-smock were on, Were the Gloves bought and giv'n, the Licence come, Were the Rosemary-branches dip'd, and all
(5) The *Hippocras* and Cakes eat and drunk off, Were these two Arms incompass'd with the Hands Of Batchelors to lead me to the Church, Were my Feet in the Door, (6) were, — *I John* — said, If *John* shou'd boast a Favour done by me, I wou'd not wed that Year: And you, I hope, When you have spent this Year commodiously, In atchieving Languages, will at your Return Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine Eyes, Than such a Friend. More Talk I hold not now, If you dare go.

El. Love. I dare, you know. First, let me kifs.

Lady. Farewel, sweet Servant, and your Task per-
On a new Ground, as a beginning Suitor, [form'd,
I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Love. Farewel, cruel Mistres. [Exit *Lady.*

Enter Young Loveless, and Savil.

Yo. Love. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your Tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long Half-mile by Land to *Greenwich*.

El. Love. I go: But, Brother, what yet unheard-of Course to live doth your Imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary Means are devour'd.

(5) *Hippocras.*] This was a Wine spiced and strain'd thro' a Flannel Bag, formerly in much Request at Weddings, Wakes, &c. The Strainer, we are told, was call'd *Hippocrates's Sleeve*. I know, there is a Woollen Bag, so call'd, used by the Apothecaries to strain Syrups and Decoctions for Clarification.

(6) *Were,* — *I John* — *said,*] *i. e.* Tho' the Ceremony of Marriage were begun; and we were come to the Words, *I John take thee Mary,* &c.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. Course? why Horse-coursing, I think. Consume no Time in this; I have no Estate to be mended by Meditation: He, that busies himself about my Fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

El. Love. Yet some Course you must take, which for my Satisfaction resolve and open; if you will shape none, I must inform you that that Man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the Means.

Yo. Love. Why, live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Love. I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em: And the same Measure must you expect from your Maintainers, which will be too heavy an Alteration for you to bear.

(7) *Yo. Love.* Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bett at Bowling-Alleys, or man Whores; I would fain live by others: But I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the Thought's taken, —

El. Love. I see, you are ty'd to no particular Employment then?

Yo. Love. Faith, I may chuse my Course: They say, Nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her Liberality.

El. Love. Well, to keep your Feet out of base and dangerous Paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your Care, *Savil*, to see him fed and cloath'd, not according to his present Estate, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Love. If it be refer'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation *Jersey*-Stockings, blue Devils' Breeches, with the Gards down, and my Pocket i'th' Sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again.

Sav. A comelier Wear, I wufs, it is than those dangling Slops.

El. Love. To keep you ready to do him all Service peace-

(7) *Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bett at Bowling-Alleys, or man Whores;*] i. e. I'll take a Purse upon the Road, or turn Bully and Stallion to a Bawdy-house.

ably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further Directions in Writing; which, at your best Leisure, together open and read.

Enter Abigail to them, with a Jewel.

Abig. Sir, my Mistress commends her Love to you in this Token, and these Words; it is a Jewel (she says) which as a Favour from her she would request you to wear 'till your Year's Travel be perform'd: Which once expir'd, she will happily expect your happy Return.

El. Love. Return my Service with such Thanks, as she may imagine the Heart of a suddenly over-joy'd Man would willingly utter; and you, I hope, I shall with slender Arguments persuade to wear this Diamond; that when my Mistress shall, through my long Absence, and the Approach of new Suitors, offer to forget me; you may cast your Eye down to your Finger, and remember and speak of me: She will hear thee better than those allied by Birth to her; as we see many Men much sway'd by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater Part of their Love or Opinion on them, than on others, but for that they know their Secrets.

Abig. O' my Credit, I swear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Suitors.

El. Love. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their Beginning; you know how to take Exception at their Shirts at Washing; or to make the Maids swear, they found Plaisters in their Beds.

Abig. I know, I know, and do not you fear the Suitors.

El. Love. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy; the Night calls me.

[Exeunt omnes præter Abig.]

Abig. The Gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir! a constant and liberal Lover thou art, more such God send us!

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.

Abig. A Suitor, I know, by his riding hard; I'll not be seen.

Wel.

Wel. A pretty Hall this, no Servant in't? I wou'd look freshly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your Errand to me then: there's no Danger in a handsome young Fellow: I'll shew myself.

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a Stranger the ordinary Grace of Salutation? Are you the Lady of this House?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my so late Acquaintance make me despair:

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable Words, I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abig. She is no Straggler, Sir.

Wel. May her Occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Suitor, No.

Wel. I know your affable Virtue will be mov'd to persuade her, that a Gentleman, benighted and stray'd, offers to be bound to her for a Night's Lodging.

Abig. I will commend this Message to her; but if you aim at her Body, you will be deluded: (8) There are other Women of the Household of as good Carriage and Government; upon any of which if you can cast your Affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful and not so coy.

[Exit Abig.]

Wel. What a Skin-full of Lust is this? I thought, I had come a Wooing, and I am the courted Party. This is right Court-fashion: Men, Women, and all woo; Catch, that catch may. If this soft-hearted Woman have infus'd any of her Tenderness into her Lady, there is Hope, she will be plyant. But who's here?

(8) *Other Women of the Household of as good Carriage and Government;*] Without the Insertion of the Preliminary Words, *There are*, the Sense is quite imperfect.
Mr. Symphon.

Enter Sir Roger, the Curate.

Rog. God save you, Sir! My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your Name, before she confer with you?

Wel. Sir, my Name calls me *Welford*.

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good Name. I'll try his Wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two Hundred Years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious Gentleman of your Name in the Bishoprick of *Durham*. Call you him Cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his Virtues, Sir.

Rog. It is modestly said: I should carry the Badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Cross? there's a Tester.

Rog. I mean, the Name which your God-fathers and God-mothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry*: But you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechism; for you have told me who gave me that Name. Shall I beg your Name?

Rog. *Roger*.

Wel. What Room fill you in this House?

Rog. More Rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my Boldness know, why your Lady hath sent you to decypher my Name?

Rog. Her own Words were these: 'To know, whether you were a formerly deny'd Suitor, disguis'd in this Message: For, I can assure you, (9) she delights not in *Thalamo*: *Hymen* and she are at Variance, I shall return with much haste.

[*Exit Roger*.

Wel. And much Speed, Sir, I hope: Certainly, I am arrived amongst a Nation of new-found Fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted Wit; If I had fore-

(9) *She delights not in Thalamo:*] It must be, as I had long ago observ'd, and as Mr. *Sympson* likewise hinted to me, *in Thalamo*: She has no Taste for Wedlock, for the Marriage-bed.

seen it, I would have laded my Breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glasses, to trade with Women for their Virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd my self to a needles Charge then. Here comes the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my Lady's Pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her Sorrow, that you must take the Pains to come up for so bad Entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady, that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it, to be your Arts Master.

Rog. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this Roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

(10) *Rog.* No, Sir, I inculcate divine Homilies within these Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this House do often employ you on Errands without any Scruple of Conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the Air many Mornings on Foot three or four Miles, for Eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man to neglect his Horse a little to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you, do so then: The whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this House in the true Way?

Rog. I do, Sir.

Wel. And this Door, I hope, conducts to your Lady?

(10) *No, Sir, I inculcate divine Service within these Walls.]* Several of the old *Quarto's* have it, *Homilies*; Either Word is equally to the Purpose, but the latter being the stiffer and more precise Term, seems most suitable to Sir Roger's formal Character. So *Abigail*, at the beginning of the fourth Act, speaking of him, says;

To this good Homilist I've been ever stubborn;

Sir Roger is a very good Picture of a dull, pedantick Country-Chaplain, of those Times, in a private Family.

Rog. Your Understanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Young Loveless and Savil, with a Writing.

Sav. By your Favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. Love. (11) I shall beat your Favour, Sir; — Cross me no more; I say, they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget who I am?

Yo. Love. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brother's Steward, his cast-off Mill-money, his Kitchen Arithmetick.

Sav. Sir, I hope, you will not make so little of me?

Yo. Love. I make thee not so little as thou art; for, indeed, there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the Thing is done.

Sav. Nay, then, you stir my Duty, and I must tell you——

Yo. Love. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hops grow, or hold some rotten Discourse of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithee, farewell, and entertain my Friends, be drunk and burn thy Table-books; and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I.——

Sav. Good Sir, remember.

Yo. Love. I do remember thee a foolish Fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-fairs, and rose by Honey, and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your Brother's Pleasure; these be the Lessons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Love. Prithee, expound the first.

Sav. *I leave to maintain my House three Hundred Pounds a Year; and my Brother to dispose of it.*

Yo. Love. Mark that, my wicked Steward; and I dispose of it——

Sav. *Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my*

(11) *I shall bear your Favour, Sir, cross me no more.*] There is neither Sense nor Humour, in young Loveless's Reply, as it stands in all the Copies. My Correction retrieves both: *i. e.* If you continue to cross me, I shall correct you for your Stubbornness.

Credit

Credit falls not in him. Mark That, my good young Sir, mark That.

Yo. Love. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfill it; while my Legs will carry me I'll bear myself Gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear Steward.

Sav. Next it is my Will, that he be furnish'd (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the Obedience of my People.

Yo. Love. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin-breeches. Your Wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or—— you understand me, Sir; proceed.

Sav. Next, that my Steward keep his Place, and Power, and bound my Brother's Wildness with his Care.

Yo. Love. I'll hear no more of this *Apocrypha*, bind it by itself, Steward.

Sav. This is your Brother's Will, and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such Company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gallyfoists, such as in a clear Day have seen *Calais*, Fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths come to; they wear Swords to reach Fire at a Play, and get there the oil'd End of a Pipe, for their Guerdon: Then the Remnant of your Regiment are wealthy Tobacco-Merchants, that set up with one Ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlorn Hope of Poets, and all these look like *Carthusians*, Things without Linnen: Are these fit Company for my Master's Brother?

Yo. Love. I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy Reckonings; Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir——

Yo. Love. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Master's Brother?

Yo. Love. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a Face like an old *Ephemeris*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, &c.

(12) *Sav.* Then God help all, I say!

Yo. Love. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old Peer of France: Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome, Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry Groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your Love.

Sav. Sir, will you take my Purse.

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable Friend and Master's Brother, Hath given you to us for a worthy Fellow, And so we hug you, Sir.

Sav. H'as given himself into the Hands of Varlets, Not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the Pieces?

Yo. Love. They are the Morals of the Age, the Vir-Men made of Gold. [tues,

Sav. Of your Gold, you mean, Sir.

Yo. Love. This is a Man of War, and cries, go on, And wears his Colours, *Sav.* In's Nose.—

Yo. Love. In the fragrant Field, This is a Traveller, Sir, knows Men and Manners, And has plow'd up the Sea so far, 'till both The Poles have knock'd; has seen the Sun take Coach, And can distinguish the Colour of his Horses, Their Kinds, and had a *Flanders-Mare* leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, Sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough o' Conscience; sit down, and rest you, you are at the End of the World already. 'Wou'd, you had as good a Living, Sir, as this Fellow cou'd lye you out of, he has a notable Gift in't!

(12) *Sav.* Then God help all, I say!] *Savil* has been esteem'd, by all good Judges of Comedy, an excellent Character of a precise, dogmatical, self-conceited Steward: Always pretending to obtrude his Advice, and as desirous of controuling with his Opinions. The ingenious Mr. ADDISON, I remember, told me, that he sketch'd out his Character of *Vellum* in the Comedy call'd the *Drummer*, purely from this Model.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. This ministers the Smoak, and this the Mufes.

Sav. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money, you have a goodly Generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply; your Brother's House is big enough, and, to fay Truth, h'as too much Land, hang it, Dirt.

Yo. Love. Why, now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations and thy Rent-books, thou hast a weak Brain, *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three Hundred Pounds o'Year; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry, as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Loveless*.

Poet. A serious Look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither?

Yo. Love. What think you, Gentlemen, by all this Revenue in Drink?

Capt. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry, 'till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to 'this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' *Coram*.

Yo. Love. It shall be so, we'll have it all in Drink; let Meat and Lodging go, they are transitory, and shew Men meerly mortal: Then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every Week a fresh one; we'll keep no powder'd Flesh. All these we have by Warrant under the Title of Things necessary. Here upon this Place I ground it, the Obedience of my People, and all Necessaries: Your Opinions, Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain, and evident, that he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as found Men, as yourself, Sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it: In this Word, *Necessary*, is concluded all that be Helps to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the Chiefest.

Yo. Love. Believe me, 'tis a learned one; and by these Words, *The Obedience of my People*, you Steward, being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Love. Steward, attend us for Instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no House, Sir?

Yo. Love. Nothing but Drink, Sir, three Hundred Pounds in Drink.

Sav. O miserable House, and miserable I that I live to see it! Good Sir, keep some Meat.

Yo. Love. Get us good Whores, and for your part, I'll board you in an Ale-house, you shall have Cheefe and Onions.

Sav. What shall become of me? no Chimney smoaking? Well, Prodigal, your Brother will come home. [*Exit.*

Yo. Love. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches. Three Hundred Pounds in Drink.

Omnes. O brave *Lovelefs!* [*Excunt.*

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

Enter Lady, Welford, and Sir Roger.

Lady. **S**IR, now you see your bad Lodging, I must bid you good Night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any Want, 'tis in Want of you.

Lady. A little Sleep will ease that Compliment. Once more, good Night.

Wel. Once more, dear Lady, and then all sweet Nights.

Lady. Dear Sir, be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the Morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my Suite happier by this Night's Rest?

Lady. Is your Suite so sickly, that Rest will help it? Pray ye, let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a Stranger you have had all my Welcome: But had I known your Errand e'er you came, your Passage had been straighter. Sir, good Night.

Wel. So fair, and cruel! Dear Unkind, good Night.

[*Exit Lady.*
Nay,

Nay, Sir, you shall stay with me, I'll press your Zeal so far.

Rog. O Lord, Sir——

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely, I love it, but it loves not me; Yet, with your Reverence, I will be bold.

Wel. Pray, light it, Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promise you, 'tis notable stinging Geer indeed. It is wet, Sir; Lord, how it brings down Rheum!

Wel. Handle it again, Sir, you have a warm Text of it.

(13) Rog. Thanks ever promis'd for it. I promise you, 'Tis very powerful, and, by a Trope, spiritual; For, certainly, it moves in sundry Places.

Wel. Ay, it does so, Sir, and me, especially, To ask, Sir, why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly, I will speak the Truth unto you. You shall understand, Sir, that my Head is broken;

(14) And by whom? even by that risible Beast, the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? Certainly, he had all his Drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassock? The Offence, Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tra-trip, Sir, for swearing; you have the Total, surely.

Wel. You told him when his Rage was set a-tilt, and so he crack'd your Canons. I hope, he has not hurt your gentle Reading. But shall we see these Gentlewomen To-night?

Rog. Have Patience, Sir, until our Fellow *Nicholas*

(13) *Thanks ever promised for it. I promise you,*] But why *Thanks promised*? He certainly meant to render them for the Favour. I dare say, a slight Corruption has crept in, from the Word *promise* immediately following. I make no Doubt, but the Authors wrote, *promised*; i. e. his Thanks given by way of Preface, or Introduction. And, as it is a Term in *Logick* too, it has the greater Analogy to *Sir Roger's* Character.

(14) *And by whom? even by that visible Beast, the Butler.*] An *invisible* Butler would certainly be a rare Curiosity. Every Man, *quoad Homo*, is equally *visible* at some Times. I am persuaded, *risible*, was the original Word: i. e. that boisterous, noisy, *laughing* Varlet. Or, perhaps, *Sir Roger* may use the Word in a more quaint Acceptation; to signify a Man *risu dignus*, worthy to be laugh'd at.

Mr. *Symphon.*

be

be deceas'd, that is, asleep: For so the Word is taken; (15) *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep*; a very Figure, Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave: His Grave, his Bed: The very same again, Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the Reason sweetly; (16) *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of Loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronefs.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, has made me understand you.

Enter Martha the Lady's Sister, and Abigail, to them, with a Posset.

Rog. Sir, be adrest, the Graces do salute you with the full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this Courtesy shall bind a Stranger to you, ever your Servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sister's Striçtness makes not us forget you are a Stranger and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth, Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman, so well indued with Parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you, Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See, how this foul Familiar chews the Cud! From thee, and three and Fifty, good Love, deliver me!

Mar. Will you sit down, Sir, and take a Spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our best Banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give Thanks?

(15) *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep*;

Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave; his Grave, his Bed;] These two Figures, as Sir Roger calls them, are a manifest Flirt at the *Hamlet* of SHAKESPEARE, in that fine Soliloquy, which begins, *To be, or not to be, &c.*

(16) *Plenus rimarum est*, *he is full of Loope-holes;*] The Comick Poet, whom Sir Roger is here quoting, is TERENCE, in his *Eunuch*.

Parm. Plenus rimarum sum, hæc atque illac persuo.

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger*, keep that Breath to cool your part o' th' Poffet, you may chance have a scalding Zeal else; an you will needs be doing, pray, tell your Twenty to yourself. 'Wou'd, you cou'd like this, Sir?

Wel. I would, your Sister wou'd like me as well, Lady!

Mar. Sure, Sir, she wou'd not eat you: But banish that Imagination; she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself: and for another Husband than herself, he may knock at the Gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise, Sir, she's a Woman, and a Trouble, And has her many Faults, the least of which is, She cannot love.

Abig. God pardon her, she'll do worse;
'Would, I were worthy his least Grief, Mistress *Martha*.

Wel. Now I must over-hear her.

Mar. Faith, 'wou'd thou hadst them all with all my Heart;

I do not think, they wou'd make thee a Day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said, old Sayings.

Wel. She looks like one, indeed.

Gentlewoman, you keep your Word, your sweet self Has made the Bottom sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a Frolick, [you.
Dare you change, Sir? *Wel.* Myself for you, so please
That Smile has turn'd my Stomach: This is right
Th' old Emblem of the Moyle cropping of Thistles:
Lord, what a hunting Head she carries, sure,
She has been ridden with a Martingale.

Now Love deliver me! *Rog.* Do I dream, or do I
Wake? Surely, I know not: Am I rub'd off?

Is this the way of all my Morning Pray'rs?

Oh *Roger*, thou'rt but Grass, and Woman as

A Flow'r. (17) Did I for this consume my Carcass

(17) — Did I for this consume my Quarters,] If Sir *Roger* means his Body, as Mr. *Sympson* observes to me, one should conjecture, that *Carcass* was more significant, if not more obvious to be understood.

In Meditation, Vows, and woo'd her in
Heroic Epistles? Did I expound the Owl,
 And undertook with Labour and Expence
 The Recollection of those Thousand Pieces,
 Consum'd in Cellars, and Tobacco-shops

(18) Of that our honour'd *Englishman Nich. Broughton*?
 Have I done this, and am I done thus to?
 I will end with the wise Man, and say; He
 That holds a Woman, has an Eel by the Tail.

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our Entertainment (meaning
 our Poffet) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an un-
 mannerly Part longer to hold you from your Rest: Let
 what the House has be at your Command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet Rest be with you, Lady. And to you
 what you desire too. [Exeunt.

Abig. It shou'd be some such good Thing like your
 self then.

Wel. Heav'n keep me from that Curse, and all my Issue!
 Good-night, Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen Miseris socios habuisse Doloris*: But I
 alone, —

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my Man come to me?
 And, requesting a greater Measure of your Learning,
 Good-night, good Master *Roger*.

Rog. Good Sir, Peace be with you! [Exit *Roger*.

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine*. Half a Dozen such in
 A Kingdom wou'd make a Man forswear Confession:
 For who, that had but half his Wits about him,
 Wou'd commit the Counsel of a serious Sin
 (19) To Such a crewel Night-cap? Why, how now,

(18) *Of that our honour'd Englishman Ni. Br.*] The Poets, I do
 not apprehend, had any Intention of sinking, or making a Secret, of
 this Author's Name. He was so well known at that Time of Day,
 that the Copyists thought, they might safely give us his Name abbrevi-
 ated. He was a voluminous Writer, who, amongst other Things,
 compiled an elaborate Tract about *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*. *Ben. JON-*
SON in his *Alchemist*, has made *Dol. Common*, in her ecstatick Fit to
 Sir *Epicure Mammon*, talk very largely out of the Works of this
Nich. Broughton.

(19) *To such a cruel Night-cap?*] The Poets, as Mr. *Sympson* ob-
 serv'd with me, certainly wrote, *Crewel*; i. e. made of the Ends of
 coarse *Worsted*.

Shall

Shall we have an Antick?

Enter Servant.

Whose Head do you carry
Upon your Shoulders, that you jole it so
Against the Post? Is't for your Ease? Or have
You seen the Cellar? Where are my Slippers, Sir?

Ser. Here, Sir.

Wel. Where, Sir? (20) Have you got the pot Vertigo?
Have you seen the Horses, Sir?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Wel. Have they any Meat?

Ser. Faith, Sir, they have a kind of wholesome Rushes,
Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, Sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith, Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unless
you'll have 'em in Porridge: The People are so mainly
given to Spoon-meat: Yonder's a Cast of Coach-mares
of the Gentlewoman's, the strangest Cattle.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent, Sir, you may see
through them:

And such a House! *Wel.* Come, Sir, the Truth of your
Discovery. *Ser.* Sir, they are in Tribes like *Jews*:

The Kitchen and the Dairy make one Tribe,
And have their Faction and their Fornication
Within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry
Are another Tribe, and there is no Love lost;
The Chambers are entire, and what's done there,
Is somewhat higher than my Knowledge, Sir:
But this I am sure, between these Copulations,
A Stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting.
But, of all this, the Drink, Sir——

(20) *Have you got the pot-Verdugo?*] *Verdugo* is a Word of *Spanish*
Extraction; but, amongst all the Significations in which it is taken,
it has no one Consonant to the Idea and Meaning here required. The
Poets must certainly have wrote *Vertigo*, a Dizziness, or Swimming
in the Head, with Drink.

Wel.

Wel. What of that, Sir?

Ser. Faith, Sir, I will handle it as the Time and your Patience

Will give me Leave. This Drink, or cooling Julip, Of which three Spoonfuls kills the Calenture, A Pint breeds the cold Palsy.—*Wel.* Sir, you belye The House. *Ser.* I wou'd, I did, Sir. But as I am (21) A true Man, if it were but one Degree Colder, nothing but an Afs's Hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't, Sir, for if it had prov'd stronger, You had been Tongue-ty'd of these Commendations. Light me the Candle, Sir, I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless, and his Comrades, with Wenches, and two Fiddlers.

Yo. Love. Come, my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling,
And you my learned Council, fit and tune, Boys;
Kifs till the Cow come home, kifs close, kifs close, Knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou shalt kifs in Couplets.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Strike up, you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no Pay for Fiddlers.

Capt. O my dear Boy; thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hylas*, his Delight, his Solace.
Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy Bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted

(21) ——— if it were but one Degree

Colder, nothing but an Afs's Hoof would hold it.] It is one peculiar Impropriety in our Authors, (who, to be sure, ought every where to shew their Learning, so it be done without Pedantry;) that they too frequently put it in the Mouths of Characters, who cannot well be supposed to know any thing of the Matter. The Allusion here is to those extreme cold Waters which flow'd down from the Mountain *Nonacris* in *Arcadia*, and which would penetrate thro' every Vehicle but that of an Horse's Hoof; as *JUSTIN* tells us in the xiith Book of his History. *PLUTARCH* and *ÆLIAN* say, it was an Afs's Hoof. *ARRIAN*, *PLINY*, and *VITRUVIUS*, a Mule's: and *QUINTUS CURTIUS*, an Ox's. The Variation in this point is of very little Consequence. They were of so very cold a Quality, as to be mortal to those who drank of them.

Out of our main Potation five Marks
In Hatchments to adorn this puissant Thigh,
Cramp'd with this Rest of Peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

Yo. Love. Thou shalt have't, Boy, and fly in Feather;
Lead on a March, you Michers.

Enter Savil.

Sav. O my Head, my Heart, what a Noise and
Change is here!

'Wou'd, I had been cold i'th' Mouth before this Day,
And ne'er have liv'd to see this Dissolution.
He that lives within a Mile of this Place,
Had as good sleep in the perpetual
Noise of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea
Of Drink i'th' Cellar, in which goodly Vessels
Lie wrack'd, and in the middle of this Deluge
Appear the Tops of Flagons and Black-jacks,
Like Churches drown'd i'th' Marshes.

Yo. Love. What, art thou come?
My sweet Sir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt
kiss my *Helen*, and court her in a Dance.

Sav. Good Sir, consider.

Yo. Love. Shall we consider, Gentlemen?
How say you? *Capt.* Consider? That were a simple Toy
I'faith; consider? Whose Moral's that?
The Man, that cries, *consider*, is our Foe: Let my Steel
know him.

Yo. Love. Stay thy dead-doing Hand,
He must not die yet: Prithee be calm, my *Hector*.

Capt. Peasant Slave!

Thou Groom compos'd of Grudgings, live and thank
This Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else!
The next *consider* kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his Word again in a Gallon
of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a Snuff, make it two Gallons, and let
him do it kneeling in Repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man lost.
Good Captain, do your Office.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. Thou shalt drink, Steward, drink and dance, my Steward. Strike him a Horn-pipe, Squeakers; (22) take thy Stiver, and pace her till she stew.

Sav. Sure, Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me; pray break my Head, and let me go.

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Love. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no Meat in a Year.

Poet. And three Quarters.

Yo. Love. And three Quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveless, disguis'd.

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Love. Gentlemen, God save you all! my Business is to one Master *Loveless*.

Capt. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, And take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Love. He promises no less, Sir.

Yo. Love. Sir, Your Business?

El. Love. Sir, I shou'd let you know, yet I am loth, Yet I am sworn to't; 'wou'd, some other Tongue Wou'd speak it for me!

Yo. Love. Out with it, i' God's Name.

El. Love. All I desire, Sir, is the Patience And Suff'rance of a Man; and, good Sir, be Not mov'd more.

Yo. Love. Than a Pottle of Sack will do, Here is my Hand; prithee, thy Business?

El. Love. Good Sir, excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, Think, must have been known to you; and be yourself,

(22) take thy Striver, and pace her till she stew.] Here is both Obscurity and Nonsense, from the casual Interposition of one unnecessary Letter. *Stive* was the old and obsolete Term for the *Stews*; and consequently, a *Stiver*, as it should be restored in the Text, was a Girl, a Strumpet, who ply'd there. Hence, perhaps, might come the Word *Stiver* too, to signify that inconsiderable Coin (the fifth Part of an *English* Penny) the Pay of these mean Prostitutes, these *Meretrices diabolares*, as *PLAUTUS* styles them.

Discreet,

Discreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Love. Prithee, dispatch me:

El. Love. Your Brother's dead, Sir!

Yo. Love. Thou dost not mean, dead Drunk?

El. Love. No, no, dead and drown'd at Sea, Sir.

Yo. Love. Art fure, he's dead?

El. Love. Too fure, Sir.

Yo. Love. Ay, but art thou very certainly fure of it?

El. Love. As fure, Sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Love. But art thou fure he came not up again?

El. Love. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother.

Yo. Love. But art fure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Love. Sure, Sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Love. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better: Here I forgive thee; and, i'faith, be plain; How do I bear it?

El. Love. Very wisely, Sir.

Yo. Love. Fill him some Wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd,

These transitory Toys ne'er trouble me,

He's in a better Place, my Friend, I know't.

Some Fellows wou'd have cry'd now, and have curs'd thee,

And faln out with their Meat, and kept a Pudder;

But all this helps not, he was too good for us,

And let God keep him! There's the right Use on't, Friend:

Off with thy Drink, thou hast a Spice of Sorrow

Makes thee a-dry: Fill him another. *Savil,*

Your Master's dead, and who am I now, *Savil?*

Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savil,* wipe;

Tears are but thrown away: we shall have Wenches

Now, shall we not, *Savil?* *Sav.* Yes, Sir.

Yo. Love. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes, forsooth.

Yo. Love. And you'l strain Curt'fy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I wou'd be glad, Sir, to do my weak Endeavour.

Yo. Love. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sav. In time the sturdy Oak, Sir ———

Yo. Love. Some more Wine for my Friend there.

El. Love. I shall be drunk anon for my good News :
But I've a loving Brother, that's my Comfort.

Yo. Lov. Here's to you, Sir,
This is the worst I wish you for your News ;
And if I had another elder Brother,
And say, it were his Chance too to feed Haddocks,
I should be still the same you see me now ;
A poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend
there, he's dry again.

El. Love. I shall be, if I follow this Beginning.
Well, my dear Brother, if I 'scape this Drowning,
'Tis your Turn next to sink ; you shall duck twice
Before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more ;
Pray, let me have your Pardon. *Yo. Love.* O Lord, Sir,
It is your Modesty : More Wine,
Give him a bigger Glafs ; hug him, my Captain,
Thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my Pennon :
Sir, a full Carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Love. I feel a buzzing in my Brains ; pray God, I
bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them so far again.
Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Love. To my dear Steward ; Down o' your Knees,
you Infidel, you Pagan ; be drunk and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Love. Then be a Baud, I'll have thee a brave Baud.

El. Love. Sir, I must take my Leave of you, my Busi-
ness is so urgent.

Yo. Love. Let's have a bridling Cast, before you go.
Fill's a new Stoupe.

El. Love. I dare not, Sir, by no means.

Yo. Love. Have you any mind to a Wench ? I would
fain gratify you for the Pains you took, Sir.

El. Love. As little as to the t'other.

Yo. Love. If you find any Stirring, do but say so.

El. Love. Sir, you're too bounteous ; when I feel that
Itching,
You shall assuage it, Sir, before another :

This

This only, and farewell, Sir. Your Brother, when
The Storm was most extream, told all about him,
He left a Will behind him, which lies close
Behind the Chimney in the matted Chamber.
And so as well, Sir, as you have made me able,
I take my Leave. *Yo. Love.* Let us embrace him all:
If you grow dry before you end your Business,
Pray, take a Bait here, I've a fresh Hog'shead for you.

Sav. You shall neither will, nor chuse, Sir. My Ma-
ster is a wonderful fine Gentleman; has a fine State, a
very fine State, Sir; I am his Steward, Sir, and his
Man.

El. Love. Wou'd, you were your own, Sir, as I left you.
Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewel, Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman!

El. Love. What wou'd you with me, Sir?

Sav. Farewel, Gentleman!

El. Love. O sleep, Sir, sleep. [Ex. *El. Love.*

Yo. Love. Well, Boys, you see what's fall'n, let's in
and drink,

And give Thanks for it:

Capt. Let's give Thanks for it.

Yo. Love. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, Boys.

Yo. Love. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine
Office, and cast up a Reckoning of some weight; I will
be Knighted, for my State will bear it, 'tis sixteen hun-
dred, Boys: Off with your Husks, I'll skin you all in
Sattin.

Capt. O sweet *Lovelesfs!*

Sav. All in Sattin! O sweet *Lovelesfs!*

Yo. Love. March in, my noble Compeers: And this my
Countess shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the
Will. [Exeunt.

Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widow.

Mer. And Widow, as I say, be your own Friend:
Your Husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise,
Continue so, sweet Duck, continue so.
Take heed of young smooth Varlets, younger Brothers;
X 2 They

They are Worms that will eat through your Bags; they
are very

Lightning, that with a Flash or two will melt
Your Money, and never finge your Purse-strings: They
Are Colts, Wench, Colts, heady and dangerous, 'till
We take 'em up, and make 'em fit for Bonds.

Look upon me, I have had, and have yet
Matter of moment, Girl, Matter of moment;
You may meet with a worse Back, I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your Favour, Widow, 'tis tough.

Wid. Therefore not for my Diet; I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your Frumps, and be edi-
You know my State, I fell no Perspectives, [fied:
Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my Trust in Shoe-
And where your Husband in an Age was rising [ties;
By burnt Figs, drudg'd with Meal and powdered Sugar,
Saunders, and Grains, Wormseed and rotten Raisins,
And vile Tobacco, that made the Footmen mangy;
I in a Year, have put up hundreds inclos'd,
Those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage;
For which the poor Knight takes him a lone Chamber,
Owes for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostess:
Nay, more ———

Wid. Good Sir, no more; whate'er my Husband was,
I know what I am, and if you marry me,
You must bear it bravely off, Sir.

Mor. Not with the Head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No, sweet Sir,
But with your Shoulders: I must have you dubb'd,
For under that I will not stoop a Feather.
My Husband was a Fellow lov'd to toil,
Fed ill, made Gain his Exercise, and so
Grew costive, which, for that I was his Wife,
I gave way to, and spun mine own Smocks coarse,
And Sir, so little, ——— But let that pass; Time,
That wears all things out, wore out this Husband,
Who in Penitence of such fruitless five Years Marriage,
Left me great with his Wealth, which if you'll be
A worthy Gossip to, be knighted, Sir.

Enter

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now, Sir, from whom come you? Whose Man are you, Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master *Lovelefs*.

Mor. Be filent, Sir,

I have no Money, not a Penny for you,
He's funk, your Master's funk; a perish'd Man, Sir.

Sav. Indeed, his Brother's funk, Sir, God be with him!
A perish'd Man, indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How saidst thou, good my Friend, his Brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, Sir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Master
Left sole Heir? *Sav.* Yes, Sir.

Mor. And he wants Money? *Sav.* Yes,
And sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow, be wife, there's more Land coming,
Widow,

Be very wise, and give Thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very Wife, and be knighted, and then
give Thanks for me, Sir; ———

Sav. What fays your Worship to this Money?

Mor. I say,

He may have Money, if he please.

Sav. A Thousand, Sir?

Mor. A Thousand, Sir, provided, my wife Sir,
His Land lie for the Payment, otherwise ———

Enter Young Lovelefs, and Comrades, to them.

Sav. He's here himself, Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Master
Lovelefs,

And now right worshipful, all Joy and Welcome.

Yo. Love. Thanks to my dear Incloser, Master *More-*
Prithee, old Angel o' Gold, salute my Family, [*craft*;

I'll do as much for yours; this, and your own
Desires, fair Gentlewoman. *Wid.* And yours, Sir,

If you mean well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Love. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Love. Dead, and by this time soust for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Love. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea, Man; by the next fresh Conger

That comes we shall hear more.

Mor. Now, by my Faith

Of Body it moves me much.

Yo. Love. What, wilt thou be an Afs,

And weep for th' Dead? Why, I thought nothing but

A general Inundation would have mov'd thee.

Prithee, be quiet, he hath left his Land

Behind him.

Mor. O, has he so? *Yo. Love.* Yes, faith, I thank Him for't, I've all, Boy; hast any ready Money?

Mor. Will you sell, Sir?

Yo. Love. No, not outright, good Gripe;

Marry, a Mortgage, or such a slight Security.

Mor. I have no Money, Sir, for Mortgage; if you'll sell, And all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir, look before you, he'll work you out of all else: If you sell all your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a Powdering-Tub, and break your Teeth with Biskets and hard Beef, that must have watering, Sir: And where's your 300 Pounds a Year in Drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits you may, for you have no Calling for Drink there, but with a Cannon, nor no Scoring but on your Ship's Sides, and then if you 'scape with Life, and take a Faggot-Boat and a Bottle of *Usquebaugh*, come home, poor Man, like a Type of *Thames-street*, stinking of Pitch and Poor-John. I cannot tell, Sir, I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Afs, a meazel'd Mungril, and were it not against the Peace of my sovereign Friend here, I wou'd break your forecasting Coxcomb, Dog, I would, even with thy Staff of Office there; thy Pen and Inkhorn. Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Money for thy Dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Constitution, thy Seat unhealthful,

ful, fell and be wife; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own Heart, Child; Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the Time. Money makes Men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest Course;
Then you may live without the Charge of People,
Only we four will make a Family;
Ay, and an Age that will beget new Annals,
In which I'll write thy Life, my Son of Pleasure,
Equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Love. What Men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring Boys of *Rome*, that made all split.

Yo. Love. Come, Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, Sir?

Yo. Love. Who told you so, Sir?

Sav. Good Sir, have a care. [Roof.

Yo. Love. Peace, or I'll tack your Tongue up to your
What Money? speak.

Mor. Six thousand Pound, Sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden, by the Sun: Bind
him to his Bargain quickly.

Yo. Love. Come, strike me Luck with Earnest, and
draw the Writings.

Mor. There's a God's Penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old Master's sake let my Farm be ex-
cepted, if I become his Tenant I am undone, my Children
Beggars, and my Wife God knows what: Consider me,
dear Sir. *Mor.* I'll have all or none.

Yo. Love. All in, all in: Dispatch the Writings.

[*Exit with Com.*

Wild. Go, thou art a pretty forehanded Fellow; 'wou'd,
thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel myself a Rascal;
'wou'd, I cou'd teach a School, or beg, or lie well; I am
utterly undone; Now he, that taught thee to deceive
and cozen, take thee to his Mercy! so be it.

[*Exit Savil.*

Mor. Come, Widow, come, never stand upon a Knight-
hood, 'tis a mere paper Honour, and not Proof enough
for a Serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee —

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, Sir. No Knight, no Widow; if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady, and so I take my Leave.

Mor. Farewel, sweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream, Sir. [*Exit* *Wid.*]

Mor. She's rich and sober, if this Itch were from her: and, say, I be at the Charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, ay, and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; Then am I hoist into the Subsidy, And so by consequence shou'd prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand Pound, And then the Land is mine, there's some Refreshing yet. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Abigail, *and drops her Glove.*

Abig. **I**F he but follow me, as all my Hopes
Tell me, he's Man enough; up goes my Rest,
And, I know, I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of Flesh towards Fifty, that ever Frailty cop'd withal; what a trim *Penroy* here she has put upon me; these Women are a proud kind of Cattle, and love this whoreson Doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very Skins Bawds to their Flesh. Here's Dogskin and Storax sufficient to kill a Hawk: What to do with it, besides nailing it up (23) amongst *Irish* Heads of Teer, to shew the Mightiness of her Palm, I know not: there she is.

(23) amongst *Irish* Heads of Teer, to shew the Mightiness of her Palm.] *Teer* is the *Irish* Pronunciation of *Deer*; the *Palm*, (or *Palmer*.) is call'd the Crown of a Stag's Head.

I must

I must enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your Glove.

Abig. Not, Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my Meaning, Lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back
A Favour Fortune hath so well bestow'd, Sir;
Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But, hark you, Mistrefs,
What hidden Virtue is there in this Glove,
That you wou'd have me wear it? Is it good
Against fore Eyes, or will it charm the Tooth-ach?
Or these red Tops, being steep'd in White-wine soluble,
Will't kill the Itch? Or has it so conceal'd
A Providence to keep my Hand from Bonds?
If it have none of these, and prove no more
But a bare Glove of half a Crown a Pair,
'Twill be but half a Courtesy, I wear two always;
Faith, let's draw Cuts, one will do me no Pleasure.

Abig. The Tenderness of his Years keeps him as yet
in Ignorance, he's a well-moulded Fellow, and I wonder
His Blood shou'd stir no higher; but 'tis his Want
Of Company: I must grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless disguis'd.

El. Love. God save you Both!

Abig. And pardon you, Sir; this is somewhat rude,
how came you hither?

El. Love. Why, through the Doors, they are open.

Wel. What are you? And what Business have you
here?

El. Love. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this Fellow speak with? Art thou
sober?

El. Love. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prithee, what art thou?

El. Love. As much, gay Man, as thou art; I am a
Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Love. Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a Soldier.

Abig.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Love. No, not with Women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Love. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine Fellow.

El. Love. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Tailor, and then I shall be fine, Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your Sex within this House, say, I would see her.

Abig. Why, am I not good enough for you, Sir?

El. Love. Your Way, you'll be too good; pray, end my Business.

This is another Suitor; O frail Woman!

Wel. This Fellow with his Bluntness hopes to do More than the long Suits of a thousand cou'd; Though he be four, he's quick, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, she is more serious: You smell as if you were new calk'd; go, and be handsome, and then you may sit with her Serving-men.

El. Love. What are you, Sir?

Wel. Guess by my Outside.

El. Love. Then I take you, Sir, for some new silken Thing wean'd from the Country, that shall (when you come to keep good Company) be beaten into better Manners. Pray, good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Mistress.

Abig. How many Lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?

El. Love. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one Life, Sir, maintain you ever in such bold Sawciness?

El. Love. Yes, amongst a Nation of such Men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady?

Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.

El. Love. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not neither.

El. Love.

El. Love. Good fine Thing, tell me why.

Well. Good angry Thing, I'll tell you:

This is no Place for fuch Companions,
Such lousy Gentlemen fhall find their Bufinefs
Better i' th' Suburbs, there your ftrong Pitch Perfume,
Mingled with Lees of Ale, fhall reek in Fafhion.
This is no *Thames-street*, Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.
Prithee, be fatisfied, and feek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or whatever Title elfe
The Warlike Eel-boats have beftow'd upon thee,
Go and reform thyfelf, prithee be sweeter,
And know, my Lady fpeaks with no fuch Swabbers.

El. Love. You cannot talk me out with your Tradition
Of Wit you pick from Plays, go to, I have found ye:
And for you, Sir, whose tender gentle Blood
Runs in your Nofe, and makes you snuff at all
(24) But three-pil'd People, I do let you know,
He that begot your Worfhip's Sattin-fruit,
Can make no Men, Sir: I will fee this Lady,
And with the Reverence of your Silkenfhip,
In thefe old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not, fure?

El. Love. Sure, Sir, I fhall.

Abig. You wou'd be beaten out?

El. Love. Indeed, I would not; or if I would be beaten,
Pray, who fhall beat me? This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th' Peace.

Wel. Sir, you fhall fee that: Will you get you out?

El. Love. Yes, That that fhall correct your Boy's Tongue.
Dare you fight? I will ftay here ftill. [*They draw.*]

Abig. O, their Things are out; help, help, for God's
Madam — Jefus! they foin at one another. [*fake,*]

Enter Lady.

Madam, why, who is within there?

Lady. Who breeds this Rudenefs?

(24) *But three-pil'd People.] i. e.* Wearers of Velvet; the Pile
is the fo't Shag or Pluff of it.

Wel.

Wel. This uncivil Fellow ;
He says, he comes from Sea ; where I believe
H'as purg'd away his Manners.

Lady. Why, what of him ?

Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once *God blefs you,*
Prefs to your Privacies, and no Denial
Must stand betwixt your Person and his Busines ;
I let go his ill Language.

Lady. Sir, have you Busines with me ?

El. Love. Madam, some I have,
But not so serious to pawn my Life for't :
If you keep this Quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th' Sun as this is, to defie
Men of Employment to ye, you may live ;
But in what Fame ?

Lady. Pray, stay, Sir, who has wrong'd you ?

El. Love. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild Words at me : but to you
I think, he did no Honour, to deny
The Haste I come withal a Passage to you ;
Though I seem coarse. [ledge,

Lady. Excuse me, gentle Sir, 'twas from my Know-
And shall have no Protection. And to you, Sir,
You have shew'd more Heat than Wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd Power, I never gave you here,
'To do these vile unmanly Things. My House
Is no blind Street to swagger in ; and my Favours
Not doting yet on your unknown Deserts
So far, that I should make you Master of my Busines ;
My Credit yet stands fairer with the People,
'Than to be tried with Swords ; and they, that come
To do me Service, must not think to win me
With Hazard of a Murther ; if your Love
Consist in Fury, carry it to the Camp :
And there in Honour of some common Mistres,
Shorten your Youth : I pray be better temper'd ;
And give me Leave a-while, Sir.

Wel. You must have it.

[*Exit* Welford.

Lady. Now, Sir, your Busines ?

[Fellow,

El. Love. First, I thank you for schooling this young
Whom

Whom his own Follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a Way to his Repentance.
Next, I should rail at you, but you are a Woman,
And Anger's lost upon you.

Lady. Why at me, Sir?

I never did you Wrong; for, to my Knowledge,
This is the first Sight of you.

El. Love. You have done that,
I must confess, I have the least Curse in,
Because the least Acquaintance: But there be
(If there be Honour in the Minds of Men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good Men must share in't) will to Shame
Blast your black Memory.

Lady. How is this, good Sir?

El. Love. 'Tis that, that, if you have a Soul, will choak
You've kill'd a Gentleman. [it.

Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman!

El. Love. You, and your Cruelty, have kill'd him,
Woman,
And such a Man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least Worth weigh'd above all Women's Virtues;
That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess him now.

Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, Sir. [man,

El. Love. Repent, you mean; you are a perfect Wo-
And, as the first was, made for Man's Undoing.

Lady. Sir, you have mist your Way, I am not she.

El. Love. 'Wou'd, he had mist his Way too, though
he had wander'd

Farther than Women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this Misery; you, Lady,——

Lady. How do you do, Sir?

El. Love. Well enough, I hope;
While I can keep myself out from Temptations.

Lady. Pray, leap into this Matter, whither would ye?

El. Love. You had a Servant, that your Peevishness
Injoin'd to travel.

Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and I shall be griev'd 'twere otherwise.

El. Love.

El. Love. Then have your Asking, and be griev'd,
he's dead :

How you will answer for his Worth, I know not :
But this, I am sure, either he, or you, or Both
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd to've given
A stronger Testimony to th' World
Of what he might have been. He was a Man
I knew but in his Evening ; ten Suns after,
Forc'd by a Tyrant Storm our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us ; in which sad parting Blow
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for Life,
On you unhappy Woman ; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their Souls, de desperately
Embrac'd a Wave, crying to all that saw it,
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely End, and make her happy.
His Name was *Loveless* : And I 'scap'd the Storm,
And now you have my Business.

Lady. 'Tis too much.

'Would, I had been that Storm, he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir :
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his Ruin, I shall justly suffer
What they can say : I do confess myself
A guilty Cause in this. (25) I wou'd say more,
But Grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.

El. Love. I like this well : These Women are strange
Things.

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep,
You should have wept, when he was going from you ;
And chain'd him with those Tears at home.

Lady. 'Would, you had told me then so, these two Arms
had been his Sea.

El. Love. Trust me, you move me much : But, say,
he liv'd,

These were forgotten Things again.

(25) ————— I would say more,
But Grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.]
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Lady. Ay, say you so?

Sure, I should know that Voice: This is Knavery.

I'll fit you for it. Were he living, Sir,

I would persuade you to be charitable,

Ay, and confes we are not all so ill

As your Opinion holds us. O my Friend,

What Penance shall I pull upon my Fault,

Upon my most unworthy Self for this?

El. Love. Leave to love others, 'twas some Jealousy
That turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight:
Are you wrung there?

El. Love. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confes, there is a Gentleman
Has borne me long good Will.

El. Love. I do not like that.

Lady. And vow'd a thousand Services to me;
To me, regardless of him: But since Fate,
That no Pow'r can withstand, has taken from me
My first, and best Love, and to weep away
My Youth is a meer Folly, I will shew you
What I determine, Sir: You shall know all:
Call Mr. *Welford*, there: That Gentleman
I mean to make the Model of my Fortunes,
And in his chaste Embraces keep alive
The Memory of my lost lovely *Loveless*:
He is somewhat like him too.

El. Love. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes, certainly, Sir:
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel;
I hope, I shall persuade you otherwise.

El. Love. I have made myself a fine Fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Wou'd you have spoke with me, Madam?

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Welford*, and I ask your Pardon
Before this Gentleman for being froward:
This Kifs, and henceforth more Affection.

El. Love. So, it is better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden Passion, God hold it!

This

This Fellow out of his Fear, sure, has
Persuaded her. I'll give him a new Suit on't.

Lady. A parting Kifs, and, good Sir, let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another World; Madam, where you
please. [Exit Welford.]

El. Love. I will to Sea, and 't shall go hard but I'll
Be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now, Sir, you see I am no such hard Creature,
But Time may win me.

El. Love. You have forgot your lost Love.

Lady. Alas! Sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with Sorrow;
I'll love this Man as dearly, and bestrow me,
I'll keep him far enough from Sea; 'twas told me,
Now I remember me, by an old wife Woman,
That my first Lover should be drown'd, and see,
'Tis come about.

El. Love. I would she had told you your second should
be hang'd too, and let that come about: But this is very
strange.

Lady. Faith, Sir, consider all, and then I know you'll
be of my Mind: If weeping would redeem him, I would
weep still.

El. Love. But, say, that I were *Loveless*,
And scap'd the Storm, how would you answer this?

Lady. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the
World.

El. Love. This young Thing too?

Lady. That young Thing too,
Or any young Thing else: Why, I would lose my State.

El. Love. Why, then he lives still, I am he, your
Loveless.

Lady. Alas, I knew it, Sir, and for that Purpose
Prepar'd this Pageant: Get you to your Task;
And leave these Players' Tricks, or I shall leave you,
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.

El. Love. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promise, take your Choice. Farewel.

El. Love.

El. Love. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman.
I must do something. [Exit Loveless.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Mistrefs, I am bold.

Lady. You are, indeed.

Wel. You so overjoy'd me, Lady. [come.

Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not; pray fast, and wel-

Wel. By this Light, you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this, and To-morrow's Light, I care not for

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it. [you.

Lady. Indeed, I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this Mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't.

Wel. I must kiss you.

Lady. No, Sir.

Wel. Indeed, I must.

Lady. What must be, must be; I'll take my Leave,
you have your parting Blow: I pray, commend me to
those few Friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell
them when you travel next, 'twere fit you brought less
Brav'ry with you and more Wit; you'll never get a
Wife else.

Wel. Are you in Earnest?

Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, Sir? Your Horses will
be ready straight, you shall have a Napkin laid in the
Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then?

Lady. Yes, for that Face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt, the Fire in time may
mend it.

Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best, Lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, Sir; yet, o' my Conscience,
You wou'd make shift with it.

Wel. Come, pray, no more of this. [there?

Lady. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within
Bring out the Gentleman's Horses, he's in haste;
And set some cold Meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, Lady:

take your Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel, young Man. [Exit Lady.]

Wel. You have made me one; Farewel; and may the Curse of a great House fall upon thee, I mean, the Butler! The Devil and all his Works are in these Women; 'wou'd, all of my Sex were of my Mind, I wou'd make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that Flesh might be in more Rev'ence with them.

Enter Abigail to him.

Abig. I am sorry, Mr. *Welford* —

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Lady use you?

Wel. As I would use you, Scurvily.

Abig. I shou'd have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray, leave me, and look to your Sweet-meats. Hark, your Lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much Time without Offence —

Wel. You're nothing but Offence; for God's Love, leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange, my Lady shou'd be such a Tyrant—

Wel. To send you to me. 'Pray, go stitch; good, do; you're more Trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good Will, if I said Love I lied not, should any ways deserve this?

Wel. A thousand Ways, a thousand Ways; sweet Creature, let me depart in Peace.

Abig. What Creature, Sir? I hope, I am a Woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think, by your Noise.

Abig. Since you are angry, Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a Woman, and a Rib.

Wel. Of a roasted Horse?

Abig. Construe me that.

(26) *Wel.* A Dog can do it better; Farewel, *Countess*;

(26) *A Dog can do it better; Farewel, Countess;*] This is not complimentary, but sarcastically spoken. In a Pack of Hounds, an old staunch Hunting-Bitch is often call'd *Dutchess, Countess, Beauty,* &c.

and

and commend me to your Lady, tell her she's proud, and scurvy, and so I commit you Both to your Tempter.

Abig. Sweet Mr. *Welford*, ———

Wel. Avoid, old *Satanas*: Go daub your Ruins,
Your Face looks fouler than a Storm: The Footman
Stays for you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I shou'd know it by
your gentle Conditions. Are these fit Words to give a
Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit, as they were made for ye. Sirrah, my
Horses. Farewel, old Adage; keep your Nose warm,
the Rheum will make it Horn else ——— [*Exit Wel.*

Abig. The Blessings of a prodigal young Heir
Be thy Companions, *Welford*! Marry, come up, my
Gentleman, are your Gums grown so tender they cannot
bite? A skittish Filly will be your Fortune, *Welford*, and
fair enough for such a Packfaddle. And I doubt not (if
my Aim hold) to see her made to amble to your Hand.

[*Exit Abigail.*

*Enter Young Loveles, and Comrades, Morecraft,
Widow, Savil, and the rest.*

Capt. Save thy brave Shoulder, my young puissant
Knight,

And may thy Back-sword bite them to the Bone
That love thee not, (27) thou art an Errant-man,
Go on. The Circumcis'd shall fall by thee.

Let Land and Labour fill the Man that tills,

Thy Sword must be thy Plough; and *Jove* it speed!

Mecha shall sweat, and *Mabomet* shall fall,

And thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Love. It shall, Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Capt. One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of your Love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have Heart and Hand too, noble

Morecraft,

(27) ——— *thou art an Errant-Man,*

*Go on. The Circumcis'd shall fall by thee.] i. e. A Knight-
Errant: one fit to go on the Holy Wars; to fight against the Turks
and Jews.*

If thou wilt lend me Money. I am a Man of Garrison;
 Be rul'd, and open to me those infernal Gates,
 Whence none of thy evil Angels pass again,
 And I will stile thee Noble, nay, *Don Diego*,
 I'll wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight
 Shall feast her with high Meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my Meaning.

Yo. Love. No, Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captain's Meaning
 I shou'd prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or provoke her.

Speak, my modern Man, I say provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So say
 the Criticks.

Yo. Love. But howsoever you expound it, Sir, she's
 very welcome, and this shall serve for Witnesses. And,
 Widow, since you're come so happily, you shall deliver
 up the Keys and free Possession of this House, while I
 stand by to ratify.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me,
 'Tis a Misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Love. 'Tis past that, Widow; come, sit down, some
 Wine there; there is a scurvy Banquet, if we had it. All
 this fair House is yours, Sir *Savil*?

Savil. Yes, Sir.

Yo. Love. Are your Keys ready, I must ease your
 Burden.

Sav. I am ready, Sir, to be undone, when you shall
 call me to't.

Yo. Love. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all, there's half a
 dozen of my Friends i' th' Fields sunning against a Bank,
 with half a Breech among 'em, I shall be with 'em
 shortly. The Care and continual Vexation of being rich,
 eat up this Rascal. What shall become of my poor
 Family? they are no Sheep, and they must keep them-
 selves.

Yo. Love. Drink, Master *Morecraft*; pray, be merry
 Nay, an you will not drink, there's no Society; [all:
 Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow, a Word.

Capt. Expound her thoroughly, Knight. Here, God
 o' Gold,

o' Gold, here's to thy fair Possessions; Be a Baron, and a bold one: leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed Men of War, live and be honest, and be fav'd yet.

Mor. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your Counsel. You keep your Chimnies smoking there, your Nostrils; And when you can, you feed a Man of War. This makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: And how or when you shall be fav'd, let the Clark O'th' Company (you've commanded) have a just Care of.

Poet. The Man is much mov'd. Be not angry, Sir, (28) but, as the Poet sings, let your Displeasure be a short Fury, and go out. You have spoke home, and bitterly, to me, Sir: Captain, take Truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty Whorson —

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie; the Wit of this Man Lies in his Fingers Ends, he must tell all; His Tongue fills his Mouth like a Neat's Tongue, and only serves to lick his hungry Chaps after a Purchase: His Brains and Brimstone are the Devil's Diet to a fat Usurer's Head. To her, Knight, to her; clap her Aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend, and *Savil*, Sir.

Capt. Away, th'rt rich in Ornaments of Nature. First, in thy Face, thou hast a serious Face, A betting, bargaining, and saving Face, A rich Face, pawn it to the Usurer; A Face to kindle the Compassion Of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Sav. 'Tis such, as I shall not dare to shew it shortly, Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny, Steward. Master *Morecraft*, Drink to this Man of Reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downward! 'Wou'd, there were in't an Acre of the great Broom-field he bought, to sweep

(28) but, as the Poet sings, let your Displeasure be a short Fury.] The Poet, alluded to here, is HORACE.

Ira furor brevis est: ———

your dirty Conscience, or to choak ye, 'tis all one to me, Ufurer.

Yo. Love. Consider what I told you, you are young, Unapt for worldly Busines: Is it fit One of such Tendernefs, so delicate, So contrary to Things of Care, should stir And break her better Meditations, In the bare Brokage of a Brace of Angels? Or a new Kirtel, though it be of Sattin? Eat by the Hope of Surfeits, and lie down Only in Expectation of a Morrow, That may undo some easy-hearted Fool, Or reach a Widow's Curses? Let out Money, Whose Use returns the Principal? and get, Out of these Troubles, a consuming Heir; For such a one must follow necessarily: You shall die hated, if not old and miserable; And that posselt Wealth, that you got with Pining, Live to see tumbled to another's Hands, That is no more a-kin to you, than you to his Cozenage!

Wid. Sir, you speak well; 'wou'd God, that Charity had first begun here.

Yo. Love. 'Tis yet Time. Be merry; methinks, you want Wine there, there's more i' th' House. Captain, where rests the Health?

Capt. It shall go round, Boy?

Yo. Love. Say, you can suffer this, because the End Points at much Profit, can you so far bow Below your Blood, below your too much Beauty, To be a Partner of this Fellow's Bed, And lie with his Diseases? If you can, I will not press you further: Yet look upon him: There's nothing in that hide-bound Ufurer, That Man of Mat, that all decay'd, but Aches, For you to love, unless his perish'd Lungs, His dry Cough, or his Scurvy. This is Truth, And so far I dare speak yet: He has yet, Past Cure of Physick, Spaw, or any Diet, A primitive Pox in his Bones; and o' my Knowledge He has been ten times rowell'd: Ye may love him;

He

He had a Bastard, his own toward Issue,
Whip'd, and then crop'd for washing out the Roses
In Three-farthings to make 'em Pence.

Wid. I do not like these Morals.

Yo. Love. You must not like him then.

Enter Elder Lovelefs.

El. Love. By your Leave, Gentlemen.

Yo. Love. By my Troth, Sir, you are welcome; welcome, faith: Lord, what a Stranger you are grown; pray, know this Gentleman, and, if you please, these Friends here: We are merry, you see the worst on's; (29) your House has been kept warm, Sir.

El. Love. I am glad to hear it, Brother; pray God, you are wise too!

Yo. Love. Pray, Mr. *Morecraft*, know my elder Brother; and, Captain, do your Compliment. *Savil*, I dare swear, is glad at Heart to see you; Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily Things come about!

Mor. This Money must be paid again, Sir.

Yo. Love. No, Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors' Measures; I am well, I thank you.

Wid. By my Troth, the Gentleman has stew'd him in his own Sawce, I shall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad: Your Worship is the welcom'st Man alive; Upon my Knees I bid you welcome home: Here has been such a Hurry, such a Din, Such dismal Drinking, Swearing and Whoring, 't has almost made me mad: We have all liv'd in a continual

(29) *your House has been kept warm, Sir.*

Eld. Love. *I'm glad to hear it, Brother; pray God, you are wise too?*] This would be a very odd Reply, did it not depend on a Proverbial Expression, *If you are wise, keep yourself warm.* So in SHAKESPEARE'S *Much Ado about Nothing*,

So that if he has Wit enough to keep himself warm, &c.
And, again, in his *Taming of the Shrew*:

Pet. *Am I not wise?*

Kath. *Yes; keep you warm.*

Turnbal-street; Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again; now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

El. Love. Brother, dismiss these People.

Yo. Love. Captain, be gone a while, meet me at my old Rendevouze in the Evening, take your small Poet with you. Mr. *Morcrafft*, you were best go prattle with your learned Counsel, I shall preserve your Money; I was cozen'd when Time was, we are quit, Sir.

Wid. Better and better still.

El. Love. What is this Fellow, Brother?

Yo. Love. A thirity Usurer that sup'd my Land off.

El. Love. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Love. Sir, to be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little Sale, Sir.

Mor. Am I over-reach'd? If there be Law, I'll hamper ye.

El. Love. Prithee, be gone, and rave at home, thou art So base a Fool I cannot laugh at thee:

Sirrah, this comes of Coz'ning, home and spare,

Fat Raddish 'till you raise your Sums again.

If you stir far in this, I'll have you whip'd,

Your Ears nail'd for Intelligencing o' th' Pillory, and your Goods forfeit: You are a stale Cozener, leave my House: No more.

Mor. A Pox upon your House! Come, Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' Hundred, keep your Way, I am not for your Diet; marry in your own Tribe, *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Love. 'Tis well said, Widow: Will you jog on, Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go, but 'tis no matter whither: But when I trust a wild Fool, and a Woman, May I lend *gratis*, and build Hospitals! [Exit.]

Yo. Love. Nay, good Sir, make all ev'n, here's a Widow wants your good Word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Love. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor distressed younger Brother.

Wid. You do him Wrong, Sir, he's a Knight.

El. Love.

El. Love. I ask you Mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or wou'd be, Lady. Faith, be not mercilefs, but make a Man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his Observances may deserve your Love: He shall not fail for Means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy Brother: And so much do I credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother: And so love him, — but I shall blush to say more.

El. Love. Stop her Mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that Hour, when this shall be repented. Now, Brother, I shou'd chide, but I'll give no Distaste to your fair Mistrefs. I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't: You have been wild and ignorant, pray, mend it.

To. Love. Sir, every Day now Spring comes on.

El. Love. To you, good Mr. *Savil*, and your Office, Thus much I have to say: You're from my Steward Become, first, your own Drunkard, then his Bawd; They say, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect: Give me your Keys, Sir *Savil*.

Sav. Good Sir, consider whom you left me to.

El. Love. I left you as a Curb for, not to provoke My Brother's Follies. Where's the best Drink, now? Come, tell me, *Savil*; where's the foundest Whores? Ye old He-goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion,
(30) Must you be leaping in my House? Your Whores,

Like

(30) *You must be leaping in my House your Whores.*

Like Fairies dance, &c.] This Passage has suffer'd both by a false Pointing, and a slight Corruption in the Text. The Latter I have cured from the Authority of the oldest *Quarto*; it wants no Confirmation, from the Words, *Goat* and *Stallion*, preceding; and the Expression is frequent in our Authors.

So, in *Philaster*;

*I'd rather be Sir Tim the Schoolmaster,
And leap a Dairy-Maid.*

And, again;

*I know her, and her Haunts,
Her Lays, Leaps, and Outlays;*

And, again;

He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his Leaping;

And.

Like Fairies dance their Night-rounds, without Fear
 Either of King or Constable, within my Walls?

Are all my Hangings safe; my Sheep unfold yet?

I hope, my Plate is currant; I ha' too much on't.

What say you to three hundred Pounds in Drink now?

Sav. Good Sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Love. Methinks, thou should'st be drunk still, and
 not speak,

'Tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will, Sir, if you will have it so.

El. Love. I thank ye: Yes, e'en pursue it, Sir: Do
 you hear?

Get you a Whore soon for your Recreation;

Go look out Captain *Broken-breech* your Fellow,

And Quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver

These Keys to one shall have more Honesty,

Though not so much fine Wit, Sir. You may walk

And gather *Cresses*, fit to cool your Liver;

There's something for you to begin a Diet,

You'll have the Pox else. Speed you well, Sir *Savil*:

You may eat at my House to preserve Life;

But keep no Fornications in the Stables.

[*Ex. omnes pr. Savil.*]

Sav. Now must I hang myself, my Friends will look
 for't.

Eating and Sleeping, I do despise you both now:

I will run mad first, and, if that get not Pity,

I'll drown myself, to a most dismal Ditty. [*Exit Savil.*]

And in the *Custom of the Country*;

————— *How big he bears!*

Sure, he will leap before us all:

&c. &c.



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

Enter Abigail, sola.

Abig. ALAS! poor Gentlewoman, to what a Misery
Hath Age now brought thee: To what a
scurvy Fortune?

Thou that hast been Companion for Noblemen,
And at the worst of Times for Gentlemen;
Now, like a broken Serving-man, must beg for
Favour to those, that wou'd have crawl'd like Pilgrims
To my Chamber but for an Apparition of me.
You that be coming on, make much of Fifteen,
And so till Five-and-twenty: Use your Time
With Reverence, that your Profits may arise:
'Twill not tarry wi' you, *Ecce signum*: Here was a Face,
But Time, that, like a Surfeit, eats our Youth,
(Plague of his Iron Teeth, and draw 'em for't!)
Has been a little bolder here than welcome:
And now, to say the Truth, I am fit for no Man:
Old Men i'th' House of Fifty, call me *Granum*;
And when they are drunk, e'en then, when *Joan* and my
Are all as one, not one will do me Reason. [Lady
My little Levite hath forsaken me,
His silver Sound of Cittern quite abolish'd,
His doleful *Hymns* under my Chamber-Window,
Digested into tedious Learning now:
Well, Fool, you leap'd a Haddock when you left him;
He's a clean Man, and a good Edifier,
And twenty Nobles is his State *de claro*,
Besides his Pigs in *posse*. ———
To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn,
Which God forgive me for, and mend my Manners:
(31) And, *Love*, if ever thou had'st Care of Forty,

(31) *And, Love, if ever thou had'st Care of Forty,*
Of such a Piece of lape Ground, hear my Pray'r.] I believe,
there is no such Term in the *English* Tongue, as *lape Ground*. The
Word must have been *Lay*, or *Ley*: i. e. *Terra inculta, Novale*: un-
glow'd, uncultivated, Land.

Mr. Symphon.
Of

Of such a Piece of laye Ground, hear my Pray'r,
 And fire his Zeal so far forth, that my Faults,
 In this renew'd Impression of my Love,
 May shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Enter Roger.

See, see, how negligently he passes by me ;
 With what an Equipage Canonical,
 As tho' he had broken the Heart of *Bellarmino*,
 Or added something to the singing Brethren.
 'Tis Scorn, I know it, and deserve it. *Mr. Roger*——

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my Name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then, gentle *Roger*, ——

Roger. Ungentle *Abigail*, ——

Abig. Why, *Mr. Roger*, will you set your Wit
 To a weak Woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed : For so the Poet sings.

Abig. I do confesse my Weakness, sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Lady's Gentlewoman, or my good La-
 dy's Gentlewoman

(This Trope is lost to you now) leave your Prating.

You have a Season of your first Mother in ye :

And, surely, had the Devil been in Love,

He had been abused too : Go, *Dalilah*,

You make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well,

Hard-hearted Man ; dilate upon the weak

Infirmities of Women : These are fit Texts,

But once there was a Time, ——

'Wou'd, I had never seen those Eyes, those Eyes,

Those orient Eyes.

Rog. Ay, they were Pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your Reverence, Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your Cogging,
 What they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles,
 I thank 'em.

Abig. O, will you kill me ?

Rog. I do not think, I can ;
 You're like a Copy-hold with nine Lives in't.

Abig.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian Fear about you:
For your own Worship's sake.

Rog. I was a Christian Fool then:
Do you remember what a Dance you led me?
How I grew qualm'd in Love, and was a Dunce?
Cou'd expound but once a Quarter, and then was out too:
And then out of the stinking Stir you put me in,
I pray'd for my own royal Issue. You do
Remember all this?

Abig. O be, as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it,
Surely, I will be wiser, *Abigail*: and as the Ethnick
Poet sings,

(32) I will not lose my Oil and Labour too.

You're for the Worshipful, I take it, *Abigail*.

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like these Tears well, and this Humbling also,
they are Symptoms of Contrition.

If I should fall into my Fit again,

Wou'd you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcomb?

Wou'd you not use me scurvily again,

And give me Poffets with purging Comfets in 'em? I
tell thee, Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than
a long Chapter with a Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate, cure me: I will love thee better,
dearer, longer:

I will do any thing, betray the Secrets

Of the main Household to thy Reformation.

My Lady shall look lovingly on thy Learning,

And when true Time shall point thee for a Parson,

I will convert thy Eggs to penny Custards,

And thy tithe Goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testify

This faithful Kiss; But have Care, Mistress *Abigail*,

How you depress the Spirit any more

With your Rebukes and Mocks: for certainly

The Edge of such a Folly cuts itself.

(32) *I will not lose my Oil and Labour too.*] The Ethnick Poet,
here alluded to, is *PLAUTUS* in his *Pænulus*,

Tum pol Ego & Oleum & operam perdididi,

Abig.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorough. Here I
vow a Recantation to those malicious Faults I ever did
against you. Never more
Will I despise your Learning, never more
Pin Cards and Cony-tails upon your Cassock;
Never again reproach your reverend Night-cap,
And call it by the mangy Name of Murrion:
Never your reverend Person, more, and say,
You look like one of *Baal's* Priests in a Hanging,
Never again, when you say Grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at Prayers: Never cramp you more
With the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride,
Get Sope and Thistles for you. No, my *Roger*,
These Faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the Tenor of my Tears appears.

Rog. Now can't I hold, should I be hang'd, I must
Cry too. Come to thine own beloved, and do
Even what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet *Abigail*.
I am thine own for ever: Here's my Hand,
When *Roger* proves a Recreant, hang him i'th' Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

Lady. Why, how now, Master *Roger*, no Pray'rs down
with you to Night? Did you hear the Bell ring? You
are courting; your Flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your Pardon: I'll clap up Pray'rs,
but stay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit Roger.*]

Enter Elder Lovelefs.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a Fellow
Presume to come to move me any more?

El. Love. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. What ails the Fellow?

El. Love. The Fellow comes to laugh at you,
I tell you, Lady, I would not, for your Land,
Be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass,
As you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise, 'tis a rare Jewel
In an Elder Brother: Pray, be wiser yet.

El. Love. Methinks, I am very wise: I do not come

A wooing. Indeed, I'll move no more Love to
Your Ladyship.

Lady. What makes you here then?

El. Love. Only to see you and be merry, Lady: That's
all my Business. 'Faith, let's be very merry. Where's
little Roger? He is a good Fellow:

An Hour or two, well spent in wholesome Mirth,
Is worth a thousand of these puling Passions.

'Tis an ill World for Lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

El. Love. I thank God, there is one the less for me,
Lady.

Lady. You were never any, Sir.

El. Love. Till now, and now
I am the prettiest Fellow.

Lady. You talk like a Tailor, Sir.

El. Love. Methinks, your Faces are no such fine
Things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise? Lord! what
A lying Age is this; where will you mend these Faces?

El. Love. A Hog's Face, soust, is worth a Hundred
of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Love. She brought such fine white Pigs as you,
fit for none but Parsons, Lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Love. That shall not save you. O that I were in
Love again with a Wish!

Lady. By this Light, you are
A scurvy Fellow; pray, be gone. *El. Love.* You know,
I am a clean-skin'd Man. *Lady.* Do I know it?

El. Love. Come, come, you wou'd know it; that's
as good: But not a Snap, never long for't, not a Snap,
dear Lady.

Lady. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs,
There's Horse-Flesh for such Hounds: Will you go, Sir?

El. Love. Lord! how I lov'd this Woman, how I
worship'd

This pretty Calf with a white Face here! As I live,
You were the prettiest Fool to play withal,

The wittiest little Varlet, it would talk :
 Lord, how it talk'd ! And when I angered it,
 It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no Meat,
 And it would say, Go hang.

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it. [ried,

El. Love. And when I ask'd it, if it would be mar-
 It sent me of an Errand into *France*,
 And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly ; pray, be gone. [me]

El. Love. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at
 I was unhandsome. *Lady.* Have you no Manners in you ?

El. Love. And say my Back was melted, when God
 he knows,

I kept it at a Charge : Four *Flanders* Mares
 Would have been easier to me, and a Fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now ?

El. Love. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good
 for you.

But so much for our Mirth : Now have at you in Earnest.

Lady. There is enough Sir, I desire no more.

El. Love. Yes, Faith, we'll have a Cast at your best
 Parts now ; And then the Devil take the worst !

Lady. Pray, Sir, no more, I am not so much affected
 with your Commendations, 'tis almost Dinner, I know
 they stay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Love, E'en a short Grace, and then I am gone.
 You are a Woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a
 Coach : The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless
 Woman ;

The greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd
 Though it be gross and open ; the most envious,
 That at the poor Fame of another's Face,
 Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
 The Paint belonging to it : Of such a Self-opinion, that
 you think none can deserve your Glove : And, for your
 Malice, you're so excellent, you might have been your
 Tempter's-tutor : Nay, never cry.

Lady, Your own Heart knows you wrong me : I cry
 for ye ?

El. Love. You shall before I leave you.

Lady.

Lady. Is all this spoke in Earnest?

El. Love. Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.

Lady. Well, out with't.

El. Love. You are; let me see——

Lady. One that has us'd you with too much Respect.

El. Love. One that hath us'd me, since you will have it so,

The basest, the most Foot-boy-like, without Respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have used me, as I would use a Jade,

Rid him off's Legs, then turn him to the Commons;
You have us'd me with Discretion, and I thank ye,
If you have many more such pretty Servants,
Pray, build an Hospital, and, when they are old,
Keep 'em for Shame.

Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious:

El. Love. Will you have more on't?

Lady. No, Faith, there's enough,

If it be true: Too much, by all my Part;
You are no Lover then?

El. Love. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

Lady. Why, the Gods mend all!

El. Love. Neither do I think

There can be such a Fellow found i'th' World,
To be in Love with such a froward Woman;
If there be such, they're mad; *Jove* comfort 'em!
Now you have all, and I as new a Man,
As light, and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another Creature. O 'tis brave
To be one's own Man, I can see you now
As I would see a Picture, sit all Day by you,
And never kiss your Hand: Then hear you sing,
And never fall backward; but with as set a Temper,
As I would hear a Fidler, rise and thank you.
I can now keep my Money in my Purse,
That still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats:
And keep my Hand from Mercer's Sheep-skins finely.
I can eat Mutton now, and feast myself
With my two Shillings, and can see a Play
For Eighteen Pence again: I can, my Lady, I can.

Lady. The Carriage of this Fellow vexes me. Sir, Pray, let me speak a little private with you, — I must not suffer this.

El. Love. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me? You will not ravish me? Now, your set Speech?

Lady. Thou perjur'd Man——

El. Love. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium*. And why, I pray you, perjur'd?

Lady. Did you not swear A thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best Of all Things?

El. Love. I do confesse it: Make your best of that.

Lady. Why do you say, you do not then?

El. Love. Nay, I'll swear it.

And give sufficient Reason, your own Usage.

Lady. Do you not love me then?

El. Love. No, faith.

Lady. Did you ever think, I lov'd you dearly?

El. Love. Yes, but I see but rotten Fruits on't.

Lady. Do not deny your Hand for I must kiss it, And take my last Farewell; now let me die, So you be happy.

El. Love. I am too foolish: Lady, speak, dear Lady.

Lady. No, let me die. [*She Swoons.*]

Mar. Oh my Sister!

Abig. O my Lady! help, help,

Mar. Run for some *Rosa Solis!*

[*Lady,*

El. Love. I have plaid the fine As: Bend her Body. Best, dearest, worthiest Lady, hear your Servant, I am not as I shew'd: O wretched Fool, To sling away the Jewel of thy Life thus. Give her more Air; see, she begins to stir, Sweet Mistress, hear me. *Lady.* Is my Servant well?

El. Love. In being yours I am so.

Lady. Then I care not.

El. Love. How do ye, reach a Chair there; I confesse My Fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus Upon such Tenderness my willfull Error; But had I known it wou'd have wrought thus with ye, Thus strangely, not the World had won me to it;

And

And let not, my best Lady, any Word
Spoke to my End disturb your quiet Peace;
For sooner shall you know a general Ruin,
Than my Faith broken. Do not doubt this, Mistrefs,
For by my Life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry,
And heap Affliction on me: I will suffer.
O, I could curse myself; pray, smile upon me.
Upon my Faith, 'twas but a Trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely
That you would never shew it, though my Means
Was all Humanity.

All. Ha, ha. *El. Love.* How now?

Lady. I thank you, fine Fool, for your most fine Plot;
This was a subtle one, a stiff Device
To have caught Dottrels with. Good senseless Sir,
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant Afs?
Ay, a discover'd one. 'Tis quit, I thank you, Sir,
Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed, Sir, she may chance to swoon again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, Sir, see, how she changes Colour.

El. Love. I'll go to Hell first, and be better welcome.

(33) I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd,
Lady-fool'd, Madam; and I thank you for it.

Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, Sir:
But if I knew when you come next a Birding,
I'll have a stronger Noose to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Love. I am glad to see you merry: Pray, laugh on.

Mar. H' ad a hard Heart, that could not laugh at you,
Sir; ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Pray, Sister, do not laugh, you'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude Costermonger,

(33) *I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd,*

*Lady, fool'd, Madam,] What, call her Lady and Madam
too, within the Compass of three Words? Loveless would say, he
was grown a Woman's Fool, Lady-fool'd; as Mr. Symphon saw with
me the Text ought to be restor'd.*

That School-boys had couzened of his Apples,
As loud and senseless.

El. Love. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith, then let's hear him, Sister.

El. Love. Yes, you shall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better by it then? [Words,

El. Love. No, he that makes a Woman better by his
I'll have him Sainted: Blows will not do it.

Lady. By this Light, he'll beat us.

El. Love. You do deserve it richly,
And may live to have a Beadle do it.

Lady. Now he rails.

El. Love. Come, scornfull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray, put it in good Words then.

El. Love. The worst are good enough for such a Trifle,
Such a proud Piece of Cobweb-lawn.

Lady. You bite, Sir.

El. Love. I wou'd till the Bones crack'd, an I had
my Will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he grows mad.

El. Love. I wou'd 'twere lawful in the next great Sick-
ness to have the Dogs spar'd, those harmless Creatures,
and knock i'th' Head those hot continual Plagues, Wo-
men, that are more infectious. I hope, the State will
think on't.

Lady. Are you well, Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous Fit o'th'
Cholick.

El. Love. Green-ginger will cure me.

Abig. I'll heat a Trencher for him.

El. Love. Dirty *December*, do,
Thou with a Face as old as *Erra Pater*,
Such a Prognosticating Nose: Thou Thing,
That ten Years since has left to be a Woman,
Out-worn the Expectation of a Bawd ;
(34) And thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now,

But

(34) *And thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now,*

Erra Gords, or Nine-pins ;] There is no such Word, that I
know

But Cogs or Ninepins; pray, go fetch a Trencher, go.

Lady. Let him alone, he's crack'd.

Abig. I'll see him hang'd first, he's a beastly Fellow
To use a Woman of my Breeding thus;
Ay, marry is he: Wou'd I were a Man,
I'd make him eat his Knaves' Words.

El. Love. Tie your she Otter up, good Lady Folly,
She stinks worse than a Bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. Love. Go paint, and purge,
Call in your Kennel with you: You a Lady?

Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the Quarter-Sessions,
If there be a good Behaviour in the World,
I'll have thee bound to it.

El. Love. You must not seek it in your Lady's House
then;

Pray, send this Ferret home; and spin, good *Abigail*.

And, Madam, that your Ladyship may know,
In what base manner you have us'd my Service,
I do from this Hour hate ye heartily;

And though your Folly should whip you to Repentance,

And waken you at length to see my Wrongs,

'Tis not the Endeavour of your Life shall win me;

Not all the Friends you have, nor Intercession,

Nor your submissive Letters, though they spoke

As many Tears as Words; not your Knees grown

To th' Ground in Penitence, nor all your State,

To kiss you; nor my Pardon, nor my Will

To give you Christian Burial, if you die thus;

So, farewell.— When I am married and made sure, I'll
come

And visit you again, and vex you, Lady.

By all my Hopes, I'll be a Torment to you,

Worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will,

Recant and sue to me, but save that Labour:

I'll rather love a Fever and continual Thirst,

know of, as *Gords*. Our Poets must certainly have wrote *Cogs*;
i. e. hard, dry, tough Pieces of Wood, which are call'd the Teeth
of a Mill-Wheel.

Mr. Symphon.

(35) Rather contract my Youth to drink and swagger,
Doat upon Quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from
An Hospital, that Time, Diseases, and
Mercury had eaten, than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take Heed though.

El. Love. From thee, false Dice, Jades, Cowards, and
plaguy Summers,

Good Lord deliver me! [Exit Elder Loveless.

Lady. But hark you, Servant, hark ye: Is he gone?
Call him again.

Abig. Hang him, Paddock.

Lady. Art thou here still? Fly, fly, and call my Ser-
vant; fly, or never see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than see that Rascal, but
I must do it. [Exit Abigail.

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much;
What a fine Foolery is this in a Woman,
To use those Men most frowardly they love most?
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly serv'd.
I hope, he's not so much himself, to take it
To th' Heart: How now? Will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he swears, while he can hear Men say
there's any Woman living: He swore he would ha' me
first.

Lady. Didst thou intreat him, Wench?

Abig. As well as I cou'd, Madam.

But this is still your way, to love being absent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him.
There is another way, if you could hit on't.

(35) *Rather contract my Youth to drink and swagger*

Upon Quarrels,] The Metre here is quite disconcerted; and,
besides, this seeming priestly Word *sacerdote*, I am afraid, is not to
be found in any of our Dictionaries. I doubt not but our Poets
wrote;

Rather contract my Youth to drink, and swagger,

Doat upon Quarrels, ———

So, again, in the *Mad Lover*;

————— To fight and swagger,

Beaten about the Ears, &c.

Mr. Symphon.

Lady.

Lady. Thou say'st true, get me Paper, Pen and Ink,
I'll write to him; I'd be loth, he should sleep in's Anger.
Women are most Fools when they think they're wisest.

[*Exeunt.*

Musick. Enter *Young Loveless, and Widow; with
them his Comrades.*

Wid. Pray, Sir, cast off these Fellows, as unfitting
For your bare Knowledge, and far more your Company:
Is't fit such Ragamuffins as these are,
Should bear the Name of Friends, and furnish out
A civil House? You're to be married now, and Men, that
love you,
Must expect a Course far from your old Career:
If you will keep 'em, turn 'em to th' Stable, and
There make 'em Grooms: And yet now I consider it,
Such Beggars once set o' Horse-back, you have heard,
Will ride, how far you had best to look.

Capt. Hear you, you
That must be Lady, pray content yourself
And think upon your Carriage soon at Night,
What Dressing will best take your Knight, what Waistcoat,
What Cordial will do well i'th' Morning for him,
What Triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean, Sir?

Capt. Those that must switch him up: If he start well,
Fear not, but cry, *Saint George*, and bear him hard:
When you perceive his Wind grows hot and wanting,
Let him a little down, he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
And stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you hear these Fellows?

Yo. Love. Merry Companions, Wench, merry Com-
panions.

Wid. To one another let 'em be Companions,
But, good Sir, not to you: You shall be civil,
And slip off these base Trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer;
if he be civil, not your powder'd Sugar, nor your Raisins
shall persuade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him;
let him be civil and eat i'th' *Arches*, and see what will
come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way. I will not take, if he be civil once, two hundred Pounds a Year to live with him: Be civil? There's a trim Persuasion.

Capt. If thou be'st civil, Knight; as *Jove* defend it! Get thee another Nose, that will be pull'd Off by the angry Boys for thy Conversion: The Children thou shalt get on this Civilian Cannot inherit by the Law, they're *Ethnicks*, And all thy Sport meer moral Leachery: When they are grown, having but little in 'em, They may prove Haberdashers, or gross Grocers, Like their dear Dam there: Prithee be civil, Knight, In time thou may'st read to thy Household, and be drunk once a Year: This would shew finely.

Yo. Love. I wonder, Sweetheart, you will offer this, You do not understand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather Cast you off by the way of Charge: These are Creatures, That nothing goes to the Maintenance of But Corn and Water: I will keep these Fellows Just in the Competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so, Sir, you have my Liking: If they eat less, I should not be offended: But how these, Sir, can live upon so little As Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Love. Why, prithee, Sweetheart, what's your Ale?
Is not

That Corn and Water, my sweet Widow? *Wid.* Ay, But my sweet Knight, where is the Meat to this, And Cloaths that they must look for?

Yo. Love. In this short Sentence Ale, is all included: Meat, Drink, and Cloth: These are no ravening Foot-
No Fellows, that at Ordinaries dare [men,
Eat their eighteen Pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a Play, and crack
More Nuts than would suffice a dozen Squirrels;
Besides the Din, which is most damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Boat-maker,
Than live among such Rascals; these are People

Of such a clean Discretion in their Diet,
Of such a moderate Sustenance, that they sweat
If they but smell hot Meat. Porridge is Poison,
They hate a Kitchen as they hate a Counter,
And, shew 'em but a Feather-bed, they swoon.
Ale is their eating, and their drinking, surely,
Which keeps their Bodies clear, and soluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd
Even in their Ale, whose lost Room fills an Apple,
Which is more airy and of subtler Nature.
The Rest they take is little, and that little
Is little easy : For, like strict Men of Order,
They do correct their Bodies with a Bench,
Or a poor stubborn Table; if a Chimney
Offer itself with some few broken Rushes,
They are in Down: When they are sick, that's drunk,
They may have fresh Straw, else they do despise
These worldly Pamperings. For their poor Apparel,
'Tis worn out to the Diet; new they seek none;
And if a Man should offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him :
You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast Doublet
Once in a Year, which is a Modesty
Befitting my poor Friends: You see their Wardrobe,
Though slender, competent: For Shirts, I take it,
They are Things worn out of their Remembrance.
Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
Which shows a fine Variety: And then to cure 'em,
A Tanner's Limepit, which is little Charge,
Two Dogs, and these too, may be cur'd for three Pence.

Wid. You have half persuaded me; pray, use your
Pleasure :

And, my good Friends, since I do know your Diet,
I'll take an Order, Meat shall not offend you,
(36) You shall have Ale.

(36) ——— *You shall have Ale.*

We ask no more, let it be, mighty Lady.] Let it be, what?
and why, mighty Lady? The false Collocation of a poor *Comma*
has begot this Nonsense. The Captain would say, If we shall have
Ale, let it be mighty, Lady; strong, stinging Geer.

Capt.

Capt. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady:
And if we perish, then our own Sins on us.

Yo. Love. Come forward, Gentlemen; to Church, my
Boys; when we have done, I'll give you Cheer in Bowls.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Elder Loveles.

El. Love. **T**HIS senseless Woman vexes me to th' Heart,
She will not from my Memory; 'wou'd,
she were

A Man for one two Hours, that I might beat her:
If I had been unhandsome, old or jealous,
'T had been an even Lay she might have scorn'd me;
But to be young, and, by this Light, I think
As proper as the proudest; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd; Means and Manners equal
With the best Cloth of Silver Sir i'th' Kingdom:
But these are Things, at some time of the Moon,
Below the Cut of Canvas: Sure, she has
Some meeching Rascal in her House, some Hind,
That she hath seen bear, like another *Milo*,
Quarters of Malt upon his Back, and sing with't;
Thresh all Day, and i'th' Evening, in his Stockings,
Strike up a Hornpipe, and there stink two Hours,
And ne'er a whit the worse Man; these are they,
These Steel-chin'd Rascals, that undo us all.
'Wou'd, I had been a Carter, or a Coachman,
I had done the Deed e'er this Time.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak
with you:

El. Love. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your Leave, Sir.

El. Love.

El. Love. You are welcome: What's your Will, Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Love. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must, Sir. I am that Gentleman you pleas'd to wrong,

In your Disguise, I have inquir'd you out.

El. Love. I was disguis'd, indeed, Sir, if I wrong'd you; pray, where and when?

Wel. In such a Lady's House, I need not name her. *El. Love.* I do remember you, You seem'd to be a Suitor to that Lady?

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget How scurvily you used me: That was No Place to quarrel in, pray you, think of it; If you be honest you dare fight with me, Without more urging, else I must provoke ye.

El. Love. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a Woman, I will not have her in my Cause, she's mortal, And so is not my Anger: If you have brought A nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you; In this I would be loth to prick my Finger.

And, where, you say, I wrong'd you, 'tis so far From my Profession, that amongst my Fears, To do Wrong is the greatest: Credit me, We have been both abus'd, (not by ourselves, For that I hold a Spleen no Sin of Malice, And may with Man enough be best forgotten,) But by that wilful, scornfull Piece of Hatred, That much forgetfull Lady: For whose sake, If we should leave our Reason, and run on Upon our Sense, like Rams, the little World Of good Men would laugh at us, and despise us, Fixing upon our desperate Memories

The never worn-out Names of Fools and Fencers.

Sir, 'tis not Fear, but Reason, makes me tell you;

In This I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you, And you shall find it, though you throw yourself Into as many Dangers as she offers,

Though you redeem her lost Name every Day, And find her out new Honours with your Sword,

You

You shall but be her Mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you Mercy, Sir, you have ta'en my Edge
Yet I would fain be even with this Lady. [off:

El. Love. In which I'll be your Helper: We are two,
And they are two: Two Sisters, rich alike,
Only the Elder has the prouder Dowry:
In Troth, I pity this Disgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but follow
My Counsel, and I'll pawn my Spirit, we'll
Over-reach 'em yet; the Means is this ———

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speak with
you,

I cannot keep her out, she's entred, Sir.

El. Love. It is the Waiting-woman, pray be not seen:
Sirrah, hold her in Discourse a while: Hark in your Ear,
Go and dispatch it quickly, when I come in,
I'll tell you all the Project.

Wel. I care not which I have. [Exit Wel.

El. Love. Away, 'tis done, she must not see you:
Lady *Guiniver*, what News with you? [Now,

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray, leave these Frumps, Sir, and receive this
Letter.

El. Love. From whom, good Vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my Lady, Sir: Alas, good Soul, she
cries and takes on!

El. Love. Does she so, good Soul? wou'd she not
have a Cawdle? Does she fend you with your fine Ora-
tory, Goody *Tully*, to tie me to believe again? Bring
out the Cat-hounds, I'll make you take a Tree, Whore,
(37) then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibship*, and
then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th' Warren.

Abig. I am no Beast, Sir, would you knew it.

(37) *then with my Tiller bring down your Gibship, and then have
you cast, &c.]* I have already explain'd the Word *Tiller* in the 22d
Note upon *Philaster: Cast*, Mr. *Sympson* has ingeniously reform'd to
Cas'd; i. e. *stea'd*, and hung up.

El. Love.

El. Love. 'Wou'd, I did, for I am yet very doubtfull; what will you say now?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

El. Love. Art thou a Woman, and say nothing?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more Moderation, I can speak wise enough.

El. Love. And loud enough? Will your Lady love me?

Abig. It seems so by her Letter, and her Lamentations; but you are such another Man.

El. Love. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not be: I'll read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistress mad?

Abig. For you she will be, 'tis a Shame you shou'd Use a poor Gentlewoman so untowardly; She loves the Ground you tread on; and you, hard Heart, Because she jeasted with you, mean to kill her; 'Tis a fine Conquest, as they say.

El. Love. Hast thou so much Moisture In thy Whit-leather Hide yet, that thou canst cry? I wou'd have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five Year since;

Nay, let it rain, thy Face chops for a Shower Like a dry Dunghil.

Abig. I'll not endure this Ribauldry; Farewel, i'th' Devil's Name; if my Lady die, I'll be sworn before a Jury, thou art the Cause on't.

El. Love. Do, Maukin, do, Deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other Business: Which before I will want to come to her, I mean to go seek Birds' Nests: Yet I may come too: But if I come, from this Door 'till I see her, will I think How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her, And make her cry so much, (38) that the Physician,

(38) that the Physician, if she fall sick upon't shall find the Cause to be Want of Urine,] This is not altogether bad Sense; but it is not quite perspicuous. I have chose to adopt the Reading of the elder Quarto, as I think it the clearest; and as Physicians are used to trace the Cause and Symptoms of Maladies by the Inspection of the Urine.

If she fall sick upon it, shall want Urine
To find the Cause by, and she remediless
Die in her Heresy. Farewel, old Adage,
I hope to see the Boys make Potguns of thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile Man; God blefs my Issue from thee.

El. Love. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left
Crupper,

That makes thee hobble so; you must be ground
I'th' Breech like a Top, you'll ne'er spin well else:
Farewel, Fytchock.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

Lady. Is it not strange that every Woman's Will
Shou'd track out new Ways to disturb herself?
If I should call my Reason to Account,
It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own Wish, and stop the Man I love
From his; and every Hour repent again,
Yet still go on: I know 'tis like a Man
That wants his natural Sleep, and growing dull
Would gladly give the Remnant of his Life
For two Hours Rest; yet through his Frowardness,
Will rather chuse to watch another Man,
Drowsy as he, then take his own Repose.
All this I know: Yet a strange Peevishness
And Anger, not to have the Power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own Ruin: I had rather die
Sometimes, than not disgrace in publick him.
Whom People think I love, and do't with Oaths,
And am in Earnest then: O what are we!
Men, you must answer this, that dare obey
Such Things as we command. How now? What News?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Faith, Madam, none worth Hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone
yourself.

Abig.

Lady. Why, but what says he?

Abig. Faith, he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abig. First, at your Letter he laugh'd extremely.

Lady. What, in Contempt?

Abig. He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he would die, and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry Mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laugh'd again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why?

Why wert thou angry? He did do but well,
I did deserve it; he had been a Fool,
An unfit Man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me: You were angry,
That show'd your Folly; I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before:
But said he nothing else?

• *Abig.* Many uncertain Things: He said, though you had mock'd him,

Because you were a Woman, he cou'd wish
To do you so much Favour as to see you:
Yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend
you with the Sight of One, whom now he was bound not
to leave.

Lady. What One was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making
up there: For I heard the Servants, as I past by some,
whisper such a thing: And as I came back thro' the Hall,
there were two or three Clerks writing great Convey-
ances in haste, which they said were for their Mistrefs's
Jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so,
For he does think, and reasonably think,
That I shou'd keep him with my idle Tricks
For ever e'er he be married. *Abig.* At last he said,
It should go hard but he would see you for
Your Satisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd Women, know as well

As

As Men, it were a far more noble Thing
 To grace where we are grac'd, and give Respect
 There where we are respected: Yet we practise
 A wilder Course, and never bend our Eyes
 On Men with Pleasure, till they find the Way
 To give us a Neglect: Then we, too late,
 Perceive the Loss of what we might have had,
 And doat to Death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your Servant, with a Gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Close at the Door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone; I fear, he is betroth'd; What kind of Woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her Mask on: And how her Face should mend the rest, I know not.

Lady. But yet her Mind was of a milder Stuff Than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveless, and Welford in Women's Apparel.

Now I see him, if my Heart
 Swell not again (away, thou Woman's Pride)
 So that I cannot speak a gentle Word to him,
 Let me not live.

El. Love. By your Leave here.

Lady. How now, what new Trick invites you hither? Ha' you a fine Device again?

El. Love. Faith, this is the finest Device I have now: How dost thou, sweet Heart?

Wel. Why, very well, so long as I may please You my dear Lover. I nor can, nor will Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Love. O thy sweet Temper! What would I have That Lady had been like thee! See'st thou her? [giv'n, That Face, my Love, join'd with thy humble Mind, Had made a Wench indeed. *Wel.* Alas, my Love, What God hath done, I dare not think to mend.

I use

I use no Paint, nor any Drugs of Art,
My Hands and Face will shew it.

Lady. Why, what Thing
Have you brought to shew us there?
Do you take Money for it? *El. Love.* A Godlike Thing;
Not to be bought for Money: 'tis my Mistres:
In whom there is no Passion, nor no Scorn:
What I will is her Law; pray you, salute her:

Lady. Salute her? By this good Light, I would not
kiss her for half my Wealth.

El. Love. Why? Why pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

Lady. Now fie upon thee, a Beast would not have don't.
I would not kiss thee of a Month to gain a Kingdom.

El. Love. Marry, you shall not be troubled.

Lady. Why, was there ever such a *Meg* as this?
Sure, thou art mad.

El. Love. I was mad once, when I lov'd Pictures; for
what are Shape and Colours else, but Pictures? In that
tawny Hide there lies an endless Mass of Virtues, when
all your red and white ones want it.

Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El. Love. Yes, indeed, is't.

Lady. God give you Joy.

El. Love. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good Wish.
The like to you whenever you shall wed.

El. Love. O gentle Spirit!

Lady. You thank me? I pray,
Keep your Breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much less a Lady of your worthy Parts.

El. Love. Sweet, sweet!

Lady. I do not think this Woman can by Nature
Be thus, this ugly; sure, she's some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with Exercise of Sin: *Wel.* O, Sir,
Believe not this; for Heav'n so comfort me,
As I am free from foul Pollution

With any Man; my Honour ta'en away,
I am no Woman. *El. Love.* Arise, my dearest Soul;

I do not credit it. Alas, I fear,
Her tender Heart will break with this Reproach ;
Fie, that you know no more Civility
To a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter, Sweet ;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
To me, and therefore not at all ; be careles.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine Honour ;
Methinks.—*El. Love.* Alas, thine Honour is not stain'd,
Is this the Business that you sent for me
About? *Mar.* Faith, Sister, you are much to blame,
To use a Woman, whatsoe'er she be,
Thus ; I'll salute her : You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Love. Mild yet as the Dove,
For all these Injuries. Come, shall we go,
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here
A jeasting Stock. Adieu, to the World's End.

Lady. Why, whither now ?

El. Love. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me. *Lady.* I pray, let
Me speak with you.

El. Love. 'Tis very well : Come.

Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.

El. Love. Yes, for another Mock.

Lady. By Heav'n, I have no Mocks : Good Sir, a
Word.

El. Love. Tho' you deserve not so much at my Hands,
yet if you be in such Earnest, I'll speak a Word with you ;
but I beseech you be brief : For, in good Faith, there's a
Parson and a Licence stay for us i'th' Church all this while :
And, you know, 'tis Night.

Lady. Sir, give me Hearing patiently, and whatsoever
I have heretofore spoke jeastingly, forget :
For as I hope for Mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my Heart, and as I mean.

El. Love. Well, well, what do you mean ?

Lady. Was not I once your Mistress, and you my
Servant ?

El. Love. O, 'tis about the old Matter.

Lady. Nay, good Sir, stay

Me out; I wou'd but hear you excuse yourself;
Why you should take this Woman, and leave me.

El. Love. Prithee, why not? deserves she not as much
As you? *Lady.* I think not, if you will but look
With an Indifferency upon us both.

El. Love. Upon your Faces, 'tis true: But if judi-
ciously we shall cast our Eyes upon your Minds, (39) you
are a thousand Women off her in Worth. She cannot
swoon in Jeast, nor set her Lover Tasks, to shew her
Peevishness, and his Affection, nor cross what he says,
though it be not Canonical. She's a good plain Wench,
that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boys to
throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of Lead. And, for a
Wife, she's far beyond you. What can you do in a
Household to provide for your Issue, but lie i' Bed and
get 'em? Your Business is to dress you, and at idle Hours
to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable Things:
She can do pretty well in the Pastrv, and knows how Pul-
len should be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a Thread,
weaves Bone-lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what
are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in
all Respects, does that give you a Licence to forswear
yourself?

El. Love. Forswear myself, how?

Lady. Perhaps, you have forgotten the innumerable
Oaths you have utter'd in disclaiming all for Wives but
me: I'll not remember you: God give you Joy.

El. Love. Nay, but conceive me, the Intent of Oaths is
ever understood. Admit, I shou'd protest to such a Friend,
to see him at his Lodging to Morrow: Divines wou'd ne-
ver hold me perjur'd if I were struck blind, or he hid
where my diligent Search could not find him: So there
were no cross Act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I
mean to force you to Marriage, and to have you whether
you will or no?

(39) you are a thousand Women of her in Worth] *Loveless* had no
Intention of making his Lady any such Compliment. I am pretty
well satisfied, I have retriev'd the true Reading: *off her* in Worth,
is, *behind her, inferior* to her.

Lady. Alas, you need not. I make a ready Tender of myself, and then you are forsworn.

El. Love. Some Sin I see indeed must necessarily Fall upon me, as whosoever deals With Women shall never utterly avoid it: Yet I wou'd chuse the least Ill; which is to Forsake you, that have done me all the Abuses Of a malignant Woman, contemn'd my Service, And would have held me prating about Marriage, 'Till I'd been past getting of Children: Rather Than her that hath forsaken her Family, And put her tender Body in my Hand, U₁pon my Word ———

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Love. Why, to you.

Lady. Which Oath is to be kept then?

El. Love. I prithee, do not urge my Sins unto me, Without I cou'd amend 'em. *Lady.* Why, you may By wedding me. *El. Love.* How will that satisfy My Word to her? *Lady.* 'Tis not to be kept, And needs no Satisfaction, it is an Error Fit for Repentance only. *El. Love.* Shall I live To wrong that tender-hearted Virgin so? It may not be.

Lady. Why, may it not be?

El. Love. I swear, I had rather marry thee than her: But yet mine Honesty— *Lady.* What Honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way: Come, by this Light, Servant, thou shalt, I'll kiss thee on't.

El. Love. This Kiss,

Indeed, is sweet; pray God, no Sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no Sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my Heart!

Mar. Help, Sister, this Lady swoons.

El. Love. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.

El. Love. Since a quiet Mind lives not in any Woman, I shall do a most ungodly Thing. Hear me one Word more, which by all my Hopes I will not alter. I did make an Oath

When

When you delay'd me so, that this very Night
I wou'd be marry'd; now if you will go
Without Delay, suddenly, as late as it is,
With your own Minister to your own Chappel,
I'll wed you, and to Bed.

Lady. A Match, dear Servant.

El. Love. For if you shou'd forsake me now, I care not,
She wou'd not though for all her Injuries,
Such is her Spirit. If I be not asham'd
To kifs her now I part, may I not live!

Wel. I see you go, as sily as you think
To steal away: yet I will pray for you:
All Blessings of the World light on you two,
That you may live to be an aged Pair!
All Curses on me if I do not speak

What I do wish, indeed! *El. Love.* If I can speak
To purpose to her, I am a Villain.

Lady. Servant, away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant Man?
Think you, he will not cast you off to Morrow,
To wrong a Lady thus? look'd she like Dirt,
'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him!

Wel. Now God forbid! Alas, I was unworthy, so I
told him.

Mar. That was your Modesty, too good for him.
I wou'd not see your Wedding for a World.

Lady. Chuse, chuse; come, *Younglove.*

[*Exit Lady, El. Love. and Abig.*

Mar. Dry up your Eyes, forsooth, you shall not think
we are all such uncivil Beasts as these. Wou'd I knew
how to give you a Revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No, let me suffer truly, that I
desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you
shall stay all Night: Your Bed shall be no worse than
mine; I wish I cou'd but do you Right.

Wel. My humble Thanks:

God grant, I may but live to quit your Love! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Lovelefs and Savil.

Yo. Love. Did your Master fend for me, *Savil*?

Sav. Yes, he did fend for your Worship, Sir.

Yo. Love. Do you know the Bufinefs?

Sav. Alas, Sir, I know nothing,

Nor am employ'd beyond my Hours of eating.

My dancing Days are done, Sir.

Yo. Love. What art thou now then?

Sav. If you consider me in Little, I

Am, with your Worship's Reverence, Sir, a Rascal:

One that upon the next Anger of your Brother,

Must raife a Sconce by the Highway and fell Switches;

My Wife is learning now, Sir, to weave Inkle.

Yo. Love. What dost thou mean to do with thy Children, *Savil*?

Sav. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already,

He was born bursten, and, your Worship knows,

That is a pretty Step to Mens' Compassions.

My youngest Boy I purpose, Sir, to bind

For ten Years to a Goaler, to draw under him,

That he may shew us Mercy in his Function.

Yo. Love. Your Family is quarter'd with Discretion.

You are resolv'd to cant then. Where, *Savil*,

Shall your Scene lie?

Sav. Beggars must be no Chusers,

In every Place, I take it, but the Stocks.

[*Savil*,

Yo. Love. This is your Drinking and your Whoring,

I told you of it, but your Heart was harden'd.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it:

I do remember yet in Tears, you told me

You wou'd have Whores, and in that Passion, Sir,

You broke out thus: Thou miserable Man,

Repent, and brew three Strikes more in a Hog'shead.

'Tis Noon e'er we be drunk now, and the Time

Can tarry for no Man.

Yo. Love. You're grown a bitter Gentleman. I see,

Misery can clear your Head better than Mustard,

I'll be a Suitor for your Keys again, Sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, Sir?

I shall

I shall be bound.

Yo. Love. You shall, Sir,
To your Bunch again, or I'll miss foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you, Gentleman, save you.

Yo. Love. Now Polecat, what young Rabbet's Nest have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prithee be familiar, Knight.

Yo. Love. Away, Fox, I'll send for Terriers for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee Company.

Yo. Love. I am about some Business, Indentures;
If you follow me, I'll beat you: take heed,
As I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Ufurer:
What poor Fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor, indeed, Sir.

Mor. Give him Money, Knight.

Yo. Love. Do you begin the Offering.

Mor. There, poor Fellow; here's an Angel for thee.

Yo. Love. Art thou in Earnest, *Morecraft*?

Mor. Yes, faith, Knight, I'll follow thy Example:
Thou had'st Land and Thousands, thou spend'st, and
flung'st away, and yet it flows in double:
I purchas'd, wrung, and wierdraw'd, for my Wealth,
Lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a Vow,
To try all ways above Ground, but I'll find
A constant Means to Riches without Curses.

Yo. Love. I am glad of your Conversion, Master *More-*
You're in a fair Course, pray pursue it still. [*craft:*

Mor. Come, we are all Gallants now, I'll keep thee
Company; Here, honest Fellow, for this Gentleman's sake,
there's two Angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you, Sir, and keep you long in this
Mind!

Yo. Love. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. 'Till I have a Penny.

I have brave Cloaths a making, and two Horses;
Canst thou not help me to a Match, good Knight? I'll
lay a thousand Pound upon my *Crop-Ear*.

Yo. Love. 'Foot, this is stranger than an *Africk* Monster ;
There will be no more Talk of the *Cleve* Wars
While this lasts ; come, I'll put thee into Blood.

Sav. 'Wou'd, all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted!
I beseech you let this Gentleman join with you
In the Recovery of my Keys ; I like
His good Beginning, Sir ; the whilst I'll pray
For both your Worships.

Yo. Love. He shall, Sir.

Mor. Shall we go, noble Knight ? I wou'd fain be
acquainted.

Yo. Love. I'll be your Servant, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter Elder Loveless, and Lady.

El. Love. 'Faith, my sweet Lady, I have caught you
Maugre your Subtilties, and fine Devices, [now,
Be coy again now.

Lady. Prithee, Sweet-heart, tell true.

El. Love. By this Light,
By all the Pleasures I have had this Night,
By your lost Maidenhead, you are cozen'd merely.
I have cast beyond your Wit. (40) That Gentlewoman
Is your Retainer *Welford*. *Lady.* It cannot be so.

El. Love. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake,
Mark, how she blushes when you see her next.
Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell now, Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Prithee, Sweet-heart,
Be quiet, thou hast angered me at Heart.

El. Love. I'll please you soon again.

Lady. *Welford*?

El. Love. Ay, *Welford* ; he's a young handsome Fel-
low, well-bred and landed, your Sister can instruct you in
his good Parts, better than I, by this time.

Lady. 'Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus ?

El. Love. Yes, I'faith.

(40) *That Gentleman is your Retainer Welford*] I think, the Poets
certainly wrote *Gentlewoman*, i. e. that seeming Gentlewoman ; for
Welford was now in Woman's Habit. And so, again, in the subse-
quent Page.

Now you may see the Gentlewoman : Stand close.

And

And over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me:
You have got the Sun, Sir.

El. Love. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the
Man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmis'd it,
You should have hunted three Trains more, before you
Had come to th' Course, you should have hank'd o'th'
Sir, I' faith. [Bridle,

El. Love. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew
you up.

Now you may see the Gentlewoman: Stand close.

Enter Welford, and Martha.

Mar. For God's sake, Sir, be private in this Business,
You have undone me else. O God, what have I done?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my Friends again?
With what Face?

Wel. Why e'en with that: 'tis a good one,
Thou can't not find a better: Look upon all
The Faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em
Smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking,
Honest; those have done as much as you have yet,
Or dare do, Mistres, and yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good Sir, go in, and put your Womans Cloaths
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever. [on:

Wel. I'll watch you for that, Mistres: I am no Fool,
Here will I tarry till the House be up
And witness with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend, go in.

Wel. To Bed again if you please, else I am fix'd
Here till there be Notice taken what I am,
And what I have done. If you could juggle me into my
Womanhood again, and so cog me out of your Com-
pany, all this would be forsworn, and I again an *Afinego*,
as your Sister left me. No, I'll have it known and pub-
lish'd; then if you'll be a Whore, forsake me and be
asham'd: And when you can hold no longer, marry some
cast *Cleve* Captain, and sell Bottle-Ale.

Mar.

Mar. I dare not stay, Sir, use me modestly,
I am your Wife. *Wel.* Go in, I'll make up all.

El. Love. I'll be a Witness of your naked Truth, Sir.
This is the Gentlewoman, prithee look
Upon him, this is he that made me break my Faith,
Sweet:

But thank your, Sister, she hath solder'd it.

Lady. What a dull Ass was I, I could not see
This Wencher from a Wench: Twenty to one,
If I had been but tender like my Sister,
He had serv'd me such a slippery Trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Love. I wou'd have watch'd you, Sir, by your
good Patience,
For ferreting in my Ground.

Lady. You have been with my Sister.

Wel. Yes, to bring,—

El. Love. An Heir into the World, he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my Part on't:

I have been chaf't three Hours, that's the least, I am
reasonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry Roast-
meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not blefs the Founders,
Is either surfeited, or ill taught, Lady;
For mine own part, I have found so sweet a Diet,
I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. Love. How like you this Dish, *Welford*, I made a
Supper on't,
And fed so heartily I cou'd not sleep.

Lady. By this Light, had I but scented out your Train,
ye had slept with a bare Pillow in your Arms; and kiss'd
that, or else the Bed-post, for any Wife ye had got this
Twelve-month yet: I would have vex'd you more than
a tyr'd Post-horse; and been longer bearing, than ever
after-game at *Irisb* was. Lord, that I were unmarried
again.

El. Love. Lady, I wou'd not undertake ye, were you
again a *Haggard*, for the best Cast of Ladies i'th' King-
dom:

dom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truss round.

Wel. Is she fast?

El. Love. She was all Night lock'd here, Boy.

(41) *Wel.* Then you may lure her without fear of losing: Take off her Creyance. You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your Sister: Lord, what a pretty Fury she was in, when she perceived I was a Man: But I thank God I satisfied her Scruple, without the Parson o'th' Town.

El. Love. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Love. She has a shrewd Guess at it, I see it by her.

Lady. Well, you may mock us: But my large Gentlewoman,

(42) My *Mary Ambrée*, had I but seen into you, You should have had another Bed-fellow, Fitter a great deal for your Itch.

Wel. I thank you, Lady, methought it was well, You are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savil, and two Servingmen.

El. Love. Get on your Doublet, here comes my Brother.

Yo. Love. Good-morrow, Brother, and all Good to your Lady.

Mor. God save you, and Good-morrow to you all!

El. Love. Good-morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

(41) *Then you may lure her without Fear of losing.*

Take off her Cranes] A *Lure* in *Fauconry*, is a Machine composed of Feathers and Leather; which by being cast up into the Air, seems in its Motion to look like a Fowl: Upon this, a young Hawk is train'd up to be fed, has a live Dove given her; and therefore forsakes not the *Lure*. The *Creyance* is a fine small long Line of strong, and even twin'd Packthread, which is fasten'd to the Hawk's Leash before she is *reclaim'd*, or fully tamed.

(42) *My Mary Ambrée.*] This was a Virago, who in the Beginning of King *James* the First's Reign went a Volunteering in Men's Cloaths. She is frequently mention'd by *Ben. JONSON* both in his *Plays* and *Epigrams*.

Lady.

Lady. Fie, how this shames me.

Mor. Prithee, good Fellow, help me to a Cup of Beer.

Ser. I will, Sir.

Yo. Love. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will she? Is she not nettl'd still?

El. Love. No, I have cur'd her.

Mr. Welford, pray know this Gentleman, he is my Brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Yo. Love. I shall not be your Debtor, Sir, But how is't with you?

El. Love. As well as may be, Man: I am married: Your new Acquaintance hath her Sister, and all's well.

Yo. Love. I am glad on't. Now, my pretty Lady Sister, How do you find my Brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. Love. He will make the better Husband: You have tried him?

Lady. Against my Will, Sir.

Yo. Love. He'll make your Will Amends soon, do not doubt it.

But, Sir, I must intreat you to be better known To this converted *Jew* here.

Ser. Here's Beer for you, Sir.

(43) *Mor.* And here's for you an Angel; Pray, buy no Land, 'twill never prosper, Sir.

El. Love. How's this?

Yo. Love. Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Love. Gallant?

Yo. Love. Ay, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*;

The Reason I'll inform you at more Leisure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him presently.

(43) *Mor.* *And here's for you an Angel:*] This sudden Conversion of *Morecraft*, from a griping Usurer to a downright Gallant, is quite extravagant and out of the Rules and Practise of the Stage: Especially, as there is no Shadow of Reason for it; unless he may be said to look upon the Loss he had sustain'd from Young *Loveless* to be a Scourge and Judgment upon him for his former Rapaciousness.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you Company.

El. Love. And Reason——

Yo. Love. Cutting *Morecraft* faces about, I must present another.

Mor. As many as you will, Sir, I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir, I shall do you Service.

Mor. I shall look for't, in good Faith, Sir.

El. Love. Prithee, good Sweetheart, kifs him.

Lady. Who, that Fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me? My Keys, good Sir——

Yo. Love. I'll do it presently.

El. Love. Come, thou shalt kifs him for our Sport sake.

Lady. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not instruct me in these Tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Love. That at my Peril. Lusty Mr. *Morecraft*, Here is a Lady wou'd salute you.

Mor. She shall not lose her Longing, Sir: What is she?

El. Love. My Wife, Sir.

Mor. She must be then my Mistress.

Lady. Must I, Sir?

El. Love. O yes, you must.

Mor. And you must take this Ring, a poor Pawn of some fifty Pound.

El. Love. Take it by any Means, 'tis lawful Prize.

Lady. Sir, I shall call you, Servant.

Mor. I shall be proud on't: What Fellow's that?

Yo. Love. My Lady's Coachman.

Mor. There's something, my Friend, for you to buy Whips;

And for you, Sir, and you, Sir.

El. Love. Under a Miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of.

Mor. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do?

Who will hunt with me for a Hundred Pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger!

Sir,

Sir, you shall find Sport after a Day or two.

Yo Love. Sir, I have Suit unto you

Concerning your old Servant *Savil*.

El. Love. O, for his Keys, I know it.

Sav. Now, Sir, strike in.

Mor. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. Love. 'Tis done, Sir, take your Keys again:

But hark you, *Savil*, leave off the Motions

Of the Flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again:

I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,

Take off the biggest Key i'th' Bunch, and open

My Head with it, Sir. I humbly thank your Worships.

El. Love. Nay, then, I see we must keep Holiday.

Enter Roger, and Abigail.

Here's the last Couple in Hell.

Rog. Joy be among you all!

Lady. Why, how now, Sir, what's the Meaning of this Emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your Worship.

Lady. Are you married?

Rog. As fast as the next Priest could do it, Madam.

El. Love. I think, the Sign's in *Gemini*, here's such Coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your Sweetheart to Night?

Rog. Not the best Benefice in your Worship's Gift, Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he Swells!

Yo. Love. How many times to Night, Sir *Roger*?

Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous:

What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need your Help.

Yo. Love. For Horse-flesh, *Roger*.

El. Love. Come, prithee be not angry, 'tis a Day Given wholly to our Mirth.

Lady. It shall be so; Sir *Roger* and his Bride, We shall intreat to be at our Charge.

El. Love. Welford,

Get you to th' Church; by this Light,
You lie not with her again, 'till married.

Wel.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every Bride I dedicate this Day
Six Healths a Piece, and, it shall go hard,
But every one a Jewel: Come, be mad, Boys.

El. Love. Thou'rt in a good Beginning: Come, who
leads?

Sir Roger, you shall have the Van: lead the Way:
'Would, every dogged Wench had such a Day!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the First Volume.



The first part of the
 history of the
 country is a
 description of the
 country as it
 was in the
 year 1700.
 The second part
 is a description
 of the country
 as it was in
 the year 1750.
 The third part
 is a description
 of the country
 as it was in
 the year 1800.
 The fourth part
 is a description
 of the country
 as it was in
 the year 1850.
 The fifth part
 is a description
 of the country
 as it was in
 the year 1900.
 The sixth part
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 The seventh part
 is a description
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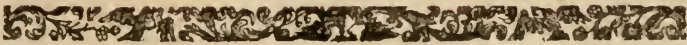




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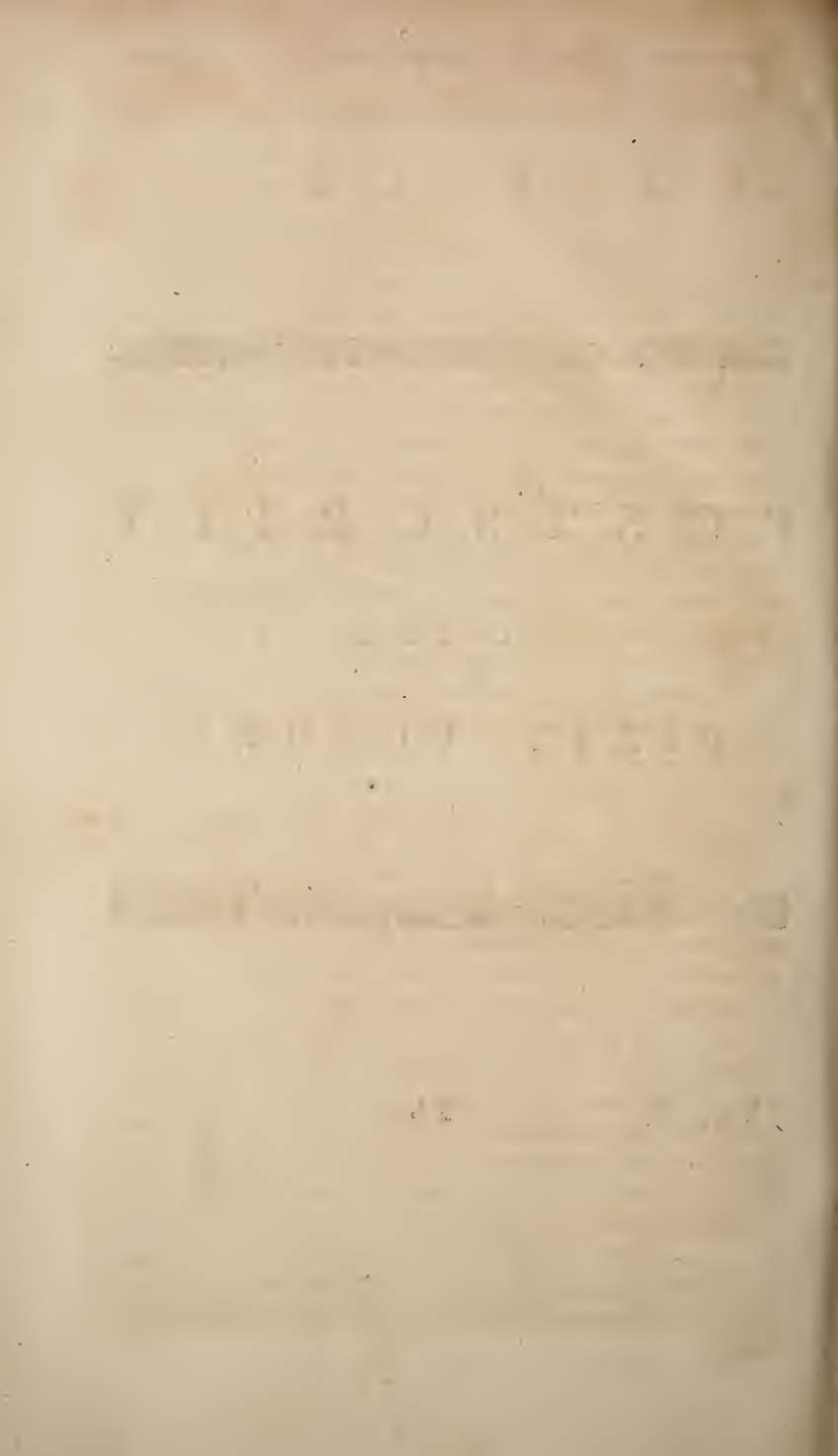
T O T H E

F I R S T V O L U M E,



VOL. I.

Bb





P O S T S C R I P T

To the F I R S T V O L U M E.

By T. S E W A R D.

AS Conjectural Criticism admits of the greatest Variety of Opinions, I shall subjoin to this Volume an Examination of those Notes of Mr. *Theobald* where I happen in any degree to differ from him; and if the Reader joins in the Approbation of the rest, Mr. *Theobald* will, by this Edition, lose no Part of that Honour which the learned World paid him for his excellent Edition of *Shakespear*.

Maid's Tragedy, Page 15, Note 12. *Neptune* in the *Masque* thus speaks to *Æolus*.

— *We do command thee free,*

*Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cinthia; but tie Boreas straight;
He's too rebellious.*

Æol. I shall do it.

*Nept. Do, great Master of the Flood, and all below,
Thy full Command has taken. Æol. Ho! the Main.*

*Neptune! — Nept. Here. Æol. Boreas has broke his
Cbain.]*

The least Attention to this Passage must discover the gross Absurdity of *Neptune's* calling *Æolus* great Master of the Flood. — *Non illi imperium Pelagi.* I therefore propos'd to Mr. *Theobald* the following Conjecture. When *Æolus* goes out to perform the Command, it is necessary that *Neptune* should speak something, that there may be no Pause in the Action, there being an Aukwardness in such sort of Pauses, which should always be avoided in Dramatic Writings. Instead of *Great* I read *We're*, and restoring the Verse, the whole will run thus :

*Æol. I shall do it. Nept. Do,
We're Master of the Flood, and all below*

Thy full Command bath taken. — Æol. Ho! the Main.

i. e. I rule the Sea, and thou rul'st the Winds, which are imprison'd in the Caves below the Earth. It will then become almost a Translation of what *Neptune* says of *Æolus* in *Virgil*.

—— tenet ille immania Saxa
Vestras, Eure, Domos. illa se jactet in Aula
Æolus, et clauso Ventorum carcere regnet.

Mr. *Theobald* did not mention this from a Partiality to a Conjecture of his own, which the Reader will find inserted in the Text, and which makes tolerable sense; but hurries the Action of *Æolus* so much, that Mr. *Theobald* has recourse to *Æolus's* Godhead to solve it; but this could not assist the Actor in performing it, whom it is probable the Poet would take care of, by not putting him in so indecent a Hurry. — Since Mr. *Theobald's* Death, I received his valuable Collection of old *Quarto's*, and find that the first Edition has not the Word *great*, but reads thus,

Nept. Do, — *Master of the Flood and all below &c.*

It is probable the Word in the Manuscript was blotted, and the first *Quarto* left an *Hiatus* for it, but the *Setter of the Press*, in the second *Quarto*, very unhappily fill'd it up with *great*, which was follow'd by all the other editions. This therefore seems to render my Conjecture much more probable.

Page 16, Note 14. After *Cinthia's* Train have sung their Part, *Neptune* thus introduces a Song by his *Tritons*.

Nept. Great Queen of us and Heav'n, bear what I
 bring

To make this Hour a full one,

If not her Measure. Cinth. Speak, Sea's King.] The Words, — *If not her Measure* — are evidently absurd, and are inserted in the middle of a Verse so as to interrupt the Regularity of the Measure. By a very slight Change good Sense may be restor'd to them, I read therefore — *If not o'er-measure*; because he says his *Tritons* should play — *Musick to lead a Storm*. And as to the Interruption of the Measure, such Intercalations of Words between

tween

tween Verses are us'd by our Authors. Thus Vol. III. Page 191.

———— *We have perform'd a Work
Worthy the Gods themselves.*

Sat. *Come forward, Maiden, do not lurk.*

The Hemistich is an Intercalation. The Liberties in Measure, taken by our old Dramatic Poets, being quite boundless. ——— This Emendation I sent Mr. *Theobald*, but he prefer'd a Conjecture of his own, which makes the intercalatory Words a mere marginal *Query*, accidentally crept into the Text. The Conjecture is certainly a happy one; but I think he ought to have mention'd both, and left the Choice to the Reader.

Page 18, Verse 18.

*The Day breaks here, and you same flashing Beam
Shot from the South.*] Most of the Editions read *some flaring*; but the first Quarto reads *Sun-flaring*, a compound Word, vastly more poetical than any of the subsequent Readings.

Page 25, Note 22. Mr. *Theobald* allows the Justice of Mr. *Rhymer's* Exclamation at the Effrontery and Impudence of *Evadne's* Character; as if the Poets were not as sensible of it as Mr. *Rhymer*, and had not sufficiently punish'd her for it. The Anger of these Gentlemen at the *Character*, is the very Passion design'd to be rais'd by it; but they mistook the *Object* of their Anger, and were as much in the wrong as an Audience would be, who were violently angry with a good Player for representing *Macbeth*, *Iago*, or *Richard*, as such consummate Villains. The Questions which a Critic should ask are, *Whether the Character is natural?* and *Whether proper for the Stage or not?* As to the first; Nature, we fear, gives but too many sad Examples of such Effrontery in Women, who, when abandon'd to their Vices, are observed to be sometimes more reprobate in them than the worst of Men. Beside this, there is a remarkable Beauty in the Effrontery and Haughtiness of *Evadne's* Character; she has a *Family Likeness* to her *Brother*; she is a *Female Melantius* depraved by vicious Love. And if there are any of her Expressions which seem now too gross for the

Stage, it is sufficient to say, they were far from being thought gross in the Age they were wrote; of which see Proofs at Page 54, 55, and 56, in the Preface. Mr. *Theobald* too is just as much mistaken in his *Impeachment* of the King's Character at Note 36; he says it is monstrously overcharged with Vices. But does not History afford us a hundred Instances of such royal Monsters? Indeed, when a vicious King is once persuaded that he has a *Divinity* about him, that protects his *Vices* and exalts him above the reach of Law or Justice, there is no wonder that he should abandon himself to all manner of Enormities.

Page 32, Note 29. See a Note on this Passage at Page 30, of the Preface.

Page 36, Note 35. *No more, embrace me*] Mr. *Theobald* has inserted a Change here which is neither consonant to the Context, nor to the steady Friendship of the Character who utters it. The Sense of the old Text is exceedingly clear—— *No more*, i. e. Talk not any more in this manner, but come and embrace me.

Page 46, 47, &c. The Quarrel between *Amintor* and *Melantius* has been the Subject, says Mr. *Theobald*, of much Criticism. For my part, I have read none but *Rbymer's* Abuses, rather than Criticisms, upon it. In answer to which I can only say, that the Sentiments thro' the whole Scene are nervous, striking, and noble; the Language poetical and sublime; and the Occasion of the Quarrel a beloved Sister's Honour. Against the first Quarrel therefore nothing but Rancour or Folly can object. But *Amintor's* Challenge of *Melantius*, after their first Reconciliation, seems at first sight very unaccountable, and so in reality it is; for it is built upon an absurd Principle, that of unlimited *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance* to Princes. This was the fashionable Doctrine of our Author's Age, and *Amintor's* Heroism is intirely built upon it. The Struggle therefore, as is before observ'd at Page 37 of the Preface, between his amazing Provocations and his indispensable Duty, would naturally hurry him into the Madness he here falls into.

Page 51, Note 46. Mr. *Theobald* blames the Authors for Obscurity, but without reason. The expression is clear enough, nor needs any Explanation.

Page 71, Note 61. The Note here of mine was wrote many Years since, at my first Entrance on the Work, before I saw the Absurdity of talking peremptorily in a matter of mere Conjecture; and as a proper Punishment for having done it here, more than in almost any other Note, I am now convinc'd that I was wrong in condemning the old Text; for tho' the Change I have made may make better Sense, I am certain the old Reading was right, since the same Sentiment frequently occurs in our Authors Plays.

Page 78, Note 69.

*Pull'd People from the farthest Sea to seek him,
And by his Friendship I was then his Soldier.]* Instead of this I propos'd to read,

*Pull'd People from the farthest Sea to seek him,
And buy his Friendship.* ——— The corruption from *buy* to *by* is very easy, but Mr. *Theobald* chose to adopt the Reading of an old Quarto — *beg* his Friendship. But from so many Copies reading *by*, I should in this Instance have preferr'd a Conjecture to the Authority of that Quarto. The *Manuscript* was probably blotted, and the Printer of that Quarto made good Sense; but the other seems the better Word, and much nearer in trace of Letters to the corrupt Reading of the rest.

Page 88, Note 78. Mr. *Rhymer* and Mr. *Theobald* concur again in blaming our Authors for making the *Title* of the Play relate to the Distress of *Aspatia*, and the *Moral* at the Close only to the ill Consequences of Vice in Kings. But these Gentlemen did not remember, that good Writers have frequently avoided giving their Plays a Name which might forestal the Event, and open too much of the main Plot: Thus *Venice preserv'd*, or *The Plot discover'd*, has been blam'd for discovering the Plot too soon. Whereas many of *Shakespear's* and our *Authors* Plays take their Names from some Character or Incident that gives not the least Insight into the main Design.

King and No King, Page 187, Note 6. Mr. *Theobald's* high-flown Compliments to me here, should certainly be

expung'd, could I take such a liberty with the Part which Mr. *Theobald* printed: For I equally disapprove the extravagant Encomiums, as well as the gross Abuses of *Critics* upon each other. This Note was printed just after a slight Disagreement between us was compromis'd, and must be look'd on as the Effect of mere Complaisance.

Page 239, Note 40. — *poor Spaconia lives*

To tell thee thou art false; and then no more] Mr. *Sympson* asks, Should not *Spaconia* then have held her Tongue? But, as she goes on, he thinks the Passage corrupt, and reads — *and tell thee more.* — I by no means admit the Change, but think the old Text not only unexceptionable, but much preferable to the new one. *To tell thee thou art false*, signifies to shew thee thy Falshood in its true Colours, which she accordingly afterwards paints pretty strongly. And *then no more*, i. e. this shall be the last time I will upbraid you with it. Here is a fine touch of the tender Passions intermix'd with the violent ones, which, if well spoke by the Actress, would have an exceeding good effect. Beside, supposing it as Mr. *Sympson* thought, that the old Reading made her promise to say no more, and yet she immediately proceeds to upbraid him very severely; why even this is very common to People in violent Passions: Thus our Authors, with inimitable Beauty, at Page 187, make *Arbaces*, in the midst of a violent Rage, thank Heaven for having *taught his Heart Patience.*

Page 248, Notes 47 and 48.] Mr. *Theobald* was extremely mistaken in thinking the inimitable burlesque Quarrel between the two *Swordsmen* a Sneer upon Passages and Scenes of *Shakespear*. It is a most excellent Banter upon the horrid Folly of that Age for Quarrelling, and fighting Duels for the meerest Trifles.

*The Blood of our bold Youth, which heretofore
Was spent in honourable Action,*

Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,

Pours out itself with prodigal Expence

Upon our Mother's Lap, the Earth that bred us,

For every Trifle. Little French Lawyer, Act I. Sc. I.

Books

Books were wrote to fettle the *Punctilios of Quarrels*; to tell a Man that he *must*, or *should* do any thing, was a high Affront, and to *thou* him intolerable. *Shakespear* began the *Burlesque* with great Spirit; but the *King and No King* being then a favourite Play, very probably contributed greatly to the Diminution of this pernicious Practice; for when our Authors afterwards carry'd on the same Banter in the *Little French Lawyer*, placing the Scene in *Paris*, they tell us the *English* began to detest this Custom of *Duelling*, tho' they still continued to ape the *French* in their other Follies. See Act I. Sc. I. of the *Little French Lawyer*.

The Scornful Lady.

Mr. *Theobald* did not receive any Assistance from me in this Play, nor had I read it with the least Attention till it was printed off by him. What I could most have wished to have suggested to him, was the Restoration of the Metre to great numbers of Passages which are here, as in all former Editions, printed as Prose; not that the whole seems to have been wrote originally in Verse, as *Wit without Money* and some other Plays were, which were before printed as Prose. I will just mention some of the most remarkable Passages, to which the Metre ought to have been restor'd, as I go on in the Amendment of the Sentē. The first that occurs is indeed a Trifle, Page 288.

Enter Welford.

Wel. *Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.*

Abig. *A Suitor, I know, by his riding hard; I'll not be seen.*

The first Line is an imperfect Sentence, and the Word omitted restores the Measure.

Wel. *Let 'em not stand still, we've rid hard.* Abig. *A Suitor,*

I know, by' his riding hard; I'll not be seen.

Page 292, Line 18.

And my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I —] This may possibly refer to a Part of *Savil's* Dress; but I remember no Instance of our Author's ever mentioning *Velvet* as the Habit

Habit of any but Beaux. See Vol. II. Page 167, Note 41, where *Petits Maitres* are call'd *walking Velvet Clokes*. Besides, *Savil's* formal Dress is very minutely describ'd at Page 287; but not a Word of *Velvet* is there hinted at. I read *Spark of Vellum*, which is so applicable to a *Steward*, that Mr. *Addison*, who professedly took his Character of the *Steward* in the *Drummer* from this of *Savil*, gives him the Name of *Vellum*. See Page 294.

Page 294.

H'as given himself into the Hands of Varlets,

Not to be carv'd out.] I suppose the only Idea to be affix'd to this is — not to be recover'd or draw'd out of their Hands. But this seems a very stiff and improper Use of the Metaphor of *carving*, which is generally used in a very different Sense, and I believe was so in this Place. *The Varlets have got him in their Hands, and are carving him out amongst them.* I therefore propose to strike out the *not*, and the Measure is complete without it:

*And so we hug you, Sir. Sav. H'as giv'n himself
Into the Hands of Varlets to be carv'd out.*

Page. 296. The first Scene of the second Act is all in true Measure, allowing a very few Hemistichs. Thus at Line 10. *Sir, as a Stranger, you have had all my welcome*; either *my* which flattens the Sense should be left out, or we should read,

*Sir, as a Stranger, you've had all my welcome,
But had I known your Errand e'er you came, &c.*

Page 297, Note 14. *That visible Beast, the Butler.*] *Visible Beast* signifies, one that appears to every one to be a Beast. I therefore don't assent to the Change which Mr. *Sympson* has made here.

Page 298. Note 15.

To sleep, to die, to die to sleep;

Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave; his Grave

His Bed;] Mr. *Theobald* thinks this a manifest Flirt upon the fine *Soliloquy* of *Hamlet*. I own it appears so at first sight, when separated from the character who speaks it. But let it be observ'd that Sir *Roger's* whole Character, being a Burlesque upon *Scholarship*, our Authors probably intended here only to ridicule *bad Imitations of*
real

real Beauties. It is here turn'd into one of those *affected Repetitions of the same Words*, which had been wore threadbare by the Authors of that Age, and had been banter'd as a false Taste by *Shakespear* himself in the very Play which our Authors here refer to: He calls it *torturing the poor Phrases*, and puts one of them in the mouth of *Polonius*, a Character not very unlike *Sir Roger's*, 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true. In the favourite Play of that Age, which all the real Wits, *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, &c. often ridicule, *viz. Hieronimo or the Spanish Tragedy*, there is a Speech of great length, every Line of which consists of Words thus retorted back upon themselves. But our Authors could not so mistake the *Soliloquy* in *Hamlet* as to think that *Shakespear* was *torturing of Words* in this manner, for he only carries on a Chain of Reasoning by a Man in deep Meditation. But it being a very celebrated Passage our Authors make their *Pedant* spoil it by an affected Imitation. This should have been all printed as Verse, it being a part of the *Mock-Heroic*, which loses great part of its Beauty when depriv'd of its Measure.

—— until our Fellow *Nicholas* be
Deceas'd, that is asleep; for so the Word
Is ta'en; to sleep, to die; to die, to sleep.
A very Figure, Sir.——
Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave;
His Grave, his Bed: The very same again, Sir.
Our Comic Poet gives the Reason sweetly.

So on through several Speeches; in particular when *Martha* and *Abigail* enter, I am surpris'd Mr. *Theobald*, with the former Editors, should have degraded the sublime *Sir Roger* from his pompous *Buskin*.

Rog. *Sir, be adrest, the Graces do salute you*
With the full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy
Entomb'd? Abig. He's safe. Rog. And does he
snore out
Supinely? with the Poet, &c.

This last probably refers to some Passage in a good Poet without any Flirt, where perhaps a *Polyphemus* was describ'd snoring in this manner; as there are similar Descriptions

scriptions of him in *Homer* and *Virgil*. In the same Scene, p. 299, *Martha* wants *Welford* to like his Poffet, *Welford* answers,

I would your Sister could like me as well, Lady.

Mar. Sure, Sir, *she would not eat you.*

If this is right it is an *Hemistich*, and the Sequel all runs in true Measure. But the Answer does not seem so spirited from the Thought not being so fully exprest as it might be. Perhaps therefore the Original might have been

Why surely, Sir, you would not she should eat you.

Page 300. *Did I expound the Owl?*] The *Owl* should have been wrote in *Italics*, it being evidently some *Piece of Nich. Broughton's*, or some such doughty Writers.

Page 303, Line 2.

In Hatchments to adorn this puissant Thigh

Cramp'd with the Rest of Peace.] *The Rest of Peace*

is a little tautological, and I believe the Original was,

Cramp'd with the Rust of Peace.

i. e. Cramp'd with wearing such a rusty Sword as a long Peace had reduc'd him to. He wanted to have a new Sword, or at least to have his old one new *hatch'd*: The *Hatch* of the Sword is the gilded Wire of the Handle, or the *Gilt* of it in general: The Word is once in *Shakespeare*, and very often in our Authors; as in *Bonduca*, *I would as soon doat on my Sword new hatch'd*: And metaphorically in *The Custom of the Country*, Vol. 2. p. 90. Note 51. the Sword is *hatch'd with Blood*. There is a Passage in *Macbeth* which has been the Subject of much Criticism; *Macbeth* describing the King's Murder says,

————— ————— ————— *their Daggers*

Unmannerly breech'd with Gore.

They who retain *breech'd*, explain it that the Daggers were stain'd with Gore up to their *Breeches*, *i. e.* their *Hilts*: As the Breech of a Cannon is the lower end of it. But tho' this is common and proper to a Cannon, the *Breech of a Dagger* is, I believe, neither commonly us'd nor could be so with propriety. The ingenious Author of the *Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth*, reads,

Unmanly

Unmanly drench'd. Mr. Warburton nearer the Trace of the Letters, *Unmanly reech'd.* Both explain *Unmanly* by *cowardly*. But that there is a Sense of it more proper to the Passage, see a Proof in *Wit without Money*, Note 4. Vol. 2. p. 276. And as to *breech'd*, supposing it a Corruption, the Reading which seems to me to bid fairest to have been the Original, is,

Unmanly hatch'd with Gore.

Hatch'd not being understood by the Editors would naturally be chang'd by them. This carries on the very same Species of forc'd Metaphors that are very justly observ'd to form the Beauty of the Passage, as *Macbeth* acting a Part would naturally use forc'd and affected Expressions.

His silver Skin is lac'd with golden Blood,

And then,

The Murderers Daggers are hatch'd or gilt with Gore.

Page 310, In the Captain's Speech,

The God of Gold here has fed thee well.] The Word *fed* has scarce any propriety with the Context, and I take it that the last Syllable of the true Word only remain'd in the Copy, *sed*, which the Editors alter'd to *fed*; whereas had they regarded the Measure (for the whole Scene should have been printed as Verse) it would have led them easily to the true Word,

The God of Gold here has advis'd thee well.

Take Money for thy Dirt: Hark, and believe

Thou'rt cold of Constitution, thy Seat unhealthful,

Sell and be wise; we're three that will adorn thee,

And live according to thine own Heart, Child:

Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours

Shall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the time.

To print this, and such as this, as Prose, loses half the Beauty of the *Mock-Heroic*.

Page 324.

Are your Keys ready? I must ease your Burden.] I read, *ease your Burden*. And the Reading is confirm'd by the Sense, the Measure, and the old *Quarto*. The whole Scene should have been printed as Verse,

Page 325, Line 13.

You have spoke home and bitterly to me, Sir.] The Miser's Quarrel was with the *Captain*, who had purposely provok'd him to give *Loveless* an Opportunity of courting the Widow. He had said nothing to the *Poet*, so that *to me, Sir*, can only bear a very stiff Sense, *to me, Sir*, or according to my thinking. Good Sense may be restor'd by a very slight Change;

You have spoke home and bitterly too, Miser.

The whole Speech is printed as Prose, which is a great Injury to this poor Poet, whose Metre, and a few Quotations, are all that he has to entitle him to the Character. The Speech should have been printed,

*The Man is much mov'd. Be not angry, Sir,
But, as the Poet sings, let your Displeasure
Be a short Fury and go out. You have spoke home
And bitterly too, Miser. Captain, take Truce,
The Miser is a tart and witty Whorson.*

The *Captain* too should have talk'd all in Metre in the next Speech; and *Savil* in his Answer seems to have lost a Word that hurts the Sense more than the Measure.

Here's your poor Friend, and Savil, Sir.

I read,

Here's your poor Friend and Servant, Savil, Sir.

In the next Line the *Captain* says,

Away, thou'rt rich in Ornaments of Nature.

The old *Quarto* reads,

———— Tenements of Nature.

A Word of much more Humour and Propriety to the *Steward's* Character.

Page 326, Line 32.

That Man of Mat, that all decay'd,] I read,
———— *that all Decay.*

Page 339, Line 7.

And heap Affliction on me.] The old *Quarto* reads, *Infiiction on me*, which is preferable to the other. And five Lines below,

though

— though my Means

Was all Humanity——

The old *Quarto* reads *Humility*; but what is, *Though my Means were all Humility*? Most probably a whole Line was dropt here, and *Means* a Corruption; the true Word being *Meaning*. The Context seems to require something like the following Sense,

—— 'twas but a Trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely
That you would never shew it, I pretended
Pride, Insolence, and Anger, though my Meaning
Was all Humility.

A slighter Change will indeed give a good Sense,

—— 'twas but a Trick to try you,
— — — — —
—— — — — but my Meaning
Was all Humility.——

Page 342, Line 6.

From thee, false Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers,] For the sake both of the Measure, Sense, and Diction, I read, *Plague-Summers. i. e.* Summers in which the Plague rages.

Page 345, Line 5.

Ale is their Eating and their Drinking, surely.] Surely seems a mere Expletive here, but, I believe, the true Word was *solely. i. e.* Ale is the only thing they desire to eat as well as to drink. There is great Humour throughout this Speech, as indeed there is in most Scenes of the Play, which would have appear'd more conspicuous to those who enter into the Spirit of the *Mock-Sublime*, had it been more generally restor'd to its Measure. They who have quick Ears for Metre will restore many parts as they read it. But this was not Mr. *Theobald's* Excellence; tho' when he was aware of the Defect he seldom fail'd in the Cure. As there are whole Plays in the following Volumes restor'd to Measure, tho' before almost all printed as Prose, and as that Measure is very lax according to the Fashion of our Authors Age, some Readers may think that in those Plays, and in the Instances quoted in this Postscript,

I may have forc'd the Authors Words into a Measure which they never intended. I shall therefore subjoin one Proof of the Measure in this Play being neglected by all the Editions, where there was ev'n Rhime as well as Verse. At page 321. The Lady says to *Welford*, who insisted upon kissing her,

*What must be, must be ; I will take my leave ;
You have your parting Blow ; I pray commend me
To those few Friends you have that sent you hither,
And tell them when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less Brav'ry with you and more Wit.*

The first Editors therefore having had such little Regard to the Measure as to print this as Prose, and a thousand other Passages which are as evidently Verse as this, there is no Wonder if the Measure by their *Transpositions*, *Omissions*, and *Mistakes*, is in many Places so lost as never to be restor'd with any tolerable Degree of Certainty. However when the Sense and Measure fail together, the one is a great help to the Recovery of the other. There is one Instance of this still left in *Philaster*, which we had all three overlook'd notwithstanding all our Attention and Care of that favorite Play. The Defect in the Measure pointed it out to me at last when I had almost finish'd this Postscript: *Philaster* says to *Arethusa* and *Bellarion*,

————— take me in Tears betwixt you,
For my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.

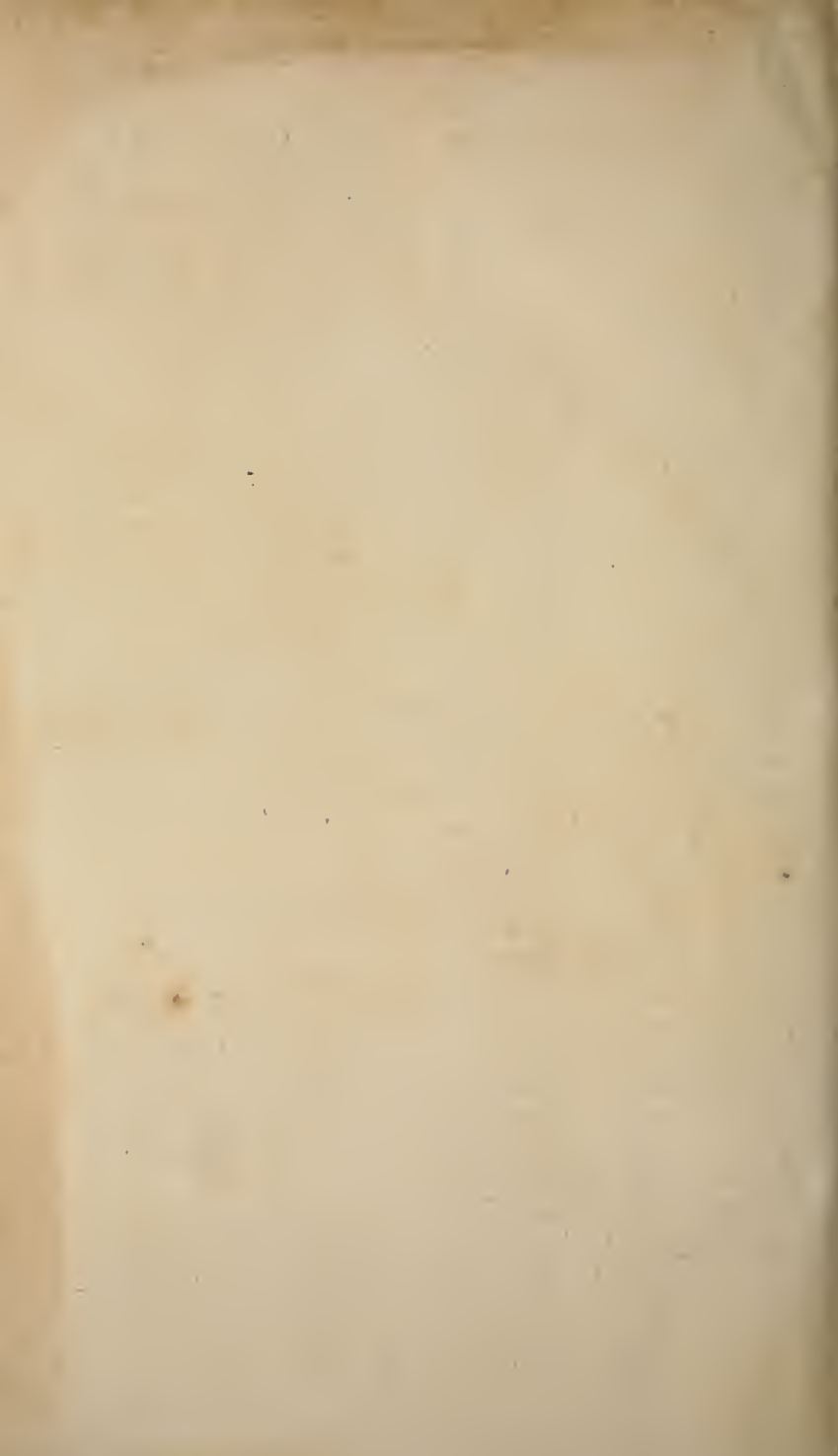
Philaster, Act 5. Scene 2. Page 158.

The Reader will see that the second Line is no Verse, and how absurd is it for the tender *Arethusa* to answer, *that it is well that his Heart will break*. Beside, a Flood of Tears eases the Heart overcharg'd with Grief, and hinders it from breaking. By restoring a single Particle we shall recover both Measure and Sense :

————— take me in Tears betwixt you,
For else my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.

The Tears are to prevent the Bursting of his Heart, and this is what *Arethusa* says *is well*.







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