

THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

BEING THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME TWELFTH.

CONTAINING

GUY MANNERING.—CYMBELINE.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE CONFEDERACY.—DOUGLAS.

London.

D FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND

SHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET ;

AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1821.

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

Oxberry's Edition.

GUY MANNERING ;
OR, THE GIPSEY'S PROPHECY !

A MUSICAL PLAY,

By Daniel Terry, Esq.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
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Remarks.

GUY MANNERING.

This piece belongs to a class of composition utterly unknown to the regular drama of our country. It originated, we believe, with Holcroft; at least, we are not acquainted with any earlier specimen of it than his "Noble Peasant," produced, and partially condemned, at the Hay-Market.

Guy Mannering, like all his brethren, is a very near kinsman of the melo-drama; pathos, comedy, music, incident, are skilfully blended; and, however rigid taste may condemn it, this sort of drama is infinitely more popular than any classical composition. The present race are less the admirers of poetry than their forefathers were, and it may be safely asserted that many of the most powerful plays of the fifteenth century, would not be tolerated in the present day: the degeneracy is usually attributed to our writers, but the censure belongs more justly to the audience.

But though we object in common with all lovers of poetry to a class of drama so hostile to the best interests of the tragic muse, we have no right to withhold the meed of praise from Mr. Terry; Guy Mannering is selected and arranged from the novel with the hand of a master; the new matter harmonizes and forms a piece with the old, and in truth it requires an intimate acquaintance with the original to distinguish between them. If too, popularity is a test of excellence, Guy Mannering stands in the first rank; for no drama has been a more universal favourite; it has been adopted by both our regular stages, and played in almost every theatre throughout the country; indeed we much doubt if a single exception can be found. This is no light praise, and to this in its utmost extent, the author of Guy Mannering is truly and honourably entitled.

Mr. Daniel Terry was born at Bath, in the year 1782, and received the earlier part of his education in the grammar school of that city; his master was the Rev. Nathaniel Morgan; from him he was removed to an academy at Wingfield, in Wiltshire, kept by the

Rev. Edward Spencer. At the age of sixteen he was placed with Samuel Wyatt, Esq. for the purpose of studying architecture under that celebrated master, and for five years he continued to be an unwilling scholar; he had very early in life imbibed a strong preposition in favour of the stage, and the moment he found himself at liberty to indulge that preposition, he fled the study of architecture. His first appearance was on the Sheffield stage, towards the year 1805, then under the management of Macready. Tresselt, in *King Richard the Third*, Cromwell in *Henry the Eighth*, and Edmund in *King Lear*, were successively his first characters. Few actors willingly commence their theatrical career upon so humble a footing.

In 1805 he became a member of Mr. S. Kemble's Theatre in the North of England, and in the subsequent year was again left to seek his fortune by the dissolution of the company. The range of characters he sustained was various, and to this constant labour he is no doubt much indebted for his subsequent success.

He now went to Liverpool, where he must have acquired considerable popularity, as in the November of 1809, he was invited by Mr Siddons to lead the business of the Edinburgh Theatre. In the summer of 1812, he made his first appearance in London, on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre, and in September, 1813, concluded an engagement with the managers of Covent-Garden

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and fifty three minutes. The first act occupies the space of fifty-eight minutes;—the second, seventy-seven;—the third, thirty-eight. The half-price commences, generally, at about a quarter after nine

Stage Directions.

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

Costume.

COLONEL MANNERING.

Blue military great coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons and boots

HENRY BERTRAM

Idid

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

First dress, —Old black coat and waistcoat, and blue serge breeches

Second dress —Similar, but better in quality, with a large round hat

DANDIE DINMONT.

Blue plush coat, scarlet plush waistcoat, leather breeches, diamond coloured great coat and boots.

DIRK HATTERAICK.

Brown jacket and breeches, check shirt, &c.

GILBERT GLOSSIN

Black coat and waistcoat, leather breeches and boots.

BAILLIE MUCKLETHRIFT.

Suit of old fashioned black.

GABRIEL

Brown country coat and breeches, and plaid waistcoat.

SERGEANT MACRAE.

Highland soldier's dress.

SEBASTIAN

Country coat, red waistcoat, and buff breeches.

JOCK JABOS.

Leather jacket, plaid waistcoat, and brown breeches.

FARMERS.

Country coats, &c

LUCY BERTRAM

Black crape dress

JULIA MANNERING

White satin pelisse, and muslin dress, trimmed with lace and flowers.

MEG MERRILIES

Brown cloth petticoat and body, torn old red cloak, torn pieces of plaid, and old russet shoes

FLORA

Plaid bodice, muslin petticoat, and apron, trimmed

MRS McANDLISH

Plaid gown, blue quilted petticoat, white apron, handkerchief, and

Persons Represented.

	1820	1820
	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Colonel Mannering</i> , . . .	Mr Abbott	Mr Penley
<i>Henry Bertiam</i> , . . .	Mr. Duruset	Mr Rraham
<i>Domine Sampson</i> ,	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Oxberry
<i>Dandie Dinmont</i>	Mr Emery	Mr. Butler
<i>Dick Hatteraick</i> , . . .	Mr. Comer	Mr. Vining
<i>Baillie Mucklethrift</i> , . . .	Mr. J. Russell.	Mr. Hughes
<i>Gilbert Glossin</i> ,	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr Gattie.
<i>Gabriel,</i> <i>Sebastian,</i> <i>Franco, a</i> <i>boy</i> . } <i>Gipsies</i> . .	{ Mr. Tinney. Mr. Jefferies. Master Parsloe.	{ Mr. Smith Mr Elliot Miss C. Carr.
<i>Jock Jubos, (Ostler to</i> <i>Miss M^c Candlish)</i> . . }	Mr. Treby	Mr. Hudson.
<i>Farmer</i> ,	{ Mr. Norris. Mr Tinncy.	{ Mr Thorne, Mr Moss.
<i>Serjeant</i> ,	Mr. King.	Mr. Covency
<i>Julia Mannering</i> ,	Miss Matthews	Miss Povey.
<i>Livy Bertram</i> ,	Miss Stephens	Miss Carow
<i>Miss M^c Candlish</i> ,	Mrs Davenport.	Mrs. Harlowe
<i>Meg Merrilies</i> ,	Mrs. Yates.	Mrs Egerton
<i>Flora</i> ,	Miss Green.	Mrs Orger
<i>Gypsies</i> ,	{ Mrs. Corri Mrs. Sterling	{ Mrs Bland Miss Cubitt

Gipsies, Soldiers, Peasants, &c

SCENE — SCOTLAND.



GUY MANNERING

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. M'Candlish's Inn.*

Several FARMERS and others, at one table, Drinking, &c.—MRS. M'CANDLISH, the Landlady, and BAILLIE MUCKLETHRIFT, at another, at tea.—A large comfortable fire, &c.—The curtain rises, to the symphony of the following

GLEE.

*The winds a whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest-bough,
Our fathers would trowl
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!*

*Gaffer Winter may seize
 Upon milk in the pail;
 'Twill be long ere he freeze
 The bold brandy and ale!
 For our fathers so bold,
 They laugh'd at the cold,
 When Boreas was bending his brow;
 For they quaff'd mighty ale,
 And they told a blithe tale,
 And so will we do now,
 Jolly hearts!
 And so will we do now!*

Mrs. M'Can. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours.

1st. Far. Then, here's your good health, landlady, in the parting glass! for we must away up to West-Green to-night, to be ready for the fair on Monday.

Mrs. M'Can. Well then, good evening, and a good sale to you, farmer.—(*Farmer crosses to L.H.*)—I wonder I haven't seen your old friend Andrew Dinmont on his way there; he generally leaves his little horse, Dumpling, here at fair time.

2d. Far. You'll see him, never fear; there'd be no cattle worth the handling, and no cudgelling worth a broken head, without Dandie Dinmont at the fair! but come along, neighbours, the evening wears, and we must be jogging;—good night t'ye, mistress.

[*Exeunt Farmers, L.H.*]

Mrs. M'Can. (L.H.) He's as kind a heart, and as strong an arm, that Dinmont, as any for forty miles round the country.

Baillie. (R.H.) And of good worldlys ubstance, they say, Mrs. M'Candlish, considering the instability of human affairs.

Mrs. M'Can. He's e'en as good as yourself, Baillie; and would I were no worse; but I need not complain, for who would have thought, when I was housekeeper

at Ellangowan castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants, without knowing, poor girl! where she's to go next.

Baillie. Aye, aye! The instability of human concerns; and who would have thought that Gibbie Glosin, the attorney, (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hard-ware-man, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny pen-knife,) should have been giving a grand dinner and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, Mrs. M'Candlish?
(*Goes up the Stage.*)

Mrs. M'Can. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. I wish I had the tying a halt—(*Bell rings violently.*)—but, there, I must be waiting on them;—they'll be wanting another magnum of claret! (*Takes up a large bottle and is going, but stops.*)—No, take it you, Grizzy, and say I am gone to bed. (*Grizzy crosses, and exit, R. H.*) I have not the heart to look at them making merry on the orphan's substance! the property that should by right, belong to poor Miss Bertram! If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust Miss Bertram will not come up till tomorrow:—I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here. (*Knocking without, L. H.*) And there she is, I doubt.

Enter JOCK JABOS, L. H.

—Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

Jock. No;—it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'Can. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line.—Well, he must just come in here.

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, L.H. wrapped up in a Great Coat, as from Horseback, ushered in by JABOS.

Col. Man. Let me disturb nobody, landlady; your house is full, I understand: I can sit very well here.

(Crosses over to the fire.)

Mrs. M'Can. (Looking at him.) Not much of the rider, either.

Jack. I'll tell you what, mistress; he has 'got as pretty a piece of horse-flesh as ever stood in your stable. I'm a judge, I reckon by this time, and one may always know a gentleman by his horse.

[Exit, L.H.]

Col. Man. (Seating himself at the fire, R.H.) It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm; but great changes, I perceive, have taken place since I saw it. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well: but he'll scarcely recollect me, I dare say. Sixteen years of hard military service in India, are apt to rub a young man's features a little out of memory.

Mrs. M'Can. I beg your honour's pardon: Would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

Col. Man. If you please, my good lady.

Baillie. Your honour to a Manchester rider! Psha! *(Aside to Mrs. M'Can. after eying Col. Man.)* I'll soon find out what he is. Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market, now?

Col. Man. (Dryly.) Cotton! really, sir, I do not know.

Baillie. Aye! you don't know.—Umph!—*(Aside to Mrs. M'Can.)* He's in the hard-ware line! *(To Col. Man.)* You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy?

Col. Man. (Smiling.) Steel!—why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

Baillie. I thought so; pray do you Birmingham!

folk find the patent never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? They go off pretty bobbishly here, when they are double japped: I sent five to Ellangowan castle last week.

Col. Man. Ellangowan castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

Baillie. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line, at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. Man. Sir!

Baillie. Yes, sir, in the hard-ware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers.

(Advancing consequentially to Mannering.)

Col. Man. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in.

(Advances his cane.)

Mrs. M'Can. (Interposing.) Our Baillie, sir, is an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

Col. Man. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'Can. Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. Man. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead!

Baillie. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters;—fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings and eight pence half-penny in my books.

Col. Man. Dead! good heaven, I owed him much.

Baillie. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt for so much of your debt.

Col. Man. Has he no child?

Mrs. M'Can. An only daughter, sir;—thought to be an only child.

Baillie. My receipt will be exactly the same as hers.

Col. Man. Thought to be an only child!—When I was in India, I heard he had a son.

Mrs. M'Can. Ah! well-a-day! you heard right, sir, he had a son indeed;—but, oh, me!—

Baillie. Now don't begin whimpering.—(To *Col. Man.*) She lost her first husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'Can. Aye! I did indeed! sixteen years ago.

Baillie. Well, don't cry so far back; he was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood, hard by;—by smugglers it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow,—one Dirk Hatteraick,—half devil, half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'Can. The villain! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians, suffered in a christian land.

Col. Man. I beg your pardon, madam; but may I ask what connexion the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs. M'Can. Yes, sure, your honour; little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy five years old, and his tutor, one Dominie Sampson, as they call him,—you'll may-be remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. Man. A tall, stiff, silent man, is he not?

Baillie. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'Can. He's a little absent indeed, poor man; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child.—Well, sir, this Dominie Sampson and little Henry Bertram were walking in the wood, and by came my poor husband, from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour; but, lack-a-day! lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

Col. Man. And was the child murdered too?

Baillie. That no man can tell, sir, for he was never found.

Mrs. M'Can. There was an old gipsy-woman, (that then lived on the estate, and used to nurse the

infant,) was suspected of stealing him out of revenge for Sir Godfrey's transporting one of her sons for poaching.

Col. Man. And has nothing ever been heard of him since?

Mrs. M'Can. Nothing, sir; but from that day, the old gentleman, Sir Godfrey Bertram, who was never over careful, became worse and worse, and wasted and wanted, and wanted and wasted, and trusted and trusted,—

Baillie. Till he trusted an attorney.

Mrs. M'Can. And then, sir, his distresses broke his heart, and he died, leaving his poor daughter penniless and unprotected on the wide world!

Baillie. His affairs in utter disorder, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings and eightpence half-penny, in my books.

Mrs. M'Can. But the worst of it, Baillie, was the advantage it gave that rogue of an attorney.

Col. Man. How so, pray?

Baillie. Why, sir, if the boy had lived, the old gentleman could not have burthened or parted with an acre, it was all so strictly settled on heirs male. But Glossin contrived, they say, while his mind was so distressed, to wheedle him out of some rash deed.

Mrs. M'Can. But it will never prosper; if he has cheated the helpless, and oppressed the fatherless, he'll die, (mark my words, Baillie,) a good-for-nothing beggar, yet.

Baillie. Why, I hope the young heir may cast up; the mutability of human affairs is great, and there's news of Dirk Hatteraick's running a cargo on these shores again, for the first time since the business; if so, the gipsey wife, if she's alive, won't be far off, I dare say.

Mrs. M'Can. The murderous wretches! if I catch them, I'll bring them to justice, if I sell the very sign over my door. (*Noise heard without, L. H.*)—Gracious heaven! I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken—

and if it is, what shall I do?—For the room's close to the only one I have to shew her into.

(*Goes and listens.*)

Baillie. (*To Col. Man.*) There was some little mistake between you and me, sir; you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought—

Col. Man. (*Smiling.*) I have dealt in steel: I am an officer of the army, retired from service.

Baillie. (*Aside.*) Retired from service! then it would not be worth while to offer him my shop-bill.

Col. Man. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood. (*Retires up.*)

Baillie. (*Aside.*) From India, and settling here!—that's a different story! (*The Baillie fumbles in his Pockets,—pulls out a spectacle case, large pocket-book, &c. during which,*

Enter JOCK JABOS, L.H.

Jock. Mistress! mistress! There's Miss Bertram, poor young lady, just stepping out of the chaise, wi' mistress Flora, and Dominic Sampson buried up to the chin in old books;—you must go to them directly; and, mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is;

Mrs. M'Can. Who, Jock?

Jock. The great Colonel Mannering!

Mrs. M'Can. What! for whom the Woodburne estate was bought?

Jock. The very same.

Mrs. M'Can. and Baillie. No, sure!

Jock. Ay, as sure as boots are not brogues;—he was daily expected, you know. There's his servant, just rode in,—a genteel lad like myself, and a good judge of horses; and there's his sister, and the devil and all, following as fast as they can;—there's news for ye, mistress! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. M'Can. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady. (*To Col. Man.*) Your honour will excuse me, I must attend on Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Man. If you would take an opportunity of in-

forming her, a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her, you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'Can. That will I, sir, and gladly; for I am quite fearful of that Glossin's riotous party up stairs: perhaps some of them may intrude on her, and your presence may be a protection to her. I am but a poor double widow, as I may say, sir! and as for the Dominie, worthy soul! he's just nobody at all.—Your servant, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*

(*The Baillie, who has found his Advertisement, struts up to the Colonel, and presents it.*)

Baillie. (L.H.) Colonel Mannering—sir!—If on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles, plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, savcalls, &c. &c. &c. you may be supplied as far as an extensive stock—

Col. Man. (R.H.) And the mutability of human affairs—

Baillie. True, sir, will permit,—and that at the sign of the Three Trouts and the Frying-pan, kept by your humble servant, Robin Mucklethrift, Ironmonger and Brazier of Kippletringan in Scotland. [*Exit, L.H.*

Col. Man. The honest and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, doesn't lose sight of the main chance in the uncertainty of affairs. But yonder goes Miss Bertram,—poor girl! how pale and melancholy, and yet, how engaging!—Well, the daughter of my earliest and best friend, shall not be left without a protector, to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression.

[*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*Another room in the Inn, large doors in the back.*

Enter LUCY BERTRAM, L.H.

AIR.—*Miss Bertram.*

*Ye dear paternal scenes, farewell!
The home where early fortune smil'd!*

*No longer there must Lucy dwell:—
Of fortune robb'd, from home exil'd,
A wretched orphan child
Now weeps her last farewell'
Farewell!*

*Tho' doom'd to wander far and wide,
A maiden, friendless, desolate,
With Heaven my innocence to guide,
I fear not, tho' I mourn my fate ;
But all that it ordains await,
And weep my last farewell ;
Farewell!*

Enter Mrs. M'CANDLISH, FLORA, JOCK and GRIZZY, bringing in boxes, and various light luggage, L.H.

Mrs. M'Can. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon ; I never was so sorry in my life ;—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room. I have not another place but this to shew your ladyship into, and this is but a public sort of a room neither ; and I didn't expect your ladyship till to-morrow.

Miss B. Do not disturb yourself. I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way. I will but dismiss my servants, and retire to my bed-room.

Mrs. M'Can. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor, stalking up stairs out of your carriage.

Miss B. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man.

Mrs. M'Can. Not for the world, my dear lady.

Miss B. His person, his retired habits, and great absence of mind, are at times, I own, calculated to excite somewhat more than a smile ; but, when the impulse of his excellent heart breaks forth, he rather forces a tear from the eye of sensibility, than a laugh from the lungs of ribaldry.

Mrs M'Can. Very true, indeed. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram; there is a stranger, a gentleman now in the house, a particular friend, he says, of my late honoured master, who wishes to be permitted to speak with you.

Miss B. If he has business, I suppose I must see him.
(*She retires, Mrs M'Candlish turns to go out.*)

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, L.H. with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass clasps; his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter-headed long cane, &c. &c.

Mrs. M'Can. You're welcome to Kippletringan, Mr. Sampson; how have you been this long time?

Samp. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband, Mr. Kennedy? (*Observes her surprise.*) Eh! Eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead! I meant, honest Provost M'Candlish.

Flora. (L.H. *Pulling him by the sleeve.*) Why, Dominic Sampson, what are you about?—he's dead too.—Would you bring both the poor woman's husbands alive, one after the other?

Samp. Prodigious! (*He is confounded, and silent, and retires up the stage.*)

Flora. Come, Mistress M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominic, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'Can. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson, (*Crosses to L.H.*) I dare say; but both my dear departed husbands to be called to mind at once! Oh! 'twas too distressing.

Flora. 'Twas indeed! too much for any woman to bear.

[*Exit Mrs. M'Candlish, L.H.*
(*The Dominic by this time has opened his great book, and sat down to read upon a hand-box, which gives way under him.*)

Flora. Oh; my best bonnet. I had rather have had twenty husbands at once, than had it spoil'd.

Samp. Prodigious! "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*"

Flora. *Feccey!* What's your *Feccey* to my bonnet! your head is too learned for the rest of your body, Mr. Sampson, and leads it into sad errors. What do you do with that great lumbering book now?

Samp. Josephus' History, light reading, Mistress Flora, for travellers.

Miss B. Flora.

Flora. Yes, ma'am. (*Looking at the Dominic.*) Mercy on me! (*Goes to Miss B.—Sampson seats himself at the table, R.H.*)

Miss B. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes. In this purse you will find an additional remembrance of your kindness; it is indeed but a trifle, yet—

Flora. (*Half crying.*) Don't mention it, madam; I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

Miss B. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady Miss Mannerling.

Flora. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness.—And, poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoilt my bonnet, poor dear good man! What will become of him now?

Miss B. That, indeed, is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last, and only friend: it is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle.—Mr. Sampson! Mr. Sampson! (*Sampson is by this time deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.*)

Flora. (*Looking over him.*) Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Jo—heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

Samp. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon; I was oblivious.

(*Sampson jumps up and runs with awkward eagerness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another; and with ludicrous officiousness, draws the table, &c. &c. and advances towards Miss B.*)

Flora. Only see now! the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master, to read the newspapers. Oh! he has a rare head!

Miss B. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr. Sampson: it was not that I wanted of you, but I have a small account to settle: permit me—(*Puts a little pocket-book into his hand.*)

Samp. (*Looking at it.*) Truly a very small duodecimo! (*Opens it, takes out a bank-note, and unfolds it.*) It is for the sum of fifty pounds.—Prodigious! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same?

Miss B. No, Mr. Sampson; but, in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not, indeed, the means to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation—

Samp. (*Slow at first to comprehend, becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*) No! Miss Lucy, never! if your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible! impossible! and that note, that note befits not me, young lady.

(*Returning it.*)

Miss B. I know it is inadequate.—Yet trifling as the recompense is,—take it:—Oh! take it, I beseech you.

Samp. (*Pushing back her hand gently.*) Peradventure Miss Lucy you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Miss B. (*Greatly distressed.*) Oh no;—you are my father's old, his only faithful friend: I am not proud; Heaven knows, I have no reason to be so.—But what, what can we do?

Samp. I can teach! I can write! I can cypher! I can labour! Heaven will protect! Heaven will provide always; if our wills and endeavours be not wanting.—(*Solemnly.*)—But I cannot, cannot be severed from the child of my affections, the daughter of my

dear, dear master—I will be no burden, Miss Lucy ;
I will be, Heaven willing, an aid :—I—

(*Miss Bertram turns away, much affected.*)

Enter COLONEL MANNERING and MRS. M'CANDLISH, unperceived; at the back of the scene, L.H.

Flora. (Interposing.) Dear Mr. Sampson ! you only distress yourself, and Miss Bertram ;—you had better take the—

Samp. Woman !—No. It is not the lucre,—it is not the lucre ! but I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards, and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now in her distress and dolour :—No, Lucy Bertram. —I crave pardon, Miss Bertram, I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door, and will you use me worse than a hound ? Entreat me not to leave thee, I beseech thee ;—for while Abel Sampson liveth, he will never, never be separated from thee.

(*Rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.*) [*Exit Flora, L.H.*

Mrs. M'Can. (Aside to Col. Man) Good lord, was ever any thing like that, from one who scarcely speaks three words on an ordinary occasion ? The man's inspired !

Miss B. Well then, Mr. Sampson, we will not separate ! No, even though our joint labours should procure our daily bread !

Samp. Gratias ! Beatissime ! (*Rising.*)

Miss B. Alas ! for the pride of birth ! of all the rich and noble, who claimed kindred with me as heiress of that house, which was the source of their nobility ;—of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality, this being alone remains attached to me, who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision. (*A burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard, behind the centre doors.*)—What noise of revelry is this ?

Mrs. M'Can. Lord preserve us ! they're breaking

up, and, perhaps, some of 'em will be coming through here!

Miss B. Gracious Heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them

(*Crosses to L.H. — Noise again*)

Samp. Mrs. M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards, besecmeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram

(*Noise and laughter again.—The doors fly open.*)

Enter GLOSSIN, M.D. as leaving a drunken party, flushed with wine, and singing.

Miss B. Glossin himself! What am I doomed to suffer!

Mrs M'Can. (*Runs up, and opposes Glossin's entrance.*) You really can't come this way, sir. It's impossible! there's a lady here, Mr. Glossin, a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

Glos. 'Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs. M'Candlish I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am! A lady not wish to see me! Egad! perhaps that's a civil hint, that I should come to see her. (*To Miss Bertram, who is on L.H.*) I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude,—but my name is Glossin, madam; Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, at your service.

Miss B. (*Raising her veil with dignity.*) I know it, too well, sir, and how you became so. I remember my father's death-bed, and who embittered his last moments, by pressing alleged rights; how acquired, I leave between heaven and your own conscience.

Glos. (*Disconcerted.*) Stand by me, good claret.—(*Aside.*) Why, Miss Bertram, there are things which may have seemed harsh to you, doubtless, or to any lady; but they flow from the law, madam!—from the law!

Miss B. (*Calmly.*) No, sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes.

Glos. You are severe, Miss Bertram ;—(*Assuming an air of confident familiarity.*)—but I trust you will see this matter otherwise. It is yet in your power to be mistress of Ellangowan Castle, and your paternal estate.—Had you listened to my—

Miss B. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity ; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Samp. (*In centre.*) Prodigious !

Glos. (*Fiercely.*) Come, come, madam, you may repent this !

Samp. (*Who has by degrees become agitated, comes fiercely up.*) Avoid thee, thou evil one !—thou hast slain and taken possession—.

Glos. Come, Mr. Dominie Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.

Miss B. Mrs. M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female—

Col. Man. (*Coming suddenly up between Glossin and Miss B.*) Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you !—Sir, your company is unpleasant—your absence desired. There's the door, and you will oblige me particularly by leaving the room this instant.

Glos. (*In a bullying tone.*) I don't know who you are, sir ;—but I know the law, and I know I can split a pistol bullet against a pen-knife ; and I shall suffer no man to use such d—'d freedom with me.

Col. Man. (*Coming close up to him.*) Look you, Mr. Glossin ! it will avail you nothing here, to act like the rogue, or the ruffian—the bully, or the at-
That you do not know me, matters not :—

know you, and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the heaven above us, you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

Samp. Prodigious!

Glos. I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, before a lady;—but you shall hear more of me, sir.

(Retiring, L.H.)

Col. Man. When I do, sir, I shall treat the information as it deserves.

Mrs. M'Can. This way, Mr. Glossin, if you please; I'll attend you, sir.—I never shewed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[*Exeunt Mrs. M'Can. and Glossin, L.H.*]

Col. Man. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram—my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you.—Hear my apology at once;—though personally unknown to you,—you, perhaps, have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering?

Miss B. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but at this moment—

Col. Man. Hear me, then briefly:—The son of an ancient family, I came at fourteen years old, with my widowed mother, to your northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now; a circumstance drew on me the notice of your father—he became our friend and comforter, and his interest procured me a military appointment to India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes! Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England; but my attachment was here.—I wrote to a friend, to purchase property in this neighbourhood, and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodburne. Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor;—let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter!

Samp. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for

his military propensities I will avouch; inasmuch as he was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco-pipe, and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks; I will add, my confidence. But distress must excuse caution—and—

Col. Man. I will presume no farther; my sister, whose carriage I have outrode by nearly an hour, will soon be here; and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

Samp. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance; but, to say sooth, I am most accustomed unto the pedestrian.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering, then, will excuse me for the present, nor think that my hesitation arises from any thing, but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer is kind.

[*Exit, R. II.*]

Col. Man. Mr. Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks: I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoilt urchin—spoilt by your patron and mine; but fortune has cured me.

Samp. And fortune, sir,* (as the Heathens called her—I should rather say providence,) has been kinder to me; since, for thirty years, I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

Col. Man. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr. Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

Samp. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak; albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise, since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty-pence a-week at Luckie Sourkail's, in the High-street of St. Andrew's. And there, though I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the principal fountain or pump of that

town, so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou exceedest in thy potations. But hath your honour no son, whom I might train up in polite letters, and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread?

Col. Man. I have only a sister, Mr. Sampson, about ten years younger than myself;—how far she may profit by your instructions—

Samp. She may—she will—she shall—(*Assuming great consequence*).—I will teach her the Hebrew language, or rather I should say the Chaldaic, since your honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the Ten Tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth Peleazar.

Col. Man. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes!

Enter MISS MANNERING, L.H. dressed in a fashionable travelling habit.

Miss Man. (*Running immediately up to Col. Man.*) My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden.

Col. Man. Rather, how slowly you must have followed, my dear sister; but I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

Miss Man. Well, well, you shall have it; but don't be impatient! I must attend to my own affairs first.—Where's the landlady?

Enter MRS. M'CANDLISH and FLORA, L.H.

Mrs. M'Can. Here, my lady, at your service.
(*Curtsying low.*)

Miss Man. Oh, do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has inquired after Miss Mannering?

Mrs. M'Can. This is the person, I believe, my lady.
(*Presenting Flora.*)

Col Man. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

Mrs. M'Can. Directly, your honour.

(*Goes to Col. Mannering, and after seeming to receive his directions, goes off, R.H. The Dominic, during the conversation of Miss Mannering with Flora, circles round Miss Mannering as if about to address her, with characteristic formality and awkwardness, starting back when she looks at him, which she does, with some surpris, as if amused at his strange figure.*)

Miss Man. (*To Flora*) You served a young lady in this country, I am told?

Flora. Yes, ma'am. (*Curtsies.*)

Miss Man. A Miss—Miss—Miss Bertram, I think,—I never heard the name before.

Samp. Prodigious!

Miss Man. However, I understand she's an excellent young lady, and her character of you is quite satisfactory.—(*Sampson seems pleased.*)—I believe Miss Bertram dressed her own hair? That won't quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet-de-chambre; that you may be able to arrange my hair *a-la-Chinoise*, to dispose my aigrette, and Circassian turban, so as to throw *l'air imposant* over my figure. (*Flora curtsies, and goes off, L.H.*)

Samp. (*Shaking his head.*) This is harder than Chaldaic;—yea,—than Hebrew. Tigleth Peleazer himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

Mrs. M'CANDLISH *shews in* *MISS BERTRAM, R.H.*
whom the Colonel instantly presents to his sister.

Col. Man. Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir

Gbdncey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes were entirely promoted, and for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. It is my wish she should honour Woodburne with her presence, and find it a retreat suited to her present feelings. Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister; rather a hair-brained girl, but well deserving the kindest regard, I assure you. (*They retire and converse. The Dominic listens to their discourse.*)

Mrs. M'Can. (Coming forward.) I'm as glad as if any one had ordered a rump and dozen, or the commissioners had bespoke a county dinner. I hope they may persuade Miss Bertram.—Who knows what may happen, if they do?—The great Colonel Mannering, with sacks full of diamonds, from the India wars, and who was loved by her father too!—If a marriage should happen, there'll be fine doings in the Gordon Arms that day, I'll warrant.

Samp. (Jumping forward from the party.) She will consent to go to the mansion of the great man of battle!—Exultemus! Venite!—Exultemus! I will rejoice!—I will uplift a stave of joy, yea, I will sing!—I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a year, when a bursar of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's, with good approbation.

(*He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words, then tune; at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness—*)

“*The fox jumpt over the parson's gate,
Fal lal loo! so lero, lero loo!*”

(*They laugh.*)

Bear with me, my friends; it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my own voice did somewhat abash me!—

“*The fox jumpt over—*”

Verily, I need support.—Worthy Mrs. M' Candlish, sine with me.

Mrs. M'Can. I!

Samp. Yes! Cantate with me.

Mrs. M'Can. Heaven help you!—I never sung in all my life! but, there's two of our honest neighbours, in the next room, who hate Glossin, and all such oppressors, will be glad enough to cantitate with you, I warrant.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Samp. Then announce the glad some tidings unto them, and bid them hither.—[*Exit Mrs. M' Candlish, L.H.*.]—In the mean time will I preludize.

FINALE.

Enter two Neighbours to the symphony, L.H.

SAMPSON.

“*The fox jump't over the parson's gate,
And stole his poultry from under his nose;*”
“*Aha!*” quoth the parson, who popt out his
pate,
“*A good fat hen, and away she goes!*”

MISS MANNERING. (*Leading Lucy forward.*)

*Calm, lady! calm your troubled breast!
Beneath our roof of friendship rest;
There say what most may soothe your woes—*

Samp. “*A good fat hen, and away she goes!*”

MISS BERTEAN.

*Friendship, thou canst balm impart
To the wounded suffering heart!
A mourner to thy generous roof, I fly,
And then, should silent tears intrude
The gleam of glistening gratitude
Shall light the pendant drops in sorrow's eye.*

TRIO.—MISS MANNERING, &c.

*Away with old care, let the dullard go drown,
Mirth and pleasure life's short rosy moment should
crown;*

For what gain or what good e'er from sorrow arose?

Samp. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

Chorus. Let's rejoice!!!

Samp. It doth beseem us.

Chorus. Let's be jovial!!!

Samp. Exultemus!!

*Chorus. Hence, ye sordid and litigious,ⁿ
Hence oppression, hence!*

Samp: Prodigious!

[Exeunt, L.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Miss Mannering's boudoir in the house at Woodburne.—One of the doors supposed to lead into Miss Mannering's apartment.—Large folding doors, through which is seen the library.—Venetian windows, opening on a balcony, with steps to the lake beneath.—The moonlight gleaming upon it, with strong, clear, and distinct illumination.—The apartment is decorated with Indian curiosities,—horns, skins of tygers, &c. &c.—Dresses of Indian tribes—book stands—dressing and work-tables, a harp, &c.*

MISS MANNERING, R.H. MISS BERTRAM, and the COLONEL, L.H. discovered, as after supper.

Miss Man. Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly, I had to beg for your society. I admit there was little temptation in those days.

Col. Man. Pardon me, Julia; but now you will allow it is doubled.

Miss Man. Aye,—as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it, and render its value ten-fold.

(*Pointing to Miss Bertram.—They rise from the table.*)

Col. Man. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning, when the servant interrupted us.—It was a beautiful thing! wild,—yet so pathetic.

Miss B. It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer! It is said, from a very ancient period, to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir!

Miss Man. Oh, pray sing it. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Miss B. It is not worth refusing.

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

*Oh! slumber, my darling,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright:
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear infant, to thee.*

*Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
Sleep on till day!*

*Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
Sleep while you may.*

*Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum :
Then rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep while you may ;
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.*

Oh, rest thee, babe, &c.

Miss Man. And was this really made for your own family?

Miss B. Oh, yes; and a hundred more such ditties! While my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night by an old gipsy nurse; and I have heard, though so young, he could sing it quite well.—There is not a milk-maid on the estate, once ours, but can chaunt it, and know its history! and I have heard,—though it hardly deserves mentioning,—that the person now in possession—this Glossin, has, as far as he can, forbidden them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

Col. Man. That's not surprising; music and poetry were never made for so base-born and wretched a chicaner.

Miss Man. Neither, brother, are they made for you, high-born and chivalrous as you are, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

Col. Man. I obey your hint: good night, Julia. (*Salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to Miss Bertram very respectfully.*)—That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion.

[*Exit, R. H. D.*

Miss Man. A lion in the toils! Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy! if you knew what meshes have been spread for that proud colonel, in vain.

Miss B. Good night, Miss Mannerlag! and if I

do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your—your—

Miss Man For my folly, eh? Well, well, sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsels to their rightful homes—

Miss B. Good night! good night! (*Boat crosses here, over the lake, from R.H.*) [Exit, L.H.]

Enter FLORA, R.H.

Miss Man. She is a charming girl! But how she can remember all the names of her ancestors.—These Rolands, and M'Dingawaies, and Donagilds—(*Seeing Flora.*) Oh, Flora! did my old servant, Grace, whom my brother sent back to the house in London, say nothing to you before she went away?

Flora Oh, yes, ma'am. (*Significantly.*) She told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way, (*Boat appears again*) That there was a gentleman, of whose addresses Colonel Mannerling disapproved rather, ma'am.

Miss Man. But she should have added also, that my brother could find no possible objection to him, but in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no M'Dingawaies, nor Donagilds to back his suit.—Now, though I cannot sympathize in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet, I fear, he is at this moment, perhaps too near me.

Flora. What, here, madam?

Miss Man. Twice have I heard about this hour on the lake, a flute, playing an Indian air, which in happier hours we used to sing together.

Flora. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant! no one but a lover, or a madman, would come fluting on a lake at moon-light, in a cold winter-night.—(*Flute plays outside, L.H.*)—Hark, madam! as I live, I think I hear it now!

Miss Man. Hush! (*A flute is heard to play th.*)

symphony of an Indian air under the window.)—Is it earthly music? I'm in the land of superstition, and begin to share its influence, I think.

Flora. Wait a little ma'am; you'll find the fluting gentleman no ghost, I warrant.

Miss Man. It is indeed the very air he taught me; I'll sing it;—if it be he, he will answer it.

AIR.—MISS MANNERING.

*Oh tell me, love, the dearest hour,
The parted anxious lover knows,
When passion, with enchanter's pow'r,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest, brightest flame.*

BERTRAM.—(Without, L.H.)

*'Tis when he sings on some lone shore,
Where echo's vocal spirits throng;
Whose æery voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear-loo'd, thrilling name.*

(At the end of the verse, Bertram rushes up the balcony-steps from the lake.)

Ber. Julia! Beloved Julia!

Miss Man. 'Tis he himself;—begone! begone! What will this end in? *(Turns away from him.)*

Flora. A ring, a parson, and a cradle, I warrant, ma'am.

Ber. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

Miss Man. You deserve not the name! Thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm, would again involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger.

Ber. Do you then blame me, Julia, for what was forced upon me by his caprice, his injustice! Oh!

let me now intreat you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother!

SONG.—BERTRAM.

*Be mine, dear maid ! My faithful heart
Can never prove untrue !
'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.
My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine :
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine.*

*Then turn thee not away, my dear,
Oh ! turn thee not away love !
For by the light of truth I swear
To love thee night and day, love.*

*'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
Mine ear thy tuneful voice ;
But 'tis my heart, thy heart approves—
A life-enduring choice :
The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
E'er I by change or coldness wring
Thy fond confiding breast.*

Then turn thee not away, &c. &c.

(A heavy lumbering noise heard without in the library, R. II.)

Miss Man. (Alarmed.) What noise is that ?

Flora. (Looking out.) Only Mr. Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library ! Never mind the good soul !—with him, even seeing is not believing.

Miss Man. For heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came !

Flora. Aye, do—here, here, sir.

Ber (*Runs to the balcony.*) I cannot ;—my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

Miss Man. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me ?

Flora. (*Watching*) Mr Sampson has blundered this way, sure enough.

(*Sampson is seen through the library with a long candlestick in his hand, in his night-gown and cap.*)

Miss Man. What's to be done ?

Flora. I have it, I have it, ma'am ;—let the gentleman put on one of those outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp : Mr. Sampson won't notice him ; and if he does, let me alone.

Ber. Nay, if I cannot play a Brainin after being so many years in India, it's very hard.

(*They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the instrument.*)

Miss Man. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered ?

Flora. We must take our cue from circumstances, ma'am.

Enter SAMPSON, R. H. U. E. from the library.

Samp. Of a verity, this is not the way to mine own apartment, neither ! Nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

Flora. (*Whispering.*) There, ma'am, did I not say he would not see us ?

Samp. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth ; I will again essay to extricate myself. (*He walks towards the women.*—

Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.)
—Prodigious !

Flora. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr. Sampson ! to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room, at this time of night ! I assure you, I take it very strange of you !

Samp. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

Flora. Never mistress me, man!—but get away as ^{ACQ}fast as you can : Lord only knows what Colonel Man-^{and}nering will say, if he should know of it.

Samp. And that might, perchance, prejudice my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion ; woeful man that I am, who shall deliver me ?

Flora. Pray go immediately, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. I obey ;—I will begone swiftly. I am beset with fears and trepidations. (*Crosses to L.H.—Goes towards L.H.D.*)

Flora. (*Running after him and pulling him back.*) Worse and worse, Mr. Sampson ! that's not your way. Would you burst into my young lady's bed-room ? Indeed, Mr. Dominie, I began to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew ? Oh, fie ! fie ! fie !

Samp. Prodigious !—I am confounded. (*Peeping in.*) Assuredly, there is a four-posted bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee.

(*He struggles out of Flora's grasp, stumbles forward, and overturns the harp.—He sees Bertram, and stares at him with great surprise. Bertram retains his cross-legged position of an Indian priest, and stares at him again with great composure.*)

Mirifice ! whom have we here ?

Flora. Why, Mr. Sampson, what mischief will you do next ? That you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just as he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the—the—what shall I say ? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word ? (*Aside.*)

Samp. Is he a teacher ? Then I reverence him. In what is he profound ?

Flora. Astrology.

Samp. Prodigious ! Nay, then, I will uplift my voice against him. (*Very loud.*) The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy,—delusions of darkness !—works of the wicked one !

Miss Man. (*Aside.*) I must stop his clamours.—

Nay, Mr. Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit, than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

Samp. Pardon me, most honourable ;—I knew not when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there was a learned Pundit, who doubtless is better provided ;—nevertheless, I will accost him in the Eastern tongue,—*(To Bertram.) Salum alicum ! (Bertram rises and Salams, which salutation is returned ridiculously by Sampson.)*—Expound unto me, most learned Pundit, whether we shall confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, in the Telinga, or in the Malaya language ! Praise to the blessing of Heaven on my poor endeavours, I am indifferently skilled in these three tongues.

Ber. Confound your skill !—I am aground ; I know only a few words of Moorish gibberish.

(A knocking at R.H.D.)

Miss Man. Flora ! there's my brother knocking.

Flora. *(To Bertram.)* Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Pundit. [*Exit with Bertram, R.H.*]

Samp. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Pundit ? I would converse with him.

Miss Man. Come in, brother !

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, R.H.D.

Col. Man. What has been the matter ? My servants heard music just now upon the lake, and have discovered a strange boat beneath these apartments, I heard too a heavy fall in your room.—No accident, I hope ?

Miss Man. You heard Mr. Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

Col. Man. How's this, Mr. Sampson ? You should take other time and place for your oriental studies, than so close to my sister's room at midnight.

Samp. Honoured sir ! I crave your forgiveness ; I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst

for learning; that erudite Moonshee, whom I sought, to converse with—

Miss Man. (*Alarmed, fetches a book from table.*) This is the book you sought, I believe, sir.

Samp. (*Opens a fine illuminated manuscript.*)—Prodigious!—I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Namch of the illustrious Ferdusi! (*Puts it under his arm.*) But, touching that Sanscrit interpreter, whom—

Re-enter FLORA, R.H.

Miss Man. Indian interpreter, sir! here it is, in three volumes, folio. (*Pushes them to Sampson.*)

Flora. (*Aside to her mistress while Sampson examines the books.*) I have sent your Pundit safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

Miss Man. Thank heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominie? He'll talk of nothing else. (*Aside.*)

Samp. I profess this is the most erudite work, and of great scarcity!—I have observed it, honoured colonel, noted in catalogues with four Rs, which denoteth “*rarissimus.*” But, worthy, sir, as concerning this learned Pundit—

Flora. Is this the book, sir?

Samp. It is rare; but the Ulenat—?

Miss Man. Or this, sir?

Samp. It is precious! but the aforesaid Bramin—

Flora. O, 'tis this, I'm sure.

Samp. It is of the last rarity!—but the Moonshee!

Miss Man. Or this.

Samp. It is curious:—but, the Moonshee, the Pundit—the—

(*They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping, as he picks up the others.*)

Col. Man. Come, Mr. Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you.—Barnes! (*Calls.*)

Enter BARNES, R. H. D.

Light Mr. Sampson to his room. (*Sampson gathers up what books he can carry.*) And hark! When you have shewed him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

Barnes. This way, Mr. Sampson, if you please to follow.

Samp. I præ, Sequar!—Prodigious!

[*Exit, loaded with books, following Barnes, R. H. D.*

Col. Man. All now seems quiet; so the mystery of the music and boat must remain till opportunity shall lead to discovery.—(*Aside.*) Once more Julia, good night.

[*Exit, R. H. D.*

Miss Man. Good night: and thanks for this narrow escape!—Go to my chamber, Flora;—I'll follow directly.

Flora. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, L. H. D.*

Miss Man. I declare I am frightened at my own imprudence!—Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh, dear! I wish he would but sympathize a little more with love, and a little less with honour:—but, alas!

AIR.—MISS MANNERING.

*In ancient times, in Britain's isle,
 Lord Henry well was known:
 No knight in all the land more fam'd,
 Or more deserv'd renown,
 His heart was all on honour bent,
 He ne'er could stoop to love;
 No lady in the land had pow'r
 His frozen heart to move.*

*Yet, in that bosom deem'd so stern,
 The kindest feelings dwelt ;
 Her tender tale, when pity told,
 It never fail'd to melt.
 But for no idle passion form'd,
 His high heroic mood,
 Glory's sublimer charms alone
 With lovers' ardour woo'd.*

[*Exit, L.H.D.*

SCENE II.—*A desolate heath between Woodburne and Kippletringan.—The moon declining.*

Enter BERTRAM, L.H. bewildered and uncertain of his way.

Ber. Now the devil take all the glib-tongued ladies' maids! would any one have thought, to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose straight across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple—What the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out! The moon's going down too, and I may stray further out of my way. Holloa! I wish some one was within hail, friend or foe, I care not.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT, L.H.—He comes forward a little, tipsey and staggering.

Din. Fair and softly, fair and softly, Dandie, my lad! Who was that hollowing, I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for it's growing confounded dark;—I'll be hang'd if I can see my way:—I wish I had got Dumpling;—many people pretend to guide their horse; now, I always let my horse guide me:—he'd have carried me to the next ale-house; right enough, dark or light. Steady! my head's a little queerish! To think that five poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four. (*Bertram advances.*)
 Who goes there? (*Raises his whip.*)

Ber. A friend!

Din. Stand fast a bit though; parley, a little, Dandie,—few friends on a moor at midnight.—What do you want?

Ber. I am a stranger. My name is Brown, Captain of Fusileers.

Din. And I am Dandie Dinmont, reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight wi' any man;—so stand off!

Ber. I don't mean to dispute it; I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman; I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

Din. Eh! no, are you really! Ye shall have one then. If I had but my little horse now, you might have rode on his crupper; he always finds the way when I lose it, and his back's main strong; he'd carry six, if 'twerc long enough. But come away, (*Crosses to R.H.*)—steady! are ye big, or little?

Ber. Why, middling.

Din. That will do; for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation.—There's thieves and gipsies haunt it.

Ber. Gipsies! pooh! nonsense!

Din. Oh, man, we ha' great faith in 'em in our country. They prophecy, and knock down, like nobody knows what;—so every body believes in 'em;—and there's an old woman, Meg Merrilies, the queen of 'em, that deals wi' the devil, they say, and can make 'em do any thing, if she but lifts up her finger;—she's known for a witch all over these parts.

Ber. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

Din. Will ye? Then give me a rough shake of the hand.

Ber. With all my heart.

(*Bertram gives him a hearty shake, which Dinmont returns.*)

Din. Gad! and if your heart be like your hand, it be plaguy hard one. But look! yonder's a couple of gits dancing bonnily before us.

Ber. A couple ! I see but one, friend, and that seer's
retty steady.

Din. Does it ? Then I've a notion you don't see
with both your eyes, as I do ; but, come on ! let us
make our way to it border-fashion, side by side !

Ber. (*Aside.*) The fellow gripes like a smith's vice.
Come along, friend, then, side by side.

Din. Aye, like true men ; and if we meet with
rogues we'll shew 'em another border-fashion, hand
to hand.—I say,—you were bawling lustily just now ;
—I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we can't
have a kind of a—what d'ye call it—a—double song
together, just to cheer the way over the heath.

Ber. With all my heart.

DUET.—BERTRAM and DINMONT.

DINMONT.

*Without a companion, what's life but a heath,
That's wearisome, murky, and long ?
But Dandie defies dullness, danger, and death,
With his friend, and his glass, and his song.*

BERTRAM.

*You're right ; with a friend man, you heighten your
zest,
And march o'er life's road brisk and brightly ;
With double delight on its green-swards you rest,
And trip o'er its rough places lightly.*

BOTH.

*Then come on, side by side, and as long as I've breath,
Here's an arm that's both willing and strong !
Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
Make light of the dark roads, and short of the leg.*

[*Exeunt.* .H.]

SCENE III.—*A wilder and more romantic part of the chase or forest.—A sort of scattered copse wood, with branches of one or two decayed oaks.—A cliff or two rising behind them.—Hills in the distance.—A gipsy hut in the centre, with a fire within it* GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, and other gipsies, men and women, occupied in cooking, and various other employments, expressive of their habits.—Children nungling in the group.

Gab. Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel?

Seb. Why, will you need her to-night?

Gab. Aye; Dirk Hatteraick, the Dutchman, is on the watch.

Seb. What, another shark to be harpooned by us gipsies? (*Comes forward, R. H.*) I'll have nought to do with it. I hav'n't forgotten how he cried and groaned.

Gab. What he?

Seb. (*In a low voice.*) He of the wood of Ellan-gowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no, I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatteraick do his own bloody business. (*Crosses to L. H.*)

Gab. But it is business that concerns us all. The child, that very child is now a man, and escaped from Batavia; has served in the army, and is come home again.

Seb. How do you know this?

Gab. I saw him myself at Carlisle two days since, and you know that I knew him in India.

Seb. Well, well, let him alone;—he'll never remember any thing of this country.

Gab. Dirk doesn't think so, and is determined at least to ship him over the herring pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched;—he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house at Woodburne

this very night; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kippletringar;—and then—

Seb. I say again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say; she, whom we must all obey?

Gab. She say! Why, she doats;—she's no more what she was, or ought to be:—she's turned tender-hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the lad of Ellangowan, and that if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate!

Seb. Well, and we dare not dispute her bidding; not even her very signs.

Gab. Pooh! thou art as bad as she: let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows any thing about it. Do you go and tell Dirk Hatteraick I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep his ground, and not begin till I come. [*Exit Sebastian, R.H.*] Come, fellows, to our several stations.

GIPSEY GLEE AND CHORUS.*

FRANCO.

*The chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree;
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray;
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our opening day.*

Chorus.—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

* To Mrs. Joanna Bailhe's friendly permission, I feel proud in acknowledging myself indebted for the use of this beautiful poem—accompanied by the music of Bishop, the effect it produces is most powerful and characteristic.

GIPSEY WOMAN.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep;
 And clos'd is every flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower:
 Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our opening day.
 • Chorus.—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

GABRIEL.

Nor board, nor garner, own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store:
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day,
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
 And use it as you may.
 Chorus.—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt all but Gabriel, Franco the Boy, and Gipsy Girl.*

(*Voices Without, R.H.*) Holloa! Holloa!
 • *Gab.* What voices are those? Holloa! who's there?

Enter BERTRAM and DINMONT, R.H.

'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky! Then all's safe!
 (*Aside.*)
 • *Din.* (*Aside to Ber.*) They are the gipsies, but
 there's only one man with them;—the rest are not far
 'off, I reckon.—Well, never fear! we are two: and
 for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them!
 Bless ye! they're not fed like the like of us.

Ber. I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

Gab. What seek ye here?

Din. We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that:—know ye which way Kippletringan lies?

Gab. Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, through the thicket, and you have it.

Din. Hill, ford, bog, thicket! The gipsy knave is making fun, I think. Hark ye, friend! have you a head on your shoulders?

Gab. Ay, sir; and what of that?

Din. Why, how think you it would sort with the butt end of a Liddesdale whip? (*Shakes it at him.*)

Gip. Girl. (*Aside to Gabriel.*) Take care, give good words. That's fighting Diumont of Liddesdale! I know him well—I've seen him clear Staneshaw-bank fair from end to end, driving fifty men before him.

Ber. (*In Centre.*) Come, sus, there's no occasion for quartelling! This gentleman and I want a guide to the town he mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

Din. It's more than he deserves; to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help, at such a time of night.

Gip. Girl. I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you; but if there's any thing you would take—

Din. (*In Centre.*) Can there be anything we won't take, my dear? For I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours, and the cold blast on the hills has given me such an appetite, that, as the Yorkshireman says, "I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

Gip. Girl. Well, sir, such as we have—

Din. That's a good lass! Come, stir! Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

(*They draw forward a rude table, and place meat and drink upon it.—Gabriel and Frank retire, and whisper together.*)

Din. (*To Ber.*) Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl. (*Helping him.*) Did you ever see a moor-fowl in your part of the world?

Ber. Never, unless stuffed, upon the shelves of a museum.

(*Meg Merrilies darts from behind the tent, R. H. when Bertram speaks; advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on him.*)

Din. Lord, the ignorance of your southern gentlefolks! Stuff it into your own stomach, man! (*Drinks.*) This is capital brandy too! It will be moonshine brandy, I reckon. The smugglers and gipsies are all one man's children. But, lord! captain, (since you say you are a captain,) did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gipsy-woman has been staring at you? That's she, I take it, I told you of: she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

Ber. (*Turning round and observing Meg.*) My good woman, do you know me, that you look at me so hard? (*Rises.*)

Meg. Better than you know yourself.

Ber. Aye, aye; that is, you'll tell my future fortune.

Meg. Yes, because I know your past.

Ber. Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

Meg. It will be clearer soon.

Ber. Never less likely.

Meg. Never more so.

Ber. (*Offering money.*) Your manner is wild and oracular enough;—come, give me a proof of your art.

Meg. Offer it not. If, with a single spell, I cannot recall times which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor.—Hear me, hear me, Henry—Henry Bertram!

Ber. Henry Bertram! Sure I have heard that name;—but when, and where—

Meg. Hark! hark! to the sound of other days! Listen, and let your heart awake. Girl, come hither; sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe.

(*The Gipsy Girl sings the air which Miss Bertram sung, but much more wildly.*)

AIR.—GIPSEY GIRL.

*Oh! hark thee, young Henry,
 Thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother a lady,
 So lovely and bright;
 The hills and the dales,
 From the towers which we see,
 They all shall belong,
 My dear Henry, to thee.*

*Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
 Sleep on till day!
 Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
 Sleep while you may.*

Ber. These words do indeed thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why those sounds thus agitate my inmost soul;—and what ideas they are, that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them?

MEG, *Speaks.*

*Listen, youth, to words of power,—
 Swiftly comes the rightful hour!
 They, who did thee scathe and wrong,
 Shall pay their deeds by death, e'er long.
 The dark shall be light,
 And the wrong made right,
 And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
 Shall meet on Ellangowan's height!*

[*Exit Gabriel, suddenly up the rocks, after appearing to give Franco some directions.*

Ber. (*Stands gazing on her, thoughtful and surprised.*) Bertram! Bertram! Why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Din. He is bewitched, for certain. There was always witchcraft and devilry among them gipsy clan, I have heard.

Meg. (*Who has watched Gabriel up.*) And now begone! Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippletringan.—Yet stay;—let me see your hand. (*Lead, him forward.*) What say these lines of the fortunes past? Wandering and woe, and danger and crosses in love and in friendship!—What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united!—But what of the present? Aye! there's a trace, which speaks of danger, of captivity, perchance; but not of death! (*Looks cautiously round, then beckons Dinmont, and speaks in a very low deep voice.*) If you are attacked, be men; and let your hands defend your heads!—I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone! Fate calls you!—Away, away, away!

(*She retires into the tent, R. H.*)

Din. Lord, captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world.

Ber. Don't be afraid, my friend.

Din. Fear'd! damn'd a whistle fear I! Be she witch or devil, it's all one to Dandie; and yet I felt but queer-like just now, when she was conjuring. If I could ha' muster'd a bit of a pray'r, I don't know but I'd have given it her;—but, as I said, devil take me if I baulk you, captain; so, forward, my little fellow, and we'll follow.

Franco. This way, gentlefolks!

[*Exit Franco up the rocks, Dandie and Bertram following.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Wild Landscape.*

Enter GABRIEL, L.H. *cautiously, and looking back.*

Gab. Franco has observed my track, I see! That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profes-

sion. He has as quick an eye to mischief as the oldest of our gang.

Enter FRANCO, quickly, L.H.

Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

Franco. Not far:—I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you, now we're free from old Meg.

Gab. Well then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatteraick's Point, and contrive to loiter there till I come up the glen with my party; but be sure not to give Dirk the signal till you see us.

Franco. Trust to me, Gabriel.—Hush! they are here.

Enter DINMONT and BERTRAM, L.H.

Din. Holloa! you, sir! You here too? What are you saying to the boy?

Gab. I only came to give him directions; I feared he might mistake the road.

Din. Look you, friend! your people sometimes come up our water-side: now, they have always had a barn, and clean straw, and a bellyful, at Charlie's Hope; but if you play us any trick now, the devil take me, if you or they shall ever have anything, but your shirts full of broken bones. Damn it, I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes, the rum had blinded.

Gab. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend on it.

SONG.—GABRIEL.

*Follow him, nor fearful deem
 Danger lurks in gipsy-guile;
 Rude, and lawless though we seem,
 Simple hearts we bear the while.*

*Robber fierce, nor thief is here,
 Who shroud by night in savage den ;
 Fearless then, o'er mosses drear,
 Gloomy thicket, darksome glen,
 Safely follow, follow him.*

*From rustic swains, the petty bribe,
 Petty spoil from cot or farm,
 Content the wand'ring gipsy tribe,
 Who the traveller never harm.
 Then, nor thief, nor robber fear,
 Who shroud by night in savage den ;
 But thro' mosses, dank and drear,
 Barren wilds, and darksome glen,
 Safely follow, follow him.*

[*Exeunt ; Gabriel, I. H. Dinmont and Bertram
 following Franco, R. H.*

SCENE V.—*A sort of dell or pass, with cliffs rugged and broken ; shaggy underwood growing on each side.—In the offing, the sea, or rather an inlet from it, and a smuggler's lugger riding in the distance.—Two smugglers lurking on the rocks.—The grey dawn of morning, with the sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.*

*Enter HATTERAICK and SEBASTIAN, down the
 rocks, R. H.*

Hatt. By the elements your fire's out, your spirit's gone, Sebastian! You're turned cowards and cravens, every man of you! O, the pretty lads I have seen you gipsy tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the land-shirks! And to wince at such a trifle as this!

Seb. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt; and thou know'st well the weight she has

with all our tribe, and why she has it.—We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

Hatt. Aye, aye: because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan

Seb. And what is your purpose, Captain Hatteraick? I think I have a good right to know it.

Hatt. What right?

Seb. Why, before a man slips his neck within the compass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a civil question. Why?

Hatt. Well then, you suspicious hound, if thou wert at the top of that cliff, what large house would you see?

Seb. Ellangowan Castle, to be sure.—What of that?

Hatt. And to whom does Ellangowan Castle belong?

Seb. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin!

Hatt. It does; but if this lad, this Brown, as they call him, this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder, in my ligger, ready to be produced, with the documents which I can give him, whose would the estate be then, eh?

Seb. I begin to see your drift, Captain.

Hatt. Why mine, man; and thine; and all who hold the secret, to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our factor only, and draw the rents for us: the Castle's our own to revel in; and he shall not dare to say us nay! So, set your foot to mine, lads, and we secure the youngster in a moment, and keep him, like a bagged fox, to be turned out as we see cause.

Seb. But you had better wait for Gabriel, and his fellows. Young Bertram's a powerful man; if he resists, and—

Hatt. And is killed, you mean;—why then, we must keep the secret, and make that scoundrel Glossin, believe him still alive.—But, zounds! have done with your *buts* and *ands*. Here they come.—Stand back, lads, behind the cliff.

(*They conceal themselves, R. H.*)

Enter BERTRAM and DANDIE, preceded by FRANCO, down the winding path of an opposite cliff, l. h.

Din. (On the cliff.) I tell you, my cock-sparrow, I have had a special notion this some time past, that you are leading us out of the road to Kippletringan! and if you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of wringing your neck round, than that of a moor-fowl pout!

(Dinmont by this time is down in front, and Franco anxiously looking off, R. H.)

What ails ye now, you devil's bird, that you stand staring down the glen? I have not the truth out of you!

(Shakes him.)

Franco. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman might like to see the rocks:—many southern gentlemen come to see this glen:—it's famous!

Din. Rocks and glens! when we want to get to a town; and our beds!—Come, come, where's the way next?

Franco. (Affecting great fear.) You terrify me so, I don't know.

Din. If I take you in hand, young one—

Ber. O, let him alone; you frighten him; he is but a boy!

Din. A boy! there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body:—he's hatching a lie at this moment.

Franco. (Aside.) I see 'em!—Dear sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

Ber. Echo! What echo, my little lad?

Franco. You shall hear.

(Seems pleased, blows a whistle, and runs off, R. H.)

HATTLEBAICK and his Sailors rush forward, from R. H. U. E.—GABRIEL enters from R. H. S. E. with two or three Gipsy men.—Just as they are going to fall on, MEG MERRILL'S suddenly appears upon an eminence between the parties,

and waves off the Gipsies, who shrink back at her signal.)

Meg. Gipsies strike not, at your peril! Children, obey me, and depart

Hatt. Witch! fiend! hag!—Cowards, will ye desert me at a woman's bidding?—Then we must do it ourselves:—at 'em, lads.

(A violent scuffle, in which the sailors are worsted and driven off, R.H.U.E.—Hatteraick is knocked down, and made prisoner.—Meg disappears, L.H.)

Din. Well, the devil such sport as this, Captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought.

Ber. But what shall we do with our prisoner? he seems resolved not to walk.

Din. I cannot blame him,—it's a rough road to the gallows! *(To Hatteraick.)* Come, lad, will ye get up and walk, or shall I carry you on my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?

(Bertram assists Dandie to lift up Hatteraick, whose arms they bind.—He looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.)

Ber. Now, sir be pleased to use your legs.—No? motionless and silent? We'll find a way to make you march.

(Bagpipes, L.H.U.E.—A march heard behind the scenes.)

Din. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes the Highland party I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the village lads and lasses following the merry bagpipes. 'Gad we'll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and lightly;—and it's my old acquaintance, Serjeant M'Crae with them too.

The party march on the stage, L.H.

How is all with you, serjeant? and how came you in this queer out-o'the-way place?

Serj. Why, we're ordered here, to look out for some smugglers and banditti.

Din. We have been before-hand with you, man : fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner ! And you must help us to take him to the next justice's, Gibbie Glossin's, at Ellangowan.

Serj. With all my heart.—Take him away, lads.—

[*Exeunt two soldiers carrying Dirk, L. N. S. E.*

But I must first refresh my party.

Din. And what will refresh them ?

Serj. A dram.

Din. And what more ?

Serj. A song.

Din. And what more ?

Serj. A dance.

Din. Bravo, serjeant ! you keep a right Highland heart still.

SONG AND CHORUS.

*Now fill the glass, and let it pass
From hand to hand wi' glee, man ;
The faint are bold, and young the old,
When whisky fires their ee', man.
The kelted lads frae Scottish hills,
When taking aff their natwe gills,
Find every nerve wi' courage fills ;
A dauntless band,
Like rocks they stand,
And wield the brand
Wi' deadly hand,
Till foes all fall or flee, man.*

*Let pipers chant a rattling rant,
And lasses join the dance, man,
Wi' music-craft and whisky, daft,
Our pulses wildly prance, man.
Then lads gae mad from head to heel,
Strike hands, and then strike up a reel,
And in the air they glance and wheel,*

*They set and shout,
And in and out,
They cross about,
Till all the rout,
Are lost in pleasure's trance, mar.*

(They dance a Scotch dance.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Ellangowan.—The sea-shore, with the castle on the rocks.*

Enter MEG, L.H.

Meg. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram! his greatest and his last is still to come. From that too will I protect him; for I was born to raise the house of Ellangowan from its ruins.

Enter SEBASTIAN, R.H.

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings?

Seb. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his orders by me, for our crew to meet him instantly at the old tower of Dornclough.

Meg. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken by Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

Seb. He was; but he has slipt through its fingers, and without much difficulty;—for they were opened to him on purpose.

Meg. What meanest thou?

Seb. Why, that his old friend Justice Glossin contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-Kennel, where he was confined; and the friend;

smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Dornclough Tower, where we are to assist them in making sure, (as they call it) of that younker of Ellan-gowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone.

Meg. I understand it,—his death is purposed ; and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another.—Right ! The blood spilt on that spot, has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them. Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth ; tell them not to separate for their lives,—guide them to the glen near the tower ; there let them wait till Glossin and Hatterack meet in the cavern, and I will join them.—Away, and do my bidding ! —[*Exit Sebastian, R.H.*]—Now to send to Mannering,—I must remain on the watch myself :—Gabriel I dare not trust—Ha ! who comes now ?—The girl herself, and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor ! It shall be so—

(*Retires, R.H.*)

Enter JULIA and LUCY, L.H.

Julia. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of your's is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr. Sampson, yonder, turned as arrant a coxcomb as my brother, in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit ! What wonders will you work next ?—An old, abstracted philosopher, dangling after us, a beau-companion ; and a proud, stern, stoical soldier, melted down into your forlorn true lover.

Lucy. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches which gratitude and delicacy, and above all, the remembrance of my deep and recent afflictions, should forbid me listening to.

Julia. By no means, my dear ; gratitude and delicacy, and every thing in the world, should bid you listen to a man, who (I can tell you from good authority) is over head and ears in love with you—What say you, dearest Lucy, will you be my sister ?

Lucy. Oh Julia! What can,—what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! My heart is too full:—Let your's speak for me. •

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

*Oh! blame me not, that such high worth
Hath rais'd of love the gentle flame;
Yet, as I own it—quicker throbs
The timid trembling pulse of shame.
When pity dries the falling tear,
Love, unperceiv'd, will venture in;
And kindness to a wounded heart,
Is sure that wounded heart to win.*

*My faltering tongue, my downcast eyes,
Reveal my bosom's thoughts too plain;
But where love wore a form so good,
Ah! tell me, could it plead in vain?
This heart, without a resting place,
Was like the wand'ring weary dove,
Return'd from sorrow's storms, to seek
A shelter in the ark of love.*

Julia. Oh, here comes Mr. Sampson.

Lucy. Pray endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play such a roguish trick upon the good absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of his old ones?

Enter SAMPSON, L.H. *Looking at his clothes.*

Samp. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

Julia. Mr. Sampson, will you favour us with your arm?

Samp. (*Looks at her a moment, then returns to his clothes.*) Of a verity, these sleeves are regenerated,

—so are the knees of my breeches, or subligaculi, as the ancients denominated them.

Lucy. Come, Mr. Sampson, we wait for you.

Samp. Honoured young lady, I—Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

Lucy. What's the matter, sir?

Samp. I know not, I am nubilous: doubtless the air of Woodburne is favourable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! Idem et alter! Prodigious! But I crave forgiveness, young ladies,—we will proceed.

(As they are going Meg stops them.)

Meg. Stop! I command ye!

Samp. Avoid thee! *(Starts and runs back.)*

Julia. What a frightful creature! here! here, sir! *(Holding her purse to Sampson.)* Give her something, and bid her go.

Meg. I want not your trash.

Lucy. She's mad!

Meg. No; I am not mad.—I've been imprisoned for mad,—scourged for mad,—banished for mad;—but mad, I am not.

Lucy. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

Meg. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannerling;—there's no harm meant you, and may be much good at hand. Hence! 'tis Abel Sampson, I want.

Samp. (Aside.) 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I hav'n't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her! Young ladies, depart and fear not. I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous.—Lo! I will resist —*(Edges round between the ladies and Meg, to cover their retreat!—they go off.)* L. H.—*(He points his long cane at her.)*—I am perturbed at thy words.—Woman, I conjure thee!—*(She advances)*—Nay then, will I flee incontinently!

Meg. Halt! and stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together!

Samp. Conjuro te, nequissima, et scelestissima!

Meg. What gibberish is that? Go from me to Colonel Mannering.

Samp. I am fugacious.

(*He attempts to fly, she makes at him.*)

Meg. Stay, thou tremblest! drink of this.

(*Offers a flask.*)

Samp. I am not athirst, most execrable,—I mean, excellent—

Meg. Drink! and put some heart in you, or I will—

Samp. Lo! I obey! (Drinks.)

Meg. Can your learning tell you what that is?

Samp. Praised be thy bounty, brandy.

Meg. Will you remember my errand now?

Samp. I will, most pernicious;—that is, pertinaciously.

Meg. Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the house of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed, and well attended, to the glen, below the tower of Darncleugh: and fail not on his life! You know the spot.

Samp. I do, where you once dwelt, most accursed:—that is, most accurate.

Meg. Aye, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat and sung to Harry Bertram songs of the old time.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Samp. (*Aside.*) Witch-rhymes and incantations. I would I could abscond.

Meg. That tree is withered now, never to be green again;—and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own,—as soon he shall—

Samp. Woman! What sayest thou?

Meg. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies but to build up the old walls in the glen for her sake, and let those that live there be too good to fear.

the beings of another world ;—for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that glen many a-night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mouldering grave.

Samp. Fears and perturbations creep upon me ! but I will speak soothingly unto her.—(*Aside.*)—Assuredly, Mistress Margaret Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest ; but touching the return of little Harry Bertram, I opine—

Meg. I have said it, old man ! ye shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen these hundred years. But you're o'er long here.—Go Mannering ! Away ! and bid him come to that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever.

Samp. I will hie me nimbly, most fascinorous :—I would say fascinating. — Prodigious ! Prodigious ! Prodigious !

(*This he repeats as Meg motions him off, L.H.—
She stands looking after him, her arm pointed
in the direction he is going.*)

Meg. Now then, to complete the work of fate ; the moment is at hand when all shall behold—

*Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Meet on Ellangowan's height. [Exit, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Woodburne-House ;
—swords, guns, pistols, &c. over the mantle-
piece.*

*Enter COLONEL MANNERING, R.H. followed by
LUCY and JULIA.*

Miss Man Oh, my dear brother ! you cannot think how frightened we were ! she desired us to go away. —It was Mr. Sampson she said she wanted to speak with

Miss B. I wish he were returned.—(*Sampson is heard without, L.H. speaking to Flora.*)

Samp. Avoid thee!—that is, where is Colonel Mannerling?

Flora. This way, Mr. Sampson!—follow me.

Samp. Conjuro te:—I mean, shew me to him.

Col. Man. Here is Mr. Sampson:—and now, perhaps, we shall know how to act.

Enter SAMPSON, L.H. preceded by FLORA.

Flora. Gracious me, Mr. Sampson, what's the matter with you?

Samp. Exorciso te!

Flora. Exercise me! What is it you mean, sir? Are you out of your wits?

Samp. Conjuro te!

Flora. Conjure some tea? You're bewitched yourself, for certain.

Samp. Of a surety, it is my belief—deprecor—that is, I would confer with the Colonel Mannerling.

Flora. Well, there is the colonel, and the young ladies with him, Mr. Sampson. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Col. Man. Now, Mr. Sampson, what is the meaning of all this alarm?

Samp. Exorciso!—

Col. Man. How, sir?

Samp. I crave pardon, honourable sir;—but my wits—

Col. Man. Seem rather disordered, I think: but I beg you will arrange them, and explain your business.

Samp. I will: sed conjuro te!—I mean, I will deliver my message.

Col. Man. Your message! from whom?

Samp. From Beelzebub, I believe.

Col. Man. This is an ill-timed jest, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. She, of whom I spake, is no jesting person.

Col. Man. Whom, whom did you speak of?

Samp. Beelzebub's mistress, Meg Merrilies.

Lucy. Good heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh, sir! what said she?

Samp. Prodigious! I am oblivious.

Col. Man. Mr. Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

Samp. Honoured colonel, bear with me a moment. The witch hath terrified me! It was touching little Harry Bertram.

Lucy. How!—my long-lost brother?

Samp. Yea! who, though of a tender age, was, by a blessing on my poor endeavours, a prodigy of learning.

Col. Man. Well, sir, but what of him?

Samp. Of a verity, she prophesied his return!

Lucy. Gracious heaven!

Samp. And has commanded you, worthy Colonel, to attend her summons with armed men, at her ancient domicile, in the glen, by Dernelcough tower.

Col. Man. With armed men?

Samp. Yea, and speedily; lest, as she said, the heir of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

Col. Man. It shall be attended to this moment.—Mr. Sampson, protect the ladies! arm yourself, and follow. Your presence may be important.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Samp. (*Takes down a gun and sword from the wall.*)—Young ladies, follow me, and fear not.—Lo! I have armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause of little Harry.—(*The gun goes off.*)—Pro-o-o-digious!

(*The ladies run off, L. H. he after them, dragging the gun, and shouldering the sword awkwardly.*)

SCENE III.—*The cavern near the tower of Dernelcough: the broken and lofty entrance at the summit of the stage, from which descends a rugged path; another dark and narrow passage hewn in the rock below.—HATTERAICK is discovered walking up and down in the vault over the*

embers of a fire, with the gestures of one who finds it difficult to keep himself warm.

Enter GLOSSIN, cautiously, from R.H. with a dark lantern.

Glos. Hist! hist!

Hatt. Is it you?

Glos. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk?

Hatt. Dark! Dark as the devil's mouth, and my fire is out.

Glos. We'll repair it in a trice.—*Gathers up some dry sticks, and repairs the fire: as it breaks out, Dirk warms himself with eagerness.*—It is a cold place, to be sure.

Hatt. Cold! snow-water, and hui! It is perdition! And I could only keep myself alive, by walking up and down this infernal hole, and thinking on the merry rouses we have had in it.

Glos. And shall again, boy.—*(Produces a flask.)*—See, here's something to warm your heart, as well as your limbs.

Hatt. Give it me, give it me.—Ah! this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that d—d dead fellow Kennedy, ever since I've been here.

Glos. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still! take another pull.—I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer, refreshing as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone: so there's an easy trick to be won.

Hatt. No, I'd rather fight for it.—A few good blows put a colour upon such a business; besides, I should like my revenge on that Laddesdale bully, for the hard knock on the head he gave me.

MEG MERRILIES appears through the narrow entrance, R.H. attended by BERTRAM and DINMONT.

Meg. (In a deep whisper to Bertram.) Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said;—but do not stir till I give the sign.

(They retire, R.H.)

Hatt. (Who has been warming himself.) Is Sebastian true, think you?

Glos. True as steel! I fear none of them but old Meg.

Meg. (Steps forward to them.) And what d'ye fear from her?

Glos. (Aside.) What fury has brought this hag hither?—(To Meg.)—Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother;—I was only fearing you might not come here, to see our old friend Dirk Hatteraick before he left us.

Meg. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

Hatt. It has dried up, you hag;—it has dried up twenty years ago.

Meg. It has not! It cries night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon to the blue arch of heaven, and never so loudly as at this moment! and yet you proceed, as if your hands were whiter than the lily.

Hatt. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

Glos. No violence, no violence against honest Meg! I will shew her such good reasons for what we have further to do.—You know our purpose, I suppose?

Meg. Yes! to murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangowan. And you, you treacherous cur, that bit the charitable hand that fed you! will you again be helping to kidnap your master's son? Beware! I always told ye evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

Glos. Hark ye, Meg, we must speak plain to you! My friend Dirk Hatteraick and I, have made up our minds about this youngster, and it signifies nothing talking, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

Meg. 'Tis false! you forced me to consent that you

should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him ;— but to murder him was your own device ! Your's ! And it has thriven with you well.

Hatt. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years ;—she has been a rock-a-head to me all my life.

Meg. I, a rock-a-head ! The gallows is your rock-a-head.

Hatt. Gallows ! Ye hag of Satan, the hemp is not sown, that shall hang me.

Meg. It is sown, and it is grown, and hackled and twisted.—Did I not tell you that the boy would return in spite of you ? Did I not say, the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again ?

(Here the Party appear on the watch.)

Hatt. You did ; but all is lost, unless he's now made sure. Ask Glossin else.

Meg. I do, and in the name of heaven demand if he will yet forgo his foul design against his master's son ?

Glos. What ! And give up all to this Brown, or Bertram ;—this infernal heir-male, that's come back ? Never !

Meg. Bear witness, heaven and earth ! They have confess'd the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

(She throws a little Flax, dipt in spirits of wine, on the fire, which blazes up to the roof. At this signal, BERTRAM rushes upon GLOSSIN—DINMONT upon HATTERAICK, and masters his Sword.—Hatteraick suddenly fires a pistol at MEG, who falls with a loud scream, and rushing up to the entrance of the Cavern, he is met by MANNERING and Soldiers, who instantly secure him and Glossin. Servants follow with lights.)

Col. Man. Carry off these villains ;—we have heard their own tongues seal their guilt.—Justice shall do

the rest.—[*Exeunt Soldiers with Prisoners, R.H.*]—
And look to this unfortunate woman.—Hasten, some
one, for proper assistance

Meg. Heed me not,—I knew it would be this way,
and it has ended as it ought.—Bear me up.—Let me
but see my master's son; let me but behold Henry
Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gipsy vag-
rant has nothing more to do with life.

Samp. (*Without L.H.U.E.*) This way, Miss Lucy,
this way. Where, where is little Harry Bertram? I
must behold the infant, the dear child.

*He rushes on impatiently, L.H.U.R. followed by LUCY
and JULIA, and stands opposite to Bertram,
gazing on him.—A parcel of Country People
follow him, and range, L.H.*

Samp. (L.H.) Beatissime! It is his father alive!
It is indeed Harry, little Harry Bertram.—Look at
me, my child! Do you not remember me, Abel Samp-
son?

Bert. A light breaks in upon me.—Yes, that was
indeed my name, and that,—that is the voice and
figure of my kind old master.

Samp. Miss Lucy Bertram, look! lo! behold!—
Is he not your father's living image?—Embrace him,
and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

Lucy. My brother! my long-lost brother restored
to his rights! Welcome! Oh! welcome to a sister's
love!

Meg. (*Suddenly raising herself.*) Hear ye that!
he's own'd! he's own'd!—There's a living witness,
and here, here is one, who will soon speak no more.
Hear her last words! There stands Harry Bertram;—
shout! shout! and acknowledged him Lord of Ellan-
gowan!—(*The People shout.*)—My ears grow dull.
—Stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him.—
No, the darkness is my own eyes. (*Sinks into the
arms of Bertram and Colonel Mannering*)

Col. Man. Bear her to Woodburne House.—Let

all care be taken of her : support and bear her gently away ; she may yet recover.—(*Meg is borne away by Dinmont, R.H.*)—And now, Mr. Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations, upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

Bert. Colonel Mannering I accept them most gladly ; and if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends, but brothers.—What say you, sister, am I right ?

Julia Oh ! She can't speak, so I will.—Give Miss Bertram your arm, brother ; and here, Henry, is mine.

Re-enter DINMONT, R.H.

Bert. My hearty friend, and brave defender, come ! we cannot part with you yet.

Din. I beg pardon of your honour, and these young ladies : but I hav'n't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse for the two or three tassels we have had to-day.

Bert. And can that be an objection to him in whose cause it suffered ? You may thank Mr. Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

Lucy. Thank him ! aye ! that we do, and bless him for it.

Din. Eh ! and heaven bless you, my bonny lass, wi' all my heart.

(*Crosses to Miss Bertram, and Kisses her; who, alarmed at his boldness, runs back confused.*)

Samp. Prodigious ! (*Lying his Cane on Dinmont's shoulder, who passes sheepishly over to L.H.*)

Din. Lord's sake, forgive me ! I ask your pardon, I am sure.—I forgot but you had been a bairn of my own ;—the Captain here's so homaly, he just makes one forget one's self :—and I'm so overjoyed like. at his good fortune—

Col. Man. So are we all, and if the heir of Ellan-gowan be welcom'd here to-night, our joy will be—

Samp. Prodigious !

FINALE AND CHORUS.

MISS MANNERING.

*Oh! let your hands assure the youth,
 There's nothing now to fear,
 For his return is little worth,
 Unless he's welcom'd here;
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck awa',
 There's little pleasure in this house,
 When your smiles are awa'.*

(Chorus.—For there's nae' luck, &c. &c,

BERTRAM.

*The Heir of Ellangowan's fate,
 Depends upon this night;
 If you deny him your support,
 He's neither right nor might;
 For there's nae' luck, &c. &c.*

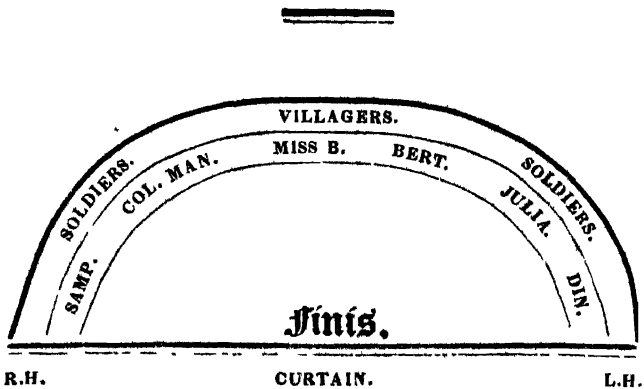
(Chorus.—For there's nae luck, &c. &c

MISS BERTRAM.

*Then welcome home the rightful Heir,
 To native halls and lands,
 There's right, and might, and music too,
 In your approving hands;
 For there's nae luck, &c. &c.*

(Chorus.—For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



*Printed at the Press of W. Oxberry,
The Hart Yard, Drury-Lane.*



Oxberry's Edition.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A TRAGEDY;

By **William Shakspeare.**

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.

CYMBELINE.

To the reader, Cymbeline is a beautiful production, but to the spectator, it is far from interesting: in the rapid action of the scene, all the more delicate features of poetry are lost: and Cymbeline has none of those stronger features which, though seen for a moment, leave a lasting impression. The jealousy of Posthumus is, perhaps, as natural as that of Othello; but it wants that tumult of feeling which characterizes the passion of the Moor, and which alone can produce any effect in representation. The same may be said of Iachimo, who is, besides, a bad Iago, and of the queen, who is at best an indifferent Lady Macbeth. Shakspeare's greatest defect was in fable, as his greatest excellence was in passion and character; but here, by an unlucky chance, or a bad election, the interest is made to depend on the plot, which is feeble, because it is disjointed; and tedious, because it is improbable. The incident of the chest is a mean contrivance, only fit for comedy, and altogether repugnant to the dignity of the tragic muse. It is, perhaps, true, that tragedy ought not to walk on stilts; but it is no less true, that she ought not to crawl upon her knees.

But though Cymbeline is not calculated to produce much effect upon the stage, it has many scenes of unquestionable beauty to delight in the perusal, and some passages that are not surpassed by the best efforts of Shakspeare's best plays. These scenes will be generally found where the character of Imogen is brought forward, one of those lovely creations in which Shakspeare seems to have delighted, and which is imperfect only from its perfection. Imogen, indeed, is all sweetness, the very essence of all that is beautiful in woman; but the essence of the flower is sweeter than the flower itself; if she were less perfect, she would be more natural. After all, it may be doubted, notwithstanding the cant of criticism, whether nature should be the primary object of the poet; the painter produces general effects by

individual falsehood; and why should not the poet be allowed the same license? or, indeed, is it not a necessity, rather than an allowance?

Cloten, as an individual portrait, is admirably drawn, but he does not harmonize sufficiently with those around him. It may, indeed, be said that, in common life, contrarieties are blended; the king and the collier, the highest and the lowest men, meet together; but, unfortunately, the drama is a work of art, and therefore is a selection, not a mere mirror, that transcribes any form, and every form that passes before it: nor is the mind capable of more than one feeling only at the same time; we cannot laugh and cry at the same moment; a scene of murder, and the exhibitions of Punch, might take place in the same spot, and in the same point of time, but the spectator would not be divided in his feelings; he would give himself up to one or other of the scenes before him; and if personal fear did not intervene, the comedy of Punch would certainly gain the day. If we only refer to the sister art of painting, the point will be still more evident: the tricks of a mountebank would not be admitted on the same canvas where the painter wished us to weep over the agonies of a Jesus.

The plot of *Cymbeline* is more intricate than interesting; and when the knot is at last to be untied, the process is infinitely too tedious; explanation follows explanation, when all excitement is over, and the impatient spectator feels himself in the painful state of a well-fed guest who is obliged to listen to a long grace after a long dinner. What is still worse, these explanations, however requisite to the character of the play, are by no means requisite to the auditor, and he feels therefore, little pleasure in listening to the detail of that which he already understands. He knows that the page is Imogen; that the soldier is Posthumus; and that Polydore and Cadwal are the king's sons: with what pleasure then can he listen to the development of their relationship?

The dirge on the death of Imogen is not the least beautiful of Shakspeare's beautiful minor poems; nor is it easy to conceive how a writer of Collin's exquisite feeling could have ventured to compose a substitute for what he was so well calculated to appreciate. He could not but have known the value of the original, and with this knowledge he could not have hoped to equal, much less to surpass its excellence. As the acting copy, from which we print, does not contain the dirge written by the immortal bard, we hold it "parcel of

our duty" to give a copy of it here, that our readers may be enabled to form a judgement for themselves.

Gui. " Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

In comparing this with the more modern poems, the first thing that strikes us is the air of reality in Shakspeare's mother's dirge. Shakspeare speaks to the dead; Collins, of the dead: Shakspeare *realizes*. Collins *describes*; Shakspeare is natural and simple; Collins pretty and elaborate. In the whole circle of poetry there is no finer study for the scholar than these two poems; no example from which we can better learn to estimate the value of the ancient as opposed to the modern school of poetry. The old critic has taught us that, "ars est celare artem;" but there is something beyond this, an unconsciousness of art, which is always right, without knowing why it is right, an instinctive feeling of propriety, which belongs only to genius, and which indeed can be distinguished by no other name than genius.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours and ten minutes. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

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

Costume.

POSTHUMUS.—First dress.—A grey old English doublet, and white pantaloons, trimmed with black; russet boots; grey old English hat.—Second dress.—A Roman shape, richly trimmed.—Third dress.—An old English tunic, of dark drab cloth, plain.

CYMBELINE.—An old English robe, richly embroidered and trimmed with ermine; black velvet trunks, and jacket stuffed with white satin, richly embroidered.

CLOTEN.—A pea-green old English jacket, breeches, and cloak, lined, and padded with pink satin, and richly embroidered.—Second dress.—The same as Posthumus's first dress.

IACHIMO.—A Roman general's dress.

LUCIUS.—Ibid.

GUIDERIUS & POLYDORE.—Green tunics, and flesh coloured pantaloons; sandals; and green caps.

BELURIUS.—Drab tunic; flesh legs; sandals; drab cap

Roman Officers in generals' dresses richly embroidered

PISANIO.—A brown old English dress, trimmed with yellow lace

QUEEN.—Muslin dress, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with gold

IMOGEN.—First dress.—White cloth dress, and robe trimmed with silver.—Second dress.—Grey cloth mantle.—Third dress.—Brown tunic, trimmed with buff; brown pantaloons.

Officers of the Court, and Attendants in rich old English dresses

Old English Soldiers.

Roman Soldiers.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Covent Garden</i>
<i>Cymbeline</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Guiderius</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Arviragus</i>	Mr. Duruset
<i>Cloten</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Belarius</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Posthumus</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Lochrine</i>	Mr. Hunt.
<i>Madan</i>	Mr. Comer.
<i>Cornelius</i>	Mr. Horne.
<i>Pisano</i>	Mr. Connor.
<i>Ia himo</i>	Mr. Macready.
<i>Lucius</i>	Mr. Yates.
<i>Iarus</i>	Mr. Jefferies
<i>Philaris</i>	Mr. Atkins
<i>Lewis</i>	Mr. Mears
<i>Queen</i>	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Inogen</i>	Miss Foote.
<i>Helen</i>	Miss Shaw.

British and Roman Officers and Soldiers.—Masquers and Singers

Scene—sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Britain.*

The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter PISANIO and MADAN, L.II.

Pis. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our
bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

Mad. But what's the matter?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger to ask that?
His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd; all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Mad. None but the king?

Pis. Not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Mad. And why so?

Pis. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare.

Mad. His name, and birth?

Pis. His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*:
He had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their fa-
ther,

Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection: calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: liv'd in court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest: to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; (1) and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.

Mad. I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

Pis. His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it:) the eldest of them at three years old,

(1) A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more polished.

I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in know-
ledge

Which way they went.

Mad. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years.

Mad. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

Pis. Howsoc'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.—

We must forbear: (*Madan crosses to R.H.*) Here comes
the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exit Madan, R.H.*]

Enter the QUEEN, IMOGEN, and POSTHUMUS, L.H.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him: and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience,
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Imo. O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can-tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
You must be gone;

And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's :
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN, R.H.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. (*Posthumus and Imogen
converse apart.*)

Yet I'll move him (*Aside.*)
To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little ;
Look here, love :
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
(*Gives him a ring.*)

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear (1) up my embracements from a next

(1) In the spelling of the last age, no distinction was made between *ceer* cloth and *sear* cloth. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, explains the word *cerat* by *sear* cloth. Shakspeare, no doubt, had that practice in his thoughts.

With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
(Putting on the ring.)

While sense can keep it on! (1) And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you: for my sake, wear this;
 It is a manacle of love; (2) I'll place it
(Ties a bracelet on her arm.)

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!—

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, and LOCRINE, R.H.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
 sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
 Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[Exit, L.H.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.—

Pisanio, go, and see your lord on board.

[Exit Pisanio, L.H.]

Cym. O disloyal thing,
 That should'st repair (3) my youth; thou heapest many
 A year's age on me!—

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
 Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
 Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare (4)
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
 queen!—

(1) The poet (if it refers to the *ring*) ought to have written—can
 keep *thee* on. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies.

(2) A *manacle* properly means what we now call a hand-cuff.

(3) Renovate.

(4) A more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not !

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays. (1)

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me !—'Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Enter QUEEN, R.H.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !

They were again together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up. (Crosses R.H.)

Queen. 'Beseech your patience :—peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ;—sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some com-
fort

Out of your best advice. (2)

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day : and, being aged,
Die of this folly !

[*Exeunt Cymbeline, Locrine, and Madan, R.H.*]

Queen. Fie !—you must give way.

(1) So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made, (for which he paid himself,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired

(2) Reflection.

Enter PISANIO, l.H.

Here is your servant,
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Imo. Well, good Pisanio,
Thou saw'st thy lord on board:—what was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'T was, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me, with this eye,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage. (1)

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

(1) Opportunity

How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such ; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, (1) for then
 I am in heaven for him ; (2) or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.—See the Queen.—
 Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exit*, R.H.
[*Exit*, L.H.S.E.]

Enter QUEEN, L.H.S.E. *meeting* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Now, master doctor ; have you brought
 those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay :
 (*Gives the Queen a phial in a case.*)

But, I beseech your grace,—without offence,—
 My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
 Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
 Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been
 Thy pupil long ?
 I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds,
 And apply
 Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
 Their several virtues and effects.—
 Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him (*Aside.*)
 Will I first work ; he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.

Enter PISANIO, L.H. *and going to* R.H.

How now, Pisanio ? (*Stops him.*) Hark thee, a word.—

1. Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

2. My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.

Doctor, your service for this time is ended. (*Talks privately with Pisanio.*)

Cor. (*Aside.*) I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

I know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature : those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;
But there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench ; (1) and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :

When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp :

What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans? (2)

Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him ?

(*The Queen drops a box : Pisanio takes it up.*)

Thou tak'st up

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :

It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five times redcem'd from death ; I do not know

What is more cordial :—nay, I pr'ythee, take it :

It is an earnest of a further good

I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself,

I'll move the king

(1). Grow cool.

(2) That *inclines* towards its fall.

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly.

Fare thee well, PISANIO;

Think on my words.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Pis. And shall do;

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
By this he's at Rome, and good Philario,
With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
His friend's reflected image in his son,
Old Leonatus in young Posthumus:
Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st the while,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband—heaven keep unshaken
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Rome.—An Apartment in Philario's
House.—(Music.)*

PHILARIO, (*in the Centre,*) *with a Letter*, IACHIMO,
R.H. and LEWIS, L.H. *discovered at a Banquet.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allow'd the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is.

Lewis. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. (1)

Lewis. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, (2) are wonderfully to extend (3) him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS, I. H.

—I (*Philario crosses to Posthumus and embraces him.*) beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Lewis. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

(*Crosses to Posthumus.*)

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Lewis. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone (4) my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance (5) of so slight and trivial a nature.

(1) Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

(2) Under her banner; by her influence.

(3) Exalt.

(4) Reconcile.

(5) *Importance* is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation.

Post. By your pardon, sir,—I was then a young traveller; but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Lewis. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the abitrement of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Lewis. Safely, I think; 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, (1) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

(1) Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince (1) the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused (2) in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

(1) Overcome.

(2) Deceived.

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation (1) of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. (2) If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; (3) and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—Let there be covenants drawn between us: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If

(1) Proof.

(2) *You are a friend* to the lady, and *therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear* is a proof of your religious fidelity.

(3) *i. e.* I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.

you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter IMOGEN, L.H.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. (1)—Who may this be? Fye!

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO, L.H.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

(1) "That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course difficult to obtain." The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
(*Kneels and presents a letter, and kisses her
hand as she raises him.*)

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome. (*Reads the letter.*)

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot! (*Aside.*)

Imo. (*Reads aloud.*)—*He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your
truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
'To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
'The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd (1) beach,—and can we not
Partition make
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

(1) Number'd is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand.—*Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd*; that is *twisted*, *convolved*; but this sense is more applicable to shells than stones.

That satiate, yet unsatisfied desire,
 Ravening first
 The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
 Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'beseech you, sir,
 Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;
 He's strange, and peevish. (1) (To *Pisanio.*)

Pis. I was going, sir,
 To give him welcome. [Exit, L.H.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
 you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
 So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
 The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
 He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
 Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
 There is a Frenchman, his companion,
 That, it seems, much loves
 A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
 The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
 (Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
 laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
 And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, heavens
 know,
 Some men are much to blame.

(1) *Strange* signifies *shy* or *backward*.—*Peevish* anciently meant weak, silly.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 't is much ; (1)
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me,—what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak ou't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'pray you,—
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do,)—
Discover to me

What both you spur and stop. (2)

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ;—should I—damn'd then !—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands

(1) If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable.

(2) This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop at the poet means.

Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour ;
 It were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. A lady,
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, (1)
 Would make the greatest king double ! to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield !—(2)
 Be reveng'd ;
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !
 How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,—
 As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest betwixt cold sheets ;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite ? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure, (*Takes her hand.*)

Imo. What ho, Pisanio ! (*Struggling to get loose.*)

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away ! (*Throws him from her.*) I do condemn mine ears, that have

(1) *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command, now obsolete.

(2) *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike. (*Crosses to L.H.*) What ho,
 Pisanio !—

The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, (1)
 He hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you, his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affianc
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
 The truest manner'd, such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him ;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking a false report ;
 The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. 'Pray, your pardon.

(1) Roanish was, in the time of Shakspeare, used instead of
Roman.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks.—I had almost forgot To entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord: myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. 'Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, The best feather of our wing, have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France: 'tis plate, of rare device; and jewels Of rich and exquisite form; their values great; And I am something curious, being strange, (1) To have them in safe stowage: may it please you To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly:

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk, Attended by my men: I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night; I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise, To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains. But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam: Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: I have out-stood my time; which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

(1) Being a stranger.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you : you are very welcome.

[*Exeunt, Imogen, R.H. Iachimo, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's
Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, and MADAN, R.H.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! (1) I had an hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

Loc. (L.H.) What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Mad. (*Aside, R.H.*) If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : ha ?

Mad. No, my lord ; (*Aside.*)—nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ?
'Would he had been one of my rank !

A plague on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down, like a cock that nobody can match. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Loc. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion (2) that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Mad. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

(1) He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage.

(2) The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

Clot. Why, so I say.

Mad. Here comes the king.

(Lochrine crosses to L.H.)

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN, L.H.

Clot. Good-night to your majesty, and gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clot. She vouchsafes no notice ; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him ; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Enter an OFFICER, and whispers LOCRINE, L.H.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

Loc. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow ;
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now :
But that's no fault of his.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us, we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.
Betimes to-morrow we'll hear th' embassy.

[Exit the Officer, L.H.]

Come, madam. *[Exeunt Cymbeline and Queen, R.H.]*

Loc. Did you hear of another stranger that's come to court to-night ?

Clot. Another stranger, and I not know on't ?

Mad. *(Aside.)* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

Loc. There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! A banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

Loc. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in it?

Mad. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

Come, I'll go see this Italian; and, if he'll play, I'll game with him; and to-morrow, with our Father, we'll hear the ambassador—Come, let's go.

Loc. I'll attend your lordship. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Imogen's Bedchamber.—In one Part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed*; HELEN *attending, seated.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Hel. Please you, madam,—

Imo. What hour is it?

Hel. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,

I pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Helen, R.H.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, 'beseech you! (*Sleeps.*)

IACHIMO comes out of the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—

'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'the taper
 Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows: (1) white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design;—
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

(Takes out his tablets.)

Such, and such, pictures:—there the window:—
 such

The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the
 story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

(Taking off her bracelet.)

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: (2) here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make.—
 To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,

(1) Her eyelids.

(2) Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow.

Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

(*Goes into the Trunk.*)

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! (1) that dawning
May bare the raven's eye : (2) I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

(*Clock strikes.*)

One, two, three :—time, time! (3) (*The Scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery.*

*Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, and MADAN, L.H. and cross
behind to R.H.*

Loc. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
the coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

Loc. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship : you are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage. If
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough : It's almost morning, is't not ?

Mad. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would the masquers and musicians were
come ; I am advised to give her music o'mornings ;
they say, it will penetrate.

(*A Flourish of Music in the Orchestra.*)

Loc. Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come, let's join them.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. The whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance.

(2) The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven. It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark.

(3) Just before Imogen went to sleep, her attendant informs her it is *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes, yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*.

SCENE V.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, MADAN, *with Singers*, L.H.

• *Clot.* Come on, tune first a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes; (1)
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise;
• Arise, arise.*

Clot. So, get you gone:—(*Gives them a purse.*)—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better. (2)

[*Exeunt Singers*, L.H.]

If it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. Leave us to ourselves.

[*Exeunt Lochrine and Madan*, L.H.]

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

(*Knocks*, R.H.)

I know her women are about her: what,
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay; sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
what

(1) The *marygold* is supposed to shut itself up at sunset.

(2) I will pay you more amply.

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave. (*Knocks*, R.H.D.)

Enter HELEN, R.H.D.

Hel. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Hel. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Hel. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Hel. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Hel. How? my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN, R.H.D.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: your sweet hand. [*Exit Helen*, R.H.D.]

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: you lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
 If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance. (1)

(1) A man who is taught forbearance should learn it.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners;
But I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The contract you pretend with that base
wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Clot. How now?

Imo. Pisanio! (*Misses her bracelet.*)

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil—

Enter PISANIO, R.H.

Imo. To Helena my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool; (1)
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; (2) it was thy master's: 'shrew me,

(1) I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Sprighted* is a word that occurs in law tricks.

(2) *Accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence.

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it then.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[*Exit Pisanio*, R.H.D.]

Clot. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; (1) and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit*, R.H.D.]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO, L.H.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king

(1) This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to my good friend.

Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; or your countrymen
Will look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist (1) though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, (2) they are people, such
That mend upon the world:—and more than that,
They have a king, whose love and justice to them
May ask, and have, their treasures, and their blood.

(*Crosses to L. II.*)

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO, R.H.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

(*Crosses to Centre, and gives Post. letters.*)

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. (*Posthumus reads the letters.*)

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

(1) Statesman.

(2) To those who try them.

Iach. He was, my lord :—but I
Left, ere I saw him.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge (1) of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

(1) The word is here used in its scriptural acceptance: "And Adam *knew* Eve his wife."

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
 (Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
 Had that was well worth watching ;) (1)—it was hang'd
 With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story,
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman ;
 A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true ;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves : (2) the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb ; (3) outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
 Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubins is fretted.

Post. This is her honour !
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
 Be given to your remembrance,) the description
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
 Be pale :—(4) (*Pulling out the bracelet.*)
 I beg but leave to air this jewel : see !—
 And now 'tis up again.

(1) That which was well worth watching, or lying awake for.

(2) So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

(3) The *sculptor was as nature dumb* ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.

(4) If you can, forbear to flush your cheek with rage

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it:—(*He shows it again.*)—

Is it that

Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;

Her pretty action did outsell her gift,

And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,

And said, she priz'd it once.

(*Gives Posthumus the bracelet.*)

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,

To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true.—Here, take this too;

(*Crosses to centre, and gives Iachimo the ring.*)

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on't:—let there be no honour,

Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,

Where there's another man: the vows of women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—

O, above measure false!

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phil. Have patience, sir, (*Crosses to Centre.*)

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable, she lost it; or,

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't: (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Back my ring;—

Render to me some corporal sign about her,

More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring;—'tis true: I am sure,

She could not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn, and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her;

The cognizance (1) of her incontinency

(1) The badge, the token, the visible proof.

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.— (*Gives Iachimo the bracelet.*)

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phil. Sir, be patient;

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek (*Crosses to Centre.*)
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life
I kissed it.

You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing:—
If thou wilt swear thou hast not done't, thou liest;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit, L.H.*]

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath (1)
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) Turn his wrath to another course.

SCENE II.—*Britain.—A Room of State.—*
(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

Six British Officers in the back ground, LOCRINE and MADAN in the front, R.H. CYMBELINE and the QUEEN in the centre, on the throne; six Roman Officers in the back ground, CLOTEN, VARUS, and LUCIUS, in the front, L.H.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar
 Was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
 Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.
 Tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can
 hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon
 in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else,
 sir, no more tribute.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free :
 Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 Thine enemy :

Receive it from me then :—war, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
 For fury not to be resisted :—thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

(*Cymbeline and Queen rise.*)

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us a day or two longer : if you seek us after-
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
 water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if
 you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the
 better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
 All the remain is, welcome.

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

[*Exeunt, Britons R.H. Romans L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Antichamber to Imogen's
 Apartment.*

Enter PISANIO, L.H. with Two Letters in his Hand.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser ?—Leonatus !
 O, master ! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thine ear ? What false Italian,
 As poisonous-tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
 She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. (1)—O, my master !
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her ?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command ?—I, her ?—her blood ?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

(1) To take in a town is to conquer it.

That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to ? (*Reading the Letter.*)
Do't : the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity :—O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee !—
 Lo, here she comes. — (*Puts up his letter.*)
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded. (1)

Enter IMOGEN, L.H.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pis. Madam, here's a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leonatus ?
 (*Takes the letter.*)

You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content !
 Good wax, thy leave :—bless'd be
 You, bees, that make these locks of counsel !
 Good news, gods !

(*Reading.*)—*Justice, and your father's wrath,*
should he tak' me in his dominions, could not be so
cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures,
would not even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven :
what your own love will, out of this, advise you,
follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
mains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
 He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
 How far is it
 To this same blessed Milford ?
 How may we steal from hence ?

(1) I am unpractised in the art of murder.

I pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'T'wixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, is enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow :—

But this is foolery :—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say,
She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's (1) housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider,—

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;

(Crosses to R.H.)

Do as I bid thee : there's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt* ; *Imo.* R.H. *Pis.* L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Wales.*—*A Cave, on the Sea-shore.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS,
from the Cave, L.H.S. &c.

Bel. (in Centre.) A goodly day not to keep house,
with such

Whose roof's as low as ours ! See, boys : this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens : and bows you
To morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet (2) through,
• And keep their inipious turbands on, (3) without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. (L.H.) & *Arv.* (R.H.) Hail, heaven !

(1) A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder* with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*.

(2) Strut, walk proudly.

(3) The idea of a *giant* was among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport : up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd : (1) to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see :
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle (2) in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor un-
 fledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
 not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiffe age : but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit. (3) *ρ*

* *Arv.* What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of the war,

(1) In war it is not sufficient to do duty well, the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act.

(2) The beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. The cases which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes,* which they dig out by their own industry.

(3) To overpass his bound.

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour, which dies i' the
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what 's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure :—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world :
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore end of my time.—But, up to the mountains :
This is not hunters' language :—he, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus, R.H.*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his 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. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving.—

(*A Horn sounds at a distance, R.H.*)

Hark! the game is rous'd!
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes:
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse: they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to thy grave:
 Myself, ~~Belarius~~, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father.

(*The Horn sounds again, R.H.*)

The game is up.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Britain.—An Antichamber to Imogen's
 Apartment.*

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

Enter MADAN, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
 LUCIUS, VARUS, and LOCRINE, L.H.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

I am right sorry, that I must report ye

My master's enemy.

I desire of you

A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.

Cym. My lord, you are appointed for that office ;
(*To Locrine.*)

The due of honour in no point omit :

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord. (*To Cloten.*)

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

[*Exeunt Locrine, Lucius, and Varus, L.H.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'T is all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business ;

But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? she hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd.

The duty of the day : she looks us like

A thing more made of malice, than of duty ;

We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for

We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit Madan, R.H.D.*]

Queen. Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her.

Enter MADAN, R.H.D.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Mad. Please you, sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Madan, R.H.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. (*Crosses to R.H.*) That man of hers, Pisanio,
her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*Wales.—A Wood.*

Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN, poorly dressed, R.H.S.E.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand.—

Pisanio! Man!—

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus?

What's the matter?— (*Pisanio offers her a letter.*)

Why tender'st thou that paper to me?

If it be summer news,

Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st

But keep that countenance still.

(*Imogen takes the letter.*)

My husband's hand!—

Speak, man; thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read

Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me,—wretched man !—a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. (*Reads.*)—*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal. (Imogen sinks overpowered to the earth.)*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.—(*Pisanio raises her.*)
What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What ! is it, to be false,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? If sleep change
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? That 's false to his bed,—
Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false !

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. Come, fellow, be thou honest ;
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience : look !—

(*Imogen draws his sword.*)

I draw the sword myself :—(*She gives him the sword.*)
Take it ; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :

Fear not ; 't is empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !

(He throws away his sword.)

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Come, here's my heart ;—

Something's afore 't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;—
(Taking letters from her bosom.)

What is here ?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus ?—

All turn'd to heresy :—Away, away.

(Throws away the letters, which Pisanio picks up.)

Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart :—

'Pr'ythee, despatch :—*(She kneels to him.)*

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,

It cannot be,

But that my master is abus'd :

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.— *(Takes up his sword.)*

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it ; for 't is commanded

I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.—Where then ?

Imo. Hath Britain all the sun that shines ?

Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador
, Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,
You should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !—
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure. (1)

Pis. Well, then here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience :—
Forethinking this, I have already fit
(T is in my cioakbag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them ; would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (2) (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich : (3) and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplantment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.—
This attempt

(1) I would risque every thing but real dishonour.

(2) Accomplished.

(3) As for your subsistence abroad you may rely on me.

I am soldier to, (1) and will abide it with
A prince's courage.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. (*Crosses to R.H.*) My
noble mistress,

Here is a phial ; I had it from the queen ;
What 's in 't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—A Gallery.*

Enter CLOTEN, L.H.

Clot. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and royal,
I love her ; but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her ; nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her.—

Enter PISANIO, R.H. and Crosses to L.H.

Who is here ?— (*Cloten draws his sword.*)—
Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

(1) I have enlisted and bound myself too.

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

Pis. Alas! my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?

Clot. Where is she, sir?
Satisfy me home,—
What is become of her?

Pis. O! my all-worthy lord:

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. *(Presents a letter.)*

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
(Crosses to L.H.)
Even to Augustus' throne. *(Reads the letter.)*

Pis. *(Aside.)* Or this, or perish.—
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true ser-
vice,—that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to
perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an
honest man: thou should'st neither want my means
for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord?

Clot. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Clot. (*Reads.*) *Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—* Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. —I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. With that suit upon my back, will I first kill him, and in her eyes: he on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my appetite hath dined, to the court I'll foot her home again.—My revenge is now at Milford:—'Would I had wings to follow it! [*Exit*, L.U.]

SCENE II.—*Wales.—A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes, R.H.S.E.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself: and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken;—two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them?—What is this? Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.— Ho!—who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak.— Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. Such a foe, good heavens!

(Imogen draws her sword and goes into the Cave.)

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, R.H.
(The two last carrying a Buck on their Spears,
which they lay down at the side of the Cave.)

Bel. (In the centre.) You, Polydore, have prov'd
 best woodman, (1) and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant;
 Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, sav'oury: weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive (2) sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

(Goes towards the Cave.)

Guid. (L.H.) I am throughly weary.

Arv. (R.H.) I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There's cold meat i' the cave; we'll browze
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

(They go towards the Cave.)

Bel. Stay; come not in:—

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN, from the Cave.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good
 troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
 found
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat;

(1) Hunter.

(2) Restive in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting
 its posture, like a restive horse.

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Arv. Money, youth?

Guid. All gold and silver father turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence. (1)

Bel. 'Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome. (Crosses to R.H.)

Arv. I'll love him as my brother —
(Crosses to Imogen.)

And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome! (Crosses to Imogen.)
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. (*Belarius,*
Guiderius, and Arviragus whisper together, R.H.!)

Imo. (*Aside.*) 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so, more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wringes at some distress. (2)

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

(1) *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used in
stead of *into*.

(2) Writhes with anguish

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger!

Bel. Hark, boys! (*They retire a little together.*)

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus, false—

Bel. It shall be so.—

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—

(*Belarius advances to Imogen.*)

Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. 'Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

(*Guid. and Arv. take up the Buck on their spears.*)

[*Exeunt into the Cave, L.H.S.E.*]

SCENE III.—*Wales.*—*A Forest near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN, dressed as Posthumus, L.H.

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly,—how fit his garments serve me!—Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:—and, all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my

hand! This is the very description of their meeting place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Wales.*—*A Cave on the Sea-shore.*

Enter from the Cave, BELARIUS, ARVIRAGUS, IMOGEN, and GUIDERIUS.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. (*To Imogen.*) Brother, stay here:— Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike.—I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well; 'Pray you, trust me here.

Guid. Brother, farewell. (*Crosses to Arviragus.*)

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir. (*Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus confer apart, R.H.*)

Imo. (*Aside.*) These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court.—

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. (*Drinks out of the phial.*)

Guid. I could not stir him:

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

(*Crosses to Imogen.*)

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. 'Pray, be not sick;

For you must be our house-wife.

(*Leads Imogen to the Cave.*)

Imo. Well, or ill,
am bound to you. [Exit into the Cave.

Bel. This youth, how'er distress'd, appears, he
hath had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he looks!
Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs (1) together.

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.

Clot. (*Without, R.H.*) What, shall I never find this
place?

Bel. Who's there?
(*Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus retire.*)

Enter CLOTEN, R.H.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. [Exit, L.H.

Bel. Those runagates!— (*They advance.*)
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.

Guid. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: 'pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.— (*Guiderius retires.*)
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus, R.H.*

Enter CLOTEN, L.H.

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.— (*Guiderius advances, R.H.*)
Thou art a robber,
A law breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

(1) ~~Spurs~~ are the longest and largest leading roots of trees.

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. (1) Say, what thou art ;
 Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
 Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
 I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder, spider,
 'T would move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
 I'm son to the queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for it : not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard ?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the
 wise :
 At fools I laugh, not fear them. ,

Clot. Die the death :
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting,* L.H.]

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS, R.H.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. No ; time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
 favour

Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,

(1) I fight not with my tongue.

And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.—
But see, my brother.

Enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Sword, L.H.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains; for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in, (1)
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,—
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,—
For we do fear the law?—What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants;
It is not probable he would come alone.—
I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth. (2)

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek,
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [Exit, L.H.]

(1) Conquer, subdue, us.

(2) Fidle: sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious.

Bel. I fear; 't will be reveng'd :
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though '
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't !

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—

We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit.—

You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour, (1)
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood, (2)
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit into the Cave.*]

Bel. O ! thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS, L.H.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,

(1) Restore him to the bloom of health, to recal the colour of it to his checks.

(2) I would let blood (or bleed,) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten.

In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return. (*Solemn Music in the Cave, L.H.*)

Bel. My ingenious instrument!—
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion?—

Guid. Since death of my dear'st mother,
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS from the Cave.

Bel. Look,—here he comes.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
Than have seen this.

Guid. O sweetest, fairest lily!
And art thou gone, my poor Fidele?—

Bel. What! is he dead? How found you him?

Arv. Stark: (1)—smiling, as some fly had tickled
slumber;
Not as death's dart, being laughed at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept.

(*The Boys weep.*)

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten
s quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that:
Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince. Go, bring your lily.—

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv. into the Cave.*
) , melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find

(1) Stiff.

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare (1)
 Might easiliest harbour in? (*Music again, L.H.*)
 Thou blessed thing!
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
 but,—ah!—
 Thou died'st, a most rare boy of melancholy.—

*Enter GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS from the Cave,
 bearing Imogen's body.*

Come, let us lay the bodies each by each,
 (*Crosses to L.H.*)

And strew them o'er with flowers; and on the morrow
 Shall the earth receive them.

Arv. Sweet Fidele!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's blast;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants, must
 Follow thee, and come to dust.

[*Exeunt Bel. and the Boys, L.H. bearing the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Britain.—A Gallery.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, and PISANIO, in the
 custody of Officers, R.H.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how the queen
 does.— [*Exit an officer, R.H.*]

A fever with the absence of her son!
 A madness, of which her life's in danger!—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me!—Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 (*To Pisanio, L.H.*)

Who needs must know of her departure, and

(1) *A crare* is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the
 middle ages *craycia*.

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will.

Mad. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound, he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him ;
He will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :—
We'll slip you for a season ! but our jealousy
Does yet depend. (1) (*Pisanio retires a little.*)

Enter LOCRINUS, L.H.

Loc. So please your majesty,
The Romans legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !
Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.—

[*Exeunt Cym. Mad. Loc. and Officers, L.H.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : (2) 'tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : neither know I
What is betid to Cloten : but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work ;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest ; not true, to be true. (3)
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, (4) or I'll fall in them.

(1) My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is depending.

(2) This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time.—We yet say—I have not heard a syllable from him.

(3) *To be*, are an interpolation, which to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure.

(4) I'll distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.

All other doubts, by time, let them be clear'd :
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
 [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE VI.—*Wales.—A Forest near the Cave.*

IMOGEN and CLOTEN discovered, laying on a Bank
 strewed with Flowers.

Imo. (Awakes.) Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven : which
 is the way ?

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—'Pray, how far thither ?
 'Ods pittikins ! (1)—can it be six miles yet ?—

I have gone all night :—'faith, I'll lie down and
 sleep.— (*Seeing the body.*)

But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !
 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures.

Good faith,

I tremble still with fear : but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !

The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt —

A headless man !—The garments of Posthumus !—

O, he is murder'd !—

Pisanio,—

'Tis thou, conspiring with that devil, Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.—'Tis he ;—

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it

Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

(1) ~~pitikins~~ *pittikins* — This phrase is derived from God's my pitikins.

And mine to boot, be darted on them!—

! my lord! my lord!—(*Sinks on the body.*)

(*A March.*)

Enter LUCIUS, VARUS, *Six Roman Officers, Standard,*
and Twelve Soldiers, R.H.

Var. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Var. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair.—
Soft, ho! what trunk is here

(*Varus crosses behind to L.H.*)

Without his top?—The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—

(*Varus takes Imogen's hand.*)

Let's see the boy's face.

Var. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—

(*Varus raises Imogen.*)

Young one, (*Lucius leads her forward.*)

Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow?

What's thy interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?

What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or, if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mount *Pincers* lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. say,—thy name, good boy

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith:—
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd.—
Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, 'an't please the
 gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes (1) can dig: and, when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
 grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. (*She hangs over the body.*)

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave.—Come, arm him.—(2)
 (*Soldiers go to the body.*)

Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us: and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can.—Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

 (*A March in the Orchestra:*)

*Lucius and Varus lead off Imogen, L.H. Officers
following—Standard in front of the body—
the other Soldiers surround it, and the front
drop closes them in.*

END OF ACT IV.

(1) Meaning her hands.

(2) Take him in your arms.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Wales.—A Forest near the Cave.**(Drums and Trumpets heard, at a distance.)**Enter GUIDERIUS, BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, L.H.**Guid.* The noise is round about us.*Bel.* Let us from it :

We'll higher to the mountains : there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going ; newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
 Among the bands,) may drive us to a render (1)
 Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us
 That which we have done, whose answer (2) would be
 death,

Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That, when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd fires, (3) have both their eyes
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
 Of many in the army :
 And, besides, the king
 Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves.

Guid. 'Pray, sir, to the army :
 I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
 Cannot be question'd.

(1) An account of our place of abode.

(2) The retaliation of the death of Cloten, would be death.

(3) Fires regularly disposed.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I ; amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Wales.*—*A Plain between the British
and Roman Camps.*

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

Enter POSTHUMUS, L.H. *disguised as a Peasant, having
in his hand a handkerchief stained with blood.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, (1) I'll keep thee ; for I
wish'd
Thou should'st be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little !—O, Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never

(1) The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determined to send.

Had liv'd to put on (1) this ; so had you sav'd
 The noble Imogen to repent : and struck
 Me, wretch !—more worth your vengeance.
 But Imogen is your own ; do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey !—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom ; 'tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose ; I have conceal'd
 My Italian weeds, under this semblance of
 A Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen ; even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate.—

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

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !—
 Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.

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

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*The field of Battle.*

(*Alarums*, R.H. and L.H.—*An Engagement between the Britons and the Romans.—The Britons are repulsed.*)

Enter IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS fighting.—*Iachimo is disarmed.*—A.H.U.E.

Post. Or yield thee, Roman, or thou diest.

Iach. Peasant, behold my breast.

Post. No : take thy life, and mend it.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,

(1) To incite, to instigate.

The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl, (1)
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 With heaven against me, what is sword or shield?
 My guilt, my guilt o'erpowers me, and I yield.
 [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Forest.*

Enter PISANIO, and MADAN, L.H.

Mad. This is a day turn'd strangely.
 Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Pis. I did:
 Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Mad. I did.

Pis. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: the king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a straight lane; the enemy full hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely thro' fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Mad. Where was this lane?

Pis. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
 turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier;—
 (An honest one, I warrant;)—athwart the lane,
 He with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
 The country base (2), than to commit such slaughter,
 Made good the passage; cry'd to the fliers, "Stand;
 " Or we are Romans, and will give you that

(1) Clown, or husbandman.

(2) A rustic game, called *prison-bars*, vulgarly ~~prison-house~~.

"*Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown; stand, stand.*"—These
three—

Mad. Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic
habit,
That stood the front with them. The matchless four,
Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks:
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example, 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick; and the event
A victory for us.

Mad. This was strange chance.—
An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic!

Pis. Nay, do not wonder:—go with me, and see
These wonders, sir, and join the general joy.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *disguised as a Roman*, L.H.

Post. To-day, how many would have given their
honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too?—I, in my own woe charm'd, (1)
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan:
Nor feel him, where he struck.—
Well, I will find him:
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

(1) Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful
enough to keep men unhurt in battle.

On either side. For me, my ransom's death:
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter MADAN, LOCRINE, and two British Soldiers, L.H.

Loc. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

Mad. There was a fourth man, in a peasant's habit,
 That gave the affront with them. (1)

Loc. Stand! Who is there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

Mad. Lay hands on him; a dog!—
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: he brags his
 service, (Crosses to R.H.)
 As if he were of note;—bring him to the king.
 (*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*)
 [*Exeunt leading away Posthumus, R.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*Cymbeline's Tent.*

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

CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
 PISANIO, *British Officers, and Soldiers, discovered.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have
 made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
 That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
 Whose rags shan'd gild his arms, whose naked breast
 Stepp'd before target of proof, cannot be found.
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our grace can make him so

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble fury in so poor a thing.]

(1) Came face to face

Cym. (To *Pisanio*.) No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain: "

(To *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus*.)

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'tis now the time
To ask of whence you are —report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest;
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: (They kneel.)

Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
(Touches their shoulders with his Sword)

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

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

Enter MADAN, LOCRINE—then in chains, IACHIMO,
LUCIUS, IMOGEN, VARUS, Roman Officers, and
POSTHUMUS behind, guarded by British Sol-
diers, R.H.U.E.—The Prisoners advance, R.H.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But, since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar care, This one thing only
 I will entreat; my boy, (*Pointing to Imogen*) a Briton
 born,

Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent:
 He hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
 His favour (1) is familiar to me.—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy:—ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.— (*Imogen looks at Iachimo.*)
 Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
 Wilt have him live; is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart:
 Walk with me; speak freely.

(*Cymbeline and Imogen retire a little.*)

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another
 Not more resembles:—that sweet rosy lad,
 Who died, and was Fiddle:—what think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further.

Pis. (*Aside.*) It is my mistress:
 Since she is living, let the time run on,
 To good, or bad.

(*Retires a little; Cymbeline and Imogen advance.*)

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
(*To Iachimo.*)

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or by our greatness, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
(*To Imogen.*)

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
(*Pointing to a ring on Iachimo's finger.*)

Post. (*Aside.*) What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail (1) to remember,—give me leave; I faint.

(*Madan and Locrine support him.*)

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus—

Cym. Come to the matter.

(1) Sink into dejection.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold: whereat, I,—wretch I E—
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery.

Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous:—

To be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus;
 That he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now.—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, *(Rushing forward.)*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! (1) Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself, (2)
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain

(1). The most ancient law books have justicers of the peace, as frequently as *justices of the peace*.

(2) She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but virtue herself.

Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Thou scornful page, there is no peace for me.
(*Striking her; she falls into Pisanio's arms.*)

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help

Mine, and your mistress:—O, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now;—help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Post. How come these staggers (1), on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now

Throw me again. (*Runs into his arms.*)

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. My child, my child! my dearest Imogen!

Imo. Your blessing, sir. (*Kneeling.*)

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
not;

You had a motive for't.

(*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*)

Cym. Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where. (*Pisanio and
Imogen retire with Posthumus:—an Officer
takes off his chains.*)

Guid. Let me end his story:
'Twas I that slew him.

(1) This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horses' apoplexy.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend,
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : or v' thee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one ; the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law.—Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

(Officers advance, L.H.)

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone ;
(To the Officers, who are seizing him.)

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's my knee :
Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting. *(Posthumus, Imogen,
and Pisanio advance.—The Officers retire.)*

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's.—*(Rises.)*—I, old
Morgan,
That Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
For pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them.—But, gracious sir, (*Goes be-
 tween the Princes, and takes one in each hand.*)

Here are your sons again:—

(*He presents them to the King—they kneel.*)

And I must lose

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.—(1)

I lost my children;

If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.—*Guiderius* had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
 It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. Bless'd may you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now!—(*The Boys rise.*)—O,
 Imogen,

Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord; (*Crosses between them.*)
 I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
 But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
 When you were so indeed. (*Crosses back to Post.*)

Cym. Did you e'er meet?—

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

• (1) Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through?—(*To Guid. and Arv.*)
How liv'd you? where?—

And—(*To Imogen.*) when came you to serve our
Roman captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?—

But nor the time, nor place,

Will serve our long intergatories.—See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

On him.—All o'erjoy'd,

Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,

For they shall taste our comfort.—

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

Enter Roman Standard and twelve Soldiers R.H.U.E.

Twelve Roman Soldiers. Twelve British Soldiers.

Roman Standard. British Standard.

Roman Officers.

British Officers.

Varus, Lucius.

Lochrine, Madan.

IACHIMO, POST. IMOGEN, CYM. GUID. ARV. BEL.

R.H.

L.H.

(*British Officers take off the chains of the Romans.*)

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,

He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three

In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for

The purpose I then follow'd:—that I was he,

Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might

Have made you finish.

Iach. (*Kneels.*) I am down again:

But now my heavy conscience smacks my knee,

As then your force did.—

But, your ring first;

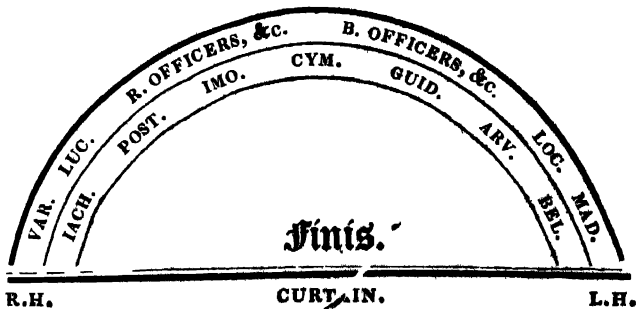
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,

That ever swore her faith :—
 Now take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe. (Giving them.)

Post. Kneel not to me :
 The' power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
 The malice towards you, to forgive you :—live,
 And deal with others better. (Iachimo rises.)

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ; ,
 Pardon's the word to all.—Laud we the gods ;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our bless'd altars !—Set we forward : let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
 Set on there :—never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



From the Press of Oxberry and Co
8, White-Hart Yard.



Engraved by J. Wright from an original drawing by Thayer

Oxberry's Edition.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL

A COMEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PRELATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THIS delightful Comedy, is to the readers of the present age, as much a fairy tale, as *The Midsummer's Night's Dream*, or *The Tempest*; it is true, indeed, that natural fatuity, as shown in *Sir Andrew Ague-check*, or conceit, as displayed in *Malvolio*, is common to all times, but there is so much of poetry blended with their truth, that they seem the creatures of another world, who yet astonish us by their similarity to those around us. *Viola*, more particularly, is a being of the fancy, as bright and impalpable as the colours of the rainbow, her words are the echos of all that is most sweet and harmonious in the imagination; to hazard a bold phrase, she is the music of life, and her existence has nothing to do with substance or reality.

It cannot, indeed, be said that the characters of this piece are not drawn from nature,—for when was *Shakspeare* unnatural? but it may be affirmed that it is nature as exhibited in vision. The love, the folly, the passion, the humour, all are fancy, all are the results of the highest poetical imagination. Nothing is shown as it really is, but as a youthful mind would picture it to be in the days of inexperience.

The plot has the same ideal character that distinguishes the individuals of the drama. The likeness of the brother to his sister, the love of *Viola* for the Duke, and of *Olivia* again for the disguised page, not to speak of the Duke's sudden resolution of matrimony, and the facility with which *Malvolio* is deceived, are all in the highest degree romantic; without offending, as improbable, they yet appear to be the portraits of the dead, as the immense armour and gigantic swords which now find neither body to fill, nor hand to wield them, recall to us the huge-limbed warriors of antiquity.

* But while the play loses something of reality by the characters being thus removed from the sphere of our thoughts and habits, it

gains effect in a ten-fold proportion. Every-day truth is for the most part painful, and the weary mind turns away from it with pleasure, to the contemplation of an ideal world, which yet bears sufficient resemblance to our own, to let us feel interested in it as human beings. To the common mind, because it is common, this piece must be infinitely inferior to the caricatures of real life, as shewn to us by Moliere, and by the same rule, the comic sketches of Hogarth would be far beyond to the sublimer conceptions of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo. It is precisely for this reason that Moliere is a favourite with the French, and Congreve, though much admired, is not a favourite with ourselves; the French never travelled beyond the thinking of Moliere, and the mind of Congreve never kept pace with the feelings of his countrymen. The English are essentially a poetical people, and mere wit, unassisted by the dreams of imagination, will never succeed with them long together. We have a striking instance of this in the Old Batchelor, who, with all his wit, seldom, if ever, appears upon our stage, while Falstaff, as rich in fancy as in humour, is the darling of the nation.

It is not a little singular, that this play should be one of the last of Shakspeare's productions, a play that has all the joyousness and revelry of youth about it, and soars in the loftiest flights of imagination. There is none of the sadness that generally creeps upon the mind with age, none of its weight, and, indeed, nothing that belongs to time but judgement, a faculty which our immortal bard possessed beyond any human being, from the very outset of his career; but the extremes of life seemed to have met in this extraordinary being, who was old in youth, and young to the last hour of his existence.

Costume.

ORSINO.—Fawn-coloured vest, breeches, and robe, trimmed with silver and lined with white, black velvet hat, russet boots.

SIBASTIAN.—Dark coloured tunic; white pantaloons, embroidered, velvet hat, russet boots.

ANTONIO.—Grey tunic, flesh coloured pantaloons, and russet boots.

VALENTINE.—Grey tunic; embroidered white pantaloons, and russet boots.

CURIO.—Buff tunic; embroidered white pantaloons, and russet boots.

SIR TOBY BELCH.—Grey, and black vest, trunks and cloak, russet boots.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.—Drab coloured silk coat; blue satin waistcoat; and breeches embroidered.

ROBERTO.—Blue doublet and trunks, trimmed with gold lace.

FABIAN.—Grey and black vest; trunks and doublet.

MALVOLIO.—Black vest; trunks; and cloak.

CLOWN.—Yellow and scarlet vest; breeches; and cloak.

PRIEST.—Black gown.

VIOLA.—White satin dress trimmed with silver. Second dress—Claret coloured cloth tunic; and black pantaloons.

OLIVIA.—White dress trimmed with black.

MARIA.—White dress trimmed with black points.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Duke Orsino</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Valentine</i>	Mr. Crook.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Curio</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Sir Toby Belch</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</i>	Mr. Lovegrove.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Sebastian</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Roberto</i>		Mr. Jefferies
<i>Friar</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Atkins
<i>Malvolio</i>	Mr. Downton.	Mr. Liston
<i>Clown</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. J. Russell
<i>Fabian</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Comer
<i>First Officer</i>	Mr. J. West.	
<i>Second Officer</i>	Mr. Evans.	
<i>Olivia</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Faucit
<i>Viola</i>	Mrs. Davison.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Maria</i>	Miss Mellon.	Mrs. Gibbs.

Gentlemen—Musicians—Sailors—Servants.

SCENE—*A City in Illyria, and the Sea-coast near it.*

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours. The half-price commences at nine a'clock.

Stage Directions.

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

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-Coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, ROBERTO, and two Sailors, L.H.U.E.
carrying a Trunk.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Rob. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd :—what think you,
sailors ?

Rob. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may
he be.

Rob. True, madam . and, to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Rob. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Rob. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Rob. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino !—I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Rob. And so is now,
Or was so very late : for but a month
Ago I went from hence ; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of, that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What is she ?

Rob. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. Oh, that I serv'd that lady !
And might not be deliver'd to the world, (1)
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is !

Rob. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain !
And, I believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become

(1) I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
 Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
 Of gentle breeding, and my name Cesario:—
 That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drown'd brother,
 Will furnish man's apparel to my need:—
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow (1) me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Rob. Be you his page, and I your mute will be;
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee:—Lead me on. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace.*

*The DUKE, seated, attended by CURIO and Gentlemen,
 discovered.—(Music.)*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.— (*Music.*)
 That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odours.— (*Music.*)
 Enough; no more;
 (*Rises.*)
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart; (2)
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.

(1) Approve.

(2) Alluding to the story of Diana and Acteon.

Enter VALENTINE, L.H.

How now ? what news from my Olivia ?—speak.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;
But from her handmaid do return this answer ;
The element itself, till seven years heat, (1)
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her !

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA, and SIR TOBY BELCH, R.H.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus ? I am sure, care's an
enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights ; your niece, my lady, takes great ex-
ceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted. (2)

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the
modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine ? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in, and

(1) *Heat for heated.* The air till it shall have been warmed by
seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, &c.

(2) A ludicrous use of the formal *law phrase*.

can be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you have brought in here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall (1) a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, (2) and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all, most natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: he's a coward, and a coystril, (3) that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish top. (4).—See, here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face. (Crosses to Centre.)

(1) Stout, courageous.

(2) A fashionable instrument in our author's time.

(3) A paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them.

(4) A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.—To sleep like a *town top* is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep* when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise.

Sir And. (*Without, L.H.*) Sir Toby Belch ! how now, Sir Toby Belch ?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew !

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.H.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that ?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. (*Crosses to Centre.*) Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight ; accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost ?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand ?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

Mar. (*Takes his hand.*) Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart ? what's your metaphor ?

Mar. It's dry, sir. (1)

Sir And. Why, I think so ; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest ?

(1) *A dry hand* probably means, a hand with no money in it ; or she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution.

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my finger's ends; marry, (*Lets go his hand.*) now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the duke himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters; and yet I'll not compare with an old man. (1)

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in?—I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What should we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. (2) Let me see thee caper.—Ha! higher:—ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA, in Man's attire, L.H.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, That you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

(1) This is intended as a satire (which ill accords with the character of the foolish knight) on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present.

(2) Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations.

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you.—Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Gentlemen, R.H.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho ?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord ; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord ; what
then ?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. 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
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound :
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair :—go ;—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

• *[Exeunt Duke, Curio, Val, and Gentlemen, R.H.]*

Vio. I'll do my best,

To woo his lady : yet,—a barful strife !—(1)
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter CLOWN, and MARIA, R.H.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten (2) answer : yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent : or, to be turned away ; is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, (3) let summer bear it out.

Mar. Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : for what says Quinapalus ? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, and two Servants, R.H.

Bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the fool away.

(1) A contest full of impediments.

(2) A short and spare one, like the commons in lent.

(3) This seems to be a pun, from the nearness in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*. Mr. Stevens asserts, " It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer ; and the sense of the passage is.—*If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support, all the inconveniences of dismissal ; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.*"

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, (1) that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be

(1) Mistress, dame. Ital.

sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone.—Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh, and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.—I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. (1)

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools !

Enter MARIA, L.H.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Duke Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fye on him !

[*Exit Maria, L.H.*
Go you, Malvolio:—if it be a suit from the duke, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

[*Excunt Malvolio and two Servants, L.H.*
Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

(1) Fools' baubles, which had upon the top of them the head of a fool.

Sir To. (*Without, L.H.*) Where is she? where is she?

Clo. Whose skull Jove cram with brains!—for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*. (1)

Enter SIR TOBY, L.H.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery.—There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!— [*Exit, R.H.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; (2) the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter MALVOLIO, L.H.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes

(1) The membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain

(2) Above the state of being warm in a proper degree.

on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and, he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, (1) and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling (2) when 'tis almost an apple: it is, with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter MARIA, L.H.

Oli. Give me my veil. [*Exit Maria, R.H.*]

What means his message to me?
I have denied his access o'er and o'er:
Then what means this?

(1) It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office: the original of which was, that the King's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication.

(2) A *codling*, anciently meant an *immature* apple.—The fruit at present styled a *codling*, was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakspeare.

Enter MARIA, with a Veil, R.H.

Come, throw it o'er my face ;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, L.H.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her:—your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

Oli. Whence came you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part.—Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Oli. I heard, you were saucy at my gates ; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping (1) a dialogue.—What are you ? what would you ?

Vio. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria, L.H.*] Now, sir, what is your text ?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

(1) Wild, frolic, mad.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I, does this present.

(*Unweiling.*)

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, (1) whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.

Vio. My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpariel of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, (2)
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him:

He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;

(1) Blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*.

(2) With the copious tears that unbounded and adoring love pours forth.

Write loyal cantons (1) of contemned love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
 Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air (2)
 Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much :—what is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
 I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
 I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well ;
 I thank you for your pains :—spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, (3) lady ; keep your purse ;
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
 Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
 And let your fervour, like my masters, be
 Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Oli. What is your parentage ?

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
 I am a gentleman.*—I'll be sworn thou art ;
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
 Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast ;—soft !
 soft !

Unless the master were the man. (4)—How now ?
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
 Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
 With an invisible and subtle stealth,
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
 What ho, Malvolio !—

(1) *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time.

(2) A most beautiful expression for an *echo*.

(3) *Post*, in Shakspeare's time, signified a messenger.

(4) This is unbecoming forwardness, unless *I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man*.

Enter MALVOLIO, L.H.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
Orsino's man: he left this ring behind him:
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye (1) too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; (2)
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter VIOLA, and MALVOLIO following, L.H.U.E.

Mal. Sir, sir,—young gentleman:—were not you
even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your-
self. She adds, moreover, that you should put your
lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him:
and one thing more; that you never be so hardy to
come again in affairs, unless it be to report your lord's
taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and
her will is, it should be so returned.—(*Throws the
ring on the ground.*) If it be worth stooping for there
it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit, L.H.S.E.*]

(1) I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding. That I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve.

(2) We are not our own masters. We cannot govern ourselves.

Vio. (*Takes up the ring.*) I left no ring with her :
 what means this lady ?
 Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her !
 She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
 That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, (1)
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring !—why, he sent her none.
 I am the man ;—if it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady ! she were better love a dream.
 What will become of this ? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman,—now alas the day !—
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit*, R.H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO, L.H.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not,
 that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly
 over me ; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
 distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your
 leave, that I may bear my evils alone : it were a bad
 recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, pardon me your trouble.

(1) The very fixed and eager view she took of Viola, prevented the use of her tongue and made her talk distractedly.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.—But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. (1)—You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, (2) was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. *(He weeps.)*

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the duke Orsino's court: farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

Seb. Fare ye well. [*Exeunt, Ant. L.H. Seb. R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Dining Room in Olivia's House.*

SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW, discovered drinking and smoking.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after

(1) Reveal myself.

(2) Breaking of the sea.

midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking. (1)

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say!—a stoop (2) of wine!

(*The Clown sings without, L.H.—Sir Andrew and Sir Toby rise.*)

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN, L.H.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three? (3)

Sir To. Welcome, ass.

Sir And. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg and so sweet a voice to sing, as the fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: (4) hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; (5) for Malvolio's

(1) A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame.

(2) A stoop is something more than half a gallon.

(3) Shakspeare, no doubt had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it; "*We three! loggerheads be.*" The spectator, or reader is supposed to make a third. The Clown means to insinuate that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himself.

(4) *Leman*—mistress.

(5) I gave it to my petticoat companion.

nose is no whipstock : (1) my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses. (2)

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on : shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver ? (3) shall we do that ?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't : I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Begin, fool : it begins,—(*Sings.*) *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. Hold my peace !—I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith !—Come, begin :—that, or something else,—or what you will.—

(*They all three sing.*)

*Christmas comes but once a year,
And therefore we'll be merry.*

Enter MARIA, L.H.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian ; (4) we are politicians. Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay ; (5)—(*Sings.*)—*And three merry men be we.*

Sir And. (*Sings.*) *And three merry men be we.*

(1) The handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes used for the whip itself.

(2) My mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by the officers of Justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at.

(3) Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time ; and here only means to describe Sir Toby's catch as harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over* ; or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man.

(4) Liar. See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Scene 1.

(5) In Durfey's Pills for Melancholy, is a very obscene song, entitled Peg-a-Ramsay.

Sir To. Am I not consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! (1)—(*Sings.*)—*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Sir And. (*Sings.*) *Lady,*—

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. (*Sings.*) *Lady,*—

Sir To. Let us have another. (*They all three sing and dance.*)

Which is the properest day to drink?

Saturday,—Sunday,—Monday,—

Mar. For the love of heaven, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO, I.H. in a Gown and Cap with a Light.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Sir And. (*Sings.*) *Monday,*—

Mal. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?

Sir To. (*Sings.*) *Saturday,*—

Mal. Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up! (2)

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house? if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

(1) A hunting phrase borrowed from the French,—“Ty a hillaut vallecyy.”

(2) Go hang yourself.—

Sir To. (*Sings.*) Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. (*Sings.*) His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. (*Sings.*) But I will never die.

(*Falls on the floor.*)

Clo. (*Sings.*) Sir Toby,—O, Sir Toby,—there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

(*Clown raises Sir Toby.*)

Sir To. (*Sings.*) You lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? (1)

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne! and ginger shall be hot, i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs: (2)—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: (3) she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit Mal.* L.H. followed by the Clown, mocking him.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient to-night; since the youth of the duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me

(1) It was the custom on holidays, and saint's days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition, and Maria accuses Malvolio, of being a Puritan.

(2) Stewards anciently wore a chain, as a mark of superiority over other servants.—The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crumbs.

(3) Uncivil behaviour.

alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nayword,(1) and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, (2) possess us ; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser ; an affectioned (3) ass ; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, he shall find himself most feelingly personated : I can write very like my lady, your niece ? on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him ?

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter ; observe his construction of it. For this

(1) Byeword, See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Scene 1.

(2) Inform us.

(3) Affected.

night to bed, and dream on the event.—Farewell.

[Exit, L.H.]

Sir To. Good night, Pentheseilea. (1)

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a for'ward way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut. (2)

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut.

Sir To. Come, knight;—come knight.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut. [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE III.—A Hall in Duke Orsino's Palace.

Enter DUKE and VIOLA, R.H.

Duke. Come hither, boy :—if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :

For, such as I am, all true lovers are.—

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour (3) that it loves ;

Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith ?

(1) Amazon.

(2) Call me horse.—*Curtail*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (a horse whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous.

(3) Countenance.

Vio. About your years, my lord,

Duke. Too old, by heaven.—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks (1) her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia ; you cannot love her ;
You tell her so : must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart :—make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will : for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

(1) Decks out, adorns.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.—(1)
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. (2)
[*Exeunt; Duke* R.H. *Vio.* L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN, L.H.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

(1) This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, that the sister died of her love; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house.

(2) *Denial.* To deny is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed.

Enter MARIA, with a Letter, L.H.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—how now, my nettle of India? (1)

Mar. Get ye all three behind yon clump: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.—Close in the name of jesting! (*The Men hide themselves, R.H.*)—Lie thou there; (*Throws down a letter.*) for here comes the trout that must be-caught with tickling. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter MALVOLIO, L.H.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, (2) it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets (3) under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy (4) married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

(1) The nettle of India, is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting, by it's itching quality.

(2) Love.

(3) Struts.

(4) Straccio, signifies clouts and tatters; and Torriano, in his Grammar, at the end of his Dictionary, says that Straccio was pronounced stratchi. So that the meaning probably is this, that the lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's who was vastly inferior to her.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel !

Fab. Now he's deeply in ; look, how imagination blows him. (1)

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state.—(2)

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, (3) to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ;—having come from a day-bed, (4) where I left Olivia sleeping ;—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby :—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him ; I frown the while ; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel Toby approaches ; court'sies there to me :—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, (5) yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then ?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech :*

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab !

(1) Puff, him up

(2) *A state*, in ancient language means a chair, with a canopy over it

(3) A cross-bow that shoots stones.

(4) Carts

(5) A couch

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ;—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew ;—

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here ? (1)

(Taking up the Letter.)

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace ! an the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him,—

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's : why that ?

Mal. (Reads.) *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes :* her very phrases !—By your leave, wax.—Soft !—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady : to whom should this be ? (Opens the Letter.)

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. (Reads.) *Jove knows, I love :*

But who ?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—If this should be thee, Malvolio ?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock ! (2)

Mal. (Reads.) *I may command where I adore :*

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth
gore ;*

M, O, A. I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

* (1) What's to do here ?

(2) *Badger.* The word is used as a term of contempt,

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl (1) checks (2) at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. (3) There is no obstruction in this:—and the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. I thought he would work it out: the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope. (4)

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows piece.—(Reads) *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. To inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, (5) and appear*

(1) The common stone-hawk.

(2) Flies at it.

(3) Any one whose capacity is not disarranged, or out of form.

(4) It shall end in *sighing*, in disappointment.

(5) As a snake does its skin.

fresh. Be opposite (1) with a kinsman, surly with servants. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion (2) discovers not more; this is open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, (3) the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered:—I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. (*Reads.*) *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit, L.H.*]

(*They advance from behind the trees.*)

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Fab. I will give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

- (1) Adverse, hostile.
 (2) Open country.
 (3) Utmost exactness.

Enter MARIA, R.H.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. Or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, (1) thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

Fab. And I.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*A Public Square.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.—R.H.S.E.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; I fear'd besides, what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

(1) Tartarus.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.—What is to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst Orsino's gallies,
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me.—Hold, sir, here's my
purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt, Seb. I.H. Ant. R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter CLOW & *playing on a Tabor, and VIOLA, I.H.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music; dost thou
live by the tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church;
for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by
the church.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir: the lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee

(*Gives him money.*)

Clo. Now, Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a heard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one.—Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: (*Gives him more money.*) 'tis well begged.

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time: And, like the haggard, (1) check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise man's art.

Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW, R.H

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

(1) The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is the list (1) of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean, by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean,—to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : but we are prevented (2)

Enter OLIVIA, L.H.

Most excellent, accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier!—*Ruin odours!*—well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant (3) and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed!*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Leave me to my hearing.

Sir And. *Odours—pregnant—vouchsafed.*

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew, R.H.*]

Oli. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment : You are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours ; Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts, 'Wor'd they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

- (1) Bound, limit, farthest point.
- (2) Anticipated : the original meaning of the word.
- (3) Ready. /

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts.
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving (1)

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; (2) for 'tis a vulgar proof, (3)
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

(*Clock strikes.*)

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe!

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

(1) Ready apprehension.

(2) A grise is a *step*, sometimes written *greese*, from *degré*,
French.

(3) Common proof.

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might : for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre (1) all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Vio. By innocence, I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has ; (2) nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt, Oli. R.H. Vio. L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir ANDREW, FABIAN, and Sir TOBY, L.H.

Sir And. No, faith ! I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venon, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
to the duke's serving man, than ever she bestowed
upon me ; I saw't this moment in the garden.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell
me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

(1) In spite of.

(2) And that heart and bosom I have never yielded to any woman.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked; the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir To. An it be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial and: be curst (1) and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many *lies* as will lie in thy sheet of paper; although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, (2) set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter—about it.

(1) Sour, crabbed.

(2) Ware, in Hertfordshire, which is said to have held forty persons.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: (1)—Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew, R.H.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, (2) the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes. (3)

Enter MARIA, L.H.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in a map: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

(1) Chamber.

(2) *Opposite*, in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*.

(3) The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA, R.H.

Oli. I have sent after him :—he says, he'll come.—
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—He is sad, and civil, (1)
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come ;
For, sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither. [*Exit Maria, R.H.*]
I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, and MARIA, R.H.

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. (*Smiles fantastically.*)

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ? I' could be sad : this does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering :
but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is
with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and
please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter
with thee ?

(1) *Civil*, in this instance, and some others, means only, *grave,*
decent, or solemn.

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.—It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed!—Ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer laws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness*:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great*,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness*,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them*.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings*;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd*.

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so*;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still*.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness. (1)

Enter FABIAN, L.H.

Fab. Madam, the young gentleman of the duke Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

• (1) Hot weather often hurts the brain, which is, no doubt, alluded to here.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.—Call my uncle Toby.—

[*Exit Fabian, R.H.*]

Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia, R.H. and Maria, L.H.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.—I have limed (1) her.—And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to*:—Fellow! (2) not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together.—Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Sir To. (Without, L.H.) Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Enter FABIAN, Sir TOBY, and MARIA, L.H.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—how is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; we must deal gently with him. Ho do you, Malvolio! how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray heaven, he be not bewitched.

(1) As a bird with bird-lime.

(2) *Fellow*, originally signified *companion*. Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? (1) how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Bidy, come with me.—What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit (2) with Satan: hang him, foul collier! (3)

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he'll not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. Begone. [Exit, L.H.]

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound.—Follow him, and let him not from thy sight. [Exit Maria, R.H.] But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning. (4)

Enter, Sir ANDREW, with a Letter, R.H.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

(1) Jolly cock, from the French *beau* and *coq*.

(2) *Cherry-pit*, is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.

(3) So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, in our author's time, that *collier* was a term of the highest reproach.

(4) It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me.—(*Reads.*) *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; and heaven have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.*

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Fab. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the garden, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver this letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to

be of good capacity and breeding; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Enter VIOLA, and OLIVIA, R.H.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly (1) out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears,
Go on my master's griefs:

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter Sir TOBY, and FABIAN, R.H.

Sir To. Gentleman, heaven save thee.

(1) Unwarily, uncautiously.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee: dismount thy tuck, (1) be yare (2) in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; (3) but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre; hob, nob, is his word: give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Back you shall not, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on; or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is, something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

(1) A small sword, or rapier.

(2) Ready.

(3) He is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret dubbed in the field of battle, but, on *carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn.

Sir To. I will do so, Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit, L.H.]

Vio. 'Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vir. I shall be much bound to you for't; I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW, in a great fright.

L.H.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil;—

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him,—rapier, scabbard, and all,—and he gives me the stuck in,(1)—

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. With such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on't; I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I had challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

(1) The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stuccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't.—(*Aside.*) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN, and VIOLA, R.H.

I have his horse (*To Fabian.*) to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. (*To Sir Toby.*) He is as horribly conceited of him(1); and pants as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. (*To Viola.*) There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. (*Draws her Sword.*) Pray heaven defend me! —(*Aside.*) A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. (*To Viola.*) Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello (2) avoid it: but he has promised me, as a gentleman and a soldier he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. (*Draws.*) Pray heaven, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

(*They fight.—Sir To. and Fab. urge on Sir And. and Viola.*)

Enter ANTONIO, who runs between Sir Andrew and Viola, R.H.S.E.

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

(1) He has as horrid an idea or conception of him.

(2) By the laws of the duello, which in our author's time, were regulated with the utmost nicety.

If you offend him, I for him defy you ?

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. (*Draws.*) One, sir, that for his love dares yet
do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. (*Draws.*) Nay, if you be an undertaker,⁽¹⁾
I am for you. (*Sir Toby and Antonio fight.*)

(*Sir Andrew hides himself behind the Trees.—
Viola retires a little.*)

Fab. (*Parts them.*) O good sir Toby, hold ; here
come the officers.

Sir To. (*To Antonio.*) I'll be with you anon.—
(*Antonio shows great alarm.—Sir Toby sheathes his
sword.*) Sir knight, Sir Andrew,—

Sir And. Here I am.

Sir To. What, man !—Come on.—(*Brings Sir An-
drew forward.*)

Vio. (*Advances.*) 'Pray, sir, (*To Sir Andrew.*) put
up your sword, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ;—and, for that I pro-
mised you, I'll be as good as my word : he will bear
you easily, and reins well.

Enter Two OFFICERS of Justice, L.H.

1 *Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well.—
Take him away ; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you ;
But there's no remedy.

Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse : it grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd ;
But be of comfort.

(1) One who takes up the quarrel or business of another.

I Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery ;
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

I Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
And to his image, which, I methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ?
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ? but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.(1)

(*Exeunt Antonio and Officers, L.H.*)

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian.

(*They retire together.*)

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian ; I my brother know

(1) In Shakspeare's time, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll-work, emblematical devices, &c., and were elevated on feet.

Yet living in my glass ;(1)even such, and so,
 In favour was my brother ; and he went
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament ;
 For him I imitate: O' if it prove,
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love !

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Sir To. (*They advance.*) A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him ; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly ;—but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN, L.H.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow ;
 Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith ! No, I do not know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is not Cesario ; nor this is not my nose neither :—nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else ;—
 thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly ! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool.—I

(1) *As often as I behold myself in my glass, I think I see my brother alive. I acknowledge that his resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure.*

pr'ythee, tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, (1) depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—these wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase. (2)

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.H.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you. (*Striking Sebastian.*)

Seb. (*Draws his sword.*) Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:—are all the people mad? (*Beating Sir Andrew.*)

Enter SIR TOBY, and FABIAN, L.H.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight.—I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. (*Holding Sebastian.*)

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. (*Disengages himself.*) I will be free from thee.—What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what?—(*Draws.*)—Nay, then I

(1) *Greek*, was as much as to say bawd, or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians.

(2) Purchase a good report, or character, at a very extravagant price.

must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood
from you. (They fight.)

Enter OLIVIA, and two Servants, R.H.D.

Fab. Hold, good Sir Toby, hold :—my lady here !

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my sight !
Be not offended, dear Cesario :—

Rudesby, be gone !—

Sir To. Come along, knight. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Oli. And you, sir, follow him.

Sir And. Oh, oh !—Sir Toby.— [*Exit, L.H.*]

Oli. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent (1)
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go ;
Do not deny.

Seb. What relish is in this ? (2) how runs the
stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee : 'would thou'dst be
rul'd by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be ! [*Exeunt, R.H.D.*]

(1) Extent is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general.

(2) How does this taste ? what judgment am I to make of it ?

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA, *with a black Gown and Hood,* and
CLOWN, L.H.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and hood; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it, quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit,* L.H.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble (1) myself in it; and I would, I were the first that ever, dissembled in such a gown.

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA, L.H.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:* so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. (*Opens the door of an inner room.*) What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. (*In the inner room.*) Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio, the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have bound me, hand and foot, and laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Sayest thou that house is dark?

(1) Disguise myself.

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question. (1)

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, (2) lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. (*Takes off the Gown and Hood, and gives them to Maria.*)

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy hood and gown; he sees not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring us word how thou find'st him: come by and bye to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria, L. 11.*]

Clo. (*Sings.*) *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

Mal. Fool,—fool,—good fool,—

Clo. Who calls, ha?

Mal. As ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand,

(1.) In any regular conversation.

(2.) A woodcock is supposed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits..

help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolia!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?(1)

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down, to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. (*Shuts the door of the inner room, and sings.*)

*I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again, &c.*

[*Exit.* L.H.]

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, R.H.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me, thus
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,

(1) Thus the five senses were anciently called.

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,(1)
 That I am ready to distrust my eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust, (2) but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad.—But here she comes.

Enter OLIVIA, and a FRIAR, L.H.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mind:—If you mean
 well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry (3) by: there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
 Whiles (4) you are willing it shall come to note:
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
 And, having sworn truth, (5) ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:

[*Exit Friar, L.H.*]

And heavens so shine, (6.)

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

(1) *Discourse*, for reason.—*Instance* is *example*.

(2) To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.

(3) Chantries are usually little chapels, or particular altars in some cathedral or parochial church; and endowed with revenues for the maintenance of one or more priests, whose office it is to sing masses for the souls of their founders.

(4) *Whiles*. This word is still so used in the northern countries.

(5) *Truth* is *fidelity*.

(6) Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying, "*Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon whom the rain falls.*"

ACT V.

SCENE. I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.**Enter CLOWN and FABIAN, R.H.**Fab.* Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant mean other request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.*Fab.* That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense—
desire my dog again.—The Duke Orsino—[*Exit, R.H.*]*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and two Gentlemen. L.H.**Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friend I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?*Clo.* Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends, I am abused: so that if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo,—Tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again: as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will wake it anon. [Exit, R.H.D.]

Enter ANTONIO, and the two Officers, R.H.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful (1) grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. This, please you, sir, is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy:
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew, Titus, lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, (2) and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir: drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

(1) Mischievous, destructive.

(2) Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man.

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, (1)
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me ;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's euemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and for his sake too,
Did I expose myself
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink : denied me my own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my Lord ; and for three months be-
fore,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the Countess ; now heaven walks
on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
But more of that anon.—take him aside.

(*Antonio and Officers retire a little.*)

Enter, OLIVIA, and two Servants from R. H. D.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

(1) *Dear* is immediate, consequential.

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as harsh and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What? to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, (1) at point of death,
Kill what I love?

But hear me this:

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still:

But this your minion, whom, I see, you love,

And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned, in his master's spite.—

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Gentlemen, R.H.*]

(1) This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benighted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. (*Going.*)

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life ;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, forsaken ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?
Call forth the holy father.

[*Exeunt two Servants, R.H.D.*

Enter DUKE, R.H.

Duke. (*To Viola.*) Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband ; can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter FRIAR, and two Servants, R.H.D.

O, welcome, father !—

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe), what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Friar. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings ; (1)

(1) In our ancient marriage ceremonies, the man received as well as gave a ring.

And all the ceremony
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
 Since when, toward my grave,
 I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be
 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ? (2)
 Farewell, and take her : but direct thy feet,
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear ;
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.
 (*Olivia sends away the Friar, R.H.*)

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.H. crying, with his head broke.

Sir And. O, O,—For the love of heaven, a surgeon ;
 send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has
 given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of
 heaven, your help : I had rather than forty pound, I
 were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The duke's gentleman, one Cesario : we
 took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-
 dinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario ?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is :—you broke my
 head for nothing ; and that that I did, I was set on to
 do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you :
 You drew your sword upon me, without cause ;
 But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
 have hurt me ; I think you set nothing by a bloody
 coxcomb.

Sir To. (*Without, L.H.*) Holla, Sir Andrew,—
 where are you ?

Sir And. Here comes Sir Toby, halting—you shall

(1) *Case*, is a word used contemptuously for *skin*.

hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled your Toby for you.

Enter Sir TOBY, drunk, with his forehead bleeding, led by the Clown, L.H.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agoe.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, a drunken rogue—and I hate a drunken rogue.

Enter SEBASTIAN, behind, L.H.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, And a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Sir And. Sir To. and Clo. R.H.S.E.*]

Seb. (*Advances.*) I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

(*Antonio seeing Sebastian comes forward.*)

You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian, are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. (*Sees Viola.*) Do I stand there? I never had
a brother:

I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, (*To Viola.*) what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Away with doubt:—each other circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, doth cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola,—your sister Viola. (*They embrace.*)

Seb. (*To Olivia.*) So comes it lady, you have been
mistook.

Duke. If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:—
Boy, (*To Viola*) thou hast said to me a thousand
times,

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That sever's day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—fetch Malvolio hither :

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter CLOWN, with a Letter, and FABIAN, R.H.S.E.

How does Malvolio, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do : he has here writ a letter to you : I should have given it to you to-day morning ; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman : (*Reads.*) *By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. (*To Fabian.*) Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. (*Reads.*) *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* *The madly-us'd Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this ?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*; R.H.]

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Vol. master quits you; (*To Viola.*) and, for your service done him,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Enter MALVOLIO, with a Letter, and FABIAN, R.H.S.E.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio?

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
(*Gives Olivia the Letter.*)

You must not now deny it is your hand;—
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing;

Though, I confess, much like the character:

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me, thou wast mad:

Pr'thee, be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:

But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge

Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak:

I do confess, Sir Toby, and myself,

Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ

The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance; (1)

In recompense whereof, he hath married her:

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

(1) Importunacy, importunement.

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Fab. Malvolio!—

Clo. Why,—*Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.*—I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's Gagg'd:*—And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.—Ha, ha, ha!—

Fab. Ha, ha, ha!—

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

[*Exeunt Fabian, and two Servants*, R.H.]

Duke. He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents, (1)
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Go, officers;
We do discharge you of your prisoner.

[*Exeunt Officers*, R.H.]

Antonio, thou hast well deserv'd our thanks:
Thy kind protection of Cesario's person,
Although thou knew'st not then for whom thou
fought'st,

Merits our favour: henceforth, be forgotten
All cause of anger: thou hast a noble spirit,
And, as Sebastian's friend, be ever near him.—
Cesario, come;

For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

(*The Clown sings.*)

*When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

(1) Serve, agree, be convenient.

*A foolish thing was but a toy ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

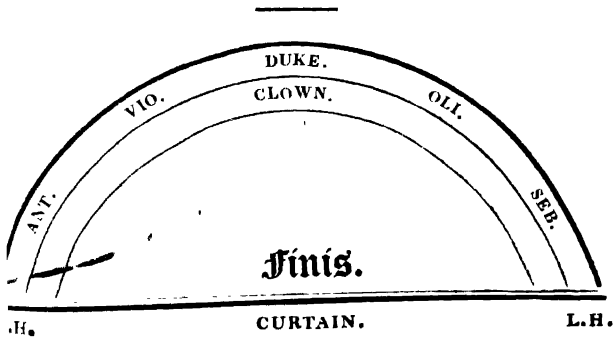
*But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*



Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



From the Press of Oxberry and Co, 8, White Hart Yard.



MISS ORCHER.

ACTRESS AT THE PATENT.

Engraved by Wright from an original drawing by Miss Orcher.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE CONFEDERACY,

A COMEDY;

By Sir John Vanbrugh.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
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8, White-hart Yard

Remarks.

THE CONFEDERACY.

THE dialogue of this comedy is brilliant, but the plot is deficient in bustle, and the characters are not drawn with much force. As a composition, it is almost faultless, and yet it is not half so entertaining, nor indeed, half so meritorious, as many pieces that are liable to a thousand critical objections. It wants the verve, the freshness, that genius flings over its productions. There is much for approbation, but little for delight; and, like Cato, it only leaves behind the recollection of something that we could not censure though it did not please us. The fact is, that this school of comedy is borrowed from the French, and like all exotics, flourishes but palely in its adopted climate. Its principles are altogether opposite to the genius of our nation; an Englishman loves excitement, and is capable of it in a high degree, whether it be of pathos, or of humour; not so a Frenchman—his enthusiasm is mere grimace, an action of the body in which the mind has no share; he is unenthusiastic, because he will, not because he must; a smart saying, therefore, answers all the purpose with him of real humour, just as the cold-blooded declamations of his heroes and heroines satisfy his feelings. Ridicule is the only thing he fears, the only thing he really loves, and the effect of this is visible in all his works; he never strives to be great but to be correct, and instead of thinking of his subject, is always thinking of his critics. The English have very little sympathy with this pitiful feeling so opposite to real greatness; as Goëthe says of the Germans, though not with our view of the subject.

“Wir wollen stark Getränke schlurfen,”

“We'd drink strong drinks,”

and the water-suchy liquors of the French have no charms for us. The misfortune of this seems to be, that the task of writing for an English audience is twice as difficult as writing for a Parisian parterre; fine

speeches in tragedy, or smart speeches in comedy will not do with us, something more is wanted, and whatever that something may be, the result of it is excitement.

What perhaps makes the matter still worse in the case of "The Confederacy" is, that though the whole management of the plot is in the French school, the characters are so many Frenchified Englishmen newly brought from Paris. They have either the airs of the Grève, or the Palais Royale, and there is a constant war in the feelings of these heterogeneous animals. Nothing can better prove its being exotic, utterly uncalculated for our people, than the circumstance of its having fallen into neglect in despite of the brilliance of its dialogue, and the praises of critics, who have done their best to hold up the writings of this description. It is not a little singular, that what is least relished by the few, is always best received by the many, and it is still more singular, that the fiat of the people is the surest passport to posterity, notwithstanding all the clamour to the contrary; but perhaps we abuse language in saying it is singular, for to a little reflection, the cause is obvious, the dictates of the heart are less liable to change than those of the understanding; we feel as men felt in the glorious days of Athens, but our thinking is on most points totally the reverse; every day shows us the fallacy of some system, and the centuries to come will no doubt disdain our ideas with equal facility, though their passions will be the same.

PROLOGUE.

Ye Gods ! what crime had my poor father done,
That you should make a poet of his son ?
O! is't for some great services of his,
Ye are pleased to compliment his boy—with this ?

(Shewing his crown of laurel.)

The honour, I must needs confess, is great,
If, with his crown, you'd tell him where to eat.
Tis well—But I have more complaints—look here !

(Shewing his ragged coat)

Hark ye —d'yc think this suit good winter wear ?
In a cold morning ; whu—— at a Lord's gate,
How you have let the porter let me wait ?
You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,
You'd given me fire enough to keep me warm.
Ah——

A world of blessings to that fire we owe ;
Without it, I'd ne'er make this princely show.
I have a brother too, now in my sight,

(Looking behind the scenes)

A busy man amongst us here to night
Your fire has made him play a thousand pranks,
For which, no doubt, you've had his daily thanks ;
He has thank'd you, first, for all his decent plays,
Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for praise.
Next for his meddling with some folks in black,
And bringing—*Souse*—a priest upon his back ;
For building houses here t'oblige the peers,
And fetching all their house about his ears ;
For a new play he has now thought fit to write,
To sooth the town—which they will damn—to-night.

These benefits are such, no man can doubt,
But he'll go on, and set your fancy out,
Till for reward of all his noble deeds,
At last, like other sprightly folks, he speeds
Has this great recompense fix'd on his brow
At fam'd Parnassus, has your leave to bow
And walk about the streets, equip'd—as I am now

EPILOGUE.

I've heard wise men in politics lay down
What feats by little England might be done, }
Were all agreed, and all would act as one. }
Ye wives a useful hint from this might take, }
The heavy, old, despotic kingdom shake, }
And make your matrimonial monsieurs quake.
Our heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by laws ;
Our hands are weak, and not too strong our cause
Yet would these heads and hands, such as they are, }
In firm confed'racy resolve on war, }
You'd find your tyrants——what I've found my dear.
What only two united can produce,
You've seen to-night a sample for your use ·
Single, we found we nothing could obtain ;
We join our force——and we subdued our men.
Believe me, (my dear sex) they are not brave ;
Try each your man, you'll quickly find your slave.
I know they'll make campaigns, risk blood and life ; }
But this is a more terrifying strife · }
They'll stand a shot who'll tremble at a wife.
Beat then your drums, and your shrill trumpets sound, }
Let all your visits of your feats resound, }
And deeds of war, in cups of tea go round
The stars are with you, fate is in your hand, }
In twelve month's time you've vanquish'd half the land ; }
Be wise, and keep them under good command,
This year will to your glory long be known,
And deathless ballads hand your triumphs down ;
Your late achievements ever will remain, }
For tho' you cannot boast of many slain, }
Your pris'ners shew you've made a brave campaign.

Costume.

GRIPE.—An old fashioned spit of brown cloth.

MONEYTRAP.—Ibid.—Drab-coloured camlet.

BRASS.—Scarlet jacket, striped waistcoat, and black breeches.

DICK.—Blue regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

CLIP.—Brown coat, waistcoat, and black breeches.

JESSAMINE.—White livery coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches.

CLARISSA.—Pink satin dress, trimmed with lace.

CORINNA.—White frock, trimmed with white satin.

ARAMINTA.—Blue muslin dress.

FLIPPANTA.—Muslin dress and apron, trimmed with ribbon.

Mrs. AMLET.—Black gown and petticoat, muslin apron, and high shoes

Mrs. CLOGGIT.—Brocade silk gown, blue quilted petticoat, and white apron.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden</i>
<i>Gripe</i> ,	Mr. Gattie.	Mr Emey
<i>Moneytrap</i> ,	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. W. Fairen.
<i>Dick</i> ,	Mr. S. Penley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Brass</i> ,	Mr. Harley.*	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Clp</i> ,	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. King.
<i>Jessamine</i>	Mr. Jameson.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Clarissa</i> ,	Mrs. Davison.	Mrs Davison.
<i>Araminta</i> ,	Miss Boyce,	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Corinna</i> ,	Mrs. Mardyn.	Miss Foote.
<i>Flippanta</i> ,	Miss Kelly,	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Mrs. Amlot</i> ,	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs Davenport.
<i>Mrs. Cloggt</i> ,	Miss Tidswell,	Mrs. Coates.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and three quarters. The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

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

THE CONFEDERACY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Covent Garden.

Enter MRS. AMLET, R.H. and MRS. CLOGGIT, L.H.

Aml. Good-morrow, neighbour! good morrow, neighbour Cloggit! How does all at your house this morning?

Clog. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet, thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

Aml. At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest; these are hard times, good lack.

Clog. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going; all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

Aml. Yes, they do help us off with them indeed: they buy all.

Clog. And pay——

Aml. For some.

Clog. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one, as they are at t'other: for, not to wrong 'em, they give very good rates.

Aml. O for that, let's do 'em justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price, all they haggle about is the day of payment.

Clog. There's all the dispute, as you say,

Aml. But that's a wicked one: for my part, neigh-

hour, I'm just tired off my legs with trotting after 'em : besides, it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattins, with following my old Lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint.

Clog. Look you there now.

Aml. If they would but once let me get enough by 'em to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it.

Clog. Ay, that were something. But now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers ?

Aml. City customers ! Now, by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court, with reverence be it spoken, there's not a pin to choose. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers : but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one, adieu t'other ; their money and their consciences are gone, heaven knows where.

Clog. But what the murrain have they to do with quality ? why don't their husbands make 'em mind their shops ?

Aml. Their husbands !—their husbands, say'st thou, woman ? Alack, alack ; they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon.

Clog. Good lack-a-day, that women, born of sober parents, should be prone to follow ill examples ! But now we talk of equity, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet ? My daughter Flipp, says she met him t'other day in an officer's dress, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bride-groom.

Aml. Is it possible ? Ah, the rogue ! Well, neighbour, All's well that ends well ! But Dick will be hanged.

Clog. That were pity.

Aml. Pity, indeed ; for he's a hopeful young man to look on ; but he leads a life—Well—where he has

it, heaven knows; but they say, he pays his club with the best of them. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but I bid him march, and march he did, to some purpose; for in less than an hour back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro in the room, with his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect, Heaven bless us! than if it had been an orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that? He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about his ungracious heel, and I've never set eyes on him since.

Clog. Look you there now; to see what the youth of this age are come to!

Aml. See what they will come to, neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but Dick's upon the gallop. (*Crosses to L.H.*) Well, I must bid you good-morrow: I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

Clog. To get in some old debt, I'll warrant you?

Aml. Neither better nor worse.

Clog. From a lady of quality?

Aml. No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of 'em all.

[*Exeunt, Mrs. Moneybags, Clog, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street, with Moneybags's House.*

Enter BRASS, R.H.

Brass. Well, surely through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my school-fellow Dick; to pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hanged for robbing a church, and has a pedlar to his mother, who carries her shoon under her arm. But here he comes.

Enter DICK, L.H.

Dick. Well, Brass, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta?

Brass. I'm but just come; I ha'n't knock'd at the door yet. But I have a pretty piece of news for you.

Dick. As how?

Brass. We must quit this country.

Dick. We'll be hanged first.

Brass. So you will, if you stay.

Dick. Why, what's the matter?

Brass. There's a storm coming.

Dick. From whence?

Brass. From the worst point in the compass, the law.

Dick. The law! why, what have I to do with the law?

Brass. Nothing; and therefore it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brass. You know you cheated a young fellow at picquet t'other day, of the money he had to raise his company.

Dick. Well, what then?

Brass. Why, he's sorry he lost it.

Dick. Who doubts that?

Brass. Ay, but that is not all, he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be so wise to stop his mouth.

Brass. How?

Dick. Give him a little back; if that won't do, strangle him.

Brass. You are very quick in your methods.

Dick. Men must be so, that will dispatch business.

Brass. Hark you colonel, your father died in's bed?

Dick. He might have done, if he had not been a fool.

Brass. Why, he robbed a church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

Brass. Are not you a great rogue?

Dick. Or I should wear worse clothes.

Brass. Hark you, I would advise you to change your life.

Dick. And turn ballad-singer.

Brass. Not so, neither.

Dick. What then?

Brass. Why, if you can get this young wench, reform and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starved.

Brass. No, she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you, for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town; have a care your noble birth and your honourable relations are not discovered too; there needs but that, to have you tossed in a blanket, for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful son, you may dangle about with your mother, and sell paint; she's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, your hair cropped up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm?

Dick. Why faith, Brass, I think thou art in the right on't; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her tricks with me; therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do; we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily; we'll cheat his family to some purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

Brass. Have at her then, I'll about your business presently.

Dick. Success attend thee. Adieu, my dear Brass.

[Exit, L.H.]

Brass. Adieu, my dear—damned rogue.—Well, I say nothing. But when I have got matters into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta.

(Knocks, R.H.D.)

Enter FLIPPANTA, R.H.D.

Flip. Who's that? Brass!

Brass. Flippanta!

Flip. What want you, rogue's face?

Brass. Is your mistress dressed?

Flip. What, already? Is the fellow drunk?

Brass. Why, with respect to her looking glass, it's almost two.

Flip. What then, fool?

Brass. Why then it's time for the mistress of the house to come down, and look after her family.

Flip. Pr'ythee don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning; we that go to bed in the morning, may rise in the afternoon.

Brass. When does she make her visits then?

Flip. By candle-light; we women hate inquisitive sun-shine: but do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife?

Brass. What, is she going to die?

Flip. Die!

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

Flip. No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

Brass. As how?

Flip. Why all the company she used to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet at her own house. Your master has advised her to set up a Faro bank.

Brass. Nay, if he advised her to it, it's right; but has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

Flip. What to do? When the company meet he'll see them.

Brass. Nay, that's true as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must be gone; have you any business with my lady?

Brass. Yes, as ambassador from Araminta I have a letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold—and as first minister of state to the colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is't? quick.

Brass. Why—he's in love.

Flip. With what?

Brass. A woman—and her money together.

Flip. Who is she?

Brass. Córinna. He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

Flip. Of me?

Brass. Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city fortune, would'st have him apply to her father and mother?

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think: men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen? It's a very passionate one—it's sealed with a heart and a dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brass. Not one word in prose, it's dated in rhyme.

(She takes it.)

Flip. Well, but—have you brought nothing else?

Brass. Gad forgive me; I'm the forgetfullest dog—I have a letter for you too—here—'tis in a purse, but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

Brass. How useful a virtue is humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, sha'n't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she should be. Her father, who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him, lets her seldom converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion: hark, there's my lady, go in and deliver your letter to her.

[Exeunt, with much ceremony, R.H.D.]

SCENE III.—*A Parlour.*

CLARISSA discovered reclining on a sofa. Enter FLIPPANTA and BRASS, R.H.D.

Clar. No messages this morning, from any body, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! O, there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it to me—open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day. *(Sitting down.)*

Brass. *(To Flip.)* Be sure you now deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

Clar. *(To Brass.)* 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then!

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass, Flippanta!

[Exit Brass, R.H.]

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love?

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible!

Clar. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks, you are not very much alarmed.

Clar. No; thou know'st I'm not much tortured with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right don't madam; for jealousy's a city passion, 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fye! a woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould, who is either troubled or pleased with any thing her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee mention him no more: 'tis the dullest theme—

Flip. 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you

open your Faro bank, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

Flip. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I want, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves blest in your case; handsome, witty, loved by every body, and of so happy a composure, to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion, but that of your pleasures, and you have in me a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will; yet all this is nothing, you can still be out of humour.

Clar. Alas, I have too much cause.

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of?

Clar. Alas, I have more subjects for spleen than one: is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife?—Come,—don't flatter me, don't you think Nature designed me for something *plus-elevée*?

Flip. Nay, that's certain; but on t'other side, methinks you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a ~~woman~~ of quality, though you are none.

Clar. O fye! the very quintessence of it is wanting.

Flip. What's that?

Clar. Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, though I don't like their faces; or to ruin their reputations, though they pique me to it, by taking over so much pains to preserve 'em: I dare not raise a lie of a man, though he neglects to make love to me;

nor report a woman to be a fool, though she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, though they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard indeed.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value.

Flip. They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband: come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

Clar. Alas, what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? I have been sometimes almost choked with scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a countess.

Flip. Poor lady!

Clar. O! liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta, it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my condition, till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

Flip. That's your best way, madam; and in order to do it, pray consider how you'll get some ready money to set your Faro bank a-going: for that's necessary.

Clar. You say 'st true; but what trick I shall play my husband to get some, I don't know; for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I'm afraid he won't hear reason.

Flip. No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest; so I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

Clar. That can't be, for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it then.

Clar. I'm quite tired with dealing with those pawn-brokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while for all that. *(Aside.)*

Enter JESSAMINE, R.H.

Jess. Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, false teeth, and all sorts of things to the ladies; I can't think of her name. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. Amlet; she wants money.

Clar. Well, I ha'n't enough for myself, it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome jade.

Clar. So are all people who come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She's very rich, that woman is, Flippanta; I'll borrow some money of her.

Flip. Borrow! sure you jest, madam.

Clar. No, I'm in earnest; I give thee commission to do it for me.

Flip. Me!

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet—

Clar. But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else?

Flip. That's true; I never thought of that truly. But here she is.

Enter MRS. AMLET, R.H.

Clar. *(Retires to the sofa.)* How d'you do? How do you do, Mrs. Amlet? I ha'n't seen you these thousand years, and yet I believe I'm down in your books.

Aml. O, madam, I don't come for that, alack.

Flip. Good morrow, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Good morrow, Mrs. Flippanta.

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml Nay, If your ladyship desires to see your Bill, I believe I may have it about me.—There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt, where I am obliged to pay.—*(Aside.)—Reads.* Imprimis. *For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip*—O fye, this does not belong to me.

Aml. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mistook indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her two years ago with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet: but some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill, madam. *(Giving the bill.)*

Clar. *For the idea of a new invented corset*—Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a preposterous length. *(Unrolling the bill.)* Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet! I'd as lief read a sermon.

Aml. Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing yourself at that rate; cast an eye only, if your honour please upon the sum total.

Clar. Total; fifty-six pounds—and odd things.

Flip. (L.H.) But six-and-fifty pounds!

Aml. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

Clar. Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pounds. *(Adjusting the dress.)* Make haste don't you hear me? six-and-fifty pounds. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip. No, Madam, I—I comprehend, six-and-fifty pounds. But——

Clar. But go and fetch it then.

Flip. What she means, I don't know; *(Aside.)* but I shall I suppose, before I bring her the money.

[Exit Flip. L.H.]

Clar. *(Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.)* The trade you follow gives a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Alack-a-day, a world of pain, madam, and yet there's small profit as your honour sees by your bill.

Clar. Poor woman! Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

Clar. Poor woman! you have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Only one wicked rogue, madam, who, I think, will break my heart.

Clar. Poor woman!

Aml. He'll be hanged, madam—that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, heaven knows: but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as trim as the best of them; but the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse.

Clar. Poor woman!

Aml. Alas, madam, he's like the rest of the world: every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me, I have a little business, Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit R.H.*]

Aml. And I return your honour many thanks. Ah, there's my good lady, not so much as read her bill; if the rest were like her I should soon have money enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

Enter DICK, R.H.

Dick. Sure Flippanta must have given my letter by this time; (*Aside.*) I long to know how it has been received.

Aml. Misericorde! what do I see!

Dick. Fiends and hags—the witch my mother!

(*Aside.*)

Aml. Nay, 'tis he: ah, my poor Dick, what art thou doing here?

Dick. What a misfortune!

(*Aside.*)

Aml. Good Lord! now thou art bravely decked!—

But it's all one. I am thy mother still! and though; thou art a wicked child, Nature will speak. I love thee, Dick, still: ah, Dick, my poor Dick! (*She attempts to kiss him, he passes under her arm to L.H.*)

Dick. Blood and thunder! will you ruin me?

Aml. Ah, the blasphemous rogue, how he swears.

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Aml. Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird; kneel down and ask my blessing, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Aml. Ah, he's a proper young man; see what a shape he has! ah, poor child! (*Running to embrace him, he passes over to R.H.*)

Dick. Oons! keep off, the woman's mad. If any body comes, my fortune's lost.

Aml. What fortune, ha? speak, graceless. Ah, Dick, thou'lt be hanged Dick.

Dick. Good dear mother, now, don't call me Dick here.

Aml. Not call thee Dick! Is it not thy name? What shall I call thee? Mr. Amlet? ha! Art not thou a presumptuous rascal? Hark you, sirrah, I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse. Is not this true?

Dick. No, I love you; I respect you; (*Taking her hand.*) I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Aml. What prospect? ha! Come, this is a lie now.

Dick. No, my honoured parent, what I say is true? I'm about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law, in a coach and six horses, if you'll be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

Aml. Is it possible?

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

Aml. My dear lad—

Dick. For heaven's sake—

Aml. But tell me, Dick—

Dick. I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

Aml. What a shape is there—

Dick. Pray, mother, go.

Aml. I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding dinner.

Dick. Here's somebody coming; S' death, she'll betray me.

Enter FLIPPANTA, L.H.

Dick. (He makes signs to his mother.) Good morrow, dear Flippanta; how do all the ladies within?

Flip. At your service, colonel; as far at least as my interest goes.

Aml. Colonel!—Law you now, how Dick's respected! (Aside.)

Dick. Waiting for thee, Flippanta; I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

Aml. The pretty lad, he's as impudent as a lord.

(Aside.)

Dick. Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

Flip. A gin of all trades; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of yours in my pocket, colonel. (Aside to Dick.)

Dick. An answer to my letter?

Flip. So quick, indeed? No, it's your letter itself.

Dick. Hast thou not given it then yet?

Flip. I ha'n't had an opportunity: but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady?

Dick. (L.H.) Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But dear Flippanta, don't forget: my life and fortune are in your hands.

Flip. Ne'er fear, I'll take care of 'em.

Aml. How he traps 'em! let Dick alone. (Aside.)

Dick. Your servant, good madam. (To his mother.)

[Exit L.H.]

Aml. Your honour's most devoted.—A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta. Pray, whom may he be?

Flip. A man of great note; Colonel Shapely.

Aml. Is it possible ! I have heard much of him indeed, but never saw him before : one may see quality in every limb of him ; he's a fine man, truly.

Flip. I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Alas, those days are done with me ; but if I were as fair as I was once, and as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bed-fellow. I love your men of rank, they have something in their air does so distinguish them from the rascality.

Flip. People of quality are fine things indeed, Mrs. Amlet, if they had but a little more money ; but for want of that, they are forced to do things their great souls are ashamed of. For example—here's my lady—she owes you but six-and-fifty pounds—

Aml. Well !

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Aml. How can that be ?

Flip. I don't know ; her cash-keeper's out of humour, he says he has no money.

Aml. What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper ! Tell his lady he has no money !—Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for it ; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

Aml. But madam plays sometimes ; so when she has good fortune, she pay me out of her winnings.

Flip. O ne'er think of that, Mrs. Amlet ; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol than pay off a farthing with it.

Aml. Why, what shall we do then ; for I ha'n't one penny to buy bread.

Flip. I'll tell you—it just now comes in my head : I know my lady has a little occasion for money, at this time ; so—if you lend her—a hundred pound—do you see, then she may pay you your six-and-fifty out of it.

Aml. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me.

Flip. No the devil fetch me if I do—You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Aml. O ho, a pawn! That's another case. And when must she have the money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Aml. Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house, it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Aml. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit, Aml. R.H.*]

So—this ready money will make us all happy. This spring will set our Faro table going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My lady's young and handsome: she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better: the more the grist, the richer the miller. Sure never wench got into so hopeful a place; here's a fortune to be sold, and a master to be ruined. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die, both a maid and a beggar. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Gripe's House.*

CLARISSA, L.H. and DICK, R.H. seated on the sofa.

Clar. What in the name of dulness is the matter with you colonel? You are as studious as a cracked chymist.

Dick. My head, madam, is full of your husband.

Clar. The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion!—Dear colonel, give it a less violent name.

Enter BRASS, R.H.

Dick. Well, sir, what want you?

Brass. The affair I told you of goes ill. (*To Dick, aside.*) There's an action out!

Dick. The devil there is!

Clar. What news brings Brass?

Dick. Before Gad, I can't tell, madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'y'call him waits for me at my lodgings: is not that it?

Brass. Yes, sir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your servant, sir. [*Exeunt, Dick and Brass, R.H.*
Jessamine. (*She sits down.*)

Enter JESSAMINE, L.H.

Jess. Madam.

Clar. Where's Corinna! Call her to me, if her father han't lock'd her up; I want her company.

Jess. Madam, her guitar-master is with her,

[*Exit, L.H.*

Clar. Pshaw! she's always taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet. And Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long placing her coquet-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure.

Enter FLIPPANTA, R.H.

Clar. O, art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect money.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any after all?

(*rises.*)

Flip. Yes, I have brought some. There (*Giving her a purse.*) the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

Clar. 'Tis well; but take care, Flippanta, my hus

band don't suspect any thing of this, 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy; so I would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping 'em from his knowledge.

Flip. See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of 'em, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

Flip. How exactly you define them!

Clar. O! I know 'em, Flippanta; though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen. My cloak and gloves, and the coach to the door.

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet, but I would go spend some money, since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How awkward an objection now is that, as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted 'em.

Enter ARAMINTA, I.H.

Lard, what a tedious while you have let me expect you? I was afraid you were not well; how d'you do to-day?

Aram. As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

Flip. Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. O, 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirit look drowsy.

Clar. But pl', shee, what was't disturbed you?

Aram. Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remembered, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy, you have made a noble conquest indeed.

Aram. Do you know 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? his whole estate is at my service.

Flip. Strike him, madam, and let my lady go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey 'em.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But pr'ythee tell me how you have passed the night? For I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

Clar. No wonder indeed you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

Aram. Why, can a woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and tossed herself into a burning fever, for want of sleep. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

Clar. My coach waits at the door, we'll talk of 'em as we rattle along. [*Exeunt, Clar. and Aram.* R.H.]

Flip. What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a council of war together! Poor birds! what would they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help 'em to employment! well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes Miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state too ere long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of 'em, I'm mistaken. ~~Has't~~ I lost the letter I'm to give her?—No, here 'tis; so, ~~now we~~ shall see how pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet.

Enter CORINNA, L.H.

Cor. What does my mother-in-law want with me Flippanta? they tell me she was asking for me.

Flip. She's just gone out, so I suppose 'twas no great business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some business with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company; he says you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! he's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I'm almost weary of my life.

Flip. Why, what is't he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pitied so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pitied! why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am should be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old frightful masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? fine entertainment, indeed, for a young girl at sixteen! methinks one's time might be better employed.

Flip. Those things will improve your wit.

Cor. Fiddle, faddle: ha'n't I wit enough already! my mother-in-law has learned none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long?

Flip. Then you envy her, I find.

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth?

Flip. Look you there now: (*Aside.*) If she has not already conceived that to be the supreme blessing of

Cor. I'll tell you what, Flippanta, if my mother-in-law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the fire. Why he can't touch a groat of my portion; do you know that, Flippanta?

Flip. So—I shall spoil her. (*Aside.*) Pray heaven the girl don't spoil me.

Cor. Look you: in short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise: but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a girl 'tis true, and a fool too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ache; so he had as good be quiet—Now it's out—

(*Skips about.*)

Flip. Very well; I love to see a young woman have spirit, it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, if you would but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, 'till you are married. Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband?

Cor. A husband! why a—if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend now. I'll give you advice, when I have got a little more experience. Do you in your very conscience and soul think I am old enough to be married?

Flip. Old enough! why, you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am ~~sixteen~~, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account.

Flip. The deuce you are!

Cor. Why, do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do upon my faith, child.

Cor. Why then to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

Flip. Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the fire.

Cor. What is it, for Jupiter's sake?

Flip. Something will make your heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know, nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it. (*Flippanta shews the Letter.*) O lard, a letter!—Is there ever a token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

Cor. A handsome young gentleman's heart! Nay, then it's time to look grave. (*Aside.*)

Flip. There. (*Presenting the Letter.*)

Cor. I shan't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I shan't receive it.

Flip. Sure you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand myself better than to take letters when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I'm afraid I commended your wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one, I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Hey-day! open it and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed, I shall not.

Flip. Well—then I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, madam; my father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So here's fine work. This 'tis to deal with girls.

Cor. Confess who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why then since it must out, 'twas the colonel; but why are you so scrupulous, madam?

Cor. Because if it had come from any body else—I would not have given a farthing for it.

(*Twitching it eagerly out of her hand.*)

Flip. Ah, my dear little rogue, (*Embracing her.*) you frightened me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um, *Cupid's*, um, um, um, *darts*, um, um, um, *beauty*, um, *charms*, um, um, um, *angel*, um, *goddess*, um—(*Kissing the letter.*) um, um, um, *truest lover*, um, um, *eternal constancy*, um, um, um, *cruel*, um, um, um, *racks*, um, um, um, *tortures*, um, um, *fifty daggers*, um, um, *bleeding heart*, um, um, *dead man*.—Very well, a mighty civil letter I promise you; not one naughty word in it, I'll go lock it up in my work-box.

Flip. Well—but what does he say to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta, 'tis all about business.

Flip. Does he not tell you he's in love with you.

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How so? he never spoke to you!

Cor. He sent me word by his eyes.

Flip. Did he so! mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that language.

Cor. O, but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, because I don't go a visiting, and see the world, you think I know nothing. But you should consider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. Well, Flippanta,—if you'll encourage me—

Flip. O, by all means an answer.

Cor. Well, since you say it then. I'll e'en in and do it, tho' I protest to you, lest you should think me too forward now, he's the only man that wears a beard, I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him, in a year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Flip. Now heaven give him joy; he's like to have rare wife o'thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaistèr to his sore. They have a blessed time

on't, who marry for love. See!—here come's an example—Araminta's dread lord.

Enter MONEYTRAP, R.H.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta! how do you do, good Flippanta? how do you do?

Flip. Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

Mon. And how does the good family, your master and your fair mistress? are they at home?

Flip. Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife.

Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta: for I have wished a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few questions?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this cot-quean going to pry into now. *(Aside.)*

Mon. Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

Flip. Live!—like man and wife, generally out of humour, complain of one another; and perhaps, have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

Mon. Good lack! but whose side are you generally of?

Flip. O'the right side always, my lady's. And if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Little, peeping, creeping, sneaking, stingy covetuous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldy things.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Hark you, sir, shall I deal plainly with you? had I got a husband, I would put him in mind that he was married as well as I.

(Sings.)—For were I the thing call'd a wife.

And my fool grew too fond of his power,

*He should look like an ass all his life,
For a prank that I'd play him in an hour.
Tol lol la ra tol tol, &c.*

Do you observe that, sir?

Mon. I do; and think you would be in the right on't. But pr'ythee, why dost not give this advice to thy mistress?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, sir, for you know they are play-fellows.

Mon. O, there's no danger of my wife; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, sir?

Mon. I'm sure she ought to know it, Flippanta, for really I have but four faults in the world.

Flip. And, pray, what may they be?

Mon. Why, I'm a little slovenly.

Fie. Fie!

Mon. I am sometimes out of humour.

Flip. Provoking!

Mon. I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent!

Mon. And a—perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip. The devil!

Mon. O, but then consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with dressing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta, didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou would'st be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't, thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little reproach going to lead us now?

Mon. You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then? you hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings—

Flip. Mighty obscure.

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but—

Flip. All Hebrew.

Mon. If thou would'st but tell her on't.

Flip. Still darker and darker.

Mon. I should not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah, now I begin to understand you.

Mon. Flippanta—there's my purse.

(*Gives her his purse.*)

Flip. Say no more; now you explain, indeed—you are in love?

Mon. Bitterly—and I do swear by all the Gods—

Flip. Hold—Spare 'em for another time, you stand in no need of 'em now. An usurer that parts with his purse gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

Mon. I hate my wife, Flippanta.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon. She's the devil, Flippanta.

Flip. You like your neighbour's better.

Mon. Oh! an angel!

Flip. What a pity it is the law don't allow changing.

Mon. If it did, Flippanta!

Flip. But since it don't, sir—keep the reins upon your passion: don't let your flame rage too high, lest my lady should be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, Flippanta, a very small matter would save my life.

Flip. Then you're dead—for we women never grant any thing to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

Mon. Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty; but since you'll have it out—I am a very dragon; and

so your lady'll find—Now, I hope you'll stand my friend.

Flip. Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employ'd in your service.

Mon. My best Flippanta!—tell her—I'm all her's—tell her—my body's her's—tell her—my soul's her's—and tell her—my estate's her's.—Lord have mercy upon me, how I'm in love. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Flip. Poor man! but hark—I hear my master; for heaven sake compose yourself a little.

Mon. Ah dear, I'm in such an emotion, I dare not be seen. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Flip. A rare adventurer, by my troth. 'This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

Enter GRIPE, L.H.

Gripe. O, here's the right hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, huswife?

Flip. An admirable question!—Why, she's gone abroad, sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad, abroad already? why, she used to be in her bed three hours after this time, as late as 'tis; what makes her gadding so soon.

Flip. Business, I suppose.

Gripe. Business! she has a pretty head for business truly: O ho, let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her way of living. She never looked better in her life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or—

Flip. Indeed, sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, Insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most husbands; contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?—

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall ?

Gripe. A wife's resolution is not good by law.

Flip. Nor a husband's by custom.

Gripe. I tell thee I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. Oons, I have borne it three years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.—

Gripe. My mind to it ! death and the devil ! my mind to it !—She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman ?

Flip. By my faith I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad—Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then : does not she put the house in disorder.

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family ?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it intirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable ! does not she spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire, than would maintain six children.

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen dagling in the streets.

Gripe. Good ! do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together ?

Flip. That, sir, is, because you are never stirring at the same time ; you keep odd hours ; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes truly, night into day, and day into night, that's her trade ; but these are trifles ; has she not lost her diamond necklace ? answer me to that, Trapes.

Flip. Yes ; and has sent as many tears after it, as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah!—the devil take her; (*Crosses to L.H.*) but enough. 'Tis resolved, and I will put a stop to her course of life, and so she shall know, the first time I meet with her; (*Aside.*) which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Flip. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! insupportable to himself, and a plague to every thing about him. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her, which, I think I do, she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst her's is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Amlet's House.*

Enter DICK, R.H.

Dick. Where's this old woman?—A-hey. What the devil, nobody at home! ha! her strong box!—and the key in't! 'tis so. Now fortune be my friend. What the deuce—not a penny of money in cash!—nor a check, or note!—nor a bank-bill! (*Searches the strong box.*)—Nor a crooked stick!—nor a—mum—here's something—a diamond necklace, by all the Gods!—Oons the old woman—Zest. (*Claps the necklace in his Pocket.*)

Enter MRS. AMLET, R.H.

Dick. (*Runs and asks her blessing.*) Pray, mother, to, &c.

Aml. Is it possible!—Dick upon his humble knee!
 Ah! my dear child!—May heaven be good unto thee.

Dick. I'm come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to—

Aml. What a shape is there!

Dick. To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune; for what is riches in this world, without a blessing? and how can there be a blessing without respect and duty to parents?

Aml. What a nose he has!

Dick. And therefore, it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage without the—

Aml. Now the Lord love thee (*Kissing him.*)—for thou art a goodly young man. (*Dick crosses to R.H.*) Well, Dick—and how goes it with the lady? are her eyes open to thy charms? does she see what's for her own good?—Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her? Ha! is all sure? Hast thou broke a piece of money with her? Speak, bird, do: don't be modest, and hide thy love from thy mother, for I'm an indulgent parent.

Dick. Nothing under heaven can prevent my good fortune, but it's being discovered I am your son—

Aml. Then thou art still ashamed of thy natural mother—graceless! Why I'm no harlot, sirrah.

Dick. I know you are not.—Who the devil would make you one? (*Aside.*)

Aml. No; my reputation's as good as the best of them; and though I'm old, I'm chaste, you rascal you.

Dick. Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, mother; but—

Aml. I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a virtuous family.

Dick. Oons, *virtue* is not the case.—

Aml. Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

—*Dick.* O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Aml. I'm a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

Dick. I tell you, s'death, I tell you—

Aml. If a man should make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his face; and all this you may tell them, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies! the woman's out of her—

Aml. Don't you swear, you rascal you, don't you swear.

Dick. Why then in cold blood hear me speak to you: I tell you it's a city fortune I'm about; she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality; she has quarrelled with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolved she'll marry, to take place of her.

Aml. What a cherry lip is there!

Dick. Therefore, good dear mother, now have a care, and don't discover me; for if you do, all's lost.

Aml. Dear, dear, how thy fair bride will be delighted; go, get thee gone, go: go, fetch her home, go fetch her home; I'll give her a sack-posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Dick. Take care then of the main chance, my dear mother; remember, if you discover me—

Aml. Go fetch her home, I say.

Dick. You promise me then—

Aml. March.

Dick. But swear to me—

Aml. Be gone, sirrah.

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you—but one kiss before I go. *[Kisses her heartily, and runs off R.H.]*

Aml. Now the Lord love thee: for thou art a comfortable young man. *[Exit, L.H.]*

SCENE II.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter FLIPPANTA and CORINNA, L.H.

Cor. But hark you, Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter after all.

Fip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble yourself.

Cor. But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your security.

Cor. I'm young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it is your business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor innocence!

Cor. But tell me, in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

Flip. I have told you so a hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess—but I fancy the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

Enter JESSAMINE, R.H.

Jess. Madam, yonder is your geography-master waiting for you. [*Exit, R.H.*

Cor. Ah! how I am tired with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your heart, you shall be rid of them all ere long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the study I'm so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning every thing he could shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone, here's somebody coming; we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will.—O the dear colonel.

[*Runs off, L.H.*

Enter MRS. AMLET, R.H.

Flip. O ho, it's Mrs. Amlet.—What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Aml. Ah! mercy on us all—madam's diamond necklace—

Flip. What of that?

Aml. Are you sure you left it at my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question truly!

Aml. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you: it will be found again, if it be Heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss of it. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his bird-lime fingers on it.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! do you breed your children up to such tricks as these then?

Aml. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Aml. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true, but—mum—

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Aml. Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants 'a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Aml. By way of conversation only, it does not concern me; but when she marries I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so, I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! you!

Ami. Yes, I, I; but don't trouble madam about the necklace, perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit, R.H.]

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? The necklace lost; and her son Dick; and a fortune to marry; and she shall dance at the wedding; and—she does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam!

Enter BRASS, R.H.

Brass. Well, 'hussy, how stand our affairs? Has Miss writ us an answer yet? My master's very impatient yonder.

Flip. And why the deuce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands? Here I had her alone just now: he won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brass. So much the worse for him; 'tis his business.—But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most devilishly in love with thee, dost hear that?

Flip. Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present of more important things than love.

Brass. Then it's full of important things indeed; dost want a privy counsellor?

Flip. I want an assistant.

Brass. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

Brass. I am' thy man—touch.

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee tell me, whether thou find'st a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

Brass. Is she handsome?

Flip. Yes.

Brass. Why then my disposition is at her service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brass. Not she alone, neither, therefore don't let her grow vain upon it! for I've three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this epistle from Miss to thy master; and when thou comest back, I'll tell thee thy business.

Brass. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy master waits for an answer.

Brass. I'd rather he should wait than I.

Flip. Why then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my lady.

Brass. Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver; thy lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

Flip. Who told you that, sirrah?

Brass. 'Tis a negotiation I'm charged with, Pert. Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town? I have managed master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you slut you.

Flip. Hark thee, Brass, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

Brass. Pique and repique, you jade you, if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion.—See here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for them.

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, and JESSAMINE, R.H.

Clar. Jessamine! here boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure.

Jess. Yes, ma'am.

[*In crossing he lets the china fall, and Exit, L.H.*]

Clar. O! art thou there, Brass! What news?

Brass. Madam, I only called in as I was going by.—But some little propositions Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your ladyship my humble service.

Clar. What propositions?

Brass. She'll acquaint you, madam.

Aram. Is there any thing new, Flippanta? (*Goes down R.H.*)

Flip. Yes, and pretty too.

Clar. That follows of course; but let's have it, quick.

Flip. Why, madam, you have made a conquest.

Clar. Hussy—but of who? quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

Aram. My husband!

Flip. Yes, your husband, madam: you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

Flip. Serious as my devotions.

Brass. And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

Aram. My dear. (*To Clarissa.*)

Clar. My life!

Aram. My Angel!

Clar. My soul! (*Hugging one another.*)

Aram. The stars have done this.

Clar. The pretty little twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them now?

Clar. What grateful creatures ought; shew them we don't despise their favours.

Aram. But is not this a wager between these two blockheads?

Clar. I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happened.

Clar. All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

Aram. Brass, my dear, will be useful to us.

Brass. At your service, madam.

Clar. Flippanta will be necessary, my life!

Flip. She waits your commands, madam.

Aram. (*Crosses to her.*) For my part then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it

my earnest request thou won't leave him one half crown.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, madam.

Brass. (*To Clarissa.*) If your ladyship would give me the same kind orders for your's.

Clar. O—if thou sparest him, Brass, I'm thy enemy till I die.

Brass. 'Tis enough, madam, I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

Clar. Storm, dear Brass, storm: ever whilst you live, storm.

Aram. O, by all means; must it not be so, Flip-panta?

Flip. In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

Brass. Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expense in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, Brass!

Brass. Um—a—some small matters, madam, I doubt must be.

Clar. Now, that's a vile article, Araminta; for that thing your husband is so like mine—

Flip. Phu, there's a scruple indeed. Why what, in the name of Lucifer is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

Brass. A civil look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that.

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford 'em.

Brass. A little smile, à propos.

Aram. That's but giving one's self an air.

Flip. Receive a little letter, perhaps.

Clar. Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

Brass. Suffer, may be, a squeeze by the hand.

Aram. One's so used to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a kiss would do't.

Clar. I'd die first.

Brass. Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to

Clar. Get their wretched money without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my ladies: but I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brass. And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

Aram. That I think should be, indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of all this to thy master.

Brass. I'll observe my order, madam. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself: he'll be violently delighted with it: 'tis the best man in the world, Araminta; he'll bring us rare company to-morrow, all sorts of gamesters; and thou shalt see my husband will be such a brute to be out of humour at it.

Aram. The monster!—But hush, here's my dear approaching: pr'ythee let's leave him to Flippanta.

(They Cross to L.H.)

Flip. Ay, pray do: I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Dispatch then, for the Faro-table's in haste.

[Exeunt; Clar. and Aram, L.H.]

Flip. So, now have at him; here he comes: we'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter MONEYTRAP, R.H.

Mon. Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, sir.

Mon. And where is she, pr'ythee?

Flip. Gone abroad, sir.

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I mean right, sir; my lady'll come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she is either in very good humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good-lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her house uneasy to her.—But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover; ha?

Flip. Said—yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

Mon. Well! and how?

Flip. And how!—And how do you think you would have me do it? and you have such a way with you one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought myself into a fine business by it.

Mon. Good lack!—But I hope, Flippanta—

Flip. Yes, your hopes will do much, when I am turned out of doors.

Mon. Was she then terribly angry?

Flip. Oh! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing; for you must know I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be owned.

Flip. On my word is it:—I mean where a lady's truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous case indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing—she has an inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible?

Flip. Yes, and I told her so at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap—(*Smacks his face.*)—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a plague t'ye. (*Aside.*)

Flip. Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

Mon. Yea, but really it feels a little oddly.

Flip. Why, you must know ladies have different

ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in: if she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss; but as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love; so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour next token she sends me.

Flip. Ah—good humour.

Mon. What's the matter?

Flip. Poor lady!—If I durst tell you all—

Mon. What then?

Flip. You would not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, pr'ythee tell me?

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must indeed.

Flip. Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

Mon. Why, what difficulties can she be in?

Flip. Nay, I do but guess, after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect?

Flip. Why, what should one suspect; where a husband loves nothing but getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't.

Mon. So she wants that same then?

Flip. I say no such thing, I know nothing of the matter; pray make no wrong interpretation of what I say, my lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true—she has had ill-luck at cards of late, I believe she has not won once this month; but what of that?

Mon. Ha!

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her spirit that, she'd see her husband hanged before she'd ask him for a farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again, he'd see her drowned before he'd give her a farthing; but that's a help to your affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so, indeed.

Flip. Ah—well, I'll say nothing; but if she had r^une of these things to fret her—

Mon. Why really, Flippanta—

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your service, but 'twon't do; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allowed; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do.

Mon. You mistake me, Flippanta; I was only going to say— (She puts her hand before his mouth.)

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say, well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now—ay—let me see—

Mon. Indeed I hope—

Flip. Pray be quiet—no—but I'm thinking—hum—she'll smoke that tho'—let us consider—If one could find a way to—'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about, she'll never touch it if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha!—a restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world: madam often plays, you know, and folks who do, meet now-and-then with sharpers.—Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

Mon. Yes I—I comprehend it, but a—won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no, the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pounds!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pounds.—Or, let me see—so often a sum may look a little suspicious—ay—let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look, I don't know how; guineas, I fancy, wèrè better—ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um—a guinea you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler, you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Ho—well, if it must be guineas, let's see, two hundred guineas.

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: if you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go put them in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send 'em to me, with a penitent letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas.

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Phu! leave that to me, I'll manage the stock for you; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty; if the man's in his senses.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Flip. So, get thee gone, thou art a rare fellow, i'faith. Brass! it's thee, is't not.

Enter BRASS, R.H.S.E.

Brass It is, husewife. How go matters? I staid

till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done any thing towards our common purse?

Flip. I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.

Brass. A restitution!—good.

Flip. A new way, sirrah, to make a lady like ^{to} present without putting her to the blush.

Brass. 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Pr'ythee where's thy master? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

Flip. Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel, I have advy'd him to—with his wife.

Brass. What to do?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolved to do it beforehand. You must know, sirrah, we intend to make a merit of our Faro bank, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

Brass. Very nicely spun, truly, thy husband will be a happy man.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you fool you. See here comes your master.

Brass. He's welcome.

Enter DICK, R.H.

Dick. My dear Flippanta! how many thanks have I to pay thee?

Flip. Do you like her style?

Dick. The kindest little rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in it's care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a rival, sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one too.

Dick. Who, in the name of terror?

Flip. A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Amlet! I know no such man.

Flip. You know the man's mother though; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worst you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and dismherit him.

Dick. If I have no other rival but Mr. Amlet, I believe I shan't be much disturbed in my amour. But can't I see Corinna?

Flip. I don't know; she has always some of her masters with her; but I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. [Exit, L.H.]

Dick. I wish my old hobbling mother ha'n't been blabbing something here she should not do.

Brass. (L.H.) Fear nothing, all's safe on that side yet. But how speaks young mistress's epistle? soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish. (Crosses to L.H.)

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't!

Brass. Why then, ceremony aside,—(Putting on his hat.)—you and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah, Brass, what art thou going to do? wo't ruin me?

Brass. Look you, Dick, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters should pass 'twixt you and me in this business.

Dick. Death and furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brass. Good words, or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

Dick. Here's a son of a w——. (Aside.)

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true: your footman, sometimes, which I'm enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess: when we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-'prentices, though I was

your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins too, I must own you still kept me under; you soared up to the mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you should at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee Brass. *id. id.* not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am marred.

Brass. Ay, the plague take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them: others we mistrust, because we do know them; and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand: if not,—(*Raising his voice.*)—look ye, Dick Amlet—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion. The dog will ruin me.—(*Aside.*)—Say, what is't will content thee?

Brass. O ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied; all is fixed.

Brass. It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah, you Jew!

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. Dick Amlet,—(*Raising his voice.*)—I insist.

Dick. Ah, the cormorant.—Well, 'tis thine: but you'll never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding-suit.

Dick. Will.

Brass. A shock of linen.

Dick. Well, thou shalt have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

Brass. Heaven forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I would not forget all these favours for the world: a sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconscionable rogue!—(*Aside.*)—Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all—

Brass. I am a man of honour, and restore: and so, treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. (*Taking off his hat.*)

Enter FLIPPANTA, L.H.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I could not help it, her master is but just gone. He has been shewing her Prince Eugene's march into Italy; but if you'll slip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

Dick. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone.

[*Crosses and Exit, L.H.*]

Flip. And do you follow him, jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surprised.

Brass. I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful: but if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Flip. No words, sirrah, but follow him, I have something else to do.

Brass. The jade's so absolute there's no contest with her. [Exit, L.]

Flip. An impudent rogue.—But, let me see, what have I to do now? This restitution will be here exactly, I suppose: in the mean time, I'll go know if my lady's ready for the quarrel yet. Master, fonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst; but we'll give him vent by-and-by with a witness. [Exit, R.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter DICK and CORINNA, L.H.

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent.—How can you leave me thus upon the rack?—A man who loves you to that excess that I do.

Cor. Nay, that you love me, sir, that I am satisfied in, for you have sworn you do: and I'm so pleased with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as I live, so we must never marry.

Dick. Not marry, my dear! Why, what's our love good for, if we don't marry?

Cor. Ah—I'm afraid 'twill be good for little, if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so?

Cor. Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other married folks say so from morning to night.

Dick. Oh, that's because they are bad husbands and bad wives; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife, and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why, there may be something in that truly; and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable

young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, tho' we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted.

Dick. I can answer for myself at least.

Cor. I wish you could answer for me too. You see I am a plain dealer, sir, I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick. O, by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable morals, and I hope, since you practice it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter,) my resolution's fixed, and the world can't stagger me. I marry—or I die.

Cor. That's very fine.—Indeed, sir, I have much ado to believe you: the disease of love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two diseases to end my miseries; if the first don't do't, the latter shall:—(*Drawing his sword.*)—one's in my heart, to'thers in my scabbard.

Cor. Not for a diadem.—(*Catching hold of him.*)—Ah, put it up, put it up.

Dick. How absolute is your command!—(*Dropping his sword.*)—A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a power I have over him!—(*Aside.*)—The wondrous deeds of love!—Pray, sir, let me have no more of these rash doings though; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour.—I'm sure, if I had let him stick himself, I should have been envied by all the great ladies in the town. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Well, madam, have I then your promise? You'll make me the happiest of mankind?

Cor. I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do't.

Dick. Then let us seal the contract thus.

(*Kisses her.*)

Cor. Um—He has almost taken away my breath; he kisses purely. (*Aside.*)

Enter FLIPPANTA, L.H.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the matter? if no, you must end it another time, for your father's in p^{ro}vision, so pray kiss and part.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. (*They kiss.*) *Dieu t'ye,* sir. [*Exeunt Dick, R.H. and Cor. L.H.S.E.*]

Enter CLARISSA, L.H.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, Madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too: but here's news for you; I have just now received the restitution.

Clar. That's killing pleasure; and how much has he restored me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched rogue! but retreat, your master's coming to quarrel. (*Takes a seat, L.H.*)

Flip. I'll be within call, if things run high.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter GRIPE, R.H.

Gripe. O ho!—are you there i'faith? Madam, your humble servant, I'm very glad to see you at home, I thought I should never have had that honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my dear, how d'ye do? Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: is it true? ha!—I have a terrible pain in my head, I give you notice on't beforehand.

Gripe. And how the plague should it be otherwise? It's a wonder you are not dead, as I would you were, (*Aside.*) with the life you lead. — *Life you say, as I am?* and do you not blush to—

Clar. My dear child, you crack my brain; soften

the harshness of your voice ; say what you would, but let it be in an agreeable tone——

Gripe. Tone, madam ! don't tell me of a tone——

Clar. O—if you will quarrel, do it with temperance ; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not moved with what you said ; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever man such need of patience ? Madam, madam, I must tell you, madam——

Clar. Another key, or I'll walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances ?

Gripe. Yes, madam, and very long.

Clar. If you would quarrel, *en Abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be expressed *en Abregée*,—my complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints ! of what, my dear ?—*(Rises.)* What have you in the world to disturb you ?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me ! I have you, death and the devil !

Clar. Ay, merciful heaven ! how he swears ! You should never accustom yourself to such words as these ; indeed, my dear, you should not : your mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and thunder, madam——

Clar. Ah, he'll fetch the house down : do you know you make me tremble for you ? Flippanta ! who's there ? Flippanta !

Gripe. Here's a provoking devil for you !

Enter FLIPPANTA, L.H.

Flip. What, in the name of Jove's the matter ? you raise the neighbourhood.

Clar. Why, here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my life. I have begged him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta; and then he swears, good Lord, how he does swear.

Gripe. Ah! you wicked jade! Ah! you wicked jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, Flippanta! Do you hear him!

Flip. Pray, sir, let's know a little what puts you in all this fury? *(Crosses to Centre.)*

Clar. Pr'ythee stand near me, Flippanta, there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were going wrong. I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked woman, Flippanta, the wicked woman.

Clar. Can any body wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it?

Flip. Come, a little moderation, sir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her, 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A pretence! a pretence! Do you hear how black a charge he loads me with? Charges me with a pretence! You know, my dear, I scorn pretences: when'er I go abroad, it is without pretence.

Gripe. Give me patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, sir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

Gripe. What shall I do?

Clar. *(Crosses to centre.)* What a reasonable man would do; own yourself in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta has understanding, and I have moderation; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of honour, madam: but I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on the master's side.

Gripe. Right, Flippanta has sense. *(Exit.)* Let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion? tell me that?

Clar. You must tell her for what, my life.

Gripe. Why, for the trade you drive my soul.

Flip. Look you, sir, pray take things right: I know madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the fund she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady-breathing. Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night.

Gripe. Oods! let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will; in reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, madam? Nay, now I must be on master's side; you see how he loves you, he desires only your company: pray give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well, I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him: let him be always in a good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, sir, what would you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I am weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! don't that word melt you, sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. O, sir, soon or late, wives come into good humour: husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. (*Crosses to Centre.*) O, I'll find you employment, your time sha'n't lie upon your hands, t'rough if

you have a mind now for such a companion as a—let me see—Araminta, for 'example; why I sha'n't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music——

Clar. Ay, but, sir, I must have music——

Flip. Not every day, madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week; three days more we'll play, after dinner, at cards, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Flip. What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in! A most wonderful regularity!

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renowned in story, for having the first my life.

Gripe. Flippanta.

Flip. Hang it, sir, never dispute a trifle, if you vex her, perhaps, she'll insist upon a Swiss. (*Exit Gripe.*)

Gripe. But, madam——

Clar. But, sir, a porter, positively, a porter; without that the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

Flip. Come, sir; never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at; the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expense?

Clar. My dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, madam! But where, I say—

Flip. Madam plays, sir, think on that: women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home.

[Exit, L.H.]

Flip. Mirror of goodness! Pattern to all wives! Well, sure, sir, you are the happiest of all husbands.

Gripe. Yes,—and a miserable dog for all that too, perhaps.

Flip. Why, what can you ask more than this matchless complaisance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfied with what I have neither; the devil mixes in it all, I think; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as it did.

Clar. (Calls within) Flippanta.

Flip. Madam calls. (Crosses to L.H.) I come, madam. Come, be merry, be merry, sir, you have cause, take my word for't! Poor devil. (Aside.)

[Exit, L.H.]

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: but this I do know, that an honest man who has married a jade, whether she's pleased to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have lived a bachelor.

Enter BRASS, R.H.

Brass. O, sir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

Brass. Can nobody hear us?

Gripe. No, no, speak quickly.

Brass. You ha'n't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carried her from you.

Gripe. Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

Brass. But seriously, sir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal man has been.

Brass. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe. Why so, dear Brass?

Brass. If you were never to see her more now?—Suppose such a thing; d'you think 'twould break your heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Nay, now I see you love her; would you did not.

Gripe. My dear friend.

Brass. I had rather the devil had, ph—flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since——

Gripe. Since what?—ho.

Brass. Araminta, sir.

Gripe. Dead.

Brass. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brass. Worse.

Gripe. Out with it.

Brass. Broke.

Gripe.

Brass. She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

Brass. Ay, why, there's it now, it's going just as I fancied. Now will I be hanged if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent beautiful, agreeable, distressed, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruined for a woman—by letting you know, she esteemed you more than any other man upon earth.

Gripe. Ruined! what dost thou mean?

Brass. Mean! Why, I mean that women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the rule.

Gripe. The rule!

Brass. Yes the rule; why, would you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity then, they should ruin somebody?

Brass. Yes, marry is there: how would you have 'em support their expense else? Why, sir, you can't conceive now—you can't conceive what *Araminta's* privy-purse requires. Only her privy-purse, sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she liked, else, perhaps, I had had my bones broke. But what do you think she gave me?

Gripe. Why, mayhap—a shilling.

Brass. A guinea, sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't by the bye. But then, sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity—would consume peers: a great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this?

Gripe. Ha!

Brass. What's the end is—a non-
Gripe. 'Twas a young fellow, whether he may be ^{guilt}—
 But he has only left it —In short, she is at last reduced our trade, and will call it attacked with such a battalion

of duns, that rather than tell her husband, who you know is such a rogue, (he'd let her go if she did) she has e'en determined to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

Gripe. O terrible! a Papist?

Brass. Yes, when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the devil can't help her out of—To a nunnery, that's another rule, sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but—

Brass. But all the buts in the world, sir, won't stop her: she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the Fates will have it so, all's packed up, and I'm now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil over her face.

(*Going.*)

Gripe. It must not be; by the powers it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her. Is there no way to save her?

Brass. Save her! No: how can she be saved? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Five hundred pounds sir; she's like to be saved indeed—Not but that I know them in this town would give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of the other four: but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living: and I have disobeyed her only to you; and so—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold—dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order it so, as to compound those debts for—for twelve pence in the pound?

Gripe. No, sir, d'ye hear? I have already tried 'em with

Brass. She is, poor lady, in the most distressing situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Hold, once more; I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay—and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself. (*Going to L.H.*)

Brass. You will; very genteel, truly. Go, slap-dash, and offer a woman of her scruples money, bolt in her side, why, you might as well offer a scorpion, and she'd as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her creditors then, and treat with them?

Brass. Ay, that's a rare thought.

Gripe. Is not it, Brass?

Brass. Only one little inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how?

Brass. That they are your wife's creditors as well as her's; and perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your wife unpaid.

Gripe. Why, that's true, now.

Brass. I'm wise, you see, sir.

Gripe. Thou art; and I'm but a young lover—but what shall we do then?

Brass. Why, I'm thinking that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it—

Gripe. Ay, but look you, Brass—

Brass. But look you!—Why, what, d'ye think I'm a pick-pocket? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note? your palty note!

Gripe. I don't say so—I say only that in case—

Brass. Case, sir! there's no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Pr'ythee, don't be so testy; come, no more words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the

Gripe. I was a young fellow, you make indeed; you—
whether he may be guilty more, thou shalt be satisfied.
But he has only left it me
our trade, and will call up

[*Exit, Gripe, L.H.*]

Enter DICK, R.H.

Dick. Hist—Brass! Hist—

Brass. Well, sir!

Dick. 'Tis not well, sir, 'tis very ill, sir; we shall be all blown up.

Brass. What with pride and plenty?

Dick. No, sir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta of my passion for the young gentleman; and, truly, to oblige me, supposed no ill match by the bye, they are resolved to propose it immediately to her father.

Brass. That's the devil we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements, relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta the carrying her off: and I'm sure the young husewife would have tucked up her coats, and have marched.

Brass. Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

Dick. Why then, what damn'd luck is this!

Brass. 'Tis your luck, not mine I have always seen it in your ugly phiz—Plague take ye—he'll be hanged at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no money, you dog: you know you have stripped me of every penny.

Brass. Come, I'll venture one cargo more upon you, but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off of your partnership for ever—I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent rogue, but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. (*Aside.*)

Brass. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use upon my wife's jewels here: (*Pulling out the necklace.*) her necklace still the neck—

Dick. Remember, though we said too much.

to have the necklace again; ¹⁰ but let's hear it.
on my life, never to
ing.

Brass. Yes; and if I make it good you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall! so you see where the cause will pinch.

Dick. Why you barbarous dog, you won't offer to—

Brass. No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to—O plague, sir——
[*Exit, Brass, R.H. Dick, L.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter MONEYTRAP, R.H. FLIPPANTA, L.H.

Mon. Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been received, ha? Was she pleased with it?

Flip. Yes, truly? that is, she was pleased to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

Mon. Well, but a—does she know that 'twas I that—

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—and so—why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserved angry, forgiving air. But soft; here she comes you'll see how you stand with her presently: but don't be afraid. Courage.

Mon. He, hem (Crosses to centre.)

Flip. 'Twas a young fellow, whether he may be guilty
ARRISSA, L.H.
But he has only left it me, good fortune, madam, to find our trade, and will call upon me, if I could
endeavour'd it in vain.
known to me, for if I could

often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I should be more reasonably blamed for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me——

Clar. You are the man of the world whose company, I think, is most to be desired. I don't compliment you, when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas, madam, your poor humble servant——

Clar. My poor humble servant, however, (with all the esteem I have for him) stands suspected with me for a vile trick, I doubt he has played me, which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I should punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

Flip. No fine speeches, you'll spoil all.

(*Aside to Mon.*)

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable person.

(*Aside to Flip.*)

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my lady for you while she's warm.

(*Aside to Mon.*)

Mon. (*Crosses to L.H.*) But, S't. Flippanta, how long dost think she may hold out?

Flip. Phu, not a twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo.

Flip. Away, I say. (*Pushing him out, L.H.*)

Clar. Is he gone? What a wretch it is?

Flip. Poor mortal, his money's finely laid out truly.

Clar. (*Advancing R.H.*) I suppose there may have been much such another scene within, between Araminta and my dear: but I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money: I'm afraid Brass has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

Flip. By my faith, but he's the ¹ better too; he presents his humble duty ^{the} said too much. her——this.

Clar. A bill from my love, on my life, never to pounds. The monster! he wing save his lawful wife from ever

Flip. Never complain of his avarice, madam, as long as you have his money. But which way will you go to receive it; for I must not appear with his note?

Clar. That's true; why, send for Mrs. Amlet; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Marry is she; we should have been basely puzzled 'ow to dispose of the necklace without her, 'twould have been dangerous offering it for sale.

Clar. It would so, for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here too long, I must in and coquette it a little more with my lover, (*Crosses to L.H.*) Araminta will get ground on me else. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Flip. And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

GRIPE, R.H. CORINNA, (*in the centre*) ARAMINTA and MONEYTRAP, L.H. *discovered.*

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mon. Mighty well, O mighty well indeed!

Enter CLARISSA, L.H.

Clar. Save you, save you, good folks, you are all in rare humour methinks.

Gripe. Why, what should we be otherwise for, madam?

Clar. Nay, I don't know; not I, my dear; but I ha'n't had the happiness of seeing you 'so since our honeymoon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of seeing you at home;—(*Kisses her, and leads her to a seat, L.H.*)—You see what charms you have, you are pleased to see of 'em.

Clar. 'Twas a young fellow, whether he may be guilty, nore, you must know he's But he has only left it me i' forwards; we have come our trade, and will call upon

Mon. Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray heaven continue its reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis all in your power. (*Leering at Clarissa.*)

Gripe. My neighbour Moneytrap says true, at least I'll confess frankly,—(*Ogling Araminta.*)—'tis in one lady's power to make me the best-humoured man on earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. (*Ogling Clarissa.*)

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen; mighty civil husbands indeed!

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please to dispense with all that fine company we talked of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleased, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company, between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world.

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never, for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So, that's a wiper for me now, because I did not give her a new year's gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you next year.

Mon. And perhaps I mayn't forget a fan, or as good a thing—hum; hussy.

Clar. Well, upon these in the matter we'll try how good we can be said too much.

Gripe. Well, this goes on my life, never to trap, he little thinks what company. ~~But let's hear it.~~

Mon. I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe. Lard, lard, what a fool do his wife and I make of him.

(*Aside.*)

Clar. Are not these two wretched rogues, Araminta?

(*Aside to Aram.*)

Aram. They are indeed.

(*Aside to Clar.*)

Enter JESSAMINE, L.H.

Jess. Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you. [Exit, L.H.]

Gripe. Cod's so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear.

Clar. That would be news indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in. (*Rises.*)

Enter MR. CLIP, L.H.

Gripe. Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

Clip. At your service, sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

Clar. Horrid fellow! (*Aside.*)

Gripe. Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Neighbour Moneytrap, be so good as to take the ladies into the next room. [*Exeunt Moneytrap and Ladies, R.H.*] Well, any news?

Clip. Look you, sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you described to me.

Gripe. Let's see't—Victoria! the very same. Ah, my dear Mr. Clip. But who brought it you? you should have seized him!

Clip. 'Twas a young fellow, that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, though it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to show a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Moneytrap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter BRASS L.H.

Gripe. O, my friend Brass!

Brass. Hold, sir, I think that is a gentleman I'm looking for. Mr. Clip! what are you acquainted here? I have just been at your shop.

Clip. I only stepped here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

Brass. Why, sir, do you understand jewels!—(*To Gripe.*—*Crosses to L.H.*)—But I smoke the matter, hark you—a word in your ear—you are going to play the gallant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta; ha, ha?

Gripe. Where had you the necklace?

Brass. Don't you trouble yourself about that; it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a penny worth on't

Gripe. A pennyworth on't, villain?

(*Strikes at him.*)

Brass. Villain! a hey, a hey. Is't you or me, Mr. Chip, he's pleased to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on't, sir?

Brass. Think on't, now the devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

Gripe. You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue! of a thing you have stolen from me.

Brass. Stolen! pray sir—what wine have you drunk to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You villain! either give me an account how you stole it, or—

Brass. O ho, sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far. I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't: if you ha'n't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone, I know how to dispose on't. What a plague—

Gripe. O you sha'n't have that trouble, sir. Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here. I'll call at your shop and thank you for your care.

Clip. Sir your humble servant. *(Going.)*

Brass. O ho, Mr. Clip, if you please, sir, this won't do,—*(Stopping him.)*—I don't understand raillery in such matters.

Clip. I leave it with Mr. Gripe, do you and he dispute it. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Brass. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, sir, that I expect it. *(Going after him.)*

Gripe. You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds. Come, villain, give me an account of—

Brass. Account of!—Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in it.

Gripe. Well said, courage.

Brass. Blood and thunder, give it me, or—

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

Brass. You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a damned noise too. O, don't think to—

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brass. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me.

Gripe. Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

Brass. A gentleman, a friend of mine.

Gripe. What was his name?

Brass. His name!—I'm in such a passion, I have forgot it.

Gripe. Ah, brazen rogue—thou hast stole it from my wife: 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

Brass. This has not been in England a month.

Gripe. You are a son of a whore.

Brass. Give me my necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty pound

note. My bill, hang-dog, or I'll strangle thee.

(*They struggle.*)

Brass. Murder, murder!

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, CORINNA, FLIPPANTA,
and MONEYTRAP, R.H.

Flip. What's the matter? what's the matter here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

Brass. Why, your husband, madam, he has cheated me of a dimond necklace.

Cor. Who, papa? Ah dear me!

Clar. Pr'ythee what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

Gripe. The meaning is that—I'm quite out of breath—this son of a whore has got your necklace, that's all.

Clar. My necklace!

Gripe. That birdlime there—stole it. But, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneytrap, you'll commit him.

Brass. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? he's touched; see how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold—pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

Gripe. Well, then, without passion; why, you must know, (but I'll have him hanged) you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did—with a necklace to sell; so Mr. Clip having notice before that (can you deny this, sirrah?) that you had lost your's, brings it me. Look at it here, do you know it again? (*Giving the necklace to Clar.*) Ay, you traitor!

(*To Brass.*)

(*Clar. Shews the necklace to Flippanta.*)

Flip. 'Tis it faith! here's some mystery in this we must look about us. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the necklace. (*Aside to Flip.*)

Flip. Right, stick to that. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Gripe. Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance, ha?

Clar. Why, truly, my dear, though (as you may all imagine) I should be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world, this necklace is not mine.

Flip. No, that's not my lady's necklace.

Brass. Huzza—Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it, I'll keep it, and have him hanged.

Clar. But be a little calm, my dear; do, my bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. O good lack! O good lack!

Clar. No, but don't give way to fury and interest both, either of them are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come and drink a dish of tea.

Gripe. Oons, if you with your addle head don't know your own jewels, I with my solid one do. And if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't my dove; be temperate in your words and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

Gripe. Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

Clar. Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

Mon. A most excellent woman this! (*Aside.*)

Gripe. I'll keep my necklace.

Brass. Will you so? then here comes one has a title to it, if I han't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can —

Enter MRS. AMLET, R.H.

Mrs. Amlet you are come in a very good time, you lost

a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has it?

Aml. Marry, that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why then here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, sirrah—look here, mistress, do you pretend this is your's?

Aml. Not for the round world, I would not say it; I only kept it to do madam a small courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, all will out now.

(Aside to Flippanta.)

Gripe. Courtesy! what courtesy?

Aml. A little money only that madam had present need of, please to pay me that and I demand no more.

Gripe. How forsooth, is this true. *(To Clarissa.)*

Clar. You are in a humour at present, love, to believe any thing, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Gripe. Are you not ashamed of these ways? Do you see how you are exposed before your best friends here? Don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my dear, but 'tis for you, that here it should appear to the world, you keep me so bare of money, I'm forced to pawn my jewels.

Gripe. Impudent huswife!

(Raising his hand to strike her, Mon. interposes.)

Clar. Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds you sent to Araminta e'en now.

Brass. You see, sir, I delivered your note; how I have been abused to-day!

Gripe. I'm betrayed—Jades on both sides, I see that. *(Aside.)*

Mon. But madam, madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds? Pray what were you to return for these pounds, madam, ha?

Aram. Nothing, my dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

Mon. Hum, hum, hum.

Gripe. How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

Clar. O, my dear, 'twas only in jest; I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

Aml. But amongst all this bustle, I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it madam will pay me, or master?

Gripe. I pay! the devil shall pay.

Clar. Look you, my dear, malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money, and I'll forgive you coquetting with Araminta: am not I a good wife now?

Gripe. I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, tho' I tuck myself up in another.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Mon. Nay, pray e'en tuck me up with you.

[Exit *Mon.* and *Gripe*, R.H.]

Clar. and *Aram.* Bye, dearies.

Enter *DICK*, R.H.

Cor. Look, look, Flippanta, here's the Colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have staid so long, but—

Aml. Ah, rogue's face, have I got thee, old good-for-naught? Sirrah, sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your mariages, and your great fortunes! Thou hast played me a rare prank, by my conscience. Why, you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now, heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

Flip. So m'ethinks, by my faith.

Brass. Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. (Aside, R.H.)

Dick. What shall I do with her?

(Aside.—Crosses to L.H.)

Aml. Do but look at him, my dames, he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. The meaning, good-lack? Why this all-to-be-powdered rascal here, is my son, an't please you; ha, graceless? Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin.

Clar. What, the Colonel your son?

Aml. 'Tis Dick, madam, that rogue Dick; I have so often told you of with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Aml. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth, say then?

Dick. What will you have me say? You had a mind to ruin me, and you have done it; would you do any more?

Clar. Then, sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while!

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna.

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself.

Clar. Indeed, I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed, I think he deserves to be cudgelled.

Flip. Indeed, I think he might be pumped upon.

Brass. Indeed, I think he will be hanged.

Aml. Good lack-a-day, good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he's not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they shan't run thee down neither; cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them, though Mrs. Amlet is thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds, to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

Omnes. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, Mrs. Amlet!

(Dick crosses from L.H. to R.H. and back, Brass follows, offering to adjust his dress, and Dick drives him off, L.H.)

Aml. *(To Clar.)* Yes, forsooth; though I should

lose the hundred you pawned your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, Dick.

Cor. Look you, Flippanta, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abused. (*Crosses to him.*) And so, sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is your's; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

Dick. Say'st thou so, my little queen? Why then, if my dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grandchildren, and a merry house we'll make her.

(*They kneel to Mrs. Amlet.*)

Aml. Ah—ha, ha, ha, ha, the pretty pair, the pretty pair! rise, my chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of them. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her.—Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, Mrs. Amlet, don't be in a passion, the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing belongs to him.

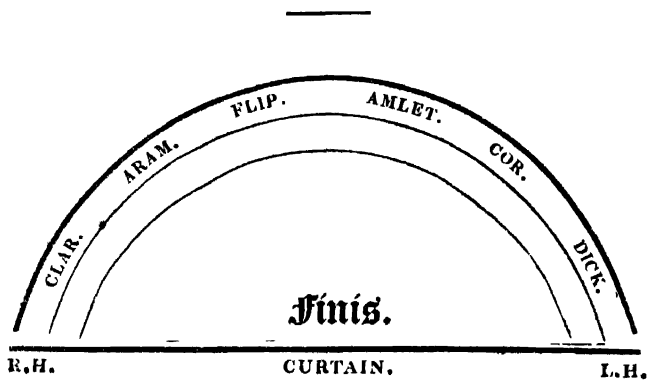
Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose for us, Clarissa, we are to go on with our dears as we used to.

Clar. Just in the same tract; for this late treaty of agreement with them was so unnatural, you see it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

Flip. From this example let each wedded pair,
That would the solid joys of wedlock share,
Avoid the trifling follies of the town,
Where no substantial joys were ever known;
And hold, as the most certain joys of life,
An honest husband, and a virtuous wife.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



THE INDEPENDENT WHIG, AND NEW OBSERVER.

“ Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS is the PALADIUM of all the Civil, Political, and Religious RIGHTS of an ENGLISHMAN.”

On Sunday, the 29th of April, 1821, was published No. 5, of a new
WEEKLY JOURNAL, *Price Seven-pence, called the*

Independent Observer.

IT is with feelings of the liveliest solicitude, yet with perfect confidence, that the proprietors address themselves to an enlightened public, and solicit their liberal patronage of the above new and arduous undertaking. Professions of active zeal and superior merit have so frequently been made, and so seldom realized, that any new attempt to excite public expectation is naturally and justly viewed with jealousy and distrust; nor does the mischief rest here—so many new journals are continually starting forth, each advancing its separate claims, and sedulously maintaining its pretensions to public favour, that the mind is bewildered with the multiplicity of candidates, and wholly incapacitated from doing justice to those who really are entitled to universal and exclusive regard.

Notwithstanding, however, these serious difficulties, the proprietors of the “Independent Observer” flatter themselves that they shall succeed in making out a case to justify them in their most sanguine expectations of receiving a more than ordinary portion of encouragement and applause. They do not come into the field of literary warfare as unknown or inexperienced champions of freedom; their merits are already known, and have been justly appreciated. Two highly popular journals (the “Independent Whig” and “New Observer,”) are incorporated under the above title, with the signal advantage of all the assistance to be derived from the long established reputation, and distinguished talents of an Editor who has devoted forty years to the service of his country.

The “INDEPENDENT OBSERVER” will be the slave of no party; while it will keep a watchful and jealous eye over the conduct of Ministers, and be ever ready to denounce their faults, it will not be backward in pointing out the errors or excesses of those who may either mistakenly or imprudently bring discredit upon a just and honourable cause. By a strict and undeviating adherence to the Independent principles it professes, careless whom it may offend or please, can it alone hope to promote the public welfare, and experience confidence and support.

A considerable portion of this Paper will be devoted to Strictures on the Polite Arts, the Drama, and Miscellaneous Literature, which will be actuated by the most rigid impartiality; and while it professes to point out imperfections with freedom, it will be always ready to foster rising merit, and give to real merit its deserved tribute of commendation. In a word, whatever can interest the feelings, or engage the noblest faculties of the mind,—whatever is connected with our national or domestic policy, as forming any part of the great schemes of our civil and political institutions,—shall be vigilantly attended to, and constitutionally animadverted on. The moderate price of *Seven Pence*, at which this Journal will be sold, will, it is hoped, give general satisfaction; since, while it will have a tendency to facilitate its circulation among all ranks of the community, it will evince that the proprietors are less solicitous for their own personal benefit than for the welfare of the public. Its contents will be classed in the following distinct and novel manner.

which the public mind, throughout the week, has been agitated.

Parliamentary Observer.—This section will present our senatorial debates in a form of unusual clearness and superior accuracy.

News.—Under this head will be ranged very copious extracts from the foreign papers, and a careful selection of domestic intelligence. A particular attention will be paid in this place to the affairs of AMERICA, as we are furnished with *exclusive* means of information upon every subject connected with its political, literary, and scientific relations. To American residents in the metropolis, our notices will be found of uncommon value.

Literature.—In this department we mean to give a prompt analysis of new works, accompanied by a weekly list of a list books either published or advertised for publication.—The earliest information of Authors and Booksellers is earnestly solicited.

Poetry.—Our columns will be graciously under this head, with contributions from more than one eminent pen to which the literary world has attached its most implicit favour.

Fine Arts.—Productions in this class of polite science will be criticised by gentlemen whose studies have been professionally directed to the pencil and graver. We hope to render their remarks of essential service to the genius of our country.

Drama.—Undeviating attention, and scrupulous impartiality, are the attributes upon which we mean to place the merit of our theatrical strictures. The stage, it cannot be denied, is an object of great value, and a source of deep interest; we shall treat it with unimpeachable candour, and so far, at least, with unusual success.

Modes of Fashion.—A register of those light and local occurrences, in which the taste more particularly of our female readers may be interested.

Legal Observer.—A correct account of all the judicial proceedings in the metropolis, combined with a copious list of assize trials, and police examinations.

Miscellaneous.—A register of Accidents, Offences, Sporting Intelligence, and other fortuitous events; with occasional original articles on subjects of interest.

The Expositor.—An able and copious exposition of public and private grievances.

Provincial Observer.—Forming a complete repository of provincial intelligence.

Irish and Scotch Affairs.—Described by the title.

Mercantile Observer.—This most important division of our journal will contain the London Gazette, including Prize Payments, &c., List of Insolvents; View of the Public Funds; State of the Markets; Price Current; Agricultural Report, &c. &c.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.—A record in which characters of eminence will be suitably discriminated.

To Country Subscribers the "Independent Observer" will afford the superior advantage of being transmitted, free of expense, on the blank post day, upwards of twenty-four hours earlier than the usual period of delivery; and as it will contain the News up to a late hour on Saturday, including the Gazette, it is presumed that it will prove peculiarly calculated for Ireland, Scotland, &c. Within the Three-penny Post district it may be received by nine o'clock on Sunday morning.

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Oxberry's Edition.

D O U G L A S.

A TRAGEDY;

By John Home.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY. Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
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Remarks.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS is a play which has the merit of being the only tragedy since the beginning of the last century, which has outlived its author, and been a favourite with more than one generation. It is like a green spot in the desert, which, though its verdure may be scanty, and its recesses soon explored, we hail with gladness and turn from with regret, from its contrast to the dearth and barrenness around. The success it has met with, in part owing to adventitious circumstances, is not, however, been wholly undeserved. It possesses rare beauties, and few faults. There is an economy of genius, as well as of fortune; and an author, by not letting his offences against common sense and received rules accumulate against him, is often able, by a happy turn of expression or a well-timed and spirited speech or two, to redeem himself and strike a critical balance in his favour. Those, on the contrary, who heedlessly or wantonly run in debt to public opinion, mistaking extravagance for a proof of wealth, are seldom known to retrieve their imprudence, or compound for their arrears of reputation satisfactorily to themselves or others. There are few persons who have the power to dazzle and triumph over general admiration, by a promiscuous and equal profusion of defects and beauties, but "growing immortal in their own despite" and whatever some over-weening enthusiasts may imagine to the contrary, "discretion is the better part" of wit, as it has been said to be "of valour." Poets, like other people, succeed best by knowing what they can do, not by attempting what is beyond their strength, so that self-knowledge is an essential principle in the composition of poetry, as well as in the conduct of life. The author of Douglas has dared little; and by that means, has done much. He does not "overstep the modesty of nature;" and by keeping studiously within those hallowed limits, finds truth linked with beauty. He leaves a good deal to the fancy and the feelings of others, and the reader is naturally disposed to repay this confidence with interest. He trusts less to the resources of his own mind than to the common feelings likely to be suggested by his subject, in the situations arising out of it, and the judicious choice of topics for declamation. We find more tenderness than strength in this play: his descriptive and narrative parts are better than the impassioned. You will find Norval's speech giving an account of himself to Lord and Lady Rudolph, for the spirit of modest heroism, and conscious worth that

breathes in it, may almost be compared with Othello's apology to the Senate, on which it is evidently modelled; and the appeal of the same character, in the dispute between himself and Glenalvon, from the decision of his "liege lord," to honour,

* Sole judge, and umpire of itself

is finer as a didactic common-place than any thing of the same sort in Mr. Addison's Cato. Through the whole play the spirit of romance and chivalry is softened and relieved by the wisest spirit of humanity and we see the character of the dramatic poet not ungracefully blended with that of the teacher of religion and virtue. The episode of the old Hermit, who instructed Norval in the art of war, and who in returning from the Holy Land, had slain his only brother in a quarrel, is the most solemn and impressive flight of the author's fancy, and contains, like the rest of the play, occasional touches of great natural beauty and felicitous diction.*

" And happy in my mind was he that died
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate "

The delicacy of description in the last line but one is not easily to be surpassed. The style of the poetry is indeed one great charm of the play; it is at once familiar and figurative, neither affectedly old, nor ostentatiously new. The opening of the tragedy is superior to the concluding scenes. The situations, which are at first highly interesting and full of expectation, become dark and disagreeable; the power of passion and imagination is not sufficiently called out to overcome our repugnance to the untowardness of the events, and the catastrophe is sudden and ill-managed. It is at the same time shocking and gratuitous. We do not throw away much moral sympathy, or profound reflection on calamity, which it seems might have been so easily avoided. On the stage, Douglas owes its immediate attraction to the interest of the story, and to the pantomime effect of the successive situations. Glenalvon, though a subordinate and odious, is by far the most dramatic character in the piece; and should be played by Mr. Kean. The part of Young Norval is more ideal and poetical than dramatic; and in the representation of this part, there was a romantic sweetness in the tones of voice, and a personification of youth, of

* Omitted in representation. Ed.

and beauty in the face and figure of the Young Roscius, when he first appeared in that character as a boy, which gave back (more than any thing we have ever seen) the image of the poet's mind. w. II.

John Home, was a native of Scotland, born in the vicinity of Anstruther, in Roxburghshire, in 1724; being intended for the church, he received a suitable education, and was in due time ordained, and inducted to the living of Athelstaneford. In the rebellion of 1745, the success of the insurgents under the Pretender induced Mr. Home to suspend his clerical character and pursuits, and take up arms in defence of the existing government. He was present at the battle of Falkirk; where he was taken prisoner, and, with five or six other gentlemen, escaped from the castle of Down. The rebellion being soon quelled, he resumed the duties of his profession, and in his leisure hours produced his tragedy of Douglas, which being announced for representation at the Edinburgh theatre, the elders of the kirk, in their great zeal, remonstrated with the author on the *heinous crime* that he was committing, but he, not quite so perfectly convinced as they would have had him be, of the iniquity of the act itself, unconscious of any ill intention, and pretty thoroughly persuaded that his play would meet with a success from which he should reap both fame and profit, was not willing at once to desist, nor with his own hands to pull down a fabric which he had, at the expense of much time and labour, been rearing. They now endeavoured to terrify the performers from representing it, but with no better success. The piece was brought out, and the incensed elders, in a public convocation expelled and for ever disqualified him for the ministry.

The success of *Douglas*, at the Edinburgh theatre, induced our author to offer it to the London managers; when, notwithstanding all the influence exerted in its favour, it was *refused* by Mr. Garrick. Mr. Rich, however, accepted it, and it was acted the first time at Covent Garden, March 14, 1757, with moderate applause, such as by no means indicated that celebrity which it afterwards obtained.

Thus harshly treated in his own country, however, Mr. Home met with essential protection in England. Being known to the Earl of Bute, and that nobleman representing the circumstances of this unreasonable oppression, exercised on a man of genius, to our late Sovereign, then Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness stretched out his protecting hand to the author of *Douglas*, and, by settling a very handsome pension on him, and sheltering him under his own patronage, put it out of the

power of either bigotry, envy, or malevolence, to blast his laurels. **It** was once reported, that he had some pretensions to the title of Earl of Dunbar ; but on what ground we have not learned. His plays, which are all tragedies, are entitled as follow :

1. *Douglas*. T. 8vo. 1757.
2. *Agis*. T. 8vo. 1758.
3. *The Siege of Aquileia*. T. 8vo. 1760.
4. *The Fatal Discovery*. T. 8vo. 1769.
5. *Alonzo*. T. 8vo. 1773.
6. *Alfred*. T. 8vo. 1778.

This last was acted the 21st of January 1778, at Covent Garden ; but with so little success, that, after three representations, it was withdrawn, and consigned to oblivion ; and with it ended Mr. Home's connexion with the stage. After this period, Mr Home published *A History of the Rebellion, in 1745*, from which great expectations were excited on account of the means he possessed of being well informed. Those expectations, however, were not answered ; the work being meagre and unsatisfactory, defective in many important points, and by no means calculated to gratify curiosity, to afford information, or support the character of the author as an historian. It is worthy of remark that the celebrated Poems of Ossian would never have been heard of, had not Mr. Home stretched forth his protecting hand to Macpherson, the translator. While Mr. Macpherson was schoolmaster of Ruthven, in Badenoch, he occupied his leisure hours in collecting, from the native but illiterate bards of the mountains of Scotland, fragments of those inimitable poems : a few of them he translated, and inserted them occasionally in a weekly miscellany, then conducted at Edinburgh, by Walter Ruddiman. The beauty of these pieces soon attracted the notice of Mr. Home, and of Drs. Robertson and Blair ; and it was resolved by these gentlemen to send for Mr. Macpherson from his humble retreat. He accordingly came to Edinburgh, and had an interview with these literary characters ; the result of which was, that he resigned his situation as schoolmaster, travelled, at their expense, all over the Highlands, and collected the originals of those poems, which have since been the subject of so much controversy. Macpherson, at his death, left our author 2000*l.* as a mark of grateful recollection of the acts of kindness he had received from him in early life.

Mr. Home died at Merchiston House, near Edinburgh, September 4. 1808.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. SPARKS

In ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms,
A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame
Who has not heard of gallant Percy's name?
Ay, and of Douglas? Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's sire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the Phoenix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,
These generous rivals loved each other well.
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When Percy wrong'd defied his prince or peers,
Fast came the Douglas, with his Scottish spears;
And, when proud Douglas made his king his foe,
For Douglas, Percy bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate
Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.
This night a Douglas your protection claims;
A wife! a mother! pity's softest names:
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear,
In confidence she begs; and hopes to find
Each English breast, like noble Percy's, kind.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. BARRY.

**AN Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
The noblest passion of the human breast
For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words; void of delusive art
I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy**

Costume.



NORVAL.

Green plaid jacket, kilt and tartan, flesh coloured stockings and
shoes, breast plate, cap and sandals.

LORD RANDOLPH.

Scarlet silk plaid jacket,—ibid.

GLENALVON.

Green plaid,—ibid.

OLD NORVAL.

Drab coloured doublet and breeches, plaid scarf,—ibid.

DONALD.

Red plaid jacket, kilt and tartan, breast plate,—ibid.

OFFICERS.

Green,—ibid.

SERVANTS.

Plain green,—ibid.

LADY RANDOLPH.

Black velvet dress, trimmed with black bugles.

ANNA.

White sarsnet dress, trimmed with beads.

DOUGLAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH, through the Castle Gates.

Lady R. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy
gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell awhile : I will not leave you long ;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas ! Douglas ! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation : hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn :
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
O disregard me not ; though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, L. 1.

Lord R. Again these weeds of woe! say dost thou well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord R. Time, that wears out the trace of deepest
anguish,
Has past o'er thee in vain.
Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
'That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady R. Oh! take not up the ashes of my fathers.
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.

Lord R. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of Fancy's children burns.
Decent affection, and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

(*Crosses to R. II*)

Lady R. Thou dost not think so: woeeful as I am
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither goest thou now?

Lord R. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady R. O, may adverse winds,

Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet !
 And every soldier of both hosts return
 In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Lord R. Thou speak'st a woman's ; hear a warrior's
 wish :

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
 May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
 Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !
 Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.
 Lady, farewell : I leave thee not alone ;
 Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.
 [Exit, R.H.]

Enter ANNA, L.H.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love :
 Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts :
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
 And lose in sadness.

Lady R. So to lose my hours
 Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state.
 But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
 Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
 What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
 In early youth, the husband of your heart ?

Lady R. Oh !

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
 And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate ?
 Forgive me, lady ; humble tho' I am,
 The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune :
 So fervently I love you, that to dry
 These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady R. What pow'r directed thy unconscious
 tongue

To speak as thou hast done ? to name—

Anna. I know not :
 But since my words have made my mistress tremble,

I will speak so no more ; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady R. No, thou shalt not be siler ..
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it ; can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time ?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive ?

Anna. What means my noble mistress ?

Lady R. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows
been,—

If I in early youth had lost a husband ?—
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodged,
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth ;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.

Anna. O ! lady, most rever'd !
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas ! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe :
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came,
Under a borrowed name.—My heart he gain'd ;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd ;
My brother's presence authorized our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles : and with him,
In spite of all my tears did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took

As ~~not~~ equivocal, that I ne'er would
 Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
 Thy onward path! altho' the earth should gape,
 And from the gulf of hell destruction cry
 To take dissimulation's winding way. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
 Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady R. The first truth
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
 This precious moral from my tragic tale.—
 In a few days the dreadful tidings came
 That Douglas and my brother both were slain.

Anna. My dearest lady! many a tale of tears
 I've listened to; but never did I hear
 A tale so sad as this.

Lady R. In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
 As women wish to be who love their lords.
 But who durst tell my father? The good priest
 Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
 With his lov'd Malcolm in the battle fell:
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.
 On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
 Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
 That very night on which my son was born,
 My nurse, the only confidant I had,
 Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
 But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,
 Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

Anna. Not seen, nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady R. No. It was dark December: wind and rain
 Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
 The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
 My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

Anna. Ah! Lady, see! Glenarvon comes:
 I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
 And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady R. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
 Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?

Lady R. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men its features.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:

Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit, through the Castle gates.*]

Anna. O happiness! where art thou to be found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd:

Nor dost thou, it would seem with virtue dwell;

Else had this gentle lady, miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON, L.H.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,

On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

Anna. Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

Glen. What dost thou doubt of! what hast thou to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,

Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts;

And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let woman view yon monument of woe,

Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?

But I must follow: this revolving day

Awakes the memory of her ancient woes.

[*Exit, through the Castle gates.*]

Glen. So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by and by
I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride.

The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord

Of these rich vallies, and a chief of pow'r.

The season is most apt; my sounding steps

Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate

Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:

When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,

Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour;
 I' s' d' unknown: a slender consolation!
 Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
 To sow in peril, and let others reap
 The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe;
 By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
 Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
 And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
 The way of woman's will I do not know:
 But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
 I will not live in fear: the man I dread
 Is as a Dane to me: ay, and the man
 Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
 No bar but he: she has no kinsman near;
 No brother in his sister's quarrel bold:
 And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
 I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit, R. H.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court, &c.*

Don. (*Without, R. H.*) Bring him along.

Stra. (*Without, R. H.*) Help! help!

Don. (*Entering.*) Along, I say.

Enter DONALD, and a Stranger, R. H. and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA, through the Castle gate.

Lady R. What means this clamour? stranger, speak
 secure;

Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude men presum'd
 To vex the weary traveller on his way!

Don. By us no stranger ever suffered wrong:

This man with outery wild has call'd us forth :
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter Four Attendants, LORD RANDOLPH, and NORVAL, with their swords drawn and bloody, R.H.

Lady R. Not vain the stranger's fears ! how fares
my lord ?

Lord R. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death !
As down the winding dale I walked alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me :
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him : but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two ; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph : upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady R. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n
And to this noble youth.

Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank ?
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life ?

Lord R. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not
But I must know who my deliverer is. (*To Norval.*)

Norv. A low born man of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings ! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature ! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;
 And heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
 This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends;
 Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. 'Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
 You trembling coward who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
 And heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord R. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
 With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
 My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish king,
 Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
 Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady R. I cannot say : for various affections,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
 Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety.
 Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death
 Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction which his birth denied.
 In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
 And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.
 Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
 He stands conspicuous ; fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
 And bless'd the wonder-working hand of heaven.

Lord R. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts !
 My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
 Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
 In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
 In speech and manners ; never till this hour
 Stood I in such a presence : yet, my lord,
 There's something in my breast which makes me bold,
 To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady R. (*Crosses to Norval.*) I will be sworn thou
 wilt not. Thou shalt be
 My knight ; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
 With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord R. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
 reply. (*Crosses to Norval.*)
 We are thy debtors still ; thy high desert
 O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
 As was at first intended, to the camp.
 Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
 Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)
 Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
 The chosen warriors of thy native land,

Who languish for the fight, and beat the air,
With brandish'd swords.

Nor. Let us be gone, my lord.

Lord R. (To Lady Randolph.) About the time that
the declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights.
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt, R.H. all, but Lady R. and Anna.*]

Lady R. Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
At every happy parent I repine!
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born.
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted say'st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger.
While thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast up to my care.
I will protect thee, (said I to myself)

With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power :
 You must awake : devices will be fram'd, /
 And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval. .

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will
 work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
 If I deter him not : I only can.
 Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
 I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

Enter GLENALVON, R. H.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Ran-
 dolph ?

Lady R. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the
 base— *(Crosses to Glenalvon.)*

Glen. I have : and that the villains may not 'scape,
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
 And torture force from them th' important secret,
 Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,
 Or if—

Lady R. That care becomes a kinsman's love,
 I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

[Exit Anna, through the Castle gates.]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady R. I have not found so : thou art known to
 me.

Glen. Known !

Lady R. Aye, known !
 And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know ? By heaven
 You much amaze me. No created being,
 Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady R. Is guilt so bold, and dost thou make a
 merit
 Of thy pretended meekness ? This to me,
 Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
 Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,

Would make thee nothing ; or, what's worse than that,
 An outcast beggar, and unpitied too :
 For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind !
 Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
 Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
 If he is brought by love to misery,
 In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
 Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
 Which on such beggars freely is bestowed :
 For mortals know that love is still their lord,
 And o'er their vain resolves advances still :
 As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
 Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady R. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
 To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou shouldst.
 His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
 Perhaps his presence may not please thee well :
 But, at thy peril, practise aught against him :
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
 And loosen the good root he has in Randolph ;
 Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
 Thou lookst at me as if thou fain wouldst pry
 Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.

(Crosses to R.H.)

I give this early caution, and put on
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
 The friendless stranger my protection claims :
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !
 I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
 In holy legends, and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means !

Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
 And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
 'Tis were thy center, if I thought she loved him !
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity !
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires.
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,
 Cross'd and divided by 'strange-colour'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
 And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
 I've known such follower's rankled bosom breed
 Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit, 1.H.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Court, &c. as before.*

*Enter DONALD, R.H. and ANNA through the Castle
 Gates.*

Don. One of the vile assassins is secur'd,
 That struck this morning at Lord Randolph's life.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood.
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
 His first essay : these jewels were conceal'd
 In the most secret places of his garment ;
 Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.
Anna. Let me look on them. Ha ! here is a hear.

The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name !
 These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.
 [Exit, through the Castle gates.

Enter SERVANTS with a PRISONER, R. H.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
 Of what you charge me with.

Don. You say so, sir !
 But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
 Behold the Lady of Lord Randolph comes :
 Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA, through the
 Castle gates..

Anna. (*Aside to Lady R. I. H.*) Summon your
 utmost fortitude, before
 You speak with him. Your dignity, your name
 Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
 Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady R. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate
 heart,
 Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

(*Aside to Anna*)—(*The prisoner kneels.*)

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and
 mild !

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold. (*Rises.*)
 O save me, lady ! from these cruel men,
 Who have attack'd and seiz'd me ; who accuse
 Me of intended murder. • As I hope
 For mercy at the judgment seat of heaven,
 The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
 Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye
 produce ?

Don. We found him lurking in the hollow glen.
 When view'd and called upon, amaz'd he fled.
 I overtook him, and enquir'd from whence,
 'T' what he was : he said he came from far,
 'T was upon his journey to the camp.

Not satisfied with this, we search'd his cloaths,
 And found these jewels; whose rich value plead
 Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems
 And old in villainy. Permit us try
 His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle lady! by your lord's dear life!
 Which these weak hands, I swear did ne'er assail!
 And by your children's welfare, spare my age!
 Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
 And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady R. Account for these: thine own they cannot
 be:

For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
 Detected falsehood is most certain death.

*(Anna signs to Donald and attendants, and they
 retire, R.II.)*

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
 For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
 Eternal justice is in this most just!
 I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. O! Anna hear!—*(Aside to Anna.)* once
 more I charge thee speak

The truth direct: for these to me foretell
 And certify a part of thy narration:
 With which if the remainder tallies not,
 An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
 As if you were the minister of heaven,
 Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
 Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
 But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
 All that I had, and then turned me and mine,
 (Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
 Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
 Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
 In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
 Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
 One stormy night, as I remember well,
 The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:

Red came the river down, and loud and oft
 The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
 At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
 Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
 To where the circling eddy of a pool
 Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
 My reach whatever floating thing the stream
 Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost :
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
 By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
 A basket ; soon I drew it to the bank,
 And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive !

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art !
 How couldst thou kill what waves and tempest spared ?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not ?

Pris. The needy man, who has known better days,
 One whom distress has spited at the world,
 Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
 To do such deeds, as makes the prosperous men
 Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
 And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,
 Who saw no end of black adversity :
 Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
 Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha ! dost thou say so ? 'Then perhaps he
 lives !

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. O ! God of heav'n ! Did he then die so
 lately ?

Pris. I did not say he died ; I hope he lives.
 Not many days ago these eyes beheld
 Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now ?

Pris. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh fate ! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
 'T' speak

T

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But heaven's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain: for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he; 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master:
The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;

The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. (Kneels.) Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!

My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. (Raising Old Norval.) Thy words surprise me: sure thou dost not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee

Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aught

'Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.

But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,

Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord

Grew desperate and reckless of the world;

And never, as he erst was wont, went forth

To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:

May heav'n so judge me as I judg'd my master!

And god so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.

Remember'st thou a little lonely hut,

That like a holy hermitage appears

Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,

Who in my father's service spent his youth:

Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,

Before the king and nobles, what thou now

To me hast told. No more but this, and thou

Shalt live in honour all thy future days;

My son so long shall call thee father still,

And all the land shall bless the man, who sav'd

The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet

Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so ;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.

Why did I leave my home and ancient dame ?

To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,

And make him wear these jewels in his arms ;

Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth.

(Anna beckons to Donald and Servants, and they re-enter, R.H.) *

Lady R. This man is not th' assassin you suspected,
Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels

To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.

'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,

Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[Exeunt Prisoner and Servants, R.H.]

My faithful Anna ! dost thou share my joy ?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event !

Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm

Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son !

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father !

Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks

For such a gift ! What does my Anna think

Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest ?

How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,

Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown
him,

And tower'd up to the region of his sire ? *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy !

Mysterious nature, with the unseen chord

Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady R. The ready story of his birth believ'd

Suppress my fancy quite ; nor did he owe

To any likeness my so sudden favour :

But now I long to see his face again,

Examine every feature, and find out

The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.

But most of all, I long to let him know

Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady R. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows,
If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret and consult with him:
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in nature's ease: his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
Pursues the flash.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Anna. That demon haunts you still:
Behold Glenalvon.

Lady R. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

[Exit Anna, through the Castle Gates.

Enter GLENALVON, R.H.

Glen. Noble dame!
The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers:
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady R. How many mothers shall bewail their sons !
 How many widows weep their husbands slain !
 Ye dames of Denmark ! ev'n for you I feel,
 Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
 Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
 Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
 Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
 The monster war, with her infernal brood,
 Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
 Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
 Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death ;
 Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady R. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
 scorn :

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon ; none more apt
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion :
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.
 Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

(*Crosses to L II.*)

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
 Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert ; time will shew how truly :
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
 Somewhat too haughtily, defied your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend :
 But that's thy last reward. Believe me, sir,
 The truly generous is the truly wise ;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit, through the Castle Gates.*]

Glen. Amen ! and virtue is its own reward !— /

I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also! flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation; 'tis my key,
 And opes the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile: 'tis her alone I fear:
 Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
 I shew'd him gold, and he has payn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
 To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
 Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
 In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs,
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

 ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Court.*—(*Flourish of Trumpets.*)

Enter LORD RANDOLPH *attended, through the Castle Gates.*

Lord R. Summon an hundred horse, by break of day,
 To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

[*Exeunt Attendants, R.H.S.R.*]

Enter LADY RANDOLPH, R.H.

Lady R. Alas! my lord! 'I've heard unwelcome news;

The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil;
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed; we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times!

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In well-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports.
An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords,
for war;

Hence early graves; hence the lone widow's life;
And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

(Crosses to Glen. as he enters)

Enter GLENALVON and NORVAL, R.H.

Glenalvon ! with the lark arise ; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale .
Private I travel to the royal camp :

(Glen. crosses behind to L.H. of Lady R.)

Norval, thou go'st with me. But say, young man !
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day ?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

Norv. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd ; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
And, ent ring on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters :
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts ;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,

The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

(*Trumpet sounds, R.H.*)

Lord R. From whence these sounds?

Enter DONALD, R.H.

Don. My lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest! does he the warriors
lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

Don. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go.

With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [*Glen. crosses and Exit, R.H.*]

Don. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord R. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the ancient world:

Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still for love of glory and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear.

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exeunt Lord R. and Don. R.H.*]

Lady R. The soldier's loquaciousness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?

Must be the hour I left my father's house!

I might have been a shepherd all my days,
 And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
 Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
 And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady R. There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,
 That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
 Since lucky chance has left us here alone
 Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
 I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,
 That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
 And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life :
 These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady R. Know'st thou these gems?
 (*Shows the Jewels.*)

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes
 I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady R. Thy father's say'st thou! ah! they were
 thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd
 Of both my parents, whence such splendour came?
 But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady R. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's son.

Norv. Not Norval's son!

Lady R. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I then?

Lady R. Noble thou art;

For noble was thy sire!

Norv. I will believe—

O! tell me further! Say, whq was my father?

Lady R. Douglas!

Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady R. His younger brother.

Norv. And in yonder camp?

Lady R. Alas!

Norv. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
 Lives my brave father?

Lady R. Ah! too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norv. Ah me unhappy! ere I saw the light?

But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady R. She lives; but wastes her life in constant
woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norv. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And desolate, implores of heaven, the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword—
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady R. Thy virtue ends her woe!—My son! my
son!

Norv. Art thou my mother?

Lady R. I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!
(*Falls upon his neck.*)

Norv. Ever let me kneel!

Lady R. Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy sire I pay to thee.

Norv. Respect and admiration still posses me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady R. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.
Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father.
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
Liker the dove's: and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norv. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When Douglas died. O, I have much to ask!

Lady R. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
 At present this :—thou art the rightful heir
 Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
 Which now lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
 But thou shalt not be wrong'd ; I have the power
 To right thee still : before the king I'll kneel,
 And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norv. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends and favour,
 boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
 Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
 My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
 My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norv. To be the son of Douglas is to me
 Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
 And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils and in-
 justice

Await the poor man's valour. O ! my son !
 The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,
 Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before
 This casual opportunity arose
 Of private conference. Its purport mark :
 For as I there at point, we meet again.
 Leave me, my son ! and frame thy manners still
 To Norval's, not to Noble Douglas' state.

Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now ?
 That good old man.

Lady R. At hand conceal'd he lies,
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,
 Of yon Glenalvon ; in his guilty breast
 Besides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
 To false conjecture. He hath grieved my heart.

Norv. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon
Beware of me. [*Exit, L.H.*

Lady R. There burst the smother'd flame!
O! thou all righteous and eternal King!
Who Father of the Fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
Hath filled his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breast of his forefathers burn'd;
Set him on high like them that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land!
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
When I by reason, and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON, R.H.S.E.

Lord R. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady R. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd:
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, speak of war no more.

[*Exit, through the Castle Gates.*

Lord R. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mien, her voice,
her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now: behind the mount
Amongst the trees I saw him glide along.

Lord R. For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd!

Glen. Most true, my lord.

Lord R. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation; (*shews a letter*) the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded:

Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
 Whose heart he knows he has not: tho' she brings
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
 Cold and contemplative:—he cannot trust her;
 She may, she will bring shame and sorrow on him;
 The worst of sorrow, and the worst of shame!

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts;
 But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
 'Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
 This billet must to blooming Norval go:
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.
 In the close thicket take your secret stand;
 The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
 Of their behaviour.

Lord R. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
 The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
 Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord R. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord!
 Withdraw a little: (*Lord R. crosses to R.H.*) I'll accost
 young Norval,
 And with ironical derisive counsel
 Explore his spirit. If he is no more
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
 But if he be the favourite of the fair,
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
 Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my
 lord
 His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit Randolph, R.H.*
 'Tis strange, by heav'n!
 That she should run full tilt her fond career,
 To one so little known. She too that seem'd
 Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
 Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
 Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
 Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

DOUGLAS, appears, L.H.S.E.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. (*Aside.*)
 Has Norval seen the troops?

Doug. The setting sun,
 With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
 And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
 Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
 The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
 Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd
 An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
 In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Doug. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
 Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
 Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial
 deeds
 Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me, Norval;
 Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
 Above his veterans of famous service.
 Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
 Give them all honour; seem not to command;
 Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power
 Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Doug. Sir, I have been accustomed all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth :
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Doug. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Doug. A shepherd's scorn !

Glen. Yes ; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me ;
What will become of you ?

Doug. If this were told !— (*Aside.*)
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Doug. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee—

Doug. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Doug. So I am—
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy :
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Doug. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie : and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Doug. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile : but as I am,

I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race, who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee siuk too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command

Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

Doug. Villain, no more :

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause :
But heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, R.H.

Lord R. (In the centre.) Hold, I command you both.
The man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Doug. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord : he's wond'rous condescending !

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval !

Doug. Now you may scoff in safety.

(Sheaths his sword.)

Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other : but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Doug. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage : but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence, as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial
voice :

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields.
Suspend your purpose, 'till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader : then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Doug. And I.

Enter DONALD, through the Castle Gates.

Don. The banquet awaits.

Lord R. We come.—[*Exit Lord R. with Donald
through the Castle gates.*]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow ;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Doug. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment :
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt, through the Castle Gates.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter DOUGLAS, L.H.U.E.

Doug. This is the place, the centre of the grove ;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;

The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in ought believed,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter OLD NORVAL, L.H.

Old N. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
 hence ?

His just reproach I fear. (*Douglas turns and sees him*)

Forgive, forgive,
 Can'st thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
 Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Welcome to me ;' thou art my father still :
 Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
 Welcome, to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
 And ever honoured with thy Douglas live.

Old N. And dost thou call me father ? O my son !
 I think that I could die to make amends
 For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime,
 Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
 The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
 That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
 Among the shepherds, in the humble cot,
 I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
 When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
 I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
 The poor man's friend ; and, when my vassals bow,
 Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Old N. Let me but live to see thine exaltation !
 Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
 And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them ?

Old N. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your
 life.

Doug. How know'st thou that ?

Old N. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
 Appointed for me by your mother's care,
 And fondly trod in each accustomed path
 That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
 I was alarmed with unexpected sounds
 Of earnest voices. On the persons came :
 Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
 Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
 And that Glenalvon : still of you they spoke,
 And of the lady : threat'ning was their speech,
 Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
 'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge ! for what ?

Old N. For being what you are ;
 Sir Malcolm's heir : how else have you offended ?
 When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
 And there sat musing how I best might find
 Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
 But I could think of none : at last perplex'd
 I issued forth, encompassing the tower
 With many a weary step and wishful look.
 Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness :
 But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
 In our encounter with the vile assassin,
 I mark'd his brave demeanour : him I'll trust.

Old N. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming : she shall know
 What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow :
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
 You must depart : your presence may prevent
 Our interview.

Old N. My blessing rest upon thee !
 O' my heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
 And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;

Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine ! [Exit, L. H.]

Doug. He loves me like a parent :
And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a noble father.
Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !
Once on the cold, and winter shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil ;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flow'rs.
Ye glorious stars ! high heav'n's resplendent host !
'To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
- Living or dead, let me but be renown'd !
May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
'To give a bold defiance to our host !
Before he speaks it out I will accept ;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH, R. H.

Lady R. My son ! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet !

(Embracing him.)

Doug. No : on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil !

Doug. 'Tis not good.——

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
[conversation : oft they mention'd me

With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes
nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Gracious heav'n! we are betray'd:
They have found out the secret of thy birth;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps e'en now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here? •

No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
'f in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will aim. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. O nature, nature! what can check thy
force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.

• (Crosses to R.H.)

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;
Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. (Crosses to L.H.) I yield me, and obey: but
yet my heart

Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
 And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
 Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arn'rachiev'd.
 Our foes are two : no more : let me go forth,
 And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
 Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
 One thing I have to say before we part :
 Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
 In a most fearful season. Oh! my long lost hope!
 If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
 To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
 The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,
 Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
 In this waste world! my son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you com-
 fort?

The god of battles of my life dispose
 As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
 I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
 But yet consider, as no vulgar name
 That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
 How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
 The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
 My country's foes must witness who I am.
 On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady R. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.
 Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain.

(*Embracing* ;

And as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

(*Separate.*)

Lady R. Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the
 path ;
 I'll point it out again. [*Exeunt, Doug. L.H. Lady R. R.H.*]

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON, R.H.U.E.

Lord R. Not in her presence.

Now—

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord R. No: I command thee stay. (*Crosses to L.H.*)
I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man.

The noblest vengeance is the most complete. [*Exit, L.H.*
(*Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of
the Stage, listens, and speaks.*)

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
And to a double slaughter guide it home!
The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. (*Behind the Scenes.*) Draw, villain! draw.

Doug. (*Behind the Scenes.*) Assail me not, lord
Randolph;

Not as thou lov'st thyself. (*Clashing of Swords.*)

Glen. Now is the time. [*Exit, L.H.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH, R.H.

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
thine own:

But spare! Oh spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, L.H. with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives, he lives:
For this, for this to heaven eternal praise!
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me, but I slew him.

Lady R. Behind thee! Ah! thou'rt wounded!
my child,
How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?

Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last. (*Leans upon his sword*)

Lady R. There is no hope!
And we must part! the hand of death is on thee!
O my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!

(*Douglas growing more and more faint*)

Doug. Too soon we part; I have not long been
Douglas.

O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me:
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady R. Has heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like
this?

Doug. O had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death,
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady R. Hear justice! hear! are these the fruits
of virtue? (*Douglas falls.*)

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of
me.—

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady R. Despair! despair!

Doug. O had it pleas'd high heaven to let me live
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother— (*Dies.*)

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA, L.H.

Lord R. Thy words, the words of truth, have pierc'd
my heart.

It is the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword—

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son! How curst I am!
Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead!

Lady R. (*Recovering.*) Where am I now? Still in
this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

Lord R. O misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My guilt

Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady R. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee and of thy valour! My fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine.

A little while

Was I a wife! a mother not so long!

What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
That only whilst I please: for such a son
And such a husband make a woman bold.

(*Rushes out, R.H.*)

Lord R. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[*Exit Anna, R.H.*]

Lord R. Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter ANNA, R.H.

Anna. My lord! my lord!

Lord R. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord R. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more:

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this? She plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord R. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
I'll go straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait:
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.

