

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Select Collection of Old English Plays,  
Volume 15, by Robert Dodsley and William Carew Hazlitt**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: A Select Collection of Old English Plays, Volume 15

Author: Robert Dodsley

Editor: William Carew Hazlitt

Release date: June 9, 2015 [EBook #49180]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Richard Tonsing, Jonathan Ingram and the Online  
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH  
PLAYS, VOLUME 15 \*\*\*

---

**A SELECT COLLECTION**  
**OF**  
**OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.**

**ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY ROBERT DODSLEY**

**IN THE YEAR 1744.**

***FOURTH EDITION,***

**NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, REVISED AND ENLARGED**

**WITH THE NOTES OF ALL THE COMMENTATORS,**

**AND NEW NOTES**

**BY**  
**W. CAREW HAZLITT.**



**BENJAMIN BLOM, INC.**

**New York**

---

# CONTENTS

[ELVIRA.](#)  
[EDITION.](#)  
[INTRODUCTION.](#)  
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.](#)  
[ACT I.](#)  
[ACT II.](#)  
[ACT III.](#)  
[ACT IV.](#)  
[ACT V.](#)  
[THE MARRIAGE NIGHT.](#)  
[EDITION.](#)  
[DODSLEY'S PREFACE.](#)  
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.](#)  
[ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.](#)  
[ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.](#)  
[ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.](#)  
[ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.](#)  
[ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA.](#)  
[THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.](#)  
[EDITIONS.](#)  
[PREFACE.](#)  
[TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE](#)  
[THE FIRST SCENE IS THE CITY OF SEVILLE.](#)  
[THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.](#)  
[PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.](#)  
[PROLOGUE.](#)  
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.](#)  
[ACT I.](#)  
[ACT II.](#)  
[ACT III.](#)  
[ACT IV.](#)  
[ACT V.](#)  
[EPILOGUE.](#)  
[ALL MISTAKEN;](#)  
[EDITION.](#)  
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.](#)  
[ACT I., SCENE I.](#)  
[ACT II.](#)  
[ACT III.](#)  
[ACT IV.](#)  
[HISTORIA HISTRIONICA.](#)  
[EDITION.](#)  
[THE PREFACE.](#)  
[A DIALOGUE, &c.](#)  
[ERRATA](#)  
[INDEX TO NOTES.](#)  
[GLOSSARIAL INDEX.](#)  
[A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.](#)  
[TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES](#)

---

**ELVIRA  
OR  
THE WORST NOT ALWAYS TRUE.**

---

**EDITION.**

*Elvira: Or, The worst not always true. A Comedy, Written by a Person of Quality.  
Licenced May 15th, 1667, Roger L'Estrange. London, Printed by E. Cotes for  
Henry Brome in Little-Brittain. 1667. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

## INTRODUCTION.



George Digby, Earl of Bristol, was the author of the following play. He was, as Mr. Walpole<sup>[1]</sup> observes, "a singular person, whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against Popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the Court, and a sacrifice for it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to astrology on the birthday of true philosophy." The histories of England abound with the adventures of this inconsistent and eccentric nobleman who, amongst his other pursuits, esteemed the drama not unworthy of his attention. Downes, the prompter,<sup>[2]</sup> asserts that he wrote two plays between the years 1662 and 1665, *made out of the Spanish*; one called "'Tis better than it was," and the other entitled "Worse and Worse." Whether either of these is the present performance cannot now be ascertained. It is, however, at least probable to be one of them with a new title.<sup>[3]</sup> The same writer says he also joined with Sir Samuel Tuke in the composition of "The Adventures of Five Hours." "Elvira" was printed in the year 1667, and Mr Walpole imagines that it occasioned our author being introduced into Sir John Suckling's Session of Poets, a conjecture which, however, will by no means correspond with the time in which Lord Bristol and Sir John Suckling are supposed to have written the respective works before mentioned. From the notice taken of him by Sir John Suckling as a poet, he seems to have been the author of some pieces which are now lost to the world.<sup>[4]</sup> After a life, which at different periods of it commanded both the respect and contempt of mankind, and not unfrequently the same sentiments at one time, he died, neither loved nor regretted by any party, in the year 1676.

[A MS. note in one of the former editions says: "A play of pure *intrigue*.—Style feeble and drawling.—Plot extremely complicated, and quite unintelligible without a most fixed attention, which, however, the play has not merit enough to excite. *July 1819.*"]

### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," ii. 25.
- [2] "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708, p. 25.
- [3] P. 22.
- [4] It is not easy to find out why this inference is drawn, since Sir J. Suckling only mentions him by name, with three others comparatively little known.

"Sands with Townshend, for they kept no order;  
*Digby* and Shillingsworth a little further."

"Session of the Poets."—*Collier*. [But the Digby here mentioned was Sir Kenelm Digby, surely.]

---

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

DON JULIO ROCCA.

DON PEDRO DE MENDOÇA.

DON FERNANDO SOLIS, *in love with Donna Elvira.*

DON ZANCHO DE MONEÇES, *in love with Donna Blanca.*

FABIO, *servant to Don Fernando.*

FULVIO, *servant to Don Pedro.*

CHICHON, *servant to Don Zancho.*

A PAGE.

DONNA ELVIRA, *a beautiful lady, Don Pedro's daughter.*

DONNA BLANCA, *a lady of high spirit, Don Julio's sister.*

FRANCISCA, *Donna Blanca's woman.*

*Scene, Valencia.*

**ELVIRA;  
OR,  
THE WORST NOT ALWAYS TRUE. [5]**

## ACT I.

*The room in the inn.*

*Enter DON FERNANDO, and at another door his servant FABIO,  
both in riding-clothes.*

DON F. Have you not been with him, Fabio, and given him  
The note?

FAB. I found him newly got out of his bed;  
He seem'd much satisfied, though much surpris'd,  
With your arrival; and as soon as possibly  
He can get ready, he'll be with you here.  
He says he hopes some good occasion brings you  
To Valencia, and that he shall not be  
At quiet till he know it. 'Twas not fit  
For me, without your orders, to give him  
Any more light than what your ticket did.

DON. F. 'Tis well: go now, and see if Donna Elvira  
Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her  
A witness, even at first, to what shall pass  
Betwixt my friend and me in our concerns:  
If she be still asleep, Fabio, make bold  
To knock, and wake her; w' have no time to lose.  
O, here she comes. Wait you Don Julio.

*[Exit FABIO.]*

*Enter DONNA ELVIRA.*

ELV. Ah! can you think my cares and sleep consistent?  
Slumber and tears have sometimes met in dreams;  
But hearts, with such a weight as mine opprest,  
Find still the heaviest sleep too light a guest.

DON F. Madam, though such least pity do deserve,  
Who by their own unsteadiness have drawn  
Misfortune on themselves, yet truly, Elvira,  
Such is my sense of yours and my compassion,  
To see a lady of your quality  
Brought to such sad extremes in what is dearest,  
As makes me even forget my own resentments,  
Granting to pity the whole place of love;  
And at that rate I'll serve you. Yet thus far  
You must allow the eruption of a heart  
So highly injur'd, as to tell you frankly,  
'Tis to comply with my own principles  
Of honour now, without the least relation  
To former passion or to former favours.

ELV. Those you have found a ready way to cancel;  
Your sullen silence, during all our journey,  
Might well have spar'd you these superfluous words;  
That had sufficiently instructed me  
What power mere appearances have had,  
Without examination, to destroy  
With an umbrageous nature all that love  
Was ever able on the solid'st grounds  
To found and to establish. Yet, methinks,  
A man that boasts such principles of honour,  
And of such force to sway him in his actions,  
In spite of all resentments, should reflect,  
That honour does oblige to a suspense,  
At least of judgment, when surprising chances,  
Yet uninquied into, tempt gallant men  
To prejudicial thoughts of those with whom  
They had settled friendship upon virtuous grounds.  
But 'tis from Heav'n, I see, and not from you,  
Elvira must expect her vindication;  
And until then submit to th' hardest fate  
That ever can befall a generous spirit—  
Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

DON F. Nay, speak, Elvira, speak; you've me attentive:



It were a wonder worthy of your wit  
To make me trust my ears before my eyes.

ELV. Those are the witnesses, indeed, Fernando,  
To whose true testimony's false inference  
You owe my moderation and my silence,  
And that I leave it to the gods and time  
To make appear both to the world and you  
The maxim false, that still the worst proves true.

*Enter FABIO.*

FAB. Don Julio is without.

DON F. Wait on him in——

[Exit FABIO.

And now, Elvira,  
If you'll be pleas'd to rest yourself awhile  
Within that closet, you may hear what passes  
Betwixt my friend and me, until such time  
As I by some discourse having prevented  
Too great surprise, you shall think fit t' appear.  
He is the man (as I have often told you  
During my happy days) for whom alone  
I have no reserves; and 'tis to his assistance  
That I must owe the means of serving you  
In the concernments of your safety and honour;  
And therefore, madam, 'twill be no offence,  
I hope, to trust him with the true occasion  
That brings me hither to employ his friendship;  
Observing that respect in the relation  
Which I shall always pay you.

ELV. [*Retiring as into the closet.*] There needs no management in the relation.  
I am indifferent what others think,  
Since those who ought t' have thought the best have fail'd me:  
Sir, I obey, resign'd up to your conduct,  
Till mistress of my own.

[Exit.

*Enter DON JULIO: DON FERNANDO and he embrace.*

DON J. My joy to have my dear Fernando here  
So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis,  
Cannot make Julio insensible  
Of th' injury you have done him, t' have alighted,  
And pass'd a night within Valencia  
At any other place than at his house:  
Donna Blanca herself will scarce forgive it,  
When she shall know it.

DON F. I hope she's well.

DON J. She is so, thanks to heaven:  
But I must bid you expect a chiding from her.

DON F. You both might well accuse me of a failure,  
Did not th' occasion of my coming hither  
Bring with it an excuse, alas! too just,  
As you will quickly find.

DON J. Nay, then you raise disquiet; ease me quickly,  
By telling me what 'tis. Of this be sure:  
Heart, hand and fortune are entirely yours  
At all essays.

DON. F. [*After pausing awhile.*] It is not new t' ye that I was a lover,  
Engaged in all the passion that e'er beauty,  
In height of its perfection, could produce;  
And that confirm'd by reason from her wit,  
Her quality and most unblemish'd conduct;  
Nor was there more to justify my love,  
Than to persuade my happiness in her  
Just correspondence to it, by all the ways  
Of honourable admission, that might serve  
To make esteem transcend the pitch of love.

DON J. Of all this I have not only had knowledge,  
But great participation in your joys:  
Than which I thought nothing more permanent,  
Since founded on such virtue as Elvira's.

DON F. Ah, Julio! how fond a creature is the man  
That founds his bliss upon a woman's firmness!  
Even that Elvira, when I thought myself  
Securest in my happiness, nothing wanting  
To make her mine, but those exterior forms,  
Without which men of honour, that pretend  
In way of marriage, would be loth to find  
Greater concession, where the love is greatest;  
As I was sitting with her, late at night,  
By usual admittance to her chamber,  
As two whose hearts in wedlock-bands were join'd,  
And seem'd above all other care, but how  
Best to disguise things to a wayward father,  
Till time and art might compass his consent;  
A sudden noise was heard in th' inner room,  
Belonging to her chamber: she starts up  
In manifest disorder, and runs in,  
Desiring me to stay till she had seen  
What caus'd it. I, impatient, follow,  
As fearing for her, had it been her father:  
My head no sooner was within the room,  
But straight I spied, behind a curtain shrinking,  
A goodly gallant, but not known to me.

DON J. Heavens, what can this be?

DON F. You will not think that there, and at that hour,  
I stay'd to ask his name. He ready as I  
To make his sword th' expresser of his mind,  
We soon determin'd what we sought: I hurt  
But slightly in the arm; he fell as slain,  
Run through the body: what Elvira did,  
My rage allow'd me not to mark: but straight  
I got away, more wounded to the heart  
Than he I left for dead.

DON J. Prodigious accident! where can it end?

DON F. I got safe home where, carefully conceal'd,  
I sought by Fabio's diligence to learn  
Who my slain rival was, and what became  
Of my unhappy mistress, and what course  
Don Pedro de Mendoça took to right  
The honour of his house.

DON J. You long'd not more  
To know it then, than I do now.

DON F. All could be learn'd was this: that my rival,  
Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,  
And that he was a stranger lately come  
Up to the court, to follow some pretensions:  
His name he either learn'd not perfectly,  
Or did not well retain. As for Elvira,  
That none knew where she was; and that Don Pedro  
Had set a stop to prosecution  
In any public way, with what reserves  
Was not yet known.

DON J. More and more intricate.

DON F. I must now come to that you least look for.  
I had but few days pass'd in my concealment  
(Resentment and revenge still boiling in me)  
When late one evening, as I buried was  
In deepest thought, I suddenly was rous'd  
By a surprising apparition, Julio—  
Elvira in my chamber, speaking to me  
With rare assurance thus:—Don Fernando,  
I come not here to justify myself,  
That were below Elvira towards one,

Whose action in deserting me hath shown  
So disobligingly his rash judgment of me.  
I come to mind you of honour, not of love:  
Mine can protection seek from none but yours.  
I've hitherto been shelter'd from the fury  
Of my enrag'd father by my cousin Camilla:  
But that's no place, you easily may judge,  
For longer stay: I do expect from you  
To be convey'd where, free from violence  
And from new hazards of my wounded fame,  
I may attend my righting from the gods.

DON J. Can guilt maintain such confidence in a maid?  
Yet how to think her innocent, I know not.

DON F. 'Twere loss of time to dwell on circumstances,  
Either of my wonder or reply: in short,  
What I found honour dictated, I did.  
Within two hours, I put her in a coach,  
And, favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe  
Out of Madrid to Ocana, and thence  
In three days hither to Valencia,  
The only place where (by your generous aid)  
I could have hopes to settle and secure  
Her person and her honour. That once done,  
Farewell to Spain: I'll to the wars of Milan,  
And there soon put a noble end to cares.

DON J. Let us first think how to dispose of her,  
Since here you say she is; that done (which presses),  
You will have time to weigh all other things.

DON F. My thoughts can pitch upon no other way  
Decent or safe for her, but in a convent,  
If you have any abbess here to friend.

DON J. I have an aunt, ruling the Ursulines,  
With whom I have full power; and she is wise,  
In case that course were to be fix'd upon.  
But that's not my opinion.

DON F. What can  
Your reason be?

DON J. Last remedies, in my judgment,  
Are not to be used, till easier have been tried.  
Had this strange accident been thoroughly  
Examined in all its circumstances,  
And that from thence she were convicted guilty,  
Nought else were to be thought on but a cloister;  
But, as things stand imperfectly discover'd,  
Although appearances condemn her strongly,  
I cannot yet conclude a person guilty  
Of what throughout so contradictory seems  
To the whole tenor of her former life,  
As well as to her quality and wit;  
And therefore let's avoid precipitation,  
Let my house be her shelter for awhile;  
You know my sister Blanca is discreet,  
And may be trusted; she shall there be serv'd  
By her and me with care and secrecy.

DON F. The offer's kind, but nowise practicable,  
And might prove hazardous to Blanca's honour,  
When it should once break out (as needs it must)  
From servants seeing such a guest so treated.

DON J. That, I confess, I know not how to answer:  
But, could Elvira's mind submit unto it,  
I could propose a course without objection.

DON F. That she can soon resolve; what is it, Julio?

DON J. A gentlewoman, who waited on my sister,  
Hath newly left her service for a husband,  
And it is known she means to take another:

I have a ready way to recommend one—  
By Violante, of whose love and mine  
You are not ignorant, since that ere this  
We had been married, had not kindred forc'd us  
To wait a dispensation for 't from Rome.  
Blanca (I am sure) will readily  
Embrace any occasion of obliging her.

DON F. That were a right expedient indeed,  
Could but Elvira's spirit brook it.

*Enter ELVIRA as from the closet.*

ELV. You have ill measures of Elvira's spirit,  
Mistaken Don Fernando. Till Heaven's justice  
Shall her entirely to herself restore,  
The lowlier shape her fate shall hide her under,  
The more 'twill fit her humour.

[DON JULIO *starts back as it were amazed.*

DON J. [*Aside.*] O heavens! can guilt with such perfection dwell,  
And put on such assurance? It cannot be.

DON J. [*Addressing himself to her, and beginning; she holding out her hand and interrupting him.*] Madam—

ELV. Spare compliments, and let your actions speak:  
Those may oblige both him and me; your words  
Cannot comply with both.

DON J. [*Aside.*] Did ever yet  
Such majesty with misery combine,  
But in this woman? [*To her.*] Madam, I obey,  
And, since you're pleas'd t' approve what I proposed,  
No moment shall be lost in th' execution.

[*Exit* JULIO, FERNANDO *accompanying him, and* FABIO.

ELV. O, how unkindly have the heavens dealt  
With womankind above all other creatures!  
Our pleasure and our glory to have placed  
All on the brink of precipices, such  
As every breath can blow the least light of us  
Headlong into, past all hopes of redemption:  
Nor can our wit or virtue give exemption.  
'Tis true, I lov'd; but justified therein  
By spotless thoughts and by the object's merit,  
I deem'd myself above the reach of malice;  
When in an instant, by another's folly,  
I am more lost than any by her<sup>[6]</sup> own.  
Accurs'd Don Zanchó, what occasion  
E'er gave Elvira to thy mad intrusion?  
Unless disdain and scorn incentives are  
To make men's passions more irregular.  
Ah, matchless rigour of the Pow'rs above!  
Not only to submit our honour's fate  
Unto the vanity of those we love,  
But to the rashness even of those we hate.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* DONNA BLANCA *at one door, reading a paper, with great marks of passion and disturbance; and her waiting-woman* FRANCISCA *at another, observing her.*

BLAN. Ah, the traitor!

FRAN. What can this mean?

[*Aside.*

BLAN. Was this thy sweet pretension at Madrid,  
Drawn out in length, and hind'ring thy return?  
Thy fair pretence, thou shouldst have said, false man.

FRAN. For love's sake, madam, what can move you thus?

BLAN. For hate's sake, say, and for revenge, Francisca,  
And so thou may'st persuade me to discover  
My shame unto thee. Read, read that letter;

'Tis from your favourite Chichon.

[FRANCISCA *takes the letter and reads it.*

"Madam, to make good my engagements of concealing nothing from you during this absence of my master, I am bound to tell you that some ten days since, late at night, he was left for dead, run through the body by another unknown gallant, in the chamber of a famed beauty of the court. Whilst the danger continued, I thought it not fit to let you know either the accident or the occasion; which, now he is recovered, and thinking of his return to Valencia, I must no longer forbear. I hope you will have a care not to undo me for being more faithful to you than to the master you gave me.—Your creature,

"CHICHON."

BLAN. Have I not a worthy gallant, think you?

FRAN. Madam, this comes of being over-curious,  
And gaining servants to betray their masters.  
How quiet might you have slept, and never felt  
What pass'd with your Don Zancho at Madrid!  
His pale and dismal looks at his return,  
Though caus'd by loss of blood in the hot service  
Of other dames, might fairly have been thought  
Effects of care and want of sleep for you,  
And (taken so) have pass'd for new endearments.  
Who ever pry'd into another's letter,  
Or slyly hearken'd to another's whisper,  
But saw or heard somewhat that did not please him?  
'Twas Eve's curiosity undid us all.

BLAN. Away with thy moralities,<sup>[7]</sup> dull creature!  
I'll make thee see, and false Don Zancho feel,  
That Blanca's not a dame to be so treated.  
But who are those I hear without? Whoe'er  
They be, they come at an unwelcome hour.

[FRANCISCA *looks out.*

FRAN. Madam, it is a page of Violante's,  
Ushering [in] a handsome maid.

*Enter a Page with a letter, and ELVIRA. The Page presents  
the letter to BLANCA; she addresses herself to ELVIRA, and  
she throws up her veil.*

BLAN. This letter is in your behalf, fair maid,

[*Having read the letter.*

There's no denying such a recommender;  
But such a face as yours is needed none.  
Page, tell your lady as much: and you, Silvia,  
(For so she says you are call'd) be confident  
Y'are fallen into the hands of one that knows  
How to be kind, more as your friend than mistress,  
If your demeanour and good-nature answer  
But what your looks do promise.

[*Turning.*

ELV.<sup>[8]</sup> Madam, it is the noble charity  
Of those you cast upon me, not mine own,  
To which I must acknowledge any advantage  
I ever can pretend to, more than what  
Fair Violante's meditation gives me.

BLAN. She's strangely handsome, and how well  
she speaks!

[*Aside to FRANCISCA.*

FRAN. So, so, methinks: you know new-comers, madam,  
Set still the best foot forward.

BLAN. And know as well, that you decaying stagers  
Are always jealous of new-comers, young  
And handsome.

FRAN. You may be as sharp upon me as you please;  
I know to what t' attribute your ill-humour.

BLAN. Francisca, entertain her: I'll go write

To Violante, and then rest awhile,  
In hopes to ease the headache that hath seiz'd me;  
That done, sweet Silvia, we shall talk at leisure.

[*Exit* BLANCA.

FRAN. *Sweet Silvia!* kind epithets are for new faces.

[*Aside.*

ELV. Now comes the hard part of my task indeed,  
To act the fellow waiting-woman right.  
But, since the gods already have conform'd  
My mind to my condition, I do hope  
They'll teach me words and gestures suitable.

[*Aside.* FRANCISCA *embraces* ELVIRA.

FRAN. Let me embrace thee, my sweet sister, and beg you  
To be no niggard of a little kindness:  
A very little serves, with such a face,  
To gain what heart you please.

ELV. If it can help to gain me yours, I'll take it  
For the best office that it ever did me,  
And love it much the better.

FRAN. Make much on't then, for that 't has done already.

ELV. If you will have me vain enough to think it,  
You must confirm it by the proof of being  
My kind instructor how to please my lady,  
For I am very raw in service.

FRAN. O, that  
I were so too, and had thy youth t' excuse it.  
But my experience, sister, shall be yours  
By free communication. Come, let's in,  
And rest us in my chamber; there I'll give you  
First handsel of the frankness of my nature.

[*Exeunt* ELVIRA *and* FRANCISCA.

*Enter* DON ZANCHO *and* CHICHON *his man, in riding-habits.*

DON Z. I must confess, Chichon, the very smell  
Of sweet Valencia has e'en reviv'd my spirits.  
There's no such pleasure as to suck and breathe  
One's native air.

CHI. Chiefly after being in so fair a way,  
As you, of never breathing any more!

DON Z. Prythee, no more of that; since I have forgot it,  
Methinks thou easily may'st.

CHI. Faith, hardly, sir, whilst still your ghastly face  
Doth bear such dismal memorandums of it,  
Apter to raise inquisitiveness in those  
Knowing nothing of the matter, than t' allay  
Remembrance in partakers.

DON Z. Heaven shield us from Donna Blanca's queries!  
No matter for the rest.

CHI. You would not wish to find her so unconcern'd;  
I'm sure you would not: faith, I long to hear  
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account,  
You are prepar'd to give to her suspicions.

DON Z. Let me alone for that: but, on thy life,  
Be sure that nothing be screw'd out of thee,  
Neither by her nor by her sly Francisca.

CHI. Be you, sir, sure, that from your true Chichon  
They'll know no more to-day, than yesterday  
They did; nor thence more to the world's end,  
Than what they did before we left Madrid.

DON Z. Truly, Chichon, we needs must find the means  
To get a sight of her this very night:  
I die, if I should miss it.

CHI. Last week left gasping for Elvira's love.  
And scarce reviv'd, when presently expiring  
For Blanca's again! I did not think Don Cupid  
Had been a merchant of such quick returns.

DON Z. Thou art an ass, and want'st distinctiveness  
'Twixt love and love: that was a love of sport  
To keep the serious one in breath.

CHI. Faith, sir, I must confess my ignorance,  
That when I saw you grovelling in your blood,  
I thought your love had been in sober sadness.

DON Z. Prythee, leave fooling, and let's carefully  
Gain the back way into my house unseen,  
That none may know of my return, till Blanca  
Find me at her feet. And be you industrious  
T' observe Don Julio's going forth this evening:  
Doubtless he'll keep his usual hours abroad  
At Violante's, since not married yet.

CHI. I shall observe your orders punctually.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DON JULIO, and knocks as at BLANCA'S door.*

DON J. What, sister, at your siesta<sup>[9]</sup> already? if so,  
You must have patience to be wak'd out of it,  
For I have news to tell you.

*Enter BLANCA.*

BLAN. No, brother, I was much more pleasingly  
Employ'd—in serving you; that is, making  
My court to Violante by receiving  
To wait upon me, in Lucilla's place,  
A gentlewoman of her recommending.

DON J. Where is she? let me see her.

BLAN. 'Twere not safe:  
She is too handsome. You think now I jest?  
But, without raillery, she is so lovely,  
That, were not Violante very assur'd  
Of her own beauty and the strong ideas  
That still upholds within you, one might question  
Her wit to have set her in her gallant's way.  
But what's the news you mean?

DON J. That our dear friend and kinsman, Don Fernando,  
Is come to town, and going for Italy:  
The secret of it doth so much import him,  
It forc'd him to forbear alighting here,  
And lodging with us, as he us'd to do;  
But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him  
From waiting on you in the dusk of th' evening:  
I hope you'll find wherewith to regale<sup>[10]</sup> him.

BLAN. As well as you have drain'd my cabinets  
Of late in presents to your mistress, some  
Perfumes will yet be found, such as at Rome  
Itself shall not disgrace Valencia.

DON J. I know your humour, and that the best present  
Can be given you is to give you the occasion  
Of presenting; but I am come in now  
Only to advertise you, and must be gone;  
Yet not, I hope, without a sight of one  
So recommended and commended so.

BLAN. I should have thought you strangely chang'd in humour,  
Should you have gone away so uncuriously.  
Francisca, ho!

[*She knocks.*]

*Enter FRANCISCA.*

FRAN. What please you, madam?

FRAN. Prythee, tell Silvia I would speak with her.

[*Exit* FRANCISCA.]

Well, clear your eyes, and say I have no skill,  
If she appears not t' ye exceeding handsome.

*Enter* FRANCISCA *with* ELVIRA. DON JULIO *salutes her*.

DON J. Welcome, fair maid, into this family,  
Where, whilst you take a servant's name upon you,  
To do my sister honour, you must allow  
Its master to be yours, and that by strongest ties,  
Knowing who plac'd you here, and having eyes.

ELV. I wish my service, sir, to her and you  
May merit such a happy introduction.

DON J. Farewell, sister, till anon: accompanied  
As now you are, I think you'll miss me little.

[*Exit* JULIO.]

BLAN. I must confess, I ne'er could better spare you  
Than at this time, but not for any reason  
That you, I hope, can guess at.  
Francisca, you and Silvia may retire,

[*Exeunt* ELVIRA *and* FRANCISCA.]

And entertain yourselves: I'll to my closet,  
And try to rest, or (rather) to vent freely  
My restless thoughts. O, the self-torturing part  
To force complaisance from a jealous heart!

[*Aside.*  
*Exit.*]

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [5] The errors Dodsley committed, and Reed allowed to remain, in the course of this play, were very numerous: it has been thought worth while to point out only a few of them in the notes.—*Collier*.
- [6] The substitution of *my* for *her*, in opposition to the authority of the old copy, till now made this passage unintelligible.—*Collier*.
- [7] In former editions misprinted—  
"Away with thy *formalities*, dull creature!"—  
which destroys all the spirit of the exclamation.—*Collier*.
- [8] The old copy inserts in the margin opposite Elvira the words *by the name of Silvia* merely to show more distinctly that Elvira was to pass by that name, which is inserted before what she says.—*Collier*.
- [9] The heat of the day, from noon forwards. So called from Hora Sexta, noonday, a time when the Spanish ladies retire to sleep.
- [10] It is singular that in the old copy the author should here have inserted the Spanish verb *regalar* instead of the English one.—*Collier*.



---

## ACT II.

*Scene changes to the room in the inn. Enter DON JULIO and  
DON FERNANDO.*

DON J. Albricias,<sup>[11]</sup> friend, for the good news I bring you:  
All has fallen out as well as we could wish.  
As to Elvira's settling with my sister,  
So lucky a success in our first aims  
Concerning her, I trust, does bode good fortune  
Beyond our hopes; yet, in the farther progress  
Of this affair—

DON F. There's no such thing in nature left as *better*,  
Julio; the worst proves always true with me.  
Yet prythee, tell, how does that noble beauty  
(Wherein high quality is so richly stamp'd)  
Comport her servile metamorphosis?

DON J. As one whose body, as divine as 'tis,  
Seems bound to obey exactly such a mind,  
And gently take whate'er shape that imposes.

DON F. Ah, let us mention her no more, my Julio!  
Ideas flow upon me too abstracted  
From her unfaithfulness, and may corrupt  
The firmest reason. Above all, be sure  
I do not see her so transform'd, lest that  
Transform me too: I'll rather pass with Blanca  
Both for unkind and rude, and leave Valencia  
Without seeing her.

DON J. Leave that to me, Fernando;  
But if you intend the honour to my sister,  
It will be time: the night draws on apace.

DON F. Come, let's begone then.

*[As they are going out, enter FABIO hastily.]*

FAB. Stay, sir, for heaven's sake, stay—

DON F. Why, what's the matter?

FAB. That will surprise you both, as much as me.  
Don Pedro de Mendoça is below,  
Newly alighted.

DON F. Ha! What say'st thou, sirrah?  
Elvira's father?

FAB. Sir, the very same;  
And he had scarcely set one foot to ground  
When he inquired, Where lives Don Julio Rocca?

DON J. For my house, Fabio? It cannot be;  
I never knew the man.

DON F. The thing does speak itself and my hard fate.  
What else can bring him hither but pursuit  
Of me and of his daughter, having learn'd  
The way we took? and what's so easy, Julio,  
Here at Valencia, as to know our friendship;  
And then of consequence, your house to be  
My likeliest retreat?

DON J. 'Tis surely so;  
Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.

DON F. Whilst we retire into the inner room  
T' advise together, Fabio, be you sure  
(Since unknown to him) to observe his motions.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Scene changes to the prospect of Valencia. Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON, as in the street near DON JULIO'S house.*

DON Z. Newly gone out, say you?  
That is as lucky as we could have wish'd:  
And see but how invitingly the door  
Stands open still!

CHI. An open door may lead to a face of wood;

*[Aside to DON ZANCHO.*

But mean you, sir, to go abruptly in  
Without more ceremony?

DON Z. Surprise redoubles (fool) the joys of lovers.  
But stay, Chichon, let's walk aside awhile,  
Till yonder coach be past.

*[Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to the room in the inn. Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO.*

DON J. There's no safety in any other way.  
You must not stir from hence, until w' have got  
Some farther light what course he means to steer.  
Let Fabio be vigilant: I'll get home  
Down that back-stairs, and take such order there  
Not to be found, in case he come to inquire,  
As for this night at least shall break his measures;  
And in the morning we'll resolve together,  
Whether you ought to quit Valencia or no.

DON F. Farewell, then, for to-night: I'll be alert.  
But see y' excuse me fairly to my cousin.

*[Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to BLANCA'S antechamber. Enter DONNA BLANCA and FRANCISCA.*

BLAN. As well as Silvia pleases me, Francisca,  
I'm glad at present that she is not well,  
She would constrain me else: she has wit enough  
To descant on my humour, and from thence  
To make perhaps discoveries, not fit  
For such new-comers.

FRAN. If she has wit, she keep it to herself,  
At least from me: of pride and melancholy  
I see good store.

BLAN. Still envious and detracting?

*Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON.*

FRAN. See who comes there, madam, to stop your mouth!

*[DONNA BLANCA casting an eye that way, and CHICHON clinging up close behind his master, and making a mouth.*

CHI. Sh' has spied us, and it thickens in the clear.  
I fear a storm: goes not your heart pit-a-pat?

*[To his master, aside.*

BLAN. Ah, the bold traitor!—but I must dissemble,  
And give his impudence a little line,  
The better to confound him.

*[Advancing to him, and as it were embracing him with an affected cheerfulness.*

Welcome as unexpected, my Don Zancho.

DON Z. Nay, then we are safe, Chichon.  
Incomparable maid! Heaven bless those eyes,  
From which I find a new life springing in me;  
Having so long been banish'd from their rays,  
How dark the court appear'd to me without them;

*[Aside to CHICHON.*

Could it have kept me from their influence,  
As from their light, I had expir'd long since.

BLAN. Y' express your love now in so courtly a style,  
I fear you have acted it in earnest there,  
And but rehearse to me your country mistress.

DON Z. Ah, let Chichon but tell you how he hath seen me  
During my absence from you.

CHI. I vow I have seen him even dead for love.  
You might have found it in his very looks,  
Before you brought the blood into his cheeks.

BLAN. E'en dead (you say) for love! but say of whom?

DON Z. Can Blanca ask a question so injurious,  
As well to her own perfections as my faith?

BLAN. I can hold no longer.  
My faithful lover, then it is not you—

[*Aside to FRANCISCA.*  
[*To him scornfully.*

CHI. She changes tone: I like not, faith, the key,  
The music will be jarring.

[*Aside to his master.*

BLAN. 'Tis not then you, Don Zancho, who, having chang'd  
His suit at court into a love pretension,  
And his concurrents into a gallant rival,  
Fell by his hand, a bloody sacrifice  
At his fair mistress' feet: who was it, then?

[DON ZANCHO *stands awhile as amazed, with folded arms.*  
CHICHON *behind his master, holding up his hands, and*  
*making a pitiful face; FRANCISCA steals to him, and holding*  
*up her hand threateningly—*

FRAN. A blab, Chichon, a pick-thank, peaching varlet!  
Ne'er think to look me in the face again.

[*Aside to CHICHON.*

CHI. In what part shall I look thee, hast thou a worse?  
It is the devil has discover'd it—  
Some witch dwells here: I've long suspected thee.

[*Aside to FRANCISCA.*

FRAN. I never more shall think thee worth my charms.

BLAN. What, struck dumb with guilt? perfidious man!  
That happens most to the most impudent,  
When once detected. Well, get thee hence,  
And see thou ne'er presum'st to come again  
Within these walls, or I shall let thee see  
'Tis not at court alone, where hands are found  
To let such madmen blood.

[*She turns as going away, and DON ZANCHO holds her*  
*gently by the gown.*

DON Z. Give me but hearing, madam, and then if—

DON J. What, ho! no lights below-stairs?

[*Aloud, as below.*

FRAN. O heavens! madam, hear you not your brother?  
Into the chamber quickly, and let them  
Retire behind that hanging; there's a place,  
Where usually we throw neglected things.  
I'll take the lights and meet him: certainly  
His stay will not be long from Violante  
At this time of the night; besides, you know,  
He never was suspicious.

[DON ZANCHO *and CHICHON go behind the hanging, and*  
DONNA BLANCA, *retiring to her chamber, says—*

Capricious fate! must I who, whilst I lov'd him,  
Ne'er met with checking accident, fall now  
Into extremest hazards for a man,  
Whom I begin to hate?

[Exit, and FRANCISCA at another door with the lights.

FRANCISCA *re-enters with* DON JULIO.

DON J. Where's my sister?

FRAN. In her chamber, sir,  
Not very well; she's taken with a megrim.

DON J. Light me in to her.

[Exit DON JULIO, FRANCISCA *lighting him with one of the lights.* CHICHON *peeping out from behind the hangings.*

CHI. If this be Cupid's prison, 'tis no sweet one.  
Here are no chains of roses; yet I think  
Y' had rather b' in 't than in Elvira's chamber,  
As gay and as perfum'd as 'twas.

DON Z. Hold your peace, puppy; is this a time for fooling?

*Enter FRANCISCA, and CHICHON starts back.*

FRAN. [*Coming to the hanging.*] Chichon, look out; you may, the coast is clear.

[CHICHON *looks out.*

Could I my lady's near concerns but sever  
From yours in this occasion, both of you  
Should dearly pay your falsehood.

CHI. You are jealous too, I see; but help us out  
This once, and if you catch me here again,  
Let Chichon pay for all, faithful Chichon.

FRAN. Y' are both too lucky in the likelihood  
Of getting off so soon. Stay but a moment,  
Whilst I go down to see the wicket open,  
And see that there be nobody in the way.

[Exit FRANCISCA.

CHI. It is a cunning drab, and knows her trade.

*Re-enter FRANCISCA, and comes to the hanging.*

FRAN. There's now some witch o' th' wing indeed, Chichon,  
Julio, that never till this night forbore  
To go to Violante's, ere he slept,  
And pass some hours there—Julio, who never  
Inquired after the shutting of a door,  
Hath lock'd the gate himself at 's coming in,  
And bid a servant wait below till midnight,  
With charge to say to any that should knock  
And ask for him, that he's gone sick to bed!  
What it can mean, I know not.

CHI. I would I did not; but I have too true  
An almanac in my bones foretells a beating  
Far surer than foul weather. He has us, faith,  
Fast in Lob's-pound.<sup>[12]</sup> Heaven send him a light hand,  
To whom my fustigation shall belong:  
As for my master, he may have the honour  
To be rebuk'd at sharp.

FRAN. May terror rack this varlet; but for you, sir,  
Be not dismay'd, the hazard's not so great.  
Yonder balcony, at farther end o' th' room,  
Opens into the street, and the descent is  
Little beyond your height, hung by the arms:  
When Julio is asleep, I shall not fail  
To come and let you out; I keep the key.  
In the meanwhile, you must have patience.

CHI. It were a nasty hole to stay in long.  
Did not my fear correct its evil savour.  
Dame, you say well for him, with whom I think  
Y' have measur'd length, you speak so punctually  
Of his dimensions; but I see no care  
For me, your pretty, not your proper man,

[*Aside.*

Who does abhor feats of activity.

[To her.

FRAN. I'll help you—with a halter!

[Exit FRANCISCA, and CHICHON retires.

*Scene changes to BLANCA'S Bed-chamber. Enter BLANCA and ELVIRA; and soon after FRANCISCA, as in BLANCA'S chamber, she sitting at her toilet undressing.*

BLAN. My brother told me I should see him again,  
Before he went to rest.

FRAN. I think I hear him coming.

BLAN. He'll not stay long, I hope; for I am on thorns  
Till I know they are out. I' th' meanwhile,  
We must persuade Silvia to go to bed,  
Lest some odd chance should raise suspicion in her,  
Before I know her fitness for such trusts.

*Enter DON JULIO. ELVIRA offers to unpin her gorget.*

BLAN. I prythee, Silvia, leave, and get thee gone  
To bed: you ha'n't been well, nor are not yet;  
Your heavy eyes betray indisposition.

ELV. Good madam, suffer me; 'twill make me well  
To do you service.

BLAN. Brother, I ask your help;  
Take Silvia hence, and see her in her chamber.  
This night she must be treated as a stranger,  
And you must do the honour of your house.

[To Julio.

[JULIO goes to ELVIRA, and taking her by the hand, leads her away.

ELV. Since you will not let me begin to serve,  
I will begin to obey.

[Making a low curtsy.

FRAN. Quaint, in good faith!

[Bridling.

DON J. My sister's kinder than she thinks, to give me

[To ELVIRA, as he leads her.

This opportunity of telling Silvia  
How absolutely mistress in this place  
Elvira is.

[FRANCISCA whispers all this while with BLANCA.

ELV. Good sir, forget that name.

[Exeunt JULIO and ELVIRA.

BLAN. If that be so, what shall we do, Francisca?  
What way to get them out?

FRAN. It is a thing so unusual with him,  
It raises ominous thoughts, else I make sure  
To get them off as well as you can wish;  
But, if already awaken'd by suspicion,  
Nothing can then be sure.

BLAN. O, fear not that: what you have seen him do  
Of unaccustom'd, I dare say relates  
To quite another business.

FRAN. Then set your heart at rest from all disturbance  
Arising from this accident.

BLAN. If you are certain  
To get them off so clear from observation,  
'Twill out of doubt be best: I'll tell my brother  
Don Zancho is return'd, and had call'd here  
This evening to have seen him; for my fears  
Sprang only from the hour and the surprise,  
Warm'd as he then had found me; since you know  
How little apt he is to jealousy.

FRAN. Madam, y' have reason; that will make all sure,  
In case he should be told of's being here;  
The time of's stay can hardly have been noted.

*Enter* DON JULIO.

DON J. As an obedient brother, I have perform'd  
What you commanded me.

BLAN. A hard injunction from a cruel sister,  
To wait upon a handsome maid to her chamber!

DON J. You see I've not abused your indulgence  
By staying long; nor can I stay indeed  
With you, I must be abroad so early  
To-morrow morning; therefore, dear, good night.

BLAN. Stay, brother, stay; I had forgot to tell you

*[As he is going.]*

Don Zancho de Moneçes is return'd,  
And call'd this evening here t' have kiss'd your hands.  
Francisca spake with him.

DON J. I hope he's come successful in his suit:  
To-morrow I'll go see him.

*[Exit* DON JULIO.

BLAN. You see he's free from umbrage on that subject.

FRAN. I see all's well, and may he sleep profoundly—  
The sooner, madam, you are abed the better.

BLAN. Would once my fears were over, that my rage  
Might have its course.

FRAN. I shall not stop it,  
But after it has had its full career  
'Twill pause, I hope, and reason find an ear.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes to the room in the inn. Enter* DON FERNANDO  
*and* FABIO.

DON F. Is he gone out?

FAB. No, sir, not as yet;  
But seeing the servant he had sent abroad  
Newly return'd, I listen'd at his door,  
And heard him plainly give him this account—  
That he had found Don Julio Rocca's house,  
And having knock'd a good while at the door,  
Answer was made him without opening it,  
Don Julio's not at home; whereat Don Pedro  
Impatient rose, and, calling for his cloak  
And sword, he swore he'd rather wait himself  
Till midnight at his door, than lose a night  
In such a pressing business.—This I thought  
Fit to acquaint you with, and that he spake  
Doubtfully of his returning to lodge here.

DON F. You have done well, but must do better yet,  
In following him, and being sure to lose  
No circumstance of what he does.

FAB. To dog him possibly might be observ'd,  
This moonlight, by his servant; but since, sir,  
We're certain whither he goes, my best course  
(I think) will be to go out the back-way,  
And place myself beforehand in some porch  
Near Julio's house, where I may see and hear  
What passes, and then do as I shall see cause.

DON F. 'Tis not ill thought on; but how late soever  
Your return be, I shall expect to see you,  
Before we go to bed.

FAB. I shall not fail.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes to DONNA BLANCA's antechamber. Enter FRANCISCA, and goes to the hanging where DON ZANCHO and CHICHON are hid.*

FRAN. Ho! trusty servant with his faithful master!  
Come out; the balcony's open, lose no time,  
Julio's abed, and fast asleep ere this—  
There's nobody in the street, it is so light  
One may discover a mile; therefore be quick.

*[DON ZANCHO and CHICHON come out from behind the hanging, and follow her, as leading to the balcony.*

*[Exeunt.*

*[And soon after DON ZANCHO and CHICHON appear as in the balcony, and FRANCISCA's head as peeping out of the door into it.*

*Scene changes to the prospect of Valencia. Enter FABIO as in the street, and settling himself in a porch.*

FAB. Here is a porch, as if 'twere built on purpose.

*[FABIO, looking up, perceives them in the balcony.*

Ha! here's a vision that I little dreamt of.  
Stand close, Fabio, and mum!

*[DON ZANCHO gets over the balcony, and letting himself down at arm's length, leaps gently into the street. CHICHON offers at the like, but takes a fall as he lights, and (rising) counterfeits lameness. FRANCISCA retires, and locks the balcony.*

CHI. Curse on the drab, I think I've broke my leg.

FAB. The moon has turn'd my brains, or I have seen  
That person somewhere, and that very lately—

*[He pauses, scratching his head.*

But, sure, I'm mad to think it can be he.

*[Exeunt DON ZANCHO and CHICHON, as turning down the next street.*

*Enter DON PEDRO and FULVIO.*

FAB. O, now I see my men.

*[Retiring into the porch.*

DON P. This is the street, you say; which is the house?

FULV. That fair one, over against the monastery.  
Shall I go knock?

DON P. What else?

*[FULVIO knocks at DON JULIO's door, and nobody answers.*

DON P. Knock harder.

*[He knocks again, and one asks as from within, Who's there?*

DON P. A stranger, who must needs speak with Don Julio,  
Although unknown to him: my business presses.

FROM WITHIN. Whoe'er you be, and whatsoe'er your business,  
You must have patience till to-morrow, sir.  
Don Julio went sick to bed, and I dare not  
Wake him.

DON P. Fortune takes pleasure, sure, in disappointing,  
When men are press'd with most impatience;  
But, since there is no remedy, guide, Fulvio,  
Unto the lodging y' have provided for me;  
I hope 'tis near at hand.

FULV. Not above three doors from Don Julio's,  
There, where it makes the corner of the street.

*[Pointing.*

FAB. Here I must follow, till I've harbour'd them.

[*Exeunt; FABIO stealing after them.*]

*Scene changes to a room in the inn. Enter DON FERNANDO  
alone, as in his chamber.*

DON F. It cannot now be long, ere Fabio come,  
And 'twere in vain to go to bed before,  
For rest, I'm sure, I should not—

[*He walks about the room pensively.*]

Ah, my Elvira!—Mine? thou dost infect  
My very words with falsehood, when I name thee.  
Did ever mistress make a lover pay  
So dear as I for the short bliss she gave?  
What now I suffer in exchange of that,  
May make mankind afraid of joys excessive.  
But here he comes—

*Enter FABIO.*

Have you learn'd anything  
That's worth the knowing?

[*To FABIO.*]

FAB. Two things I think considerable, sir:  
The one, that Julio hath found means to gain  
This night to cast your business in, without  
Admitting of Don Pedro, whose pressures  
Might have been troublesome, and urged you  
To hasty resolutions; whereas now  
You've time to take your measures. The other, sir,  
Is that Don Pedro lodges here no more,  
And consequently hath eas'd you of constraint,  
Whilst you rest here, and left the way more free  
For intercourse betwixt Don Julio and you.  
This more I must observe t' ye, that Don Pedro  
Took special care to have his lodging near  
Don Julio's house, whereby 'tis evident,  
That there he makes account his business lies.

DON F. The news you bring me hath been worth your pains,  
And thanks t' ye for 't. I suppose that is all?

FAB. Perhaps there's something else.

DON F. Say, Fabio, what is't?

FAB. Pray, sir, allow me  
This night to think, whether it be fit or no  
To tell it you; since 'tis a thing relates not,  
As I conceive, to you nor to your business;  
And yet, in the concernments of another,  
May trouble you.

DON F. Be not o'erwise, I prythee. I will know  
What 'tis, since you have raised curiosity  
By such grimaces.

FAB. You must be obey'd; but pray remember, sir,  
If afterwards I am call'd fool for my pains,  
Who made me so: but since I do not only  
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought  
A madman too, ere I have done my story,  
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it  
Till y' are abed, that I may run away—  
So if you long to hear it, hasten thither.

[*Exit FABIO, as to the chamber within.*]

DON F. Content, i'faith; you ask no great compliance.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to the room in ZANCHO'S house. Enter DON  
ZANCHO; and CHICHON, as at home, halting.*

DON Z. We're well come off from danger; would we were  
But half as well from Blanca's jealousy.



CHI. Speak for yourself; I never came off worse.  
A pox upon your venery, it has made me  
Another Vulcan.

*[He halts about, grumbling.]*

DON Z. Go, rest to-night, or grumble, as you please;  
But do not think limping will serve your turn  
To-morrow: faith, I'll make you stir your stumps.  
Think you a lover of my temper likely  
To sit down by it so?

CHI. I'm sure I am only fit to sit down by it,  
Since I can hardly stand.

*[He makes as if he would sit down, and DON ZANCHO giving him a kick on the breech.]*

DON Z. Coxcomb, come away.

CHI. To-night's to-night: to-morrow's a new day.<sup>[13]</sup>

*[Exeunt.]*

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [11] See an early note to "The Adventures of Five Hours" in the present volume.
- [12] [*i.e.*, In a snare. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 200, where it is shown that the earlier phrase is *Cob's pound*.]
- [13] [A common proverbial expression.]

---

### ACT III.

*Enter DON FERNANDO and FABIO, as in the room in the inn.*

DON F. Are all things ready, Fabio, in case  
Don Julio, when he comes, conclude with me  
That I should be gone presently?

FAB. Horses stand ready for you at the posthouse.

DON F. 'Tis well; attend without.

[*Exit FABIO.*]

*Enter DON JULIO.*

I see you sleep not in your friend's concerns,  
You are so early; and since so, the sooner  
We fix a resolution, certainly  
'Twill be the better. 'Twas no small point gain'd,  
To frustrate for a night Don Pedro's aims,  
As Fabio tells me you have done; for he  
Ne'er quitted him an inch last night, until  
He had harboured him.

DON J. What, has he left his lodging?

DON F. That he has,  
And (which is more considerable) taken one  
Close by your house, which evidences clearly,  
Where his suspicions lie: that being so,  
I'm confident you'll be of my opinion  
For my dislodging from Valencia  
Immediately; for, Elvira being  
Already so well settled, nothing can  
So much endanger her discovery  
As my remaining longer in these parts.

DON J. Were I but free as yesterday, Fernando,  
To think of nothing but Elvira and your  
Concernments, I must confess your absence  
From hence were to be wish'd: but, cousin,  
There's fallen out this very night a thing,  
Which shows how little I beholden am  
To fortune that, having so newly lent me  
The means of serving handsomely my friend,  
Calls back the debt already, and makes me  
As needing of your aid, as you of mine.

DON F. Ho! Fabio, forbid the horses presently.

[*FABIO looks in.*]

The least appearance, Julio, of my being  
Useful to you by staying puts an end  
To all deliberation for myself;  
Say, what's the accident? you have me ready.

[*To JULIO.*]

DON J. Such and of such a nature, my Fernando,  
That, as to be communicated to none  
But you (another self), so I am sure  
It will astonish you with the rehearsal.  
Ah! could you think it possible, that Blanca  
Should raise disturbance in the heart of Julio,  
As to the honour of his family?

DON F. Heavens forbid!

DON J. Never was brother so secure as I,  
Or so unalterable in his persuasion,  
Of having a sister of unmatch'd discretion;  
Nor e'er could less than evidence itself  
Have shaken such a confidence.

DON F. For God's sake, Julio,

Hold me no longer in such pain of mind.  
But, sure, we shall be better there within,  
Free from the noise of the street.

DON J. You say well.

[Exit JULIO.

DON F. [As he follows him, aside.] This is what Fabio told me he saw last  
night,  
Discovered by some accident to Julio;  
It can be nothing else. O women, women!

[Exit FERNANDO.

*Enter DON PEDRO and FULVIO, as in their new lodgings.*

DON P. I am glad you have lighted on so fit a place  
For all I intend, as this is, Fulvio.  
I shall repair the last night's disappointment  
By early care this morning: in the meanwhile,  
Fail not of your part in the discovery  
Where my enemy dwells, and i' th' observation  
Of all his motions; that's the important part.

FULV. Rely, sir, on my care and vigilance.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO and FULVIO.

*Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO, as in the outward room  
of the inn.*

DON J. It is a quarter  
Always reserv'd to my own privacy.  
There lying unsuspected, if, whilst I  
Continue late abroad, under pretence  
Of being at Violante's, you keep watch  
Carefully within, he cannot 'scape us:  
So you be sure to observe punctually  
The sign agreed, and bolting of the doors,  
When he is once within.

DON F. Since you have so resolv'd and laid your business,  
Dispose of me, and lead the way, whilst I  
Give Fabio his instruction what to do  
During my absence.

[Exeunt FERNANDO and JULIO.

*Enter DONNA BLANCA and FRANCISCA, as in BLANCA'S  
antechamber.*

FRAN. Since the black cloud, that threaten'd you last night  
With such a storm, is luckily blown over  
Without a sprinkling, I hope, madam, you  
Will imitate the Fates, and grow serene  
From all those clouds which so much threaten'd others.

BLAN. Ah! Francisca, canst thou—

[She stops, seeing ELVIRA coming.

*Enter ELVIRA, with a fine basin of flowers.*

But here's Silvia.  
O, the sharp thorns she brings me at this time,  
With flowers in her hand, by the constraint  
Her presence gives me!

[Aside.

ELV. Madam, I wish the 'ranging of these flowers  
May be to your mind; but alas, I fear  
I am too dull for works of fancy.

BLAN. 'Tis me you find too dull to relish them:  
Anon they may be welcomer.

ELV. I'll wait that happy hour.  
[Aside.] She's in ill humour.

[Exit ELVIRA.

BLAN. But tell me now, didst ever see, Francisca,  
So false and bold a creature? The impudence  
He had to clothe his treachery with new courtships,  
Provokes me most of all.

FRAN. Last night indeed, incens'd as you were, madam,

I fain would know what air so soft and gentle  
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the flame  
Higher and higher; but methinks your pillow  
Should in so many hours have had some power  
T' allay and mollify: I then complied  
(He present) with your anger; but now, madam,  
You must allow me to speak reason t' you  
In his behalf, before you go too far,  
And put things in your passion past recal,  
Which, that once over, you would give your life  
To have again.

BLAN. Pray, think me not so tame.

FRAN. So tame, say you? I think you wild, I swear,  
To take so much to heart, what at the most  
Deserves but some such sparkling brisk resentment,  
As, once flash'd out in a few choleric words,  
Ought to expire in a next visit's coyness.

BLAN. Make you so slight of infidelity?

FRAN. Cupid forbid! I'd have men true to love;  
But I'd have women, too, true to themselves,  
And not rebuke their gallants by requiring  
More than the nature of frail flesh will bear.  
I'd have men true as steel; but steel, you know,  
(The purest and best-polish'd steel) will ply,  
Urg'd from its rectitude, forsooth; but then  
With a smart spring comes to its place again.

BLAN. Come, leave your fooling, and speak soberly.

FRAN. Why then, in sober sadness, you're i' th' wrong—  
I do not say in being angry with him,  
And nettled at the thing—that's natural.  
We love no partners, even in what we know  
We cannot keep all to ourselves: but, madam,  
To think the worse of him for it: or resolve  
A breach of friendship for a slight excursion,  
That were a greater fault than his, who has  
For one excuse long absence; and in truth  
Another you'd be sorry he wanted—youth.

BLAN. You talk as if——

FRAN. [*interrupting her.*] Stay, madam, I beseech you,  
And let me make an end: I have not yet  
Touch'd the main point in his excuse, a suit  
At court, enough I trow for any dog-trick.

BLAN. How like a goose you talk! a court pretension!  
What has that to do, one way or other,  
With his faith to me?

FRAN. So one, displeas'd to find his crawfishes  
Shrivell'd within and empty, said to his cook  
(Who laid the fault upon the wane o' th' moon):  
What has the moon to do with crawfishes?  
Marry, she has, 'tis she that governs shell-fish;  
And 'tis as true, in courts that love rules business  
By as preposterous an influence.

BLAN. I prythee, make an end, or come to th' point.

FRAN. Why, then, I'll tell you: you may believe me  
(Having been train'd up in my youth, you know,  
In the best school to learn court mysteries,  
An aunt of mine being mother of the maids),  
Love holds the rudder, and steers in all courts.  
How oft, when great affairs perplex the brains  
Of mighty politicians to conjecture,  
From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions:  
Such exaltations, madam, such depressions,  
Against the rules of their mysterious art;  
And when, as in surprising works of nature,

Reason's confounded, men cry those are secrets  
Of the high pow'rs above, that govern all  
Grave lookers on, stroking their beards, would say,  
What a transcendent fetch of state is this!  
These are the things that wisdom hides and hatches  
Under black cap of weighty jobbernowl;  
I mean Count Olivarez. All the while,  
We female Machiavels would smile to think,  
How closely lurking lay the nick of all  
Under our daughter Doll's white petticoat.

BLAN. All this, I grant you, may be true, and yet  
Ne'er make a jot for his excuse, Francisca.  
His suit had no relation to such matters.

FRAN. Whate'er the thing be, 'tis all one. D' you think  
Suits, be they what they will, can be obtain'd  
By such as pass for fops, as all young men  
Without a mistress or a confidant  
Are sure to do there? A sharp-pointed hat  
(Now that you see the gallants all flat-headed)  
Appears not so ridiculous as a younker  
Without a love-intrigue to introduce  
And sparkify him there. Madam, in short,  
Allow me once to be sententious:  
It is a thing that always was, and is,  
And ever will be, true to the world's end:  
That, as in courts of justice, none can carry  
On business well without a procurator,  
So none in princes' courts their suits make surer,  
Than those that work them by the best procurer.

BLAN. [*Smiling a little.*] Well, hast done, Francisca?

FRAN. Madam, I have.

BLAN. Then letting pass  
Thy fine reflections politic, now vented  
To shew thy skill in courts, I'll tell thee freely,  
I'm not transported in my jealousy  
So far beyond the bounds of reason, as  
Not to know well the difference betwixt  
Such escapades of youth, as only spring  
From warmth of blood or gales of vanity,  
And such engagements as do carry with them  
Dishonour unto those, whose quality  
And love leave little to the serious part,  
Once embark'd by them in a gallantry.

FRAN. I see the clouds disperse. There's no such art  
Of compassing one's ends with those above us,  
As that of working them into good humour  
By things brought in by the by.  
Why, surely, madam, unless anger lend you  
Its spectacles to see things, I cannot think  
You judge Don Zancho's fault to be any other  
Than of the first kind, so well stated by you.

[*Aside.*]

BLAN. Francisca, were I otherwise persuaded,  
I am not of an humour that could suffer  
Such parleys for him, much less intercession;  
But since, upon reflection, I find cause  
To think what he has done a sally only  
Of youth and vanity, when I shall find him  
Sufficiently mortified, I may pardon him.

FRAN. Heavens bless so sweet a temper! but, madam,  
Have a care, I beseech you, of one thing.

BLAN. What's that?

FRAN. That, whilst your pride of heart  
Prolongs his readmission, his despair  
Urge him not to some precipitate attempt  
That may expose your honour, safe as yet.  
You see what danger the last night's distemper

Had like t' have brought you into: transported lovers,  
Like angels fallen from their bliss, grow devils.

BLAN. What, would you have me appear so flexible?  
Is't not enough  
I tell you I may pardon him in due time?

FRAN. Good madam, be advis'd: I do not press you  
For his sake, but your own. Trust my experience,  
To women nought's so fatal as suspense;  
Whose smartest actions ne'er did cast such blot  
On honour as this—shall I? shall I not?

BLAN. I'd rather die, than have him think me easy.

FRAN. Your spirit never can be liable  
To that suspicion. Madam, leave to me  
The conduct of this matter, I beseech you:  
If, ere you sleep, you do not see the gallant  
Sufficiently humbled at your feet,  
Ne'er trust Francisca more.

BLAN. You are so troublesome: do what you will.

[BLANCA *turns away, and exit as into her closet.*

FRAN. What, gone away?  
I'll do what she would have, but dares not say.

[*Exit.*

*Enter DON JULIO and ELVIRA, as in BLANCA'S chamber.*

DON J. Where's my sister, Silvia?

[*Looking about him.*

ELV. In her closet, sir:  
As yet not ready.

DON J. And where's Francisca?

ELV. She's with her, dressing her.

DON J. Why then, Elvira,  
Let me not lose this opportunity  
Of telling you how sad a man I am  
To see you in this posture, and to assure you  
How gladly I would lay down life and fortune  
To serve you in Don Fernando's absence.

ELV. Your generosity I make no doubt of:  
But is Fernando gone?

DON J. I cannot say  
That he is gone; for he was not himself,  
With the thought of leaving you, and yet less  
Himself, whene'er he thought of staying near you;  
Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,  
As love and sharp resentment.

ELV. He is gone then?—  
Ah, generous Don Julio,  
You needs must be indulgent to a weakness  
Which, whilst that he was present, indignation,  
And a just sense of what I am, had pow'r  
To keep within myself; but now I find  
That check remov'd, nature will have its tribute,  
And you must pardon my withdrawing, where  
Such grief may pay it with unwitness'd tears.

[*She pauses.*  
[*Putting her handkerchief to*  
*her eyes.*

[*She weeps.*  
[*Exit Elvira.*

DON J. Can a demeanour so compos'd, so noble,  
And yet so tender, want true innocence?  
It cannot be. It grieves my heart, I swear,  
T' have given her new affliction; but the secret  
Of Don Fernando's close concealment here  
Is so important, it necessitated  
My saying what I did, since secrets are  
Ever kept best by those that know them least.

*Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA.*

Now, high dissimulation play, thy part!  
Good morrow, sister, have you rested well?  
And do you rise serene, as does the sun?  
Free from distemper, as the day from clouds?  
Your looks persuade it me, they are so clear  
And fresh this morning.

[*Aside.*]

BLAN. The pleasure of seeing you puts life into them,  
Else they'd be dull enough, this ugly headache  
Having tormented me all night. You might  
Have heard me call Francisca up at midnight.

FRAN. That was well thought on, for 'tis possible  
He may have heard some noise.

[*Aside.*]

DON J. How cunning she is!  
Faith, now you put me in mind of it (I think)  
'Twixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.

[*Aside.*]

BLAN. The worst of my indisposition is,  
That 'twill, I fear, hinder me again to-day  
From visiting Violante, to thank her  
For Silvia.

DON J. I charge myself with all your compliments;  
For this whole afternoon, till late at night,  
I needs must pass with her, to make amends  
For yesterday's failings, caus'd, as you know,  
By Don Fernando's being in town.

BLAN. I must not hope to see you then again  
To-day, when once gone out?

DON J. Hardly; unless to wait on Violante,  
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,  
When I shall tell her you are indispos'd:  
And so farewell.

[*Exit DON JULIO.*]

BLAN. All's well, I see, Francisca, as to him:  
I wish my heart were but as much at rest  
In what concerns Don Zancho.

FRAN. It shall be  
Your own fault if it be not quickly so,  
As I'll order the matter.

BLAN. Take heed you make him not grow insolent,  
By discovering to him my facility.

FRAN. I'm too well vers'd to need instructions.

BLAN. I leave all t' you. But how does Silvia  
This morning?

FRAN. I think she has been crying,  
She looks so dull and moped.

BLAN. I'll in and see her.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to DON ZANCHO'S house. Enter DON ZANCHO,  
and CHICHON limping.*

DON Z. What, not yet gone, thou lazy, trifling rascal?

CHI. What juster excuse, sir, for not going,  
Than is a broken leg?

DON Z. If you find not your own leg quickly, sirrah,  
I shall find you a wooden one.

CHI. Be as angry as you will, sir, I'll not go  
Till I have made my conditions: the true time  
For servants to stand upon points is, when  
Their masters stand upon thorns.

DON Z. What are they, owl's face?

CHI. Assurance, sir, but of free air within,

With fair retreat upon an even floor;  
And that it shall not be in a slut's power,  
After having kept me in a nasty place,  
To empty me out at window.

DON Z. Prythee, Chichon,  
Ha' done, and miss not th' opportunity  
By fooling. Unless you take Francisca,  
Just as she comes from mass, this day is lost,  
And I lost with it.

CHI. Come, I'll hobble to her.  
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one;  
Truth always comes by the lame messenger.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to a fine pleasant apartment. Enter DON JULIO, and knocks, as at the door of his private apartment: FERNANDO opens the door and lets him in.*

DON F. Y' have given me here a very pleasant prison:  
But what news, my Julio? Are things disposed  
For clearing of your doubts? My own concerns  
I cannot think on during your disquiet.

DON. J. And I come now so strangely mov'd with yours,  
I scarce have sense or memory of my own.  
A heart of adamant could not be hinder'd,  
I think, from liquefaction into tears,  
To 've seen and heard Elvira, as I have done,  
Upon th' occasion of my telling her  
That you were gone.  
A sense so gallant and so tender both  
I never saw in woman.

DON. F. Can that high heart descend to tenderness?

DON J. Not whilst (you present) noble pride upheld it;  
But, nature once set free from that constraint,  
O, how pathetic was her very silence!  
And the restraint of tears in her swol'n eyes,  
More eloquent in grief than others' torrents.  
If she be guilty, all her sex are devils.

DON. F. O, say no more; for were there room but left  
For self-deceit, I might be happy yet.  
Ah! evidence too cruel to deny me that!

[*A noise without.*]

DON. J. But what can be the noise I hear without—  
In the next room?

[FERNANDO *peeps through the key-hole.*]

DON F. 'Slife! I see Don Pedro,  
Elvira's father: there's no avoiding him;  
He'd not a' come up so, without being sure  
You are within.

DON J. Farther put-off would be of little use,  
Since first or last he must be satisfied,  
Being come hither upon such an errand.  
The sooner now we see what 'tis he drives at,  
The sooner we shall take from thence our measures;  
I'll therefore go out to him, and be sure  
To entertain him still so near the door,  
That you may hear what passes.

DON F. I shall be attentive, and expect the issue  
With much impatience.

[*Exit DON JULIO.*]

*Scene changes to DON JULIO'S antechamber. Enter DON PEDRO and his Servant, and DON JULIO and a Page.*

DON P. My business, sir, is to Don Julio Rocca;

[*Addressing himself to DON JULIO.*]

If you be he, I shall desire the favour  
Of some few words with you in private.



DON J. Sir, I am he to serve you. Page, set chairs.

[*He points to the Page, and makes him set the chairs by the door where DON FERNANDO is, and then the Page and DON PEDRO'S man retire. [They sit down.*

DON P. Having not the honour to be known t' you, sir,  
'Tis fit this letter make my introduction:  
'Tis from the Duke of Medina.

[*He gives DON JULIO the letter, which he receives with great respect; and going a little aside, reads it.*

"Don Pedro de Mendoza, my kinsman and most particular friend, goes to Valencia in pursuit of one who hath highly injured his family, whose righting I am so much concerned in, as, could it have been done without too much publication of the thing, I would have accompanied him myself, but my presence will be needless in a place where you have power: I do therefore conjure you, and expect from your regard and kindness to me, that you employ it thoroughly in his behalf, and what service you shall do him, put it upon my account, whom you shall always find

"Your most affectionate cousin to serve you,

THE DUKE OF MEDINA."

DON J. [*giving the letter to DON PEDRO, and he taking it.*] Sir, it is fit you see  
how heartily  
The Duke hath recommended your concernments,  
Whose will's a law to me.

[DON PEDRO *having read it, and restoring it.*

DON P. He told me, indeed, how very sure he was  
Of your friendship and dependence.  
I am proud to find he makes  
So obliging use of it to my advantage.

DON J. I do avow myself his creature, sir;  
Therefore the sooner you shall let me know  
In what I may be useful t' you, the sooner  
You'll see my readiness to serve you.

DON P. Your personal reputation, sir, as well  
As your relation to the duke, assur'd me  
Beforehand of what I find; and therefore  
As hard a part as it is for a gentleman  
Of my blood and temper to become  
Relater of his own shame, unreveng'd  
On the author of it, I shall tell you in short:  
I live under an affront of th' highest nature  
To the honour of my family; and the person  
Who did it makes Valencia his retreat.  
'Tis against him, Don Julio,  
That your assistance must support me here:  
I have already got some notice of him,  
And when I shall be ascertain'd, I'll repair  
Again unto you for your friendly aid,  
And for the present trouble you no farther.

[DON PEDRO *offers to rise, as going away.*

DON J. A little patience, I beseech you, sir.  
I have express'd my readiness, and be sure  
I am a man never to fail, where once  
I have engag'd my word; but, sir, withal  
You must consider with a fair reflection,  
That in this place are all my chief relations  
Of blood and friendship; and though neither shall  
Have power t' exempt me from the serving you  
In any just pretension, yet you know  
That men of honour ever ought to seek,  
How to comply with one duty without  
Violating another.

DON P. I understand you, sir; and as 'tis that  
Which well becomes a person of your worth  
To have reflected on, so it becomes me

To satisfy, before I engage you farther.  
Then give me leave to ask you, whether or no  
Don Zancho de Moneçes be of the number  
Of those, towards whom y'are under obligation  
Either of blood or friendship?

[DON JULIO *showing some little surprise, but presently recovering.*

DON J. Don Zancho de Moneçes, say you?

DON P. Sir, the same—  
He startled at his name.

[*Aside.*

DON J. He is a person I have always liv'd  
In friendly correspondence with, without  
Any such tie upon me towards him,  
As ought to hinder my frank serving you.

DON P. You have reviv'd me; and since I have now nam'd  
My enemy, I can conceal no longer  
The grounds on which he is so. That Don Zancho,  
About a fortnight since, was late at night  
Found in my house, run newly through the body,  
And welt'ring in his blood, ready to expire.  
I by the outcry brought upon the place,  
Surpris'd as you may imagine, and enrag'd,  
Was yet so far master of my passion,  
As to disdain the owing my revenge  
To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty  
Towards me as was the sufferer. I made  
Him straight be carried to a surgeon, where  
I thought it generous to give him life,  
Then dead, that living I might give him death.  
Recover'd sooner than I thought, he fled,  
And with him, as I have reason to believe,  
My only daughter, who the very night  
Of the accident was missing. O, the curse  
Of men, to have their honours subjected  
To the extravagance of such vile creatures!

DON J. [*Sighing.*] 'Tis our hard fate indeed.

DON P. I presently employ'd all diligence  
To know what way he took, and having learn'd  
'Twas towards this place, hither I have pursued him;  
Confirm'd in my pursuit by information  
Along the road, that an unknown gallant  
Had, with his servant, guarded all the way  
A conceal'd lady in a coach. And thus, sir,  
You have the story of my injury;  
Whereof I doubt not but your generous heart  
Will wed the just revenge.

DON J. You may rely on't, sir, without reserves,  
To th' utmost of my power.

DON P. May the gods reward you  
The life that you renew to these grey hairs!  
I'll take my leave at present, and return t' ye,  
As soon as from the diligences used  
I shall have clearer lights.

DON J. Here you shall find me waiting your commands.

[*Exit DON PEDRO, DON JULIO waiting on him out.*

*Scene changes. Enter DON JULIO and DON FERNANDO, as in the private apartment.*

DON J. I hope you overheard us?

DON F. All distinctly,  
And with surprising joy at his mistake.  
Did ever bloodhound, in a hot pursuit,  
Run on so readily upon the change?

DON J. I hope it bodes good fortune in the rest.

DON F. Were e'er two friends engag'd in an adventure  
So intricate as we, and so capricious?

DON J. Sure, never in this world: methinks it merits  
A special recapitulation.  
You, at the height of all your happiness,  
Supplanted with your mistress by a rival  
You neither knew nor dreamt of, evidence  
Anticipating jealousy.

DON F. And when that rival, fallen by my sword  
In her own presence, is by miracle  
Revived, and fitter to serve her than I,  
That faithless mistress with the same assurance  
She could have done, had she been true as fair,  
And for my sake expos'd to fatal hazards,  
Flies to my arms for her protection.

DON J. And whilst that you, refining point of honour,  
In spite of rage expose yourself to serve her,  
She asks and takes, with a vow'd indignation  
To be beholden t' ye, new obligations.

DON F. I have recourse unto my only friend,  
To help me in protecting my false mistress,  
And he, at the same time, by highest powers [is]  
Impos'd upon to be her persecutor.

DON J. Whilst the same friend, and by the selfsame pow'rs,  
Is urg'd to act in their revenge against  
The man, on whom you most desire to take it:  
And then, to heighten all beyond invention,  
That very friend is forc'd, even in that instant,  
To a dependence on your only aid,  
In his honour's nearest and most nice concerns.

DON F. Heaven, sure, delights t' involve us in a kind  
Of labyrinth will pose itself t' unwind.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Scene changes to the room at DON ZANCHO'S. Enter DON ZANCHO, and CHICHON at another door, halting still with a staff.*

DON Z. What, here again already! have you sped?

CHI. Lame as I am, you see I've made good speed  
In my return, whate'er I've had in my errand.

DON Z. Leave, fool, your quibbling, and deliver me  
From the disquiet of uncertainty.

CHI. That's quickly done. Set, sir, your heart at rest  
From the vain hopes of ever seeing Blanca—  
Now you are at ease, I trow?

DON Z. You'll be at little, unless you leave your jesting  
With such edge-tools. Is banishment from her  
Matter of raillery? Say, sirrah, and say  
Quickly, what hopes?—  
Prythee, if thou lov'st me,  
Hold me no longer in suspense, Chichon.

[*Kindly.*]

CHI. Why, then, for fear—the devil a bit for love—  
I'll tell you, sir, that luckily I met  
The drab Francisca at the capuchin's,  
Lodging behind her lady, I think on purpose;  
For I perceiv'd her eager sparrowhawk's eye,  
With her veil down (ne'er stirs a twinkling-while  
From its sly peeping-hole) had found me straight—  
took my time i' th' nick, but she outnick'd me;  
For trudging on, her face another way,  
With such a voice, as some you have seen have had  
The trick to draw from caverns of their belly,  
And make one think it came from a mile off,  
She made me hear these words: *About twilight*  
*Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more*  
*At this time, varlet.* And thus, sir, you see,  
That neither she nor I have been prolix,  
For this is all. You have leave to make your comment  
On a brief text.

DON Z. As sweet methinks as short: such words imply  
Little less than a demi-assignation.

CHI. All puddings have two ends,<sup>[14]</sup> and most short sayings  
Two handles to their meaning.

DON Z. I'm sure I'll still lay hold upon the pleasing'st,  
Till it be wrested from me: i' th' meanwhile,  
If any visitants come this afternoon,  
Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,  
That nothing else embark us at the time.  
You shall not go alone.

CHI. I thank you for it—  
I cannot go alone.

[*Holding up his staff. Exeunt, CHICHON halting.*]

*Scene changes to DON JULIO'S private apartment. Enter DON FERNANDO and JULIO.*

DON J. All things are rightly laid, for Violante  
Will pass the afternoon with Blanca, and then,  
I waiting on her home in th' evening, Blanca  
Will be secure from me till late at night.  
I shall be where I told you, in full view  
Of those two windows. If the gallant come  
Up the great stairs, he must pass through that room,  
And cannot 'scape your knowledge; if up the back one,  
You needs must see him passing through the entry,  
Close by that door. If this latter way,

Be sure to set the candle in that window:  
If up the other, in that: and in either case,  
As soon as he's within, fail not to bolt,  
On th' inside, th' entry-door, and so he may  
Find no retreat that way, I coming up  
The other.

[*Pointing.*

DON F. Be assured I shall be punctual,  
As you direct.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to DON PEDRO'S lodging. Enter DON PEDRO  
and his servant FULVIO.*

DON P. Are you sure of what you say?

FULV. As sure, sir,  
As my own eyes can make me of what I saw.  
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since 'twas I  
(You may remember) fetch'd the surgeon to him,  
And saw his wounds dress'd more than once or twice.  
The tavern, where I was, looks into his garden,  
And there I left him walking to come tell you.

DON P. We are well advanc'd then towards my just revenge.  
I found Don Julio as ready to comply  
With all the duke's desires as I could wish;  
And my great fear is over, that Don Zancho  
Might possibly have been some near relation  
Of his own: so that now, Fulvio, if you  
Keep but a careful eye upon his motions,  
And give me notice, he can hardly 'scape us.

FULV. Doubt not my diligence.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to the garden. Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA  
as in a fine garden with orange-trees and fountains.*

BLAN. You must have your will; but know, Francisca,  
If you expose me to his vanity,  
I never shall forgive you.

FRAN. I tell you, madam, I will bring him t' ye  
So mortified, he shall an object be  
For pity, not for anger: you'll need employ  
Kindness to erect the poor dejected knight.

BLAN. It fell out luckily, that Violante  
Came hither; for, my brother now engag'd  
With her, we're safe till ten o'clock at least.

FRAN. But how shall we dispose of Silvia?  
It will be hard to 'scape her observation,  
For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind—  
A melancholy wit. O the unlucky star,  
That leads a lady, engaged in love-intrigues,  
To take a new attendant near her person!

BLAN. 'Twas an unluckiness; but Violante  
Could not be denied, I having told her  
So often that I wanted one; besides,  
Who could have thought sh' had one ready at hand?  
But we must make the best on't for this night:  
'Twill not be hard to busy her, till 't be late,  
In the perfuming-room. This near occasion  
Well o'er, I think it will not be amiss,  
Against another, to say somewhat to her,  
That may, in case she have perceiv'd anything,  
Persuade her she is not distrusted.

FRAN. Madam, take heed of that: whene'er you find  
It necessary to say anything,  
Be sure to say that, that she may think all.  
Take one rule more from my experience:  
Nothing so fatal as a confidence  
By halves in amorous transactions.  
But here she comes—

Enter ELVIRA.

BLAN. Come, Silvia, and take your part of this sweet place;  
This is a day indeed to taste its freshness.

ELV. Madam, I needs must say, within a town  
I never saw so fine a one.

BLAN. In truth  
I think not many sweeter. Those fountains,  
Playing among the orange-trees and myrtles,  
Have a fine mix'd effect on all the senses,  
But think not, Silvia, to enjoy the pleasure  
Without contributing to make it more.

ELV. How can I be so happy?

BLAN. Francisca tells me she has overheard you  
Warbling alone such notes unto yourself,  
As have not only a good voice betray'd,  
But skill to manage it.

ELV. It is Francisca,  
That has betray'd a very ill one, madam.

BLAN. Under yon palm-tree's shade, there is a seat  
That yields to none in the advantages  
It lends to music: let's go sit down there.  
For this first time, one song shall satisfy.

ELV. When you have heard that one, I shall not fear  
Your asking me another.

[*They go and sit down under the palm-tree, and ELVIRA  
sings.*

THE SONG.

*See, O, see!  
How every tree,  
Every bower,  
Every flower,  
A new life gives to others' joys;  
Whilst that I,  
Grief-stricken, lie,  
Nor can meet  
With any sweet,  
But what faster mine destroys.  
What are all the senses' pleasures,  
When the mind has lost all measures?*

*Hear, O, hear!  
How sweet and clear  
The nightingale  
And waters'-fall  
In concert join for others' ears;  
Whilst to me  
For harmony  
Every air  
Echoes despair,  
And every drop provokes a tear.  
What are all the senses' pleasures,  
When the mind has lost all measures?*

BLAN. I thank you, Silvia; but I'll not allow  
One of your youth to nourish melancholy  
By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.

ELV. The happiness of serving you may fit me  
In time for gayer things.

BLAN. I will not ask another for the present;  
Not for your reason, but because I'll be  
More moderate in my pleasures. Now, Silvia,  
I have a task to give you.

ELV. Whate'er it be, 'twill be a pleasing one,

Of your imposing.

BLAN. 'Tis to gather store of  
Fresh orange-flowers, and then carefully  
To shift the oils in the perfuming-room,  
As in the several ranges you shall see  
The old begin to wither. To do it well  
Will take you up some hours; but 'tis a work  
I oft perform myself; and that you may  
Be sure not to mistake, I'll go thither  
With you, and show you the manner of it.

ELV. I hope I shall not fail, so well instructed.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the room at DON ZANCHO'S. Enter DON  
ZANCHO and CHICHON.*

CHI. Y'are so impatient, sir, you will mar all:  
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,  
The sun is hardly set: pray fetch a turn  
Or two more in the garden, ere you go.

DON Z. You must be governor, I see, to-night,  
You are so proud o' th' service you have done.  
Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the garden again. ELVIRA appears in the  
garden, as gathering flowers from the orange-trees, and  
then (with her apron full) going away, says—*

ELV. The task enjoin'd me is a sweet one, truly,  
But I smell somewhat more in the imposal.  
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune,  
That I am lighted into a lady's service  
Of an obliging humour; but (most of all)  
One that, as kind as she is, I see 's as glad  
To leave me alone, as I to be it. Somewhat  
There is mysterious in her looks and conduct:  
Such motions just, such inequalities,  
Such flatteries to those I trusted least,  
Such pretty employments found to busy those  
I would be rid of, and such arts are these  
To single out her confidant (unnoted),  
I well remember would Elvira use,  
Whilst the unquiet joys of love possess'd her,  
How innocent soever. And, besides,  
Francisca's sitting up so late last night,  
And going up and down so warily,  
Whilst others slept, is evidence enough  
What god reigns here, as well as at the court.  
But I forget myself. Let descants cease,  
Who serves, though she observes, must hold her peace.

[*Exit ELVIRA.*]

*Scene changes to the prospect of Valencia. Enter DON  
ZANCHO, with his cloak over his face, and CHICHON.*

DON Z. Advance, Chichon, I'll follow at a distance.  
'Tis the right time—just light enough, you see,  
For warn'd expecters to know one another.  
I hope she will not fail you.

CHI. She fail us!  
No sentinel *perdu* is half so alert  
As she in these occasions.

*Enter FRANCISCA veiled, peeping as out of the portal of DON  
JULIO'S house.*

FRAN. There comes the varlet; and I'm much deceived,  
Or that's his master lagging at a distance—  
I'll give them a go-by, cover'd with my veil.

[*She passes by them heedlessly.*]

CHI. By that light, as little as 'tis, 'tis she:

I'll to her.

DON Z. And I'll stand close the while—  
When you have broken the ice, I'll take my time.

[CHICHON, *going to FRANCISCA, lays hold of her veil, and she turns about.*

CHI. What signifies a veil to hide my doxy,  
When every motion of a leg or wing  
Darts round perfuming and informing airs?  
Thou art the very cauliflower of women.

FRAN. And thou the very cabbage-stalk of men,  
That never stank to me, as does a blab.

CHI. Curse on thee, hold thy tongue! Dost thou not see,  
Who stands against that wall?

FRAN. Away, sauce-box!

[*She, thrusting him off, goes on. DON ZANCHO sets himself just in her way, and makes as if he would lie down in it.*

DON Z. Pass, trample on me, do, trample—but hear me!

FRAN. These shoes have been my lady's, and she'd ne'er  
Forgive it, should they do you so much honour.  
'Tis thou hast caus'd all this.

[*Showing her foot.*  
[*Aside, turning to CHICHON.*

CHI. Fire on thy tongue!

DON Z. Ah, my Francisca, if there be no hopes  
Of pardon, nor of pity, yet at least  
Let Blanca, for her own sake, be so just  
As not to give me cruel death unheard:  
Do you your part at least, and do but give her  
This letter from me—

[*He offers her a letter, and she starting back:*

FRAN. *Guarda!* that's a thing  
She has forbidden with such menaces,  
I dare as well become another Porcia,<sup>[15]</sup>  
And eat red burning coals. I had much rather  
Consent that, now she's all alone at home,  
You should transportedly rush in upon her,  
As following me: so possibly you might  
Attain your end without exposing me  
Who, in that case, know how to act my part  
So smartly against you, as shall keep her clear  
From all suspicion. But I am to blame  
Thus to forget my duty: I'll stay no longer.

[*He stops her, and, pulling out a purse of money, puts it into her hand. FRANCISCA offers to restore the purse, but yet holding it fast.*

DON. Z. Spoke like an angel.

FRAN. This is, you know, superfluous with me,  
And shocks my humour; but anything from you!  
Be sure you follow boisterously.

[*She trudges away, and goes in hastily, as at JULIO'S house, and DON ZANCHO follows her in. CHICHON stops at the door.*

CHI. I'll bring you no ill-luck a second time.  
If for sport's sake you have projected me  
Another summersault from the balcony,  
Make your account that 'tis already done,  
Here you will find me halting in the street.

[*Exit CHICHON.*

*Scene changes to DONNA BLANCA'S antechamber. Enter*  
BLANCA.

BLAN. How true it is that nature cheats mankind,  
And makes us think ourselves the only tasters



Of pure delight and bliss; when as indeed,  
Oppressing us with pains and griefs, she makes  
Deliv'rance from them pass for solid pleasure!  
Witness in me those images of joy,  
Wherewith she flatters now my expectation:  
What will its highest satisfaction be  
At most, but ease from what tormented me?

*Enter FRANCISCA hastily.*

FRAN. It now imports you have affected rage  
As ready at hand as usually you have  
Anger in earnest. But, above all, be sure  
You discharge it smartly upon me; for here  
He presses at my heels.

*Enter DON ZANCHO, and goes to cast himself at DONNA  
BLANCA'S feet, and she starting back from him.*

BLAN. What insolence is this? Think not, Francisca,  
That I am to be fool'd! This is your work:  
You shall not stay an hour within these walls—  
By all that's good, you shall not!

FRAN. For heaven's sake, madam, be not so unjust  
To an old servant, always full of duty.  
But can I govern madmen? Would y' have had me  
Make all the street take notice? There he attack'd me  
With such transportment, the whole town had rung on't,  
Had I not run away. Could I imagine  
A man so wild as to pursue me hither  
Into your presence?

[*Whining.*]

BLAN. It is well, Don Zancho;  
Blanca may be thus used; but he that does it  
Shall find—

[*Severely and scornfully.*]

[*She turns away as going out, he holds her by the sleeve.*]

DON Z. Pardon this rudeness, madam, but a man  
Made desperate hath nothing more to manage.  
Hither I come to give you satisfaction,  
And if my reasons can't, my heart-blood shall;  
But you must hear me, or here see me dead.

BLAN. Since to be rid of him, Francisca, I see

[*Turning to FRANCISCA.*]

I must the penance undergo of hearing him,  
Keep careful watch to prevent accidents.

FRAN. Madam, your closet will be much more proper  
For such a conference; for in case your brother  
Should come, Don Zancho has a safe retreat  
From thence down the back-stairs. I shall be sure  
To give you timely notice.

DON Z. And I know perfectly the passage thorough  
Th' entry; I've come up more than once that way  
During my happy days.

BLAN. I think y' have reason; since I must have patience,  
Light us in thither.

[*FRANCISCA takes the lights, and going before them, exeunt  
omnes.*]

*Scene changes to the prospect of Valencia. Enter DON  
JULIO, as in the portal of his own house.*

DON J. The light was in the farther window; therefore  
He went up this way: now, if Fernando  
Have not forgot to bolt the entry-door,  
He cannot 'scape us, sure, whoe'er he be.  
'Tis the only comfort,  
In such misfortunes, when a man hath means  
To right his honour, without other help

Than such a friend as is another self,  
And that the shame's even from domestics hid,  
Until it be reveng'd.

[Exit DON JULIO, as going into his own house.

*Enter* CHICHON, *as coming out of the porch before* DON  
JULIO'S *house.*

CHI. 'Slight! 'tis Don Julio that I saw go in!  
My master's like to pass his time but ill;  
I'll steal in after, and observe: although  
My courage cannot stead him, my wit may,  
As things may possibly fall out.

[Exit CHICHON, as stealing after DON JULIO into his house.

*Scene changes to* DONNA BLANCA'S *closet. Enter* DON ZANCHO  
*and* DONNA BLANCA, *as in her closet.*

BLAN. As fine a story as may be! No, Don Zancho,  
I, Blanca Rocca, am not carta blanca,<sup>[16]</sup>  
Fit to receive whate'er impression  
Your art—

*Enter* FRANCISCA *hastily.*

FRAN. Your brother's in the hall already;  
Quick, quick, and let him find you in your chamber  
Before your glass, I have set it ready there,  
Whilst he retires the way it was resolv'd.

[Pointing to DON ZANCHO.

[FRANCISCA *takes the candle, and exeunt she and* DONNA  
BLANCA; DON ZANCHO, *another way.*

*Scene changes to* DONNA BLANCA'S *bed-chamber. Re-enter*  
DONNA BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA, *as in* BLANCA'S *chamber, she*  
*newly seated at her toilet, and beginning to unpin.*

*Enter* DON JULIO.

DON J. Blanca, I thought you had been abed ere this.  
Have you had company to entertain you,  
And keep you up beyond your usual hour?

BLAN. What company can I have, you abroad,  
At this time of the night?

DON J. I fain would find out some such as might please you.

[Ironically.

Francisca, take a candle and light me in  
To Blanca's closet.

BLAN. Good brother, what's the matter?  
You were not wont to be so curious,  
As thus to pry into my privacies.

DON J. That you shall know anon. Do as I bid you,  
Francisca.

[FRANCISCA *takes one of the candles, and going before him*  
*stumbles, and falling puts out the light. DON JULIO, taking it*  
*up, lights it again at the other on the table, and going with*  
*it himself towards* DONNA BLANCA'S *closet.*

These tropes are lost on me.

[Exit.

FRAN. Let him go, now we have gain'd time  
enough.

BLAN. Thanks to thy timely fall!

FRAN. Persons employ'd  
In such trusts must have their wits about them.  
'Tis clear that he suspects, but know—he cannot.  
When once you see all safe, 'twill then import you

To play the tyrant over him, with reproaches  
For this his jealousy.

BLAN. Let me alone for that.  
But let us follow him in, that we may mark  
His whole demeanour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DON ZANCHO in disorder.*

DON Z. Curse on't, the entry-door's bolted within,  
What shall I do? [*He pauses.*] I must seek a way,  
Through the perfuming-room into the garden.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter DON JULIO, with a candle in his hand, and passing  
hastily over the stage.*

DON J. He must be gone this way, there is no other;  
The entry-door was bolted.

*Enter DONNA BLANCA and FRANCISCA, who pass over the  
stage, as if stealing after DON JULIO.*

FRAN. All's safe: he takes that way. Let him, a God's name,  
Follow his nose to the perfuming-room.

BLAN. He'll fright poor Silvia out of her wits;  
But I'll come to her succour with a peal  
Will ring him.

[*Exeunt DONNA BLANCA and  
FRANCISCA.*]

*Scene changes to the laboratory. Here is to open a curious  
scene of a laboratory in perspective, with a fountain in it,  
some stills, many shelves, with pots of porcelain and  
glasses, with pictures above them: the room paved with  
black and white marble, with a prospect through pillars at  
the end, discovering the full moon, and by its light a  
perspective of orange-trees, and towards that farther end  
ELVIRA appears at a table, shifting flowers, her back  
turned.*

*Enter DON ZANCHO hastily: ELVIRA turning about, they both  
startle, and stand awhile as it were amazed.*

DON Z. O heavens! what is't I see? 'Tis mere illusion,  
Or 'tis the devil in that angel's form,  
Come here to finish by another hand  
The fatal work that she began upon me  
By Don Fernando's.

ELV. Good gods! Don Zancho here! it cannot be!  
Or 'tis his ghost, come to revenge his death  
On its occasioner; for, were he alive,  
He could not but have more humanity  
Than (having been my ruin at Madrid,  
And robb'd me of my home and honour there)  
To envy me an obscure shelter here.

[*Whilst they amazed step back from one another, enter  
DON JULIO, who, seeing DON ZANCHO with his back towards  
him, drawing his sword, says—*]

DON J. Think not (whoe'er thou art), by flying thus  
From room to room, to 'scape my just revenge.  
Shouldst thou retire to th' centre of the earth,  
This sword should find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

[*Throwing down the candle, he makes towards DON  
ZANCHO; but upon his turning about towards him, he makes  
a little stop, and says—*]

Nay then, if it be you, I'm happy yet  
In my misfortune, since the gods thus give me  
The means at once, and by the self-same stroke,  
To right my honour, and revenge my friend;  
And, by that action, fully to comply  
With what the Duke requires in the behalf  
Of wrong'd Don Pedro.

[*DON JULIO makes at DON ZANCHO: he draws, and they begin*]

*to fight; ELVIRA crying out, Help! help! runs to part them,  
and they stop upon her interposing.*

*Enter DON FERNANDO hastily over the stage, as coming from  
the private apartment.*

DON F. I hear an outcry and [a] clattering of swords.  
My friend (engag'd) must find me by his side.

*[Exit, and re-enters at another door.*

*[As FERNANDO comes to the door of the perfuming-room,  
seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands close.*

DON F. They are parleying: let's hear. *[Aside.*

*[BLANCA and FRANCISCA passing over the stage.*

BLAN. 'Twas Silvia's voice: my heart misgives me somewhat.

FRAN. 'Tis some new accident or some mistake;  
Don Zancho cannot but be safe long since.

BLAN. However let us in, and see.

*[Exeunt BLANCA and FRANCISCA, and re-enter as at another  
door of the perfuming-room, and make a stand, as  
surprised with what they see.*

BLAN. We are all undone, I fear.

FRAN. A little patience. *[CHICHON stealing over the  
stage.*

CHI. The noise is towards the perfuming-room,  
I know the back-way to it through the garden.

*[Exit CHICHON, and re-enters at the farther end of the  
laboratory, and stands close.*

DON Z. Wit must repair the disadvantages  
I'm under here, and save my Blanca's honour.  
That once secur'd, there will be time enough  
To save Elvira's.

*[Aside.*

*[Whilst this passes, ELVIRA holds JULIO by the arm, he  
striving to get from her.*

Since, by this lady's interposing thus,  
You have thought fit our swords should pause awhile,  
It may (I think) consist enough with honour  
So far to seek your satisfaction, sir,  
As to remove mistakes. Know then, Don Julio,  
That, though I have presum'd upon your house,  
I have not wrong'd your honour: it is she,  
With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither;  
Her I have long ador'd, and, having got  
Intelligence that she was here conceal'd,  
My passion (I confess) transported me  
Beyond that circumspection and regard,  
Which men of quality use, and ought t' observe  
Towards one another's dwellings.

DON J. Good gods, what an adventure's here!  
Yet all  
Is well, so Blanca's honour be but safe.  
Sir, you surprise me much; can this be true?

*[Aside.*

*[To DON ZANCHO.*

BLAN. Francisca, heard you that? had ever man  
So ready a wit in such an exigent?

*[Aside.*

DON J. [to ELVIRA.] What say you, madam?

FRAN. We're surer lost than ever, unless she  
Have wit and heart to take the thing upon her.  
Madam, make signs to her, and earnestly.

*[Aside.*

*[To BLANCA.*

*[BLANCA makes earnest signs to ELVIRA.*

FRAN. [*aside to BLANCA.*] She looks this way, as if she comprehended  
Your meaning.

ELV. I understand her, and I know as well  
What mischief I may bring upon myself;  
But let Elvira still do generously,  
And leave the rest to fate. [*Aside.*] Sir, since you press me,

[*To DON JULIO.*]

My humour ne'er could disavow a truth:  
Don Zancho's passion and transportments for me,  
Beyond all rules of temper and discretion,  
Have been the cause of all my sad misfortunes,  
And still I see must be the cause of more.

DON J. Unhappy creature! how thou hast deceiv'd  
My prone persuasion of thy innocence!

DON Z. If that suffice not, sir, you have this ready  
To give you satisfaction.

[*Holding out his sword.*]

DON F. Hell and furies!—but I will yet contain  
Myself, and see how far my friend will drive it.

[*Aside.*]

DON J. Stay, Don Zancho,  
And answer me one question. Is this night  
The first of your presuming thus to enter  
My house by stealth?

DON Z. The query is malicious;  
But I must thorough, as I have begun.

[*Aside.*]

BLAN. [*Aside to FRANCISCA.*] There was a question makes me tremble still.

DON Z. No, sir, it is not: I'll keep nothing from you.  
Last night upon the same occasion—

DON J. Hold! it suffices.

FRAN. [*Aside hastily to BLANCA.*] All's safe, you see: for God's sake, let's away  
Ere Julio perceive us.  
Your presence here can serve for nothing, madam,  
But to beget new chances and suspicions.

[*Exeunt BLANCA and FRANCISCA. DON FERNANDO rushes out,  
drawing his sword.*]

DON F. Yes, it suffices, Julio, to make  
This hand strike surer than it did before.

ELVIRA. Nothing was wanting to my misery,  
But his being here to overhear; but yet  
I must not suffer the same hand to kill him  
A second time, upon a greater error  
Than was the first.

[*Aside. DON FERNANDO making at DON ZANCHO; ELVIRA steps  
between, and JULIA also offers to stay him.*]

DON F. [*Striving to come at DON ZANCHO.*]  
Strive to protect your gallant from me, do!  
Strive, but in vain: the gods themselves cannot!  
What, you, Don Julio, too?

[*CHICHON, running out from the place where he lurked,  
strikes out both the lights with his hat.*]

CHI. I have lov'd to see fighting; but at present  
I love to hinder seeing how to fight.  
Knights, brandish your blades, 'twill make fine work  
Among the gallipots!  
You have me by your side, sir, let them come;  
They are but two to two.  
Sir, follow me, I'll bring you to the door.

[*Aloud.*]

[*As to his master.*]

[*Aside to his master, and pulling him.*]

DON Z. There's no dishonour in a wise retreat  
From disadvantages, to meet again  
One's enemy upon a fairer score.

[CHICHON *pushing his master before him out of door.*

CHI. [*Aside to his master.*] There 'tis; advance, sir, I'll make good the rear.

[*Exit DON ZANCHO and CHICHON.*

DON J. Ho! who's without? bring lights. [*He stamps.*] They cannot hear us,  
The room is so remote from all the rest.—  
What a confusion's this! Recall, Fernando,  
Your usual temper, and let's leave this place,  
And that unhappy maid unto its darkness,  
To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.

[*Exit DON JULIO groping, and drawing DON FERNANDO with him.*

ELV. [*Alone.*] Darkness and horror welcome, since the gods  
Live in the dark themselves; for had they light  
Of what's done here below, they would afford  
Some ray to shine on injur'd innocence,  
And not, instead thereof, thus multiply  
Obscuring clouds upon it, such as the sun,  
Should he with all his beams illuminate  
Men's understandings, scarce could dissipate.  
I now begin to pardon thee, Fernando,  
Since what thou hast heard in this enchanted place  
Carries conviction in 't against my firmness,  
Above the pow'r of nature to suspend  
My condemnation: unless wrong'd virtue might  
Expect in thee a justice so refin'd,  
As ne'er was found in man to womankind.  
'Tis now, I must confess, the lost Elvira  
Fit only for a cloister, where, secure  
In her own spotless mind, she may defy  
All censures, and without impiety  
Reproach her fate even to the deity.

[*Exit, groping her way.*

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [14] [The proverb is, Everything hath an end, and a pudding hath two.]  
[15] [The wife of Brutus.]  
[16] [*i.e.*, A fool. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 38.]

---

## ACT V.

*Enter DON JULIO talking to himself, and at another door  
FERNANDO who, perceiving it, stands close.*

DON J. Bless'd be the gods that yet my honour's safe  
Amidst such strange perplexities, from which  
Fortune and wit (I think) together join'd,  
With all their strength, could hardly an issue find.  
To temper, comfort, or to serve my friend  
What argument? what means? how to assist  
Don Pedro in his aims, and to comply  
With what I owe the duke, I see as little;  
And less conceive, how to behave myself,  
As ought a gentleman towards a lady,  
With whose protection he hath charg'd himself,  
And brought her to his house on that assurance;  
Whom to expose cannot consist with honour,  
However she may have expos'd her own;  
And (least of all) how to repair to Blanca  
The injury I have done her, whose high spirit,  
I fear, will be implacable. O heavens!  
What a condition's mine?

*[He stands pausing, and startles, seeing DON FERNANDO.]*

*Enter DON FERNANDO.*

DON F. Pardon, dear cousin, if, to avoid one rudeness,  
I have another unawares committed.  
Whilst fearing t' interrupt, I have o'erheard;  
Yet nothing, cousin, but the self-same things  
My thoughts have been revolving all this night,  
Concern'd for you, much more than for myself;  
For I, upon reflection, find I am  
Much easier than I was; by certainty  
Freed from the sorest weight, perplexity.  
In the first place you must forgive your friend  
The high distemper of last night's transportments:  
I hope you'll find me well recovered from them,  
And that my morning resolutions are  
Such as will make amends.

DON J. Make no excuses, dear friend: such provocations  
Surprising are above philosophy;  
And 'tis no small experiment of yours,  
If after them you can have brought yourself  
So soon to fix a judgment what to do.

DON F. I have fix'd on that, which I am sure will serve  
All interests but my own, as heretofore  
I understood my happiness; but now  
I shall no longer place it in anything  
Dependent on the wild caprice<sup>[17]</sup> of others.  
No, Julio,  
I will be happy even in spite of fate,  
By carrying generosity up to th' height.  
Elvira shall her dear bliss owe to me,  
Not only by desisting, but by making  
Her lov'd Don Zanchó marry her: his refusal  
Alone can make me kill him o'er again.

DON J. Since that unhappy maid, with all her beauty  
And that high quality, hath made herself  
Unworthy of your marriage, certainly  
None but Fernando ever could have pitch'd  
Upon so noble a thought: but think withal,  
What difficulties are likely to obstruct it!

DON F. Say what occurs to you.

DON J. Don Zanchó is a man of wit and courage;  
And though his passion out of doubt be great,

Since it hath made him do so wild an action,  
As that of coming twice into my house  
After so strange a manner; yet, Fernando,  
You cannot but imagine such a one  
Likely to have quite different reflections  
Upon Elvira's conduct for a wife,  
From what he has upon it for a mistress:  
They are two notions very differing.  
Besides, should the proposal but appear  
In the least kind to spring from your desire,  
Whose former commerce with her's not unknown,  
It were the only way to drive him off  
Past all recal. I think few have accepted  
Wives recommended to them by their rival.

DON F. In that y' have reason, I confess; but, Julio,  
Think of the way; for marry her he must,  
Or die, and by no other hand but mine.

DON J. [*Pausing.*] I am thinking of it, and, I hope, to purpose.<sup>[18]</sup>  
What interposer can be found so fit  
As Blanca in this business, since Don Zancho  
Has long been her particular acquaintance?  
And what can be more natural, than for her  
To take to heart Elvira's chief concernment,  
Whom he finds here retir'd in her misfortune,  
As to her surest friends?

DON F. Y' have lighted, cousin, on the only way;  
And lose no time, I beg you.

DON J. The least that may be; but you must consider  
In what a predicament I am likely  
To be with Blanca at present.

DON F. I understand you (since the jealousy  
You expressed of her); but 'tis to be hoped  
The peace will not be long a-making.

DON J. You little know her spirit, once inflam'd.  
But as I'll lose no time, so I'll omit  
No art to bring her to a temper fit  
To hear and to advance the proposition.

DON F. Heaven give you good success!

DON J. [*Turning back to FERNANDO.*] I had forgot to tell you that I think  
It will be necessary that, as soon  
As I have weather'd Blanca's storm, I make  
A visit to Don Pedro, to prevent  
His coming hither to disorder us,  
Before we have set [all] things right.

DON F. 'Twas not ill thought on: and till you return  
I shall keep close in your apartment;  
For Blanca has not seen me, and Elvira  
Has too great cares upon her to be curious.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA; BLANCA with a gay air, as in her  
antechamber.*

BLAN. Say, my Francisca, can romances equal  
Our last night's adventure? was there ever  
Such a come-off! Our sex has us'd to boast  
Presence of mind in exigents of love;  
But I believe none of us ever match'd  
Don Zancho's readiness in an occasion  
So sudden and so critical.

FRAN. Ever give me the man of ready parts.

BLAN. But prythee, whilst we give Don Zancho 's dues,  
Let us be just, too, to poor Silvia's merit;  
Was ever anything so generous  
Or so obliging to a mistress!

FRAN. So it appears, madam, I must confess;



But the excess of it makes it suspicious.

BLAN. Fie, leave this humour of detracting still,  
And call her to me, that I may embrace,  
And thank her; that done, consider how  
To bring her off, who's brought us off so well.

*[Offers to go out.*

*Enter* DON JULIO.

FRAN. Stay, I beseech you, and compose yourself  
To act a part quite of another nature;  
Here comes Don Julio, towards whom I hope  
You'll tune yourself to a far differing key  
From that of thanks and kindness.

BLAN. Let me alone for that: I'll play the dragon.

*[As* DON JULIO *advances,* BLANCA *turns from him with a*  
*furious countenance, and flies out of the room,* DON JULIO  
*following her.*

DON J. Dear sister, stay, and hear me.

BLAN. Detested brother, leave me.

*[She makes as if she were going, and he holds her.*

DON J. Hear me but, Blanca, and then vent your passion  
Against a brother that condemns himself  
As much as you can do; but hear me speak.

BLAN. Your actions, Julio, have spoke loud enough  
To echo through the world your shame and mine.  
Has all the tenor of my life been such,  
With such exactness of unblemish'd conduct,  
That malice might have stain'd the noonday sun  
More easily than tarnish'd Blanca's honour,  
And must that honour now be prostitute  
By the caprice of an unworthy brother?  
Should any other have invaded it,  
Had not you righted her, she has a heart  
Would have found ways to right herself; but you  
Th' aggressor, what remedy but rage?

*[She flings from him and exit.*

FRAN. She acts it rarely.

*[Aside.*

DON. J. Was ever man so unfortunate as I?  
I must confess she has reason, and the sense  
She thus expresses of my fault becomes her;  
But it must be your work, my dear Francisca,  
To pacify. When once you shall but know  
All that has pass'd these nights, I am certain  
You'll say no human confidence could e'er  
Be proof against such circumstances.

*[To* FRANCISCA.

FRAN. Alas! my offices can signify  
But little. But I'm sure the occasion  
Gives me a sad heart. O my dear lady!

*[As if she were crying.*

DON J. I love good-nature; but I prythee, leave,  
And come in with me, that I may tell thee all.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO *and* FULVIO, *as in his lodging.*

DON P. A' God's name, Fulvio, what has been thy meaning,  
To make me sit up almost all last night  
Expecting thee, when such impatience held me?  
Thou wert not wont to be so negligent  
In things of so great weight.

FULV. Nor have I been it now: 'tis overcare  
Of your commands hath held me so long from you.  
You know the orders that you gave me, sir,  
To watch Don Zancho's motions? accordingly  
I sat all day in my observing-place,

Till about twilight I saw him and 's man  
Steal as it were abroad: I as warily  
Dogg'd them from street to street, till, sir, at length  
He made a stand up close against a wall,  
Whilst that his servant entertain'd a woman  
Close-veil'd, who was come out, I think, on purpose,  
From an adjacent house; soon after, he  
Accosted her himself. Their conference  
Lasted but little; she made haste away  
To th' house from whence she came, and he as much  
To follow her in.

DON P. Where was't? and why cam'st thou not presently,  
To give me notice, as you were directed?

FULV. At that you will not wonder, when you know  
Whose house he enter'd; but at this you'll wonder—  
It was Don Julio's.

DON P. [*Starting.*] Ha! Don Julio's, say'st thou?—  
But, now I think on't, 'tis no marvel, Fulvio,  
Since newly come to town; for I remember  
Don Julio told me, that Don Zanchó and he  
Had always liv'd in friendly correspondence.

[*He pauses.*]

FULV. Visits, sir, only of fair civility,  
After long absence, are not usually  
Begun by twilight in such cautious manner;  
Nor usher'd in by female veil'd conductors.  
But pray, sir, hear the rest.

DON P. What can this be? [*Aside.*] Say on then quickly.

[*To FULVIO.*]

FULV. I presently concluded with myself  
That, since Don Julio was the friend on whose  
Assistance you relied against Don Zanchó,  
You ne'er would think, sir, of attacking him,  
As he came out from thence: I judg'd it, therefore,  
My wisest course to stay, and mark the issue.  
And stay I did, till it was after midnight;  
About which time, walking from side to side,  
That I might see both issues of the house,  
It being as light almost as day, I saw  
The gallant and his man leap from the wall  
Of Julio's garden, and from thence in haste  
Make home.

DON P. 'Sdeath, man, thou dream'st! Don Zanchó from Don Julio's  
In that manner? Awake, fool, and speak sense.

FULV. I say but what I saw, as I see you.

DON P. O, the devil! what, the same villain  
Found the affronter of my friend too here  
In the same kind! Give me my cloak and sword,  
I must know the bottom of this.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter BLANCA and FRANCISCA, as in her antechamber.*

BLAN. I come from seeing and caressing Silvia;  
But with most strange surprise at her comportment  
Towards me.

FRAN. How, madam!

BLAN. My words and actions both expressing to her,  
Not only highest gratitude and kindness,  
But a solicitude in the concerns  
Of her honour, equal to what she had shown  
In mine, they were receiv'd with such a coldness,  
With such an air of melancholy pride,  
With half replies, and those not half to th' purpose,  
As make me with amazement to conclude,  
That either she has lost her understanding,  
Or that there's somewhat in't we understand not.

FRAN. She is a maid of an odd composition;  
And besides that, I needs must tell you, madam,  
That having had my observation freer  
Than you, perhaps, during last night's adventure,  
I remark'd somewhat, both in her demeanour  
And in Don Zancho's, makes me confident  
They met not there strangers to one another,  
As you imagine. But there's time enough  
To think and talk of that: what presses now,  
Is your right ordering of Don Julio:  
You have begun as well as can be wish'd.

BLAN. Say, did I not do my part?

[*Jollily.*

FRAN. Beyond imagination;  
But take heed now of overdoing it,  
'Tis time to tack about to reconcilment,  
And thought of drawing those advantages  
From the embroilment, as may for the future  
Secure you from like accidents.

BLAN. You say well; but how?

FRAN. The first step must atonement be between you,  
Of which he hath so earnestly conjur'd me  
To be an instrument that, you consenting  
To give him a hearing through my mediation,  
I am made for ever, and settled in the power  
Of serving you by better cosening him:  
Besides, he tells me, he hath that to say  
And to propose unto you, as shall not only  
Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger  
Of prejudicial rumours, which might rise  
From last night's accident.

BLAN. Agreed; let's in,  
And play the second part.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter DON ZANCHO and CHICHON, as in his own house.*

DON Z. Were we not born with cauls upon our heads?<sup>[19]</sup>  
Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off twice a-row  
Thus rarely from such dangerous adventures?

[*Jollily.*

CHI. Rather, I think, with combs, so oft to venture.

DON Z. Thou coxcomb, say, had I not my wits about me?

CHI. 'Twere too uncomplaisant to deny that.  
You know I love not to talk seriously,  
But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfied  
To have come off so? is there no qualm remaining  
Upon your gentle heart for leaving i' th' suds  
A poor distressed virgin? Who she is,  
I neither know nor care; but I am sure,  
Had generous Chichon, to save his life,  
Play'd a sweet innocent lady such a trick,  
He would have pass'd but for a recreant knight;  
And much the more, she having shown herself  
So gallant as, to save her lady's honour,  
T' expose her own. Say, true Don Galor,<sup>[20]</sup> say,  
Were your part found in a romance or play,  
Whose character would it not dislustre?

DON Z. How soon a fool's bolt's shot without distinction?  
Of what's the mark! Thou censur'st without knowing,  
Who th' exposed lady is. Know, then, Chichon,  
And wonder! 'tis Elvira!—that Elvira  
For whom I sighed like to have sigh'd my last,  
On her score at Madrid—Don Pedro's daughter.

CHI. You raise enchanted castles in the air;  
But were it as you say, that makes the thing  
More inexcusable. You had been to blame  
T' have us'd a stranger so; but so t' have serv'd  
A lady<sup>[21]</sup> you had once profess'd to love,

Raises the fault above all heightening.

DON Z. Nay, then, I see I must once play the fool,  
In answering a fool seriously.  
The things thou say'st are heightenings indeed,  
Not of my fault, but merit in the action,  
Towards my Blanca; since, to save her honour,  
I did not only sacrifice Elvira's,  
But thus expose mine own. Time may recover  
Elvira's fame, and mine this quickly shall.

[Clapping his hand on his sword.]

Here, take this letter, and employ your wit  
In finding out the means with secrecy  
To give it Don Fernando unobserv'd.  
I shall not stir from home, till I've his answer.

CHI. You found him, sir, a man of quick dispatch,  
In your last business with him at Madrid!  
How honourable 'tis to serve a Don!  
What petty Basque on t' other side the mountains  
Durst have aspir'd to the high dignity  
Of carrying a cartel? A monsieur  
Would sooner have put up a twinge by the nose,  
Than sent a challenge by a serving-man.

[Exit DON ZANCHO.]

[Exit.]

*Enter BLANCA furiously, and, running to the cabinet, takes out thence a stiletto; and FRANCISCA earnestly after her, as in BLANCA'S closet.*

BLAN. Villains shall find I am not unprovided  
Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.

FRAN. I thought the strange constraint upon herself,  
Wherewith she heard her brother, would serve in the end  
But to make rage break out with greater fury;  
Yet it is well she kept it in so long  
As to get rid of him.  
Good madam, moderate yourself a little.

[Aside.]

BLAN. Preach temper to the damned souls in hell,  
That they may teach the traitor moderation,  
When I have sent him thither with his devil.

FRAN. I do confess the provocation such,  
As more than justifies all these transportments;  
And therefore I beseech you think not, madam,  
In what I say, I can the least aim have  
Of saving him from the extremest fury  
Of your resentment, or preserving her,  
Who has had the impudence to abuse you so,  
Under pretence of serving. May they perish!  
But let it be in such a way, as may not  
Draw a more dismal ruin on yourself:  
Let swift destruction seize them; yet let not,  
Madam, your hand, but head dispense their fate.  
What can the issue be of such an action,  
As that of which I see that shining steel  
And flaming eyes of yours the threat'ning comets?  
I beg but the reflection of a moment!

[BLANCA walking upon the stage with enraged gestures pauses, at length sheathing and putting her stiletto in her sleeve with a sober, composed, tone:]

BLAN. Francisca, I thank you for recalling me  
Thus to myself: I will be temperate,  
[Aside.] But it shall be to make revenge the surer.

FRAN. Her tone nor gestures cannot cosen me,  
They both seem to disguise a black design;  
But I shall watch you: 'tis a half-gain'd cause  
In fury's course to have begot a pause.

[Aside.]

BLAN. Do what I bid you presently, Francisca.  
Send to Don Zancho, and let him know from me,

I earnestly desire to speak with him.

FRAN. Lord, madam, what d'ye mean?

BLAN. To make the pleasing proposition to him,  
As I told my brother I would. Say, am I not moderate?  
But do without reply, what I command.

FRAN. Madam, I shall obey. But [*aside*] observe you so withal,  
As to prevent the mischief, if I can.

[*Exit* FRANCISCA.

BLAN. Ye gods, assist me in my just revenge,  
Or you will make an atheist. My first work  
Must be, before Don Zanchó comes, to speak  
With his sweet mistress; and with words and looks,  
As false as hers have been, so to delude her  
With hopes of what she wishes, that they both  
May jointly fall my honour's sacrifice.

[*Exit*.

*Enter* DON FERNANDO, *as in* DON JULIO'S *private apartment.*

DON F. Since generosity hath so far got  
The mastery, as to have made me fix  
Upon a resolution so unheard of,  
I long to see it executed. But stay:  
I think I hear Elvira's voice without,  
And Blanca's too. Here curiosity  
To overhear is pardonable.

[*He makes as if he hearkened, and then exit, as to go  
where he may better hear.*

*Enter* ELVIRA and BLANCA *as in the antechamber, and  
FERNANDO peeping as from behind a door.*

DON F. Here not a word can 'scape me.

ELV. Madam, you wrong my zeal in serving you,  
Whilst you attribute to any other motive  
My yesterday's behaviour.

BLAN. Such niceties, Elvira, are, out of season.

[*In a tone that may show what she says to be forced.*

I seek your satisfaction in a love,  
Wherein it seems you have been long engag'd.

[*ELVIRA looking round, and FERNANDO starting back.*

DON F. I hope she did not see me.

[*Aside.*

ELV. My satisfaction, say you, in my love?  
Of whom, for heaven's sake? If you mean Don Zanchó,  
Y'are very far from guessing at my thoughts.

DON F. By heaven, sh' has seen me, and plays the devil still.

[*Aside.*

ELV. By all that's good, I am far from loving him—  
I say not worse [*aside*], because I know she loves him.

DON F. Ah, Elvira! this is too much, yet not enough  
To change in me a noble resolution.

[*Aside.*

[*A noise is heard, as of people coming up stairs.*

BLAN. I hear some coming up stairs: should it be Don Zanchó, I am not yet  
ready for him.—

[*Aside.*

I see we are likely to be interrupted here,  
Elvira, we shall be better in my closet.

[*To* ELVIRA.  
[*Exit* BLANCA.

ELVI. Madam, I'll follow you.  
What can she mean? since that she needs must think  
I know the passion she herself<sup>[22]</sup> has for him.

[ELVIRA *having stayed awhile behind, as she is going to follow BLANCA, enter her father DON PEDRO and FULVIO: she starts, and stands confounded; he, seeing her, draws out his dagger, and makes at her.*

DON P. Vile stainer of my blood, have I here found thee?

[ELVIRA *perceiving the door a little open, where DON FERNANDO is, flies thither, and gets in.*

DON F. This makes it clear she saw me.

[*Aside, as ELVIRA thrusts in.*

[DON PEDRO *seizes the door, before it be quite shut, and they struggle, he to pull it open, and DON FERNANDO to shut it: after some contest, DON FERNANDO gets it close, and bolts it within: DON PEDRO, as an enraged person, pulls and bounces at the door.*

DON P. In vain should mountains interpose between  
Her and her punishment.

[*He bounces still, as to break down the door.*

*Enter* BLANCA.

BLAN. What Bedlam have we here, and where's Elvira?

DON P. You have one here will know how to revenge  
Conspiracies t' affront him: and you, lady,  
Whoe'er you are, that seem to take upon you,  
Y' had best produce the wicked thing you've named,  
Or by this steel—

[BLANCA *cries out.*

BLAN. Ho! brother, brother! help against a madman!

*Enter* DON JULIO.

DON J. Peace, Blanca, peace, you know not what you say:  
Don Pedro is master here.

BLAN. I know not your Don Pedro; but I'm sure  
One to be tied in chains could do no more,  
That he has done.

DON J. Have patience, sister: 'tis Elvira's father,  
With cares enough upon him to justify  
Any distemper.

BLAN. Precious! Elvira's father?—  
Nay, then I leave you.

[BLANCA *flings out of the room.*

DON F. O the unluckiness of his coming  
So unseasonably! 'Twas to prevent that,  
I went abroad to seek him.

[*Aside.*

DON P. What's this, Don Julio? can a gentleman  
Of blood and honour use another thus?  
What, after such engagements to the Duke  
And to myself to be my friend and helper,  
To prove the shelter of my shame's chief author?  
I do not wonder now Don Zanchó himself  
Should have been here at midnight.

DON J. I am hard put to't: help, wit, to bring us off.  
Be as distemper'd as you please, Don Pedro,  
It shall not alter me! but yet methinks  
It would not ill become your gravity,  
To think a while, before you make a judgment,  
And rashly frame injurious conclusions  
From things, wherein a friend has merited from you.  
Do but consider, and then say, what Julio  
Could do of more advance to what you wish,  
Than, having found your daughter, to have brought her  
To his own house, where she might be with honour  
Accompanied, and serv'd as such by Blanca,  
Until such time as, things maturely weigh'd,

[*Aside.*

You should a final resolution take.  
And since Don Zancho's being here last night,  
I see 's no secret t' ye, methinks you ought  
T' have been so just to me, as to believe  
That, since I admitted him within these walls,  
It was in order to the serving you.

DON P. Noble Don Julio, you must pity have  
Of an old man's distemper in affliction.  
I see I was in the wrong; pray, pardon it.

DON J. O, this is more than needs. And now, good sir,  
If you'll be pleas'd to walk a turn or two  
I' the garden, I'll there give you a full account  
How I have laid things for your satisfaction.

DON P. I'll wait on you.

DON J. Go, sir, there lies your way;  
And you, boy, fail not, when Don Zancho comes,

[Turning to the Page.

To give me notice of it in the garden.

[Exeunt.

*Enter DON ZANCHO, and passes over the stage with CHICHON  
after him: and enter FRANCISCA, and pulling CHICHON, stays  
him.*

FRAN. Stay, stay, Chichon, a word w' ye: it imports—

[She whispers with him.

CHI. I hope you are not in earnest.

FRAN. By my soul, I am—  
There is no other way, but for us both  
To get up the back-way, and there to watch  
The time to interpose.

CHI. Can she be such a fury? her looks are  
All milk and honey.

FRAN. You cannot fancy anything so tragic,  
But she is capable of executing,  
When once provok'd in point of love and honour  
Beyond her bounds of temper.

CHI. Lead the way—  
I'll have the pleasure to bold up the fright  
She's in, since I am sure there is no danger,  
Knowing, as I do, my master's mind towards Blanca:  
Besides, 'tis to be hop'd, that these disorders  
May produce somewhat that may put an end  
To my master's quarrel, or afford me means  
To give Fernando his letter.

[Aside.

[Exeunt.

*Enter DON FERNANDO, ELVIRA lying upon the couch in the  
private apartment.*

DON. F. This last dissimulation moves me more  
Than all the rest; but yet it must not alter  
What honour hath inspir'd. See, how she lies,  
And how, scarce brought to life from her dismay,  
She resumes scorn, to have been sav'd by me!  
But multiply what injuries thou wilt,  
Perfidious maid, thou shalt not disappoint  
Fernando of the glory that he aims at:  
Of making thy proud heart, Elvira, owe  
Its happiness to him. But I hear again  
A noise without—It is Don Zancho,  
And I see Blanca coming towards him.  
This falls out luckily, that I may hear  
What passes; for certainly their meeting  
Avowedly thus can be no other subject,  
But what Don Julio has proposed to Blanca.

[He peeps

[Exit as to hearken.

*Enter DON JULIO and DON PEDRO, as in the garden.*

DON J. That's all the remedy, that in these cases  
The wisest can propose unto themselves:  
His fortune's strait, 'tis true.

DON P. That's what I least regard in this occasion,  
So honour be but safe: the less they have,  
The more will be her penance for her folly.  
But should Don Zancho, upon any umbrage  
From what has pass'd between them, prove so insolent  
As to reject the marriage, then I trust—

DON J. O, say no more of that: rely upon't,  
Should he be guilty of that horrid outrage,  
This sword should pierce his heart, though th' only friend  
I have i' the world should interpose his own.  
And, sir, to let you see my frank proceeding,  
Come along with me; I'll bring you to a place  
Where, jointly overhearing all that passes  
'Twixt him and Blanca, should he play the villain,  
His life may pay for't, ere he stir from thence.

DON P. May heaven repay such generous acts of friendship!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter DON ZONCHO, and FERNANDO appears as behind the door.*

DON Z. For her so suddenly and so avowedly  
To send for me hither, is very strange:  
What can it mean?

*Enter BLANCA.*

BLAN. Now lend me temper, Heaven, but for a moment,  
Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce  
The sentence of his own too noble death  
For such a traitor—  
I think you come not without some surprise,

*[Aside.]*

*[To him with an affected cheerfulness.]*

Don Zancho, at my sending for you so:  
But let's sit down, for I have much to say t' ye.

*[She takes him by the hand and seats him in one chair,  
and she sits herself in the other close to him on his right  
hand, and fumbles in her sleeve.]*

I'm so well plac'd I cannot miss the mark.

*[Aside.]*

DON Z. Good madam, what's the matter? for I see  
Disorder in you: put me out of pain.

BLAN. That I shall quickly do:  
Know then, Don Zancho,  
In the first place, you must not interrupt me,  
Whatever you shall hear; I'll take it ill else.  
When I have done, then speak your mind at leisure.  
I come not to argue, but conclude.

*[Aside.]*

DON Z. Your will's a law to me;  
But whither tends all this?

*[Aside.]*

BLAN. I do for once allow you to remember  
All that has pass'd between us:  
The folly of my love, the falsehood of yours;  
That done, and never to be thought on more—

DON Z. For Heaven's sake, madam—

BLAN. Break not the rule was set:  
Know I instructed am in all your story,  
And am so far grown mistress of myself,  
That I, who th' other day could scarce o'ercome  
The sense of a slight failure at Madrid,  
Can here at home suffer indignities,



And tell you calmly and with unconcern'dness,  
Be you Elvira's and Elvira yours.  
I come to do a part you little look'd for  
From Blanca's spirit: I must make the marriage.  
All things are ready, and her father here.  
Now you may speak, Don Zancho; but the thing  
Admits of no delay.

DON Z. But can this be in earnest? sure, it cannot.  
What needs these trials of so firm a faith?

[*Pausing awhile.*]

BLAN. Leave trifling; 'tis no longer time for tricks.  
It is not in the pow'r of fate to alter  
The resolution taken.

[DON ZANCHO *pauses.*]

DON. F. She has put it home.

[*Aside.*]

DON Z. Madam, you use me hardly; this demeanour  
Passes my skill, to judge from whence it springs.  
You say it is not in the pow'r of fate  
To change your resolutions; but I'm sure,  
If they be such, 'twill less be in its pow'r  
To alter mine: but yet, before I die,  
You must be left without excuse by knowing  
The truth of all.

DON F. Here it imports indeed to be attentive.

[*Aside.*]

DON Z. Madam, 'tis true that, absent at Madrid,  
The custom of the court and vanity  
Embark'd me lightly in a gallantry  
With the most fam'd of beauties there, Elvira:  
Those and no other the true motives were  
To all my first addresses, till her scorns,  
Which should have stopp'd them, had engag'd me more,  
And made a love in jest a point of honour.  
I bore all her disdains without transportment,  
Till, having gain'd her waiting-woman's kindness,  
I learn'd from her that all Elvira's slightsings  
She would have thought had sprung from severe maxims  
And preciousness of humour, were th' effects  
Of deep engagement in another love  
With a young gallant, Don Fernando Solis,  
With whom the cruel dame was so far gone,  
As to admit him almost<sup>[23]</sup> every night  
Into her chamber.

DON F. Bless'd gods, what do I hear?

[*Aside.*]

DON Z. [*continuing*] I, scarce believing the thing possible,  
Urg'd my intelligencer to do for me  
That which her lady for another did,  
And to admit me to her chamber where,  
By being eye-witness of her lady's actions,  
I might transfer my entire love to herself.  
She granted my request, and late one night,  
Somewhat before the gallant's usual hour,  
She brought me a back-way up to<sup>[24]</sup> her chamber,  
Within Elvira's. My stay had not been long,  
When, having found the truth of what she'd told me,  
Converting rage into appearing kindness  
To my informer, and expressing it  
Uncautiously, we made a sudden noise,  
With which Elvira alarm'd, and coming in,  
Follow'd by Don Fernando, that fell out,  
Which you have heard before.

[DON JULIO *beckoning* DON PEDRO *after him, passing over  
one corner of the stage.*]

DON J. By this time, I suppose, she will have made  
The proposition to the full, and we  
Shall come at the just time to hear his answer.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO *and* DON JULIO.]

DON Z. [*Continuing.*] If since that hour I have ever seen  
Or thought upon her, till last night's surprise,  
May I for ever perish: and methinks  
The use of that to your advantage  
Might challenge from you a more just construction.

BLAN. I told you at first, I came not here to argue,  
But to conclude. Say, will you marry her?

[DON JULIO *and* DON PEDRO *peep out as from behind the hanging.*

DON J. W'are come, you see, just as we could have wish'd. [*Aside.*

DON P. His fate hangs on his lips. [*Aside.*

DON Z. You are mistress of your words and actions, madam,  
And may use me as you please; but this hand  
Shall sooner pierce this heart than e'er be given  
In marriage to Elvira.

[DON PEDRO *and* DON JULIO *rush in with their swords and daggers drawn, and* DON ZANCHO *draws too.*

DON P. Then, villain, die! Heav'n is too weak to save thee  
By any other means.

[DON FERNANDO *draws, and rushing out.*

DON F. But here is one that shall—  
Or all by his side.

DON P. O heavens! what's this?  
Don Fernando Solis protecting him!  
Nay, then the whole world conspires against my honour.

BLAN. For heaven's sake, gentlemen!

[BLANCA *runs in between.*

CHI. Now, by my grandame's pantable, <sup>[25]</sup> 'tis pretty!

[*From behind.*

I'll brush their coats, if once it come to fighting.  
Fernando's of our side.

FRANCISCA, *and* CHICHON *with a long broom, run out also from behind the hanging.*

DON J. What frenzy's this, Fernando? was't not you  
Engaged me to effect the marriage? Sure, w'are all  
Bewitch'd.

DON F. Stay, my Don Julio, stay,  
And let Don Pedro have patience but to hear me—  
'Tis true; but you know well upon what grounds:  
Those are quite chang'd by my having overheard  
All that hath pass'd; for my Elvira, Julio,  
Proves spotless in her faith, as in her beauty,  
And I the only guilty, to have doubted.  
What have I then to do, but here to prostrate  
Myself at her offended father's feet,  
And beg his pardon? that obtain'd, t' implore  
His help to gain me hers, as to a person  
In whom respect for him hath always held  
Proportion with my passion for his daughter.

DON P. You know, Don Julio, when I spake with you,  
The terms of estimation and respect,  
Wherewith I mention'd t' ye this gentleman;  
And, therefore, since in his address t' Elvira  
There was no other fault, but making it  
Unknown to me, and that I see his thoughts  
Are truly noble, honour thus engaged,  
That ought to be forgot, and I to think  
Myself most happy in such a son-in-law.  
But where's Elvira?

DON F. She's there within, where I dare not appear  
Before her, knowing now such guilt upon me.  
If Blanca would employ her interest

And eloquence, perhaps she might prevail  
To get her hither, when she shall have told her  
What changes a few minutes' time have wrought.

BLAN. I never went on a more pleasing errand.

[*Exit* BLANCA.

FRAN. I am struck dumb with wonder.

[*Exit*.

DON F. Now Blanca is away, I'll take this time  
To spare her blushes, Julio, and tell you,  
Though I have broke one marriage for Don Zancho,  
You needs must give me leave to make another;  
To which, unless I'm very much deceiv'd,  
You'll find on neither part repugnancy.

DON J. I understand you; and I thank the gods  
They did not make me understand the wrong,  
Till they have made it none, since I observe  
Don Zancho's looks joining in your desires.

DON Z. A heart so full of love, as mine for Blanca,  
Does best express itself when it speaks least.

*Enter* DONNA BLANCA, DONNA ELVIRA, and FRANCISA. ELVIRA  
*casts herself at her father's feet.*

ELV. Now that the justice of the gods at length  
Hath clear'd me from suspicions derogatory  
To th' honour of your blood, I hope a cloister  
May expiate my fault as to a father.

DON P. Rise, child. The enclosure I condemn you to  
Is Don Fernando's arms: give him your hand.

[*Raising her.*

ELV. 'Tis yours, sir, to dispose of, I confess,  
And if it be your will, I must submit;  
But let him know, who could suspect Elvira,  
She never could be his but by obedience.

DON F. I am thunderstruck.

[ELVIRA *giving him her hand.*

ELV. Be not dismay'd, Fernando,  
Since I profess this a mere act of duty;  
Another duty may Elvira move  
To rekindle on better grounds her love.

DON J. [*ironically.*] Blanca, I fear you'll hardly be persuaded  
To give yours to Don Zancho; but a brother  
For once may play the tyrant. Give it him:  
It must be so.

[*They join hands.*

DON F. I now renounce old maxims: having you,  
Elvira, I am sure the very best proves true.

CHI. Hold there, I beg you, sir: that will appear  
By that time you have married been a year.

[*Exeunt.*

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [17] Without any sufficient reason, and to the evident injury of the metre, of which the author has nowhere been very careful, he here and elsewhere preferred the Spanish word *capricho*, to the English word *caprice*.—*Collier*.
- [18] Dodsley and Reed very absurdly gave this line to Don Fernando, when it is evidently a reply by Don Julio to the request of his friend. The old copy did not mislead the former editors.—*Collier*.
- [19] *Cauls* are little membranes, found on some children, encompassing the head, when born. The vulgar opinion has generally been, that every person possessed of one of these *cauls*, whether originally belonging to him, or obtained by purchase, would be fortunate, and escape dangers. "Lampridius tells us, that the midwives sold *cauls* at a good price to the advocates and pleaders of his time; it being an opinion, that while they had this about them, they should carry with them a force of persuasion which no judge could withstand: the canons forbid the use of it, because some witches and sorcerers, it seems, had abused it."—See ["Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," 1870, iii., 139-42.]

Sir T. Brown ("Vulgar Errors," b. v., ch. 21) quotes "the life of Antonius delivered by Spartianus" on the subject. The caul, a "sillyhow" (as Sir T. Brown terms it), is still considered a preservative against danger, and especially against drowning. Notices of

the sale of them used to be daily posted on the Royal Exchange, and they are bought by captains of ships and others going to sea, and great prices given for them. The *Times* newspaper of March 17, 1827, has the following advertisement:—"A child's caul, well worth £20, to be sold for £14. Apply at Academy," &c.—*Collier*.

- [20] He calls him Sir Galor in reference to the character this knight sustained in the old romances. He was sometimes known by other names.—*Collier*. [More properly, Sir *Galaor*. He was a brother of Amadis of Gaul.]
- [21] [Old copy, *lady whom*, which injures the metre. The latter, however, is not very regular or correct in this play.]
- [22] *Herself*, omitted by Dodsley and Reed.—*Collier*.
- [23] *Almost* omitted by Dodsley and Reed.—*Collier*.
- [24] [Old copy *into*.]
- [25] Or *pantofle*. In "Damon and Pithias" [iv. 67,] we have seen it called *pantacle*.—*Collier*.

---

## **THE MARRIAGE NIGHT.**

---

***EDITION.***

*The Marriage Night. Written by the Lord Viscount Fawkland.*

*Scientia non habet Inimicum  
Præter Ignorantiam.*

*London. Printed by W. G. for R. Crofts at the Crown in Chancery-Lane under  
Sergeants-Inne. 1664. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

The "Marriage Night" was excluded from the second and third editions of Dodsley's collection. The punctuation of the old copy, and of the reprint of 1744, is very corrupt; but the text itself seems to be unusually free from errors.

---

## **DODSLEY'S PREFACE.**

HENRY CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND, was the son of him who is commonly called the Great Lord Falkland. He was a person very eminent for his extraordinary parts and heroic spirit. When he was first elected to serve in Parliament, some of the members opposed his admission, urging that he had not sowed his wild oats. "Then it will be the best way," replied he, "to sow them in the House, where there are geese enough to pick them up." He died in 1643, being cut off in the prime of his years, as much missed when dead, says Langbaine, as beloved when living. I am informed from very good hands, that it was he who wrote the epilogue to Lord Rochester's "Valentinian." And I believe the same person wrote the copy of verses, which is prefixed to Sandys' tragedy, entitled, "Christ's Passion," translated, or rather imitated, from the Latin of Hugo Grotius.

---

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

THE KING.  
DE BEREIO, *a duke, brother to the king.*  
DE CASTRO, |  
DESSANDRO, | *counts, brothers.*  
DE FLAME, *a count.*  
PIREZ, |  
SAMPAYO, | *two lords.*  
DE LOOME, |  
LA GITTERNE, | *attendants to the duke.*  
SILLIMAN, *steward to the duchess.*  
Two Judges.

CLAUDILLA, *a duchess.*  
CLEARA, *sister to De Flame.*  
TORGUINA, |  
DE PRATE, | *ladies to the duchess.*  
Attendants.

*Scene, Castile.*

**THE MARRIAGE NIGHT.**



## ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter PIREZ and SAMPAYO.*

PIR. Is't possible?  
Dessandro quit from his command o' th' citadel?  
So sharply too? Brushing times, my lord!  
Pray, by virtue of what offence?

SAMP. It may be treason to ask their wisdoms that;  
But the huge mountebank, the vulgar rout,  
Quarrel'd with's religion; 'cause 'tis not in the  
Smallest print: and the king——was to say nothing.

PIR. Good King! I could wish something;  
And heartily, if I durst: Well, from grave hypocrisy  
And beardless wisdom, good heaven deliver us!  
Nothing in his great father's memory to hold him  
Worthy of his place.

SAMP. That makes him taste it  
To the extremity of sense and anger.

PIR. Let us but slight some gull; or his gay dress,  
Whose clothes and folly are his sense of honour;  
How will it conjure up his blood, and bend his brow?  
And can Dessandro want a just and valiant anger  
To feel the merits of so brave a father,  
And his own too (kept at a noble height)  
Rendered disgraced and sullied? He may believe  
H' has deserv'd better, both in himself and father:  
But how does his resolution take it?

SAMP. As fire and air compress'd when (struggling) they  
Break forth in thunders; or the vexed wind, amongst  
A grove of trees, spending his scorn and rage.

PIR. Men of his soul and constitution cannot  
Play with their passions, and stroke 'em tame,  
When so provok'd. The duke!

*Enter DUKE DE BEREIO, passing over the stage, DE CASTRO  
whispering with him, DE LOOME, LA GITTERNE, and other  
Attendants.*

DUKE. Let him be confident of me, in something  
More worthy of himself than the command  
H' has lost; and bid him use my promise.

DE C. We are the creatures  
Of your favour; and but own our lives  
T' acknowledge it.

[*Exeunt.*]

PIR. Here's state embroidery!  
But pray'e, what holiday things be they that spread  
So in his train? I don't remember I left  
Such faces in the court.

SAMP. The first of them  
Stalks in a knighthood, like a boy  
In a Dutch burgher's doublet; and 'tis as much  
Too wide for him; he has travell'd, and speaks languages,  
As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern; and those gay clouts, sir,  
Came out of's father's shop.

PIR. His remnants.  
The other? That looks like the age to come,  
Which must be worse than this.

SAMP. His fortune and industry  
Has preferr'd him to be barber and pimp;  
Two men's places, till of late our noblemen,  
Growing frugal, do find one may do  
Both the employments.

PIR. It is both thriving and genteel.

SAMP. Genteel indeed; for they have produc'd knights,  
And made statesmen of broken citizens with the help  
Of a wife. But he, whose youth and sorrow shows him  
Like a fair day, set in a cloudy evening is——

PIR. The Lord de Castro—I know him: and methinks  
Some sparks of his father, great Velasco's, character  
Shines in this young man through all the darkness  
Of his fate.

SAMP. That name alone has glory enough  
To make him a brave presage to us.  
The duke's father's character was deriv'd,  
And circled in himself; and a full age  
Of men shall rarely show another of  
So much great and balanc'd man in't.

PIR. They are all court-fancies; pageants of state:  
And want allowance both of brain and soul,  
To make their blood and titles weight

SAMP. He was strangely  
Shuffled to the block.

PIR. That blow did bleed Castile too weak,  
And left us in a faint and sickly pang.

SAMP. The pulse, sir, of Castile beats in another temper,  
Than when you left it.

PIR. I find it: The city wears a cap, and looks  
As if all were not right there.

SAMP. Except their wives.

PIR. The court, methinks, has strangely chang'd  
Complexion too.

SAMP. Those that deride us say the clergy  
Has catch'd the falling-sickness: the court, a deep  
Consumption; and that the commons have the spleen.

PIR. I know not what disease the court has; but the Lords  
Look as if they had oversat themselves at play,  
And lost odds, so scurvily—

SAMP. How does your lordship find  
The ladies?

PIR. I ha' not been amongst 'em yet  
To take up my arrears: only had the court-happiness  
To kiss her hand, who in herself contracts them all  
For grace and lustre, the widow-duchess Claudilla.

SAMP. Why, there my admiration leaves you; I grant her  
A brave and courtly girl; has trim and dazzle,  
Enough of white and red, to attract the eye,  
Like an indifferent copy, flourish'd with golden trails.  
But place your judgment nearer, it retreats,  
And cries you mercy for the mistake. At distance,  
She is a goodly landskip.

PIR. Alas, her blooming beauties  
Yet languish and pine o'er her husband's hearse,  
Like roses scatter'd from the morning's brow  
Into the day's parch'd lap.

SAMP. Their spring will shine again; grow glorious  
And fruitful in the arms of her De Flame;  
It is my hearty wish to their affections;  
That count does bear an honour'd character  
From all that know him.

PIR. A brave young man; and one that is more honour  
To his title, than it to him. But when

Must their hymeneal tapers flame, and she  
Offer her turtle pantings at the altar,  
Purpling the morn with blushes, as she goes;  
And scatter such bright rays, as the sun may  
Dress his beams with for that day's glory?

SAMP. After  
He has deliver'd his sister to Dessandro's hand,  
He will not defer those minutes long; and he thinks himself  
Behind in some expression of their friendship,  
Until the knot meet there.

PIR. Cleara is a lady  
Of a sweet and honour'd fame.

SAMP. All other of her sex  
Are dull and sullied imitations, pale glimmerings,  
Set by her. Whate'er the modest fictions  
Of sweet'ned pens has meant, she is their moral.

PIR. You speak like one that knows what virtue is,  
And can love it.

*Enter DE CASTRO and DESSANDRO to them.*

DES. I thank the duke; he has a right soul.  
But, prythee, no more of these sad consolations;  
They hang upon my heart like pond'rous weights  
At trembling wires; or like the dull labourings  
Of that clock, which groan'd out our dear father's  
Fatal minute.

DE C. I have done.

DES. I could chide this tame and phlegmy vapour  
From my blood. Our passions melt into soft  
Murmurs, like hollow springs:  
The manhood of cold hinds would not be tempted  
To this sense, but leap with rage into their eyes;  
Brother, it would; and wake 'em into tempests.  
A wretched fly would show its spleen.

DE C. This anger will but show men, where you bleed,  
And keep the wound still green.

DES. The scar will stick for ever.  
O, the dark hypocrisy and juggling of our times!  
Great men are slaves to slaves; and we are theirs:  
The law's a tame wolf cowards and fools  
May stroke with giving hands: while he shall  
Couchant lie, and wag the tail; but show  
His fangs at you and I. A noble wish  
Is dangerous: is't not, my lord?

PIR. What, Dessandro?

DES. The vulgar's a kennel of black-mouth'd dogs,  
That worry men's deserts and fame: my curse  
Fester in their temples!

DE C. Prythee, Dessandro, collect these scatter'd thoughts.

DES. I'll hollow them through all the world, and say't  
Again. Worth and honour now are crimes, and giants  
'Gainst the state. My lords, shall's be merry,  
And talk something the hangman may thank  
Us for?

PIR. Treason? I vow, Dessandro, I speak the worst  
*Ex tempore* of any man living.

SAMP. I could mutter it well enough; but I'm to marry  
A city widow, and buy a place at court.

PIR. When I have sold my land, we'll venture on  
A merry catch, and ever subscribe your servant,  
Noble Dessandro.

DES. I shall find a time and place to pay your lordship  
The accompt of my engagements.

DE C. Brother, my attendance calls me to the king;  
I'll wait upon your lordship, if y'are for the court.

PIR. Your lordship's servant thither.

[*Exeunt.*]

DES. So streams divide, and ruffle by their banks.  
My brother's of a safe contracted bosom:  
Can strangle his labouring rages in their thought;  
When they do tug like poisons at my breast,  
Until I give them air. But I'll observe,  
And creep into men's souls: hug my dear anger  
To myself, until it gnaw my entrails through,  
That men may court my patience and discourse,  
As now they shun it.  
And when black night has stretch'd her gloomy limbs,  
And laid her head upon some mountain-top,  
Bound up in foggy mists, then keep my haunts  
By some dull-groaning stream, with screeching owls  
And bats; there pay my broken thoughts  
Unto thy ghost, Velasco!—  
Echo shall wake, and midnight, to help me curse their souls  
That thrust thee to thy grave; whilst I will hang  
About night's neck, until the moon do wake  
To rescue her.

*Enter the DUKE.*

DUKE. Dessandro,  
You must not be angry my power came short  
Of my desires to serve you: we'll try some other way.  
You see by what engines the times move;  
The king refers all to his council; and though  
They do not tie his hands, they hold 'em by a strange  
Courtesy. I'm but a single looker-on: perhaps  
They may take notice of me for his brother;  
That is, when they please, too; but this  
Came nearest to me; upon the engagement of my honour  
To deny my friend, and one, whose single faith  
Had been enough for all the kingdom's safety—  
The holding of such a trifle as the citadel.

DES. It has recompens'd me in part to know, where  
That close annoy lay which wounded me i' th' dark:  
I shall now collect myself against it; and know,  
My lord, where my poor life and powers are  
To be prostrate. Could I enlarge them to my wish,  
They might appear, sir, to your highness' use.

DUKE. I know how far you can, bravest man;  
Your worth has taken fire here, where I will  
Preserve it in a noble flame.  
My greatest thirst of fame is my expression  
To men of your merit, who cannot want  
A friend, whilst I have power to be one:  
But I am scanted and weak'ned in my desires,  
Else fam'd Velasco had not yet slept in his dust  
To please the common hangman; nor men of glorious  
Parts live shrouded in obscure homes, like  
Pamphlets out of date.

DES. You are the patron of our honoured actions,  
And all their glory meets and circles in  
Your fame.

DUKE. I will disengage you from this forc'd compliment:  
It keeps me at too great a distance from that  
Bosom, where I would lodge a friend, Dessandro:  
I must take't unkindly too, that in the scroll  
Of all your friends I stand dash'd out, a stranger  
To your joys.

DES. My lord!

DUKE. But you shall not steal the day so: I'll be  
One at the ceremony, though the bride tell me  
In a blush, I came unwish'd-for.

DES. 'Tis but the busy voice that, like the nightmare,  
Rides men, and can find strange shapes and prodigies  
I'th' clouds. I must confess, Cleara has the  
Engagement of all her virtues and a brother's on me.  
When it concerns me nearer, it must not be a secret  
To your highness, to whom all that's deriv'd  
To my poor life and fortune is a just debt.

DUKE. You know the way unto a friend—if you can think  
I have power enough to make me so.

DES. Sir, I was only showed to the world to be talk'd on:  
Fortune (I thank her) has given me many knacks  
To play with in her mood, but taken 'em away again scurvily,  
To tell me I was not born to any real purpose;  
And I wish nothing she can give me.

DUKE. She will acknowledge her mistake, and put  
On her smiles to court your merits.  
La Gitterne, is the king come from's sport?

[LA GITTERNE *waits.*

LA G. He dines abroad, my lord.

DUKE. Colonel, this day you shall bestow on me:  
I owe the Duchess Claudilla a visit;  
Make ready straight; we'll spend a dinner-time  
There, and the afternoon at tennis.

[*Exeunt.*

A SONG.

*That done, CLAUDILLA and DE FLAME discovered sitting in a  
rich couch; at each end a lady waiting.*

DE F. This does but find our melancholy out,  
And cast it in a minute's trance; when one  
Soft accent from Claudilla's voice leaves nought  
That's earth about me. My soul's in her Elysium,  
And every sense immortal, dilated into joys:  
Heaven becomes attentive, and the soft winds  
Put on their perfum'd wings to hover near those lips.  
That blush does show the sparkles of some incensed thought!  
My poor expressions rob ye; but I appeal  
To this white hand for pardon.

CLAUD. Sir, my thoughts are all acknowledgments of that delight  
I hear and see you with, what dress soe'er you please  
To send your courtship in to try 'em;  
We have outliv'd those arts and common charms,  
And need not seek our hearts in scatter'd flames;  
As those, whose lesson yet is at the hand or eye;  
Our hearts have read Love's deep divinity  
And all his amorous volumes over; we must write  
Stories of our love, my lord.

DE F. And chaste ones, madam:  
How glorious the frontispiece would show  
With great Claudilla's name, tried in a true  
Love's knot to her De Flame's! Though the  
Great distance of your shining attributes both  
Of blood and virtue, consider'd in the poverty of mine,  
Would draw squint eyes and envy to my stars;  
But speak your name great as the example of your  
Goodness, and make it worth the imitation  
Of all noble minds, that shall but read your love  
And sweetness, which (most excellent of your sex)  
Condescended unto me, who else had  
Languish'd in a heap of ashes.

CLAUD. My lord, you have found an easy way into  
My heart, and won me from myself, ere I  
Could call my thoughts [forth] to resistance;  
Such strength brought your deserts! But now  
I hope, nay, can be confident (best sir), they are

Treasured in a breast, whose virtues will  
Preserve them with themselves.

DE F. O madam!

CLAUD. It may be, some discourse that, when first  
I entertain'd your love, I had not yet given  
The world and my dead husband's earth a full  
Accompt of sorrow, or paid his memory  
A year's just rent of tears: but I appeal  
To my own heart; and you, my lord, can say——

DE F. Your heart has been but too severe unto itself;  
And I can say I have not seen a beam break  
From those eyes, but through dark clouds and showers;  
Or like the sun, drench'd in the swelling main;  
Nor a look with the least comfort of a smile in't.  
Nay, divinest madam, now you do but chide  
Heaven in your tears, and cannot raise the dead.

CLAUD. True, sir.

DE F. Tears are but shallow murmurs of our grief.  
I envy not his grave a tear, but owe all  
Noble mention to't; yet, madam, I did hope  
You had discharg'd the smart and cruelty of grief  
From your soft breast, and would call your beauties  
[Back] to their natural springs.  
Look on yourself, rare lady, in this change:  
With what high flame and rapture it becomes you:  
So breaks the morning forth of a crystal cloud,  
And so the sun ascends his glittering chair,  
And from his burnish'd locks shakes day about.  
The summer puts not on more delights and various  
Glory, than shines in bright Claudilla;  
And shall the grave exhaust their pride  
And youth?

*Enter* TORGUINA.

TOR. Madam, the king's brother gives you a visit.

DE F. Who's with him?

TOR. The colonel your lordship calls friend.

DE F. Dessandro?

CLAUD. Let's meet 'em, sir.

*[Exeunt.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter the DUKE, DUCHESS, CLEARA, DE FLAME, DESSANDRA,  
Attendants.*

DUKE. I'm in arrears yet unto your grace.

CLAUD. A widow's entertainment, sir, you please to honour.

DUKE. I wish the hours but short, that bring the night  
You are to lose that name in; and then, to what  
Length your own desires would spin 'em,  
Widow! Madam, there's disconsonancy in  
The name, methinks. Claudilla widow!  
Duchess, and still widow (like a cypress  
Cast o'er a bed of lilies) darkens your other titles:  
'Tis a weed in your garden, and will spoil the youth  
And beauty it grows nigh: a word of mortality  
Or a *memento mori* to all young ladies,  
And a passing-bell to old ones. Indeed, it is  
A mere privation; and all widows are in  
The state of outlaws, till married again.

CLAUD. Your highness holds a merry opinion of us  
Poor widows.

DE F. I say virgins are the ore: widows,  
The gold tried and refin'd.

DUKE. A fair young lady and widow is  
A rich piece of stuff rumbled: an old one's  
A blotting-paper a man shall never  
Write anything on—she sinks so.  
Dessandro, your comment.

DE F. Friend, you are dull o' th' sudden.

CLE. He is not well.

CLAUD. Not well, sir?

DES. Not well, madam.

DUKE. Dull! Shall's to tennis? I have some pistols  
Will pay your borrow'd time, Dessandro.

DES. Your pardon, sir: I am unfit to wait on you.  
My life hangs in a dew upon me;  
And I have drunk poison.

DE F. Ha!  
A physician with all speed! Dessandro!

CLE. Dear sir!

DES. Cleara! Lend me thy hand: so—  
I'm struck upon a rock.

[*Swoons.*]

CLE. He's dead; I shall not overtake him.

DUKE. Look to the lady.

CLAUD. He swells like a stopp'd torrent or a teeming cloud;  
Have I no servants there?

[*Carry him off.*]

DE F. What a sudden storm is fallen?

DUKE. How fares the lady?

CLAUD. Madam!

CLE. As you are tender-natur'd, let no hand  
Close his eyes but mine: I am come back  
Thus far to take my farewell on his cold lip.

[*DE FLAME returns.*]

DE F. Sister, let thy warm blood flow back:

Thy Dessandro lives, my girl!

CLE. O, may I not see him?

DE F. You shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

Duke. Give me leave to make this opportunity happy  
On your hand. How! Not vouchsafe it?  
What a tyranny shot from her scornful eye!  
Where have I lost myself and her?  
There's a cross and peevish genius haunts my hopes;  
A black and envious cloud; and I must get above it.  
Not kiss your hand? Is your blood surfeited? I'll quit  
This scorn; indeed I will, coy madam!  
Thou, that are lord of my proud horoscope;  
Great soul of mysteries, kindle my brain  
With thy immortal fires!  
That if I fall, my name may rise divine:  
So Cæsar's glory set, and so set mine!

[DUCHESS *goes off.*]

[*Exit.*]

*Enter SILLIMAN, a bottle tied in a riband to his pocket.*

SIL. Brave canary, intelligent canary,  
That does refresh our weak and mortal bodies!  
I will have thee canonis'd Saint Canary at  
My own charge, and call my eldest son  
Canary. Yet for a man to love thee at  
His own cost is damnable, very damnable;  
And I defy it.  
And Siss is the blithest lass in our town,  
For she sells ale by the pound and the dozen;  
Ale! Hang ale!

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MES. By your worship's leave, I would speak with  
Signior Silliman, the Duchess's steward, an't like ye.

SIL. Wou'd you speak with Signior Silliman, an't like ye?

MES. Please God and your worship, an't like ye.

SIL. In what language wou'd you speak with him, hum?

MES. Yes, verily, I would speak with him, an't like ye.

SIL. At what posture?

MES. Marry, from a friend, an't like ye.

SIL. Very good, my friend. Didst ever say thy  
Prayers in the canary tongue?

[*Drinks.*]

MES. My prayers, an't like ye? Your worship's dispos'd  
To be merry: I have a wife and seven small  
Children, an't like ye, to wind and turn as they say,  
Simple as your worship sees me here, an't like ye.

SIL. Pox o' wives; I'll not give a gazet for thy wife;  
She's tough, and too much powder'd. Fetch me  
Thy daughter, thy youngest daughter, sirrah!  
If the creature be a virgin, and desirable:  
Look ye! there's money to buy her clean linen.  
I'll have a bath of rich canary and Venus' milk;  
Where we will bathe and swim together, like  
So many swans, and then be call'd Signior  
Jupiter Sillimano. But is she man's meat?  
I have a tender appetite, and can scarcely digest  
One in her teens.

MES. Does your worship think I wou'd be a Judas, an't like ye?  
She's as neat a girl, and as tight at her business  
As the back of your hand, an't like ye; but heaven  
Bless ye, and cry ye mercy, if you be his worship,  
Here's a letter from the Lady de Prate, an't like ye.

SIL. The Lady de Prate (mark me, sirrah) is a



Noble lady; we say so—

[*Reads a letter.*]

*I never knew what bondage was till now;  
I fear the gilded heart you sent me was  
Enchanted—(O, O)—I long to see you—  
(Hum—hum)—therefore let me have the happiness  
To know the place and time—(even so)—as  
You love her, that blushes to write this—*

Yes, yes, I'll enchant ye! I'll time and place ye!  
Surely, there's something more about me, than I can  
Perceive. Grant that I may bear my fate  
Discreetly! *I never knew what bondage was*  
*Till now.* Well; 'tis heaven's goodness! For what am I,  
Silly wretch, to such a lady, as she that writes so  
Pitifully unto me? It wou'd overcome e'en a heart  
Of flint: Good gentlewoman!  
*As you love her, that blushes to write this—*  
Hum—yes, yes; she knows I love her: it  
Will work—I can't contain my good-nature.

[*Reads.*]

[*Weeps.*]

[*Reads.*]

[*Drinks and weeps.*]

*Enter* LA GITTERNE *and* DE LOOME.

DE L. Here he is; and stands like a map of  
Sundry countries.

[*Aside.*]

LA G. One wou'd take him for some foreign beast,  
And that fellow to show him. How the gander  
Ruffles and prunes himself, as if he would  
Tread the goose by him!

DE L. 'Tis a pure goat!

LA G. And will clamber a pyramid in scent of's female.

DE L. The wenches swear, he kisses like a giant still;  
And will ride his heats as cleanly as a dieted  
Gelding. Let's fall in. Signior Silliman!  
My best wishes kiss your hand.

LA G. Continue me worthy of the title of your servant, sir.

SIL. I am very glad to see you well; and hope you are  
In good health and sound, gentlemen.

LA G. And when shall's draw cuts again for a  
Wench, signior, ha?

SIL. Your pleasure [is] to say so.

DE L. The slave's rose-drunk, o' my life.

SIL. Please you to take notice of my worthy friend here.

DE L. Your admirer, sir.

[*Salutes* MESSENGER.

LA G. Slave to your sedan, sir.

MES. God bless the good duchess, and all that love the  
King, I say, gentlemen, an't like ye.

DE L. Pray, sir, what news abroad, or at court?

MES. News, quotha! Indeed, sir, the truth is I am a  
Shoemaker by my trade; my name is Latchet,  
And I work to some ladies in the house here,  
Though I say't myself; and yet the times were  
Never harder, nor leather dearer.

DE L. This winter will make amends;  
You shall have horsehides cheap, horsehides dog-cheap.

LATCH. Cheap, quotha! Why, sir, I'll tell you, (for you  
Look like a very honest gentleman), I am put to  
Find a pike myself; and must, the parish swears,  
Or lose all the shoes in my shop.

DE L. 'Tis very brave! Why, you look like a champion;

And have a face the parish may confide in.

LATCH. Fide, quotha! sir; be judge yourself, if ever  
You knew the like. I have been at the trade  
This forty years, off and on; and those children's  
Shoes, I have sold for sixpence or a groat upon some  
Occasion, we now sell for twelvecence, as they say.

DE L. Then the misery is, you get the more.

LATCH. More, quotha! Pray, sir, a word. You are a  
Courtier, if I may be so bold. They say we must  
All be fain to shut up shop, and mortgage  
Our wives to the soldiers. D'ye hear any  
Such talk, sir?

DE L. Some buzzing; but the blades will not accept 'em  
Without special articles and a flock of money and  
Plate, to keep the babies they shall beget valiant.

LATCH. Valiant, quoth-a! Truly, sir, I'll tell ye,  
On the truth of a poor man, my Lady de Prate's foot  
Is but of the sixes: and yet we pay five pistoles  
A dicker.

SIL. My lady's foot but o' the sixes? you lie, sirrah!  
By Saint Hugh! there's never a lady i' th' land has a  
Prettier foot and leg; if you ha' not spoil'd 'em  
With your calf's-skin, sirrah.

LA G. Why, the sixes is a good handsome size for a lady.

LATCH. Lady, quotha! my life for her's, there's few ladies  
I' the court go more upright, nor pay better:  
I'll say that.

SIL. You say that? foh! I scorn to wear an inch  
Of leather thy nasty flesh shall handle.

DE L. O, your worthy friend, signior; and an elder in's parish;  
A pikeman too for the republic. Come, come,  
He shall be shoemaker to us all. Canst trust?

LATCH. Trust, quotha! My name's Latchet, sir. I  
Serv'd eleven years to my vocation, before I  
Could be free, and have drunk many a good bowl  
Of beer i' th' duchess's cellar since that.

DE L. I like a man can answer so punctually  
To a thing.

LATCH. Thing, quotha! it is our trade, sir.

DE L. Spoke like the warden of the company!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CLAUDILLA, *and* DESSANDRO *in a nightgown.*

CLAUD. I am at extremity of wonder.

DES. The story may deserve it, lady; when you shall  
Cast your thoughts upon the man it treats on;  
The circumstances and progress of my love:  
Nay, it may raise your anger higher than your wonder;  
And work the modest pantings of your breast  
Into a hectic rage. I saw this tempest  
Gather'd in a cloud, dismal and black, ready to break  
Its womb in storms upon me; and I have cast  
My soul on every frown and horror you can arm  
Your passion with. I have held conflict with the wilder  
Guilt and tremblings of my blood to rescue it; but  
Heaven and my angry fate has thrown me grovelling  
At your feet; and I want soul to break the charm.

CLAUD. This is a strange mystery, to betray my virtue  
With your own; and I shall sin to hear it.

DES. If pity be a sin, lock up those beauties  
From the view of men; or they will damn all the

Eyes that look upon you.

CLAUD. Has your blood lost all the virtue it should inherit?  
And think you by this treacherous siege to take  
My honour in? Let me shun you, or you will  
Talk me leprous.

DES. Do, madam.  
Tear up the wounds your eyes have made—  
I'll keep them bleeding sacrifices to your cruelty.  
And when cold Death has cast his gloomy shade  
O'er this dust, perhaps you may bestow one gentle  
Sigh to hallow it: when you shall know  
The height of my desires was but to die worthy  
Of your pardon, without the ambition of a bolder thought:  
And still had scorch'd and smother'd here without  
A tongue, only to beg your mercy to my grave.

CLAUD. Play not yourself into a shame will rust your brightest  
Worths, and hide your dust in curses and black fame:  
I now shall think your valour flatter'd, that can  
Sink it to such effeminate and lovesick crafts,  
For our stale women to mollify the usher with.  
Dessandro has a fame, high and active as the voice  
It flies on; and could you wander from your  
Religious self in such a dream as this?  
Cleara's virtue has an interest near your heart,  
Should wake you to your first man again.

DES. Cleara still is here in the first sculpture of  
Her virtues; and I their honourer.

CLAUD. No more!—  
My grief and shame are passionate, to find  
So much bad man got near your heart; and shows  
This sick complexion in your honour, more  
Tainted than the face of your imposture.—  
You have play'd the excellent counterfeit, and your skill  
Does make you proud: you cannot blush—

[Exit.

DES. She's gone;—  
A star shot from her eye, and light'ned through  
My blood. I must provide for thunder and  
Thy revenge, De Flame, as horrid as thought can  
Shape it.

*Enter CLEARA.*

CLE. Sir!

DES. Proud love, I'll meet thee with burning sighs  
And bleeding turtles at thy shrine.

[Aside.

CLE. This is too bold a hazard for your health,  
Which yet sits wan and troubled on your cheek.

DES. Madam!

CLE. Indeed, I'll chide ye.

[Aside.

DES. O, cry ye mercy!  
Some retired meditations.

CLE. I shall observe 'em;  
Let me but leave you with the joy to know  
I stand not in the hazard of that frown.

DES. We'll kiss next time.

CLE. Sir!

DES. Or never.

CLE. Ha! d'ye know me?

DES. So well, methinks we should not part so soon:  
Our hearts have been more ceremonious, and hung  
In panting sighs upon our lips, to bid adieu.

One kiss must now sum up all; and seal their  
General release. I know Cleara more constant  
To her virtue and brave mind, than to ask heaven  
Idle questions. 'Tis fate, not will.

[*Exit.*

CLE. So.

I feel thy marble hand lie here: 'Tis cold, and heavy!  
How my poor heart throbs under it, and struggles to  
Find air! not one kind sigh lend thee a gale  
For yonder haven! It's gone! quite vanish'd!  
Beshrew me, it was a most horrible apparition!  
I wou'd not see it again  
In such a cruel look for all my hopes;  
Yet it held me gently by the hand, and left a warm farewell there,  
As my Dessandro us'd. As my Dessandro, said I?  
O, how fain my hopes would mock my apprehension;  
And that my sorrow!—  
I'll woo thy pity with my groans, kind earth!  
And lay my throbbing breast to thine!  
Until I am dissolv'd into a spring,  
Whose murmurs shall eternally repeat  
This minute's story.

*Enter DE FLAME.*

DE F. Ha!  
Cleara, drown'd in her own tears? Sister! Cleara!

CLE. I had a gentle slumber; and all the world  
(Methought) was in a midnight calm.

DE F. Dear girl,  
Clear up those sad eyes and my cold doubts.  
Prythee, tell me, is our Dessandro dead?

CLE. Heaven defend!

DE F. No! what then, in all the volumes of black destiny  
And nature, can throw you into this posture?  
Unkind Cleara, why dost dissemble it? I see him  
Breathless on thy cheek, and lost.

CLE. Lost for ever.

DE F. My fears did prompt me so. For ever!  
There's horror and amazement in the thought.  
See, Cleara, my eyes can overtake thee.  
Gone at so short a farewell, friend? Death,  
Thou art the murderer of all our joys and hopes.

CLE. Sir, Dessandro's well, very well; we parted  
Even but now.

DE F. What!

CLE. O brother, I have lost a jewel that he gave me;  
I shall vex my eyes out.

DE F. Beshrew this serious folly; you have vex'd my  
Blood into a sullen fit.

CLE. You shall not chide me;  
Tell me, didst ever in thy life meet with a grief  
That made thy poor heart sick, and did divide  
Thy sleeps and hours into groans and sighs?

DE F. Never, [I] thank my indifferent fate.

CLE. Nor in the legend of some injur'd maid,  
That made thine eye to pause, and with a tear  
Bedew it?

DE F. I cannot untie riddled knots, Cleara.

CLE. Come, I'll but dry mine eyes, and tell you a story,  
That shall deserve a groan.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter DE CASTRO and DESSANDRO.*

DES. Tush! they had only tongue  
And malice; and that great zeal they  
Seem'd to owe to Rome was unto themselves  
And their own estates. What were they but wranglers  
In schools and law? and studied words to make men  
Guilty. They liv'd at ease; and slept in purples and  
Warm furs; but bold-minded Catiline threat'ned  
Their wise sleeps.

DE C. There was too much attempt and fact in't.

DES. 'Twas fact then to look sour on a gownman:  
They were mere citizens, jealous of their wives  
And daughters—that condemn'd 'em too!  
De Castro, there's a lethargy in our blood:  
We sleep and dream away our lives. If such  
Wore purple for well-talking, what shall he merit,  
That cures the wounds and smart his country groans with?

DE C. The people shall enshrine his name with reverence;  
And fill their temples with his statues. 'Tis  
The great end we are all born to.

DES. Which can't be, whilst by-respect shall closely  
Wound the bosom of our laws and freedom:  
For what was't less, that took our father's life?

DE C. In whose blow the heads of all brave men were  
Threat'ned.

DES. Then, if we dare not do a general good,  
Yet let us secure our own dear lives and honours.

DE C. The State is full of dangerous whispers.

DES. There's an imposthume swells it.

DE C. Wou'd 'twere lanc'd!

DES. Spoken with the soul of Cassius! We have the cure,  
And may do it with a little stir. But then  
We must deal like true physicians of state;  
And where we find it ulcer'd (though in ourselves,  
Friends and allies), not lay soft effeminate hands on't.  
Nature has made us nearest to ourselves:  
And I would pay the last warm drop of blood  
From all these veins, to see the hopes and honours of our blood  
(That's now benighted in our father's fate)  
Dawn on De Castro's youth again.

DE C. No, Dessandro; these hopes are lost upon a high  
And angry sea; and I must see fools and stale  
Parasites (whose progeny ne'er bled one drop, nor had  
A valiant thought to serve their country) begin  
A spurious issue on my birthright, that will on tiptoes,  
Collossus-like, bestride us, and grasp our fate.

DES. Take me into thy bosom, brave man; we meet  
Like amorous streams, and as we ought;  
Our honour, life and fortunes have but one heart.  
Give me thy hand, De Castro. This sword  
Our father hath oft made glorious in the blood  
Of De Castro's foes; and I'll not doubt,  
How much it prompts thy valiant soul.  
O brother, tears, and some sad discourse,  
Is all that we have paid him yet. Strangers  
Can be far braver in their sense unto his fame.  
The tears we ought to shed ought to be blood, De Castro!  
Blood, warm from their veins, that made us weep  
In streams, and mingle it with the dust of vulgar  
Feet, as they did his. Swear by all the glorious acts

[*Draws.*

Of our great ancestry, their hallowed urns,  
Our father's injur'd memory, and all  
The hopes and honour we derive from them,  
To pay his blood a sad account in some  
Revenge, worthy his ghost and our bold hands.

DE C. All which religiously I vow to.

DES. And I. So now we are brothers by as strong  
Divinity as nature. I'll not break open the  
Design, till we shall hear't confirm'd by higher warrant:  
Anon meet at the Duchess-Dowager's.

DE C. Claudilla's?

DES. Yes; where you shall hear something worthy the  
Encouragement of our father's spirit in thee.  
I am now to wait upon the duke: he  
That keeps us what we are.

DE C. The duke!—-I have the game in view,  
And now discern what I must pay him for my place.

DES. You are full of thoughts, my lord!

DE C. Brother, our lives are on the cast; but 'tis not that  
Does interpose 'em. There's something in my fears  
Still presents Cleara. Take heed, Dessandro;  
A virgin's tears leave sad and fatal prints.

DES. Your wishes are a brother's; but those dreams  
Chill not my sleeps. Think on that concerns us  
Near, and be active.

DE C. I shall not fail ye. Farewell!

[*Exit DE CASTRO.*

*Enter PIREZ.*

PIR. Colonel Dessandro!

DES. Your lordship's pardon: Which way walk you?

PIR. As you please to dispose me; my business  
Now designs it so: 'Tis there, in short.

[*Gives a paper, which DESSANDRO reads.*

I love this gallant mastery of a man's self:  
I look'd his temper would have flam'd about my ears.  
Not a sparkle in his brow, nor the least change of blood.  
Strange! I have seen him ruffl'd into a storm,  
And all fury: now, not a frown nor smile!

DES. De Flame? Well,  
My lord, this is a down-flat challenge.

PIR. I brought it for one.

DES. I accept it, with thanks to your lordship, and shall be  
Ready to serve you in any power I have.

PIR. 'Tis not worth it, colonel.

DES. The Lord de Flame's angry, it seems, that Fortune should  
Give me right without his hand in't; he has turn'd his style  
High and strangely on me: But I shall coolly respite  
That, till we have room to argue it. That he is  
Far more worthy his expectations in the duchess, I can  
Confess: that's no assent, sir, to my quarrel, nor yet  
A law to her. For those, whom her thoughts please  
To think most worthy, are so to her.

PIR. But does not bind the opinion of another.

DES. Nor that opinion her freedom.

PIR. Yet there be rules in virtue, from which all noble  
Judgments should take their level, even in love itself.

DES. If it be thought she's too partial in her grace  
To me, I shall dispute it, as 'tis question'd.

PIR. I come not to add exceptions, or to make any.

DES. I stand not in so cheap a rank, but that her  
Favour may make my services as meritorious  
As his lordship's, and can engage as much blood and  
Fame for't.

PIR. You know him of a noble breast, and one  
That will not flatter weak pretences into truths;  
Nor let 'em work with such impressions on his soul,  
Did not his honour bleed in't. Sir, I come,  
As one that ever honour'd your great parts,  
And wish that you could think on't o'er again.  
Think how black you must expect that morn to rise  
Upon your wishes, when you lead her to the altar;  
Where the faint lights with blue and ghastly flames  
Will receive ye; and all the things of holy ceremony  
Present pale glimmerings to your eyes, to fright your bride  
Back unto her first vows. And then, methinks,  
Each tear and groan the fair Cleara sends  
To overtake ye, should show a speaking fury  
To untwine your trembling hands.

DES. No; nor all the squadrons hell can spare  
To aid them—though her brother led them on,  
And you brought up the rear!

PIR. Sir!

DES. Pish! the meanest thought Claudilla  
Pleases to bestow here (under this humble guard)  
Must be without the affright (my lord) of all the  
Dangers in his muster, stare they like giants  
On me, and in armies. As for Cleara,  
If she held flattering glasses to her thoughts  
Which render'd 'em wide and airy, they must not forfeit  
Me. You may deserve her better. I'll not start, sir,  
A scruple from his demands and yours. Expect it,  
And so farewell.

[*Going off.*]

PIR. Farewell.—The time?

DES. I shall think on't.

PIR. Shall? It must not so tamely be thought on.

DES. How?

PIR. I spoke it, sir.

DES. Are you sent to own the quarrel?

PIR. No; but look on't with so much soul, as I think't  
An honour to wear a sword in't.

DES. Go, go hang it in your mistress's chamber!  
It stinks, sir, of perfume.

PIR. It may, sir (for destiny has many ways to the wood<sup>[26]</sup>),  
Cut your throat; and then I'll give't your footboy.

DES. My throat, Pirez! that saucy thought has  
Ruin'd thee.

[*Fight.*]

*Enter* SAMPAYO *and* DE LOOME.

SAMP. Hold, hold, colonel.

DE L. My lord, y'are hurt.

[*To* PIREZ.

PIR. I must owe him this for't.

DES. Canst talk yet?

SAMP. Command your passion; see how the common herd

Come gazing in. Do not become their talk  
And wonder. Noble Dessandro! put up, my lord!  
Thank ye.

[*They part.*]

DE L. Sir, my lord duke sent me to tell you  
He expects your company.

DES. I wait on him. [*To PIREZ.*] Bid the ladies tear  
Their clean smocks to wrap you in.

PIR. Insolent man!

[*Offers to fight.*]

SAMP. Again!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter three TOWNSMEN, as the Watch.*

1ST T. Was not I about to tell you so? They  
would be afraid of true men, when we came.

2D T. By'r lady; but that mun not serve their  
turns; for we must know flatly which was plantan  
and which defendam,<sup>[27]</sup> or we shall discharge but a  
sorry conscience to the king's justice.

1ST T. I'll take my oath upon the corporal Bible,  
I saw two glittering swords run a tilt, and two to  
that, if need be.

2D T. Neighbours, I cannot tell; we are old  
men, or should be at least; some of us have lived  
threescore years and upwards in a parish, as they  
say; I name nobody; and therefore it is good to be  
sure, and make all our tales *bonum fidrum*: for we  
are not all one man's children. And yet, if I be  
not mistaken, I am sure I saw three more, and  
glittering ones indeed, as you call them. God bless  
every good man and woman from the like! They  
e'en yearned my heart; and yet, by my fay, I am  
a hundred and two, come the time.

3D T. You talk like sucking infants. Neighbours,  
I'll be sworn, if I were to take my oath before  
the best man living, high or low, there was  
twenty drawn swords, little and great. I'm sure,  
I might ha' seen 'em, like a fool, had I been worth  
my head, but my little boy Jack did.

1ST T. La, there; and that same's a murrain  
wise boy, if you mark him, and will see a thing, I  
warrant you, as soon as the wisest of us all, were  
he twice as old again.

3D T. I could ha' seen too at his bigness, for all  
I'm lame now, God help us! You remember the  
Powder Plot?

2D T. Powder Plot, quotha! I shall not forget  
it, while the world stands.

1ST T. Nor I, were I to die a thousand deaths.

3D T. That very day was I working in our garret.

2D T. Say you so?

1ST T. Nay, neighbours, beshrew me, this may  
be true; for I have known this man here able to  
do as tight a day's work by noon, as the tallest  
fellow the king keeps (God bless him!) take him  
from top to toe.

3D T. All's one for that. Mark me! there has  
not been a glass window there time out of mind:  
since I came nor after; and I tell you truly (I'm  
a false liar else) I smelt the powder as hot as if it  
had been done the next day.



1ST T. See, see, the wind! the wind, neighbours,  
is much; God bless us!

3D T. Go to; I am no made fool, though a born  
fool, my masters. True, the wind may be something,  
as you say. But if there had not been  
something else, I would not give a fart for't. I did  
not work at court with a master-carpenter for  
nothing, my boys; and see the king's grace fasting  
and full, as I did, to a hairsbreadth, as they  
say. Let me alone for casting my cards, give me but  
ground enough; and yet I can neither write nor  
read, heaven make me thankful!

2D T. Heaven make us all thankful! I have seen  
the king too in my prime, and gave him a beck  
upon his milk-white steed; as near as one should  
say, what's this? and all his royal lords and ladies  
sporting.

1ST T. Ay, ay, those were the days (peace be  
with 'em!) a poor man's tale might be heard at court.  
There are some lords and ladies now were lousy then.

3D T. Go thy ways, by the rood! Nay, he'll have  
his old talk, for all the world, up and down.

1ST T. It was ever my condition; I care not who  
knows it; and yet I never scathed the least sucking  
child that begs his bread; but little does  
another man know where the king's shoe wrings  
him, but those that wear it, as my mother would  
often say; and she lived long enough to know it.

3D T. Nay, that's certain; the king's but a man,  
as we three are; no more is the queen, if you go  
to that. Did you never hear of my uncle's observations?  
He's but a poor knave (as they call him),  
but such a knave as cares neither for king nor  
kæsar, the least on 'em.

1ST T. Then he may be hanged, neighbour Palmer.

3D T. If he be, he's not the first that has been  
hanged for treason, I hope.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the DUKE and CLAUDILLA.*

DUKE. That frown was shot with pretty tyranny  
From your brow; but this kiss shall sacrifice  
Me to my Claudilla's bosom.

CLAUD. You'll sully your honour in't; widows  
are but rumbled stuff.

DUKE. That again! By all my hopes and by  
thyself, the next and greatest—

CLAUD. Your brother's crown's betwixt us.

DUKE. I did [that] but to sharp De Flame into some  
Expression of his wit and love.

CLAUD. Alas! he sighs all.

DUKE. And, like some crude chaplain, spits most  
Of his mind.

CLAUD. Yet the tame dove can tire me sometimes  
With penn'd speeches, when we're alone, and flatter.  
I'm resolv'd to bestow him on my woman.

DUKE. Now he can come to hand. Ha, ha, thinking men never love heartily,  
unless they be dank powder.

CLAUD. His courtship is like thick embroidery upon  
Slight stuff. I must confess, I never  
Lov'd the man, only as a rich gown out of

Fashion, for a day's change sometimes at home,  
When I take physic.

DUKE. You may wear him as you please, and to what  
Purpose; his honest nature was meant you so;  
But Dessandro is the man of men (I must confess),  
That I could wish most near you now.

CLAUD. Dessandro!

DUKE. And suddenly, before your honour blush too palpably:  
I have discovered him and his devotions.

CLAUD. Then your brains were in his plot.

DUKE. 'Twas his own.

CLAUD. Stol'n from some romance or play! but  
For De Flame---

DUKE. One wheel will move another to the period.

CLAUD. Methinks, his soft and easy spirit should be  
The fitter engine, and more pliant to your aim.

DUKE. He has too much of Venus in his mixture; all his  
Desires would be at home still in the circle of those  
Eyes: the other is all fire, and thinks that fame  
Too cheap, that's found so near; and there will  
Want such men abroad.

CLAUD. But where's my honour, duke?

DUKE. Lock'd in my heart and cares: the king must die,  
Claudilla, to smoothe the way, and lift us to our wishes.

CLAUD. That still is talk'd on.

DUKE. His last glass is now turn'd, and runs apace.  
He gives thee to Dessandro, and is your guest; and  
That night receives eternal thanks for't. Then  
(My fair) Dessandro cannot want lustre and honour for  
Your bed, nor thy commands, what all Castile can give.

CLAUD. I understand not, sir.

DUKE. Thou shalt in time. O my Claudilla! my best and nearest  
Joy, our loves have been entire as a flame: one centre  
To our thoughts and wishes; and crown our bosoms with  
Delight and safety. But they are come.

*Enter DE CASTRO and DESSANDRO.*

CLAUD. I have not known so little of his fame  
To be a stranger to his worth. Sir, I honour it:  
Nor am I so proud and dark in my opinion,  
To think I stand upon myself, but stoop in  
Honour to one of his deserts and blood. This is  
The way, my lord, I ever summ'd up man, and set  
His titles down but for cyphers.

DE C. Observe.

*[Aside.*

DUKE. Which will most clearly show his merits, and heighten  
Them in value to you; for, madam, look on him  
In the spring of his deserts; and you'll say, titles  
Are but narrow spheres; and if honoured actions  
Be the soul and breath, he's then above them,  
And stands in the first rank of men.

DES. I shall want life to pay this debt.

*[Aside.*

CLAUD. But, with your grace's favour, I must be tender here:  
For I stand a tall mark to voice and censure;  
And need not tell your highness, with what strong  
Expectation the Count de Flame hath long  
Time visited me.

DUKE. If you will stand engaged, madam,  
I am silent.

CLAUD. No, sir—but—

DUKE. You expect honour and fortune to your bed:  
I know Castile owns not a subject (I'll not  
Except myself; and had I another's freedom, I should  
Not speak my wishes in a second person) that  
Looks not with ambition on you: but, madam, weigh  
Them all; take but off their grains of fortune,  
He shall hoist them into the air; and to my  
Wish he's come. Dessandro, your name was  
Mentioned—happily, I hope. Let me present  
His value to your grace's hand; and to a sister,  
Madam, I would say, her bosom.

DE C. You purchase our poor lives too highly, sir.

DUKE. I would have rich jewels set to their worth;  
And shall be proud to give any advantage unto his.  
The Duchess shall not slight me in't: I will be  
Heard against the proudest courtship that shall  
Charm her. Come, my lord, what sport will you  
Win some ducats at?

DE C. I will lose some at any your grace pleases.

DUKE. My brother has got a fortunate hand of late  
'Gainst all the court: I cannot rise at even terms  
From him.

DE C. I saw him draw deep from your grace last night.

DUKE. Two thousand ducats; but I expect 'em  
with interest again.

DES. I cannot pawn myself to the unworthy ends  
Of flattery and compliment; but this honour  
Outbids the value of a thousand lives:  
What this poor glimpse of expression can show me in;  
Saints are not more unfeigned in their prayers,  
Than I to serve you.

CLAUD. I shall not doubt, how much I may be indebted  
To your noble wishes; but let me add, sir, he that  
Lays out for me without my warrant, shall scarcely  
Put it on my account for thanks—much less, debt.

DES. Not good devotions!

CLAUD. Them I desire, and shall repay.

DES. Then pay back mine.

CLAUD. I'm not to learn my prayers, sir.

DES. Teach me yours, that I may turn the virtue  
Of their charms back to your bosom.

CLAUD. Colonel, mine would hardly please you;  
I never pray for wars.

DUKE. You have back-friends, my lord?

DE C. That some malignant cloud does interpose  
The king's cheerful favour, I am most sensible.

DUKE. It wou'd spread to me too, if they durst.

DE C. Had they but so much virtue left, they durst  
Own their names by, I should make pale envy blush.

DUKE. Come, we'll to cards, and leave them to parl.

[*Exeunt.*]

DES. Madam, but mean it in a smile.

CLAUD. What!

DES. Love.

CLAUD. Fie!

DES. Yet stay; the air has busy wings. But give  
The thought consent, and I will take it in soft  
Whispers from your lip.

CLAUD. You will?

DES. I feel it creep in flames through all my blood!

*Enter DE FLAME.*

CLAUD. Sir, the Count de Flame!

DES. With a black evening in his face!

DE F. O my faithful Achilles, I came  
To give you joy!

CLAUD. Who! me, sir?

DE F. My virtuous friend and you.

CLAUD. Of what?

DE F. Of your entertainment under him. Y' have a brave commander,  
And he a—I cannot be angry enough to tell you what.

CLAUD. I begin to doubt his wits; he looks so ghastly.

DE F. Yes, I see a devil in those eyes, that makes my hair  
Stare upward. False woman, my love durst scarce  
Doubt before, what now I find and tremble at.  
But heaven has wrath in ambush and scorpion-stings!

CLAUD. For what, my lord?

DE F. Duchess, thy perjury and warm engagements  
To this, this huge impostor!

CLAUD. Sir, he has crack'd his brains with poetry;  
Pray, forgive him—

DES. Count, you know what privilege this roof can give  
You on my anger, or else I should make your frenzy  
Tongueless. Don't requite it barbarously on her,  
That gives you leave to live by it. Gather your  
Scatter'd wits up; go home, sir, and repent.

DE F. Privilege!  
I'll meet thee in a ring of flames, or on the tempest  
Of some billow, upon whose back the raging north wind strides:  
Yet I'd not ha' thee lose one spark of thy full man in noise  
And air; that when next we greet, I may find thee worthy  
My revenge. This frailty now protects thee.

CLAUD. Uncivil man, know the way back, or I shall  
Let that justice loose upon you you deserve.

DE F. Your centaur there, you mean; he must  
Stare bigger to move a hair of mine.

CLAUD. You sha' not stir, sir; as you love me, do not:  
Let him die mad.

DE F. Do kiss him, and clap his cheek.

CLAUD. And circle him in my arms from your pale envy.  
Does that make you foam? Look ye—

[*Kisses* DESSANDRO.]

DE F. He shall not blossom there.

CLAUD. He shall, though thou dost bribe the Furies  
With thy soul.

DES. Madam, your commands will hold me, till I scorch away!  
I am in flames and torment, and there's not so much

Mercy under heaven, but your own, would let him use  
That tongue a minute longer. Thou has seen this  
Sword reeking from hilt to point, and sweating  
Showers of blood o'er thy head; whilst I bestrid thy  
Life, and rescu'd it 'gainst many gallant foes:  
And durst thou tempt it to thine own throat now?  
Prythee, begone; and let us meet no more.  
There's something in thy youth I still can love,  
And will forget to call thee to account for this.  
Be wise unto thyself, and ask this lady pardon.

DE F. O my blood! Must I bear this! I am  
More cold than marble, sure!

CLAUD. Within there! Where's his grace?

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERV. At cards, madam.

DE F. O, cry you mercy! your bak'd meats sha' not cool for me;  
I only wish that they may choke ye. That paper, sir,  
I sent, wou'd be worth your noble answer.

DES. 'Tis there again, and has stopp'd the use I took it for.

DE F. Ha! I'll make thy name a boy's play,  
And kill thee on the threshold of thy door.

DES. Go, go, take your rest! When you are  
Recovered, I may own you.

DE F. Thou hast not blood enough to answer this.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter PIREZ and SAMPAYO.*

SAMP. You tell me strange ones.

PIR. But true ones.

SAMP. Nice windings!

PIR. This duke can strangely back his purposes,  
Where they like him. 'Tis a fair lift  
To Dessandro's fortune; his stars shin'd.

SAMP. True; she has a spacious fortune; but I shall  
Tell your lordship what perhaps you know not.

PIR. You may.

SAMP. She has no blood. From her first, an honest  
Tradesman's wife, who left her very rich and  
Handsome, the duke (as he still keeps a  
Kennel for that purpose) had her presented  
To him for his game; remov'd her from the  
Cuckoo's nest into another sphere; but with all  
Caution and private sleight; and you must  
Imagine, now she spreads a larger wing;  
Stirs not abroad, but studded like the night  
With flames; and at length becomes the court's  
Discourse and wonder; but still keeps<sup>[28]</sup> the  
Country her retiring place.

PIR. Unknown!

SAMP. Or unsuspected, as the duke's instruments dealt it;  
And the young Henrique being in those parts  
With our king's brother for sport, casually (as 'twas plotted)  
Visits her house, falls in love, and marries her. This  
Is the epitome.

PIR. I hope the Duke Bereo had no dull hand in't.

SAMP. 'Tis thought (only by me, sir,) [he] keeps his  
Acquaintance to this day.

PIR. It must be fatally answer'd somewhere;

Heaven has a justice.

SAMP. The preparation makes huge noise.

PIR. 'Tis well the king's a guest; their triumph  
Might miscarry else.

SAMP. The king gives her in church. Methinks  
The Count de Flame must needs be all a-flame at it:  
And I believe, sir, your affront bleeds freshly in him.

PIR. It must be put to an account somewhere.

SAMP. To return his challenge and honour with such a scorn  
Must work such a spirit to high extremes.

PIR. The saddest story is his sister.

SAMP. A rose new-blown, and flung aside to wither in  
Her sweets! Poor innocence! that has much chang'd  
My opinion of Dessandro.

PIR. His resolution and ambition are like vast trees,  
Whose spreading tops hide their own roots  
From the kind sun.

SAMP. Let out unto so vast a pride, as shades all his natural  
Virtues, or makes 'em grow up rank and sour.  
The event will tell us all.

PIR. I wish it without blood. Your lordship's for the solemnity?

SAMP. My attendance ties me to his majesty's person.

PIR. My best wishes to your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

**FOOTNOTES:**

[26] [The common saying is, "There are more ways to the wood than one."]

[27] [Plaintiff and defendant.]

[28] [Old copy, *kept.*]

---

**ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.**

*Loud Music.*

*Enter the KING, CARDINAL, DUKE, DUCHESS, DESSANDRO, DE CASTRO, SAMPAYO, ladies bearing up her train, voices, lutes: they pass over.*

*Manent DE LOOME and LA GITTERNE.*

DE L. So by this time the confines ring  
Of our great solemnity.

LA G. She became his hand bravely, and with so skilful a brow,  
As if the first fruits of her honour were to be gathered yet.

DE L. Our duke will lick his lips at this night's sport.

LA G. And wind her up for him, 'twill go hard else.

DE L. That shall not hinder our sport, I hope.

LA G. Expect the steward and his bottles; I'll warrant you.

DE L. The ladies too! we shall not tickle heartily else.

LA G. Where are the great ones bedded?

DE L. I' th' old place.

LA G. I' th' corner lobby?

*Enter DE FLAME and CLEARA disguised.*

DE F. You belong to the Duke de Bereo, sir?

DE L. Who told you so?

DE F. A friend that wou'd commend me with a poor suit  
Unto you, sir, if you be Signior de Loome.

DE L. But this is no year for suit, sir.

DE F. Mine brings thanks ready-told, sir; look ye:  
All double pistoles, signior.

DE L. Sir, I shall try my power, and be ready in any  
Service t' ye, for my friend's sake.

DE F. D' ye know who 'tis?

DE L. Hum! no matter; I'll undertake your business.

DE F. Sir, can you please to pardon some light gold?

DE L. You shall find me a gentleman in anything for my friend's sake.

DE F. Nay, sir, it weighs a hundred pound at all, peradventures.

DE L. And I'll tell you one thing of myself, sir, more than  
Perhaps my friend rememb'red: I am very honest, where  
I take; and every man is not to be trusted in matters  
Of such consequence. A very fair purse, I assure you!

DE F. Nest and birds are all your own.

DE L. Your business is done, believ't, sir; please you to kiss  
The king's hand into the bargain?

DE F. At fitter opportunity, let me be ambitious of your  
Offer: but I shall woo your courtesy to be only a  
Looker on now.

DE L. Anything, sir, you can make worthy your request. Nay—I hope, you do  
not wish me [to] forfeit good manners—as I'm virtuous.

*[Compliment for the door.]*

DE F. I am a stranger to the way. Gentlemen, know yourselves, I beseech you.

LA G. To obey you, signior.

DE L. Sir, you need not speak on't to this man:  
He's but my lord's barber. Since you command it so—

[*Exeunt* DE LOOME *and* LA GITTERNE.]

DE F. Light, light, revenge! heave up thy gloomy tapers!  
That thou may'st see thy smeared altar shine  
In blood. Come, my Cleara! my better soul!  
Whose gallant mind will leave thy name  
In the first place of women, and raise thee temples.  
Bravest of thy sex, I could expire on thy cheek,  
And pay thee reverence, my most excellent sister.

CLE. Just heaven and your brave virtue (my dearest brother)  
Has waken'd my dull breast and trembling sex:  
I do not feel one pale or coward thought;  
But all [are] high and active to my wish.

DE F. I see it lovely in thy brow: like the gleaming  
Dawnings of the morn, when day first kindles;  
Yet our presage is fair.

*Enter* DUKE, *whispering with* DE CASTRO.

CLE. The Duke!

DE F. Now, innocence, guard thyself! the wolf is up:  
See, how mischief teems and quickens on their brow:  
Some black thing is spawning: night must be midwife to't:  
If we stay, my poniard will break loose.

[*Exeunt.*

DUKE. Who's that?

DE C. Some of the duchess's servants, I believe, sir.

DUKE. Your hand will lay a new foundation to a kingdom;  
And I am busy how to divide it with thee, when  
We can call it ours.

DE C. 'Tis his last night with mankind; the poison, sir,  
Will do't so subtly: whilst he but holds the  
Knife, the least warmth attracts, and so dispreads  
Itself through his blood and spirits. Not any  
Struggling for't with nature; his life steals from  
Him in a gentle slumber.

DUKE. Grow in my bosom, till you spread to the first honours  
Of your wish. My fortune is too narrow for your  
Merits, to whom I owe it and all my power, brave friend.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* STEWARD, BUTLER, COOK, *and* MAIDS.

STEW. Come, my masters: the great ones shall not  
Have all to themselves: we'll have a civil  
Bout or two to get us a stomach to bedward,  
My sweethearts.

COOK. Noble master steward!

BUT. Brave master steward!

COOK. The fire of my respects shall ne'er go out unto you.

BUT. Nor mine be quench'd.

STEW. Here, cook, here's a bit for you to lick your lips at:  
And here's a clean napery for you, butler.  
Take it.

[*Gives each a wench.*  
[*A dance.*

STEW. So, so; I am almost spent; every man to his function.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* KING, CARDINAL, DESSANDRO, DUKE, DUCHESS, *attendants.*



KING. The night begins to frown at our uncivil stay;  
And Hymen's tapers do burn out apace:  
Good night; you shall not stir a foot, Dessandro.

DUKE. All the wishes of a bridal bed crown  
your wishes and embraces!

CARD. And all the blessings of true joy.

DUKE. To bed, to bed!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* DE LOOME, DE FLAME, *and* CLEARA.

DE L. You are as melancholy as [the] day, when sun sets:  
I hope you do not doubt my promise?

DE F. No.

DE L. Ye sha' not: I'll not leave you, till the grant be yours.  
Be confidant; and that's more than a courtier is bound  
To by his oath. Sir, where are you? Why, you were  
Living but e'en now; could speak—had sense, too:  
Ha' you seen anything against nature or stomach?  
Hum! sweetheart, has thy master any fits o' th' mother  
Or falling-sickness? Pretty knave! 'tis pity  
This face was made for breeches.

[*To* CLEARA.]

DE F. Ha!

DE L. I am glad you are come to yourself again.

DE F. You are pleasant.

DE L. I would ha' you so: I have provided some mirth  
And good company for you. Please you, but spare an  
Idle hour from your sleep, we'll allow't again in  
The total of your business (I must not lose his  
Money). If you can smile, you shall not want a  
Subject: Besides, we shall have the wit of a  
Handsome lady or two, and hear their voices.

*Enter* STEWARD, *and a man with bottles.*

Look ye, sir, here's the *imprimis* of the house:  
Master steward himself, whose company may be worth  
Your observation. Signior Silliman, this gentleman  
Is a friend of my lord duke's: pray, let him know he's welcome.

STEW. I am but the duchess's poor steward, sir, but my  
Place is at your command, sir. You shall not have  
Me claim kindred of her for all that; yet  
Sir Thomas de Loome here can say something,  
If he please, sir.

DE F. Thank ye, sir.

STEW. Look ye, Sir Thomas, I never fail; here be the  
Perquisites of life and good company. There's that  
Will elevate voices. Come, disburthen thyself in  
That lobby, my honest rational camel!  
Is this gentleman dumb? He can say nothing but  
*Thank you, sir.*

DE L. I fear he's planetstruck.

STEW. 'Tis great pity; yet he makes very gentle signs.

DE F. I'm got into a dark and slippery labyrinth, and  
Grope but by a spark; whilst every pause is fatal.  
No. It had miscarried; and the king's presence  
Was a sacred guard: now, to break in upon them were  
To betray our lives to nothing. Sure, heaven will not  
Lose the glory of such a justice, and by a hand so  
Justly engaged.

*Enter* LA GITTERNE, TORGUINA, *and* LA PRATE.

DE L. The ladies! Good girls, this deserves a double

Thanks. Here's a gentleman, whose merits may  
Invite him to your acquaintance, ladies.

TOR. I shall ever study that due honour, by all the  
Ambitiousness of your humble servant, sir.

LA P. You may please to pardon her, whose demerits  
Make her modest in her expressions to honour  
You, noble sir.

DE F. You engage a poor life to your virtue.

DE L. What, ladies, have you put 'em together  
for a brave boy to-night?

LA P. That's as the dice run, sir.

LA G. The colonel will find a piece of service on't to-night.

LA P. If he put her to the worst, 'twill be worth her pardon, being so tried a  
soldier.

TOR. If his valour should be shortbreath'd, a retreat may be honourable  
sometimes.

LA P. If he fight not flat coward, and make it in policy.

TOR. Sir, we have read over Aristotle's *Politics* and Polybius to that purpose.

LA P. Who calls policy the very breath of all war.

TOR. And so, by your ladyship's good licence, in all battalions, leaguers,  
skirmishes, sieges, invasions, parleys, treaties, truces, and other cessations.

DE F. Excellent ladies!

DE L. For the theoretic.

LA P. We can say something to the practick too, signior.

TOR. Both concerning your postures and motions, as  
Which may be necessary for service: her ladyship has  
Written a small tract for her private experience,  
To show how they may be reduced, and a man  
Exercis'd with far less trouble, but with as much  
Activity and proportion of comfort.

LA P. For body and service, madam?

TOR. I mean so: I warrant you this gentleman  
Understands me.

DE F. And will not your goodness bestow it on the public?  
It would rank your name amongst the illustrious  
Benefactors of the general cause.

LA P. I know not what I may, sir, when the press is fit  
For a woman of quality. Is this gentleman a soldier?

DE F. That ambition has grown with me from the  
Cradle, madam.

LA P. I shall render myself with more endearment to  
Your worth, and ever subscribe to soldiers as the bravest men.

DE L. The duchess, I hope, will be of your opinion;  
But, madam, had I the use of that key for an  
Hour or two, I would take some notes in shorthand  
Behind the hangings.

LA P. You wou'd?

DE L. Yes, indeed, my precious wit, I shou'd.

DE F. That key!

TOR. Signior, pleaseth you to think our humble  
Invitation worthy the grant of your society.

DE F. I could wish the trouble of ten lives more, to be  
Accepted in your command, fairest of ladies,

LA P. Were all our days multiplied into years, and  
Those years to lives, 'twere but a span of time  
To study our thanks in.— *Exeunt.*

*Manent SILLIMAN and LA PRATE.*

SIL. Madam! lady!  
*I never knew what bandage was until now:  
I fear the golden heart you sent me was  
Enchanted: I long to see you.—*

LA P. What d'ye mean, sir?

SIL. Ha, ha, ha! hum! nothing, madam, but there  
Be them that love a good nature with all their heart;  
That have four hundred pounds a year, and money  
In their purse to be knighted, if need be.

LA P. Wit and opportunity assist me!  
The thing will make an excellent husband for the  
Times; and four hundred pounds a year is a  
Considerable fortune to boot. I must take him at  
His bond, or perhaps die in the list of stale chambermaids:  
A court-plague for a misspent youth and service.

SIL. I am a gentleman already, else the heralds took my  
Money for nothing: and methinks, madam, you  
And I might—

LA P. What, signior?

SIL. Be as wise as our forefathers.

LA P. You and I?

SIL. Yes, what say ye to *you and I*? Is not *you and I*  
Good Spanish? Why, madam, I am able to warm  
My own sheets, and get children without the help of  
A doctor; and can kiss as warm and close:  
And you shall swear my breath is sweet.

LA P. Y'are merry, sir, beyond my apprehension.

SIL. Pardon me, lady, if I be: I mean no harm,  
I protest.

LA P. Very witty!

SIL. I am what I am: but I was never beholden to any  
Living thing for thus much wit: I might  
Have been an arrant younger brother, but for my mother—  
Thereby hangs a tale, madam, and yet I cou'd ha' danc'd  
My cinque pace in Greek at a dozen. Alpha,  
Beta, Gamma, Delta, cost me five shillings:  
Can you believe me, lady? By this light, you shall  
Wear this diamond! There; sha't, sha't ha't:  
Sha't, sha't, sha't ha't.

LA P. There is such sorcery in your words!

SIL. No, no, no; troth, love me: come, thou shalt;  
By this—nay, never sigh, my dear; they are  
All orient, sweet wench: Thou art worth all Spain  
For a good disposition—

LA P. You will undo me, master steward.

SIL. Pish! who? I undo thee? my life! thou dost wrong  
Me: canst find in thy heart to think so? away, away.

LA P. But is this profession honourable, sir?

SIL. I scorn to deal upon dishonourable terms. Do I  
Kiss like a man that would propound dishonourable  
Conditions?

LA P. Men are so nice and cunning!

SIL. Do'st think me a Jew; swear me to anything.

LA P. Well, you have taken a poor heart at advantage; and make me blush to confess it.

SIL. Kiss me; here's my hand, till death us do part:  
Thine more than mine own, Signior Bouche  
Ouvrte Sillimano: seal'd and deliver'd; but  
I hope, lady, there is no quit rent to be paid out of this copyhold.

LA P. Not for your life, sir.

SIL. Lawful possession then, and thou'rt mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter DE FLAME and CLEARA.*

DE F. So, let 'em drench their souls in laughter: kindle  
Thy noble heart into a flame, my sister!  
Fate cannot give nor we ask more unto  
Our cause: all things conspire and prompt us to't.  
Just and divine revenge!  
I'll strew thy midnight haunts with cypress wreaths,  
And wear thee in rich medals. Propitious goddess!  
This night thy wan and meagre cheek shall blush,  
And smile with warm and wanton blood. Night grows heavy-ey'd,  
And drops her slumbering head in her dark bosom:  
And now their rage and lust will make them ripe  
To bleed. Let us embrace, and interchange  
A sigh or two, Cleara: whate'er become of me,  
Thou wilt wear chaplets in Elysium.

CLE. My hopes and joys are yours, dear sir, and heaven,  
I hope, will not divide them.

[*Unlocks the door, and discovers them.*

DE F. See, what a modest blush  
Sleep has cast o'er their guilt!

CLE. Here is a look  
Tyrants would bashfully gaze at, and fear  
To think it mortal. Glorious hypocrisy!  
Virtue is at wonder in herself, and looks pale,  
To own what she has given.

DE F. I should mock heaven's justice, to let 'em dream  
Their souls away in such a calm: we'll startle  
Them into horror of their sin, and then  
Let 'em see the vengeance they deserve.

CLE. Ye chaster powers, to whom I and my virginity  
Groan, may every drop breathe incense to your justice?  
Whilst thus I break their springs open.

[*Stabs CLAUDILLA.*

CLAUD. O Dessandro! O, whose hand's that?

CLE. Cleara's, Cleara's! carry that name in thy last breath  
Down to the shades of lust and perjury.

DE F. So quick and brave, Cleara?

CLAUD. O!

[*Expirat.*

DES. Cleara! madam, madam! your sleeps are troubled—  
Who's there? De Flame!

DE F. Raise not thy voice an accent: if thou dost, by my eternal hopes and  
soul! this strikes it back unto thy heart. See'st thou revenge sit pale upon the  
point? 'Tis steeled with virgin's curses, and shall fly like lightning through thy  
blood; and it is a justice thy vast pride hath lost thee to.

DES. O, what hast thou done?  
A deed that flinty Scythians and curl'd Ethiops  
Would hide their eyes from.

DE F. Our revenge shall wear a glorious title. Know'st  
Thou that injur'd face? It is Cleara's, injur'd Cleara's.

DES. Cleara!

DE F. What see'st thou on that brow?

DES. Murder!

DE F. Horror and guilt unto thy soul.

DES. I'll not be tamely butcher'd, coward. Without there!  
Help, help, help!

DE F. Whirlwinds and earthquakes cannot do it.  
Think on thy sin.

CLE. Thy perjury.

DE F. Thy lust.

[CLEARA *stabs at him.*

DES. Cleara! O, thou hast a skilful hand in  
Murder. Help, help! murder!

DE F. So falls a wretched statue from its haughty station, when Fate would  
make it ominous and fright a state. What a thick cloud steams from his  
tainted blood! The air shrinks back, and with dull wings fans it from heaven.

*Enter* DE LOOME, LA GITTERNE, TORGUINA, &c.

TOR. Murder, murder! 'twas his voice.

DE L. It was his voice.

TOR. The key?

LA G. Gone!

TOR. Cut from my side! I'm betray'd!

DE L. Look, search the room: where's the stranger?

LA G. The door is fast.

[*Knocks.*

DE F. You may come in: make up your wonder there.

[*Opens the door.*

TOR. My lady murder'd!

DE L. You have astonish'd heaven.

TOR. And pull'd eternal curses on your head.

DE F. They'll fall like brittle shafts upon my shield.

CLE. Unjust Dessandro! yet on thy lip I'll  
Tender my last vows, that the world may tell  
I loved thee dead—and this—and this—

[*Kisses him, then stabs herself.*

DE F. Hold, hold that cruel hand! Cleara! sister!

DE L. Cleara! This is a horrid scene, my lord.

DE F. 'Twould not be worth my name, did it not strike  
Amazement through your souls, and leave a paleness  
On his cheek that hears it. But here, here I  
Could melt, transfuse my brains through my sad eyes,  
Till they wept blood, and dropp'd their jelly forth:  
She was a jewel too rich for our dull orb.

*Enter more servants.*

You need not multiply your fears; I am  
Too proud of my revenge to start from it:  
Let the law frown, and fall in tempests on me.  
Cowards repent,  
When valiant blood ne'er pales at the event.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter PIREZ and DE LOOME.*

DE L. A sad court indeed, my lord.

PIR. As sad a kingdom! Where the news is spread, men that hear it stand struck, as if their own passing-bells did call unto them.

DE L. Kings' glasses are as brittle as their meanest subjects', their footings as slippery and uncertain. He was a brave prince, and his life will be memorable in Castile.

PIR. His death is much admired for the sudden strangeness of it. What opinion give the physicians on't?

DE L. They've a hard name for't, if I could think on't.

PIR. Not suspicion of poison?

DE L. How, my lord! by whom would you suspect it?

PIR. Nay, I dare suspect none, nor don't; but such quirks of state I have read of in the days of old.

DE L. I never saw him discount a day with more content and freedom; his very thoughts were hearty.

PIR. 'Twas a fatal one, and will give a sad discourse to our posterity, and leave it on record in bleeding characters.

DE L. The count's resolution had too much blood and cruelty in't.

PIR. Dessandro urged as much as mortal sense could groan with.

DE L. I now call to mind, still as he spake and glanced upon Cleara's face, I had strange startlings in me.

PIR. As the times have.

DE. L. The times, my lord? for what?

PIR. The king's death, sir.

DE L. Why, my lord, the times are not of the worst presage, though that may cloud them a little.

PIR. I am no Booker, sir, nor Lilly to prognosticate what seven years may travail with; but I could wish the price of knaves may fall.

DE L. Your lordship's virtues command not a more humble and observant creature.

*[Exit.]*

PIR. This fellow must be muzzled.

*Enter SAMPAYO.*

SAMP. Who's that?

PIR. The duke's thing, his trifle-broker.

SANO. The king's now.

PIR. Castile did never hear more news, I fear.

SAMP. We shall now see the fine turns and games of the state.

PIR. When fools and knaves chase trump.

SAMP. Now heads and points will be the sport.

PIR. The king will have the heads then, I believe.

SAMP. Observe 'em.

PIR. So near?

*Enter BEREIO, nobles soliciting him with papers.*

ALL. Heavens bless your majesty! Heavens keep your majesty!

*[Within.]*

Please you hear your most faithful subjects?

DUKE. Who are they, that bark so?

DE L. A rout of porters, prentices, and sailors' wives, with such a spawn, who are modest petitioners your majesty would give 'em leave to govern you in some matters of state, and humbly pray to be admitted of your privy council. Here's another, sir, from the most reverend bags of the city to purchase all the churches of your majesty for warehouses; and this, sir, from the

corporation of weavers, cobblers, and feltmakers: that you would please to give 'em leave to fire all universities and schools of learning, that the profane might better see the truth.

DUKE. No more. Their stinking breath will stifle me! Keep back their clamour. Wealth and ease have made the rascals wanton, and profane their allegiance. My lord [*De Castro kneels*], you need not kneel in a cause, that equally concerns us with you; and the groans of your brother's wounds echo unto our sleeps. Our honour and the laws bleed in them, until a justice stop their issues, which our own care shall take a speedy account of. Sampayo! [*Whispers.*]

SAMP. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

DUKE. O my lords, we are circled in a tide of grief,  
Where every billow threatens a grave: but in your loves  
Our hope takes new life, which we as zealously  
Shall sacrifice again to you and yours.  
Let me be beholden t' you for a minute's conference  
With my own sad thoughts. [*Exeunt.*]

So take breath, my hopes.  
Whilst we with pride look upon the world behind us,  
And then survey the glory of our progress  
And success, the print of every step is glorious,  
And methinks we stand like Rome herself, in midst  
Of all her triumphs, when her threat'ned head  
Lean'd on the spangled breast of heaven, and  
Jostled with the gods; from whose imperious frown  
The world took all her laws and dooms. Yet her  
Vast story shall look pale to mine; and time  
Begin his great example here.  
Castile, thou now shalt blush for thy neglect:  
I'll print thy scorns on thy own brow, till my revenge  
Look lovely as did Rome's, in her bright flames,  
To Nero; and Nature shall repent, that she  
Mistook the man Fortune meant thine. Then up,  
My soul, and from thy glorious stand see  
Thy proud hopes and wishes court thee! Thou hast  
Been bashful yet, and hid in blushes. Make  
Room for thy more spacious thoughts, and let  
The petty world know this: all things  
Depend upon the breath of gods and kings. [*Exit.*]

*Enter two OFFICERS.*

1ST OFF. There, there! Lay that in the place; so, so; here, help to spread this carpet. Quick, quick!

2D OFF. Will our new king be here to give the forked herd an oration?

1ST OFF. An halter! Thou dost so fumble! But what's the general voice of the king's death? Here's the mourning for that bar.

2D OFF. Marry, some think he died against his will; and others, that his brother—Where stands this?—will bury him very royally—

1ST OFF. Hum! and others think if thou wert hanged, when 'tis thy due, there would be quickly a knave less. Despatch, despatch! I hear them coming.

*Enter JUDGES, the two Ladies, DE LOOME, LA GITTERNE,  
and others. DE FLAME stands at the bar.*

OFF. Pray, by your leave; make way; give back there! For shame, sir; you press so hard upon the judges, they scarce have liberty to breathe. Clear the bar; peace!

1ST JUDGE. My lord, here's none but knows you, and I believe do grieve to see you stand thus, and for a fact of such a bloody nature. A gentleman of your fair hopes and fortunes, blood and spirit, and other excellent parts, all cast upon untimely hazards by such an act (as indeed I know not how to name it). You needs must, therefore, be worthy our grief; and I presume you are not now to know the laws and customs of this your country, with what religious care they look unto the safety of our lives and our estates, and with what strictness on perpetrations of such a dye—

2D JUDGE. Especially, where innocent blood is shed; and therefore we, being but the tongues of the law (my lord), may hope you will interpret the justice of it clearly from our mouths.

DE F. Please you, most reverend lords, is there aught else but this I am to stand accused for?

2D JUDGE. Not that we know.

DE F. Then, my good lords, you need not labour much to find out circumstances to condemn me; nor do I wish or think, my lords, to satisfy the law by talking in my own defence. Nor will I brand myself with such a fear, much less hope, as to bespeak a melting tear. That were to wish the act undone, and rob my justice of a glory I would be torn to atoms for. No, I come to meet the law; and if your wisdoms can contract the spacious volumes of it into one doom, I shall not startle, or divide my breast. My resolution was above it, when first I undertook to be my own law and judge.

1ST JUDGE. I grieve to hear this language from you: it takes much from the man that you have seemed, my lord; stain not your noble and religious fame with such an atheism.

2D JUDGE. Look back into the deed, my lord. See, what a tide of blood pursues you, and breaks upon your soul in angry seas.

DE F. Look back to our fame, grave lords, the blood and honour of our family; nor think it my vainglory to urge it here, since the cause does. There has not yet, in all the ages it hath served the state, one stain fallen on our escutcheon; and although, my lords, these honours are derived to us in a vast circle of time and blood, the passage must be still through our veins, and so are treasured here as heat in fire; so as the least taint in us reflects a blush on the first virtue of our great ancestors. And what has man called sacred but his honour? That dwells not in the smiles of Fortune; nor can she place the fool or coward in that rank. And can your wisdoms think ours so cheap, as to become the scorn of such?

2D JUDGE. My lord, 'twould better satisfy all those that know you to hear your grief than passion.

DE F. O, cry ye mercy! He was your lordship's kinsman; yet I will add, he basely did betray a love and innocence more noble than a thousand of their lives. Poor Cleara! perjured his faith and honour, and quite dissolved their holy ties in the lascivious arms of her, whose name shall not take honour from my breath.

2D JUDGE. We spend time; pray, give those ladies leave to speak.

*Enter DE CASTRO.*

DE C. My lords, the king is come to sit amongst ye.

OFF. Stand back there, ho! you, Goodman Roundhead, you'd best breathe in the king's face: pull back your horns, sir!—D' you mutter? Take that, and crowd further. The rogues are as hollow as a vault, and sound like one with a blow.

*Enter BERO, DE CASTRO, attendants; at the other door, the KING himself.*

[*Within.*] The king, the king! Whoo?

1ST JUDGE. What's the matter?

DUKE. De Castro, is this a mask or apparition?

KING. Seize on the traitor!

DUKE. Ha!

KING. Hence, monstrous thing!

DUKE. Traitor!

KING. Yes; and a foul one. My lords, suspend  
Your wonder. We thank ye. Prodigy to thy blood,  
We have given you leave to wanton in your guilt  
And see at what mighty impiety it would reach;  
To fasten you the surer in your toil.  
Take your places. Durst thou derive the glory  
Of our grandsires to thyself, whilst with unnatural hands  
Thou tear'st their graves up; mingling blood and shame  
With their bless'd dust? Have we not shar'd our kingdom with thee:  
Let thee into our heart nearer than nature,  
If possible? And could all this beget  
No better thanks than poison? The very thought  
Unnerves my joints.

DUKE. Treason? Who dares avow it, sir,  
Or charge the least stain upon my loyal bosom,  
And make it good? I challenge all mankind,  
And envy from the nether hells; 'tis but



Some engine to betray me to you.

DE C. I did but quit a sin,  
Which would have betray'd us both eternally,  
And bore so sad a shape of horror,  
As it affrighted all within me, and, like a frenzy,  
Held me, till I had purged it from my bosom.

DUKE. Had thy revenge no other way but this,  
To undermine the virtue of nature against itself?  
My lords, there's forgery in't, poison, and treason!  
It did amaze my innocence. Sounds, that my blood  
Do shiver at. And did not I see his father's treason  
Blush yet upon his brow, I should not think  
Castile infected with the thought.

1ST JUDGE. My Lord De Castro,  
What proof or circumstance have you to urge  
This clearer to his highness?

DUKE. Grave patriots of the law,  
Give me your leave in this, that would blemish  
The honour of my fame for ever. Let him produce but any  
That may accuse me to your reverend judgments,  
And Bereo will lay down his head to the block.  
But I know your wisdoms will discern a plot in't:  
And how far he stands incompetent against me  
In faith and honour.

KING. What say you, my lord?

DE C. Sir, what I have told your Majesty—my life  
Shall make good on my torture: my brother being dead,  
Heaven only and my conscience can clear it:  
And to quit my innocence of malice, your own conscience  
Must tell you, my lord, that when first you used my brother  
To ensnare me, and press'd it in the duchess's garden,  
How much I argued to divert you; but then—

DUKE. My lords, I desire justice and reparation  
On the villain.

2D JUDGE. My Lord. De Castro,  
The king has pleased to give us your relation,  
In which (though the least tenderness cannot be  
Impertinent to his sacred safety) there's nothing  
That can raise the law to any argument, which may reach  
The Duke, scarce as a peer, which looks upon him  
As the second man in whom all our safeties and hopes are stor'd:  
Not to be touch'd with every jealousy,  
But at a high and reverend form of proof.

DUKE. Let me appeal unto yourself, dread sir;  
Which of my actions or services of state  
Can be suspected? And do you not perceive  
That where his father left, his treason would begin?

DE C. Help me, dear truth, or else I shall suffer  
For my loyalty. Great sir, be pleased—

DUKE. That most judicious judge has well observ'd,  
There is an envy in his soul would reach  
From you to your succession, and leave the character  
Of his father's treason on it in blood and ruin.  
Wretched man, trust me, I grieve for thy slide from piety;  
And when I look upon the love and pity  
I have cast away on such a thing, I repent  
My easy faith. Good heaven! what will men fall to?

KING. Take the Count unto the citadel, and let none  
Be admitted to him upon peril—  
Brother, they were no easy insinuations  
That did engage our fears to this: but such  
As nam'd a higher proof and circumstance.  
And, we confess, it struck our nature with some passionate strugglings:  
Not that the wish of our ambition is fix'd here,

[*Exeunt with DE CASTRO.*]

And would revive a term of years  
To rob ye of one minute's glorious trouble:  
Yet, my lord, if our laws take care  
To preserve the meanest subject's life, our own  
Ought not to be look'd on with less providence:  
And fears are happy cautions many times.  
But mine retire.  
Let our desires meet, and reconcile me to your arms——  
His merit shall find the justice it has scandall'd,  
If it stand guilty.

[*Embrace.*]

DUKE. If, my lord? Can yet that scruple stay behind?

*Returns with DE CASTRO and DESSANDRO. A physician and  
chirurgion, &c.*

DE C. See, royal sir, I have met a miracle,  
That heaven has preserv'd and sent to guard your  
Sacred highness and the truth.

[*They kneel.*]

DE F. Dessandro risen from the dead?

KING. Dessandro!

DES. The vilest wretch alive, who throws himself  
At your feet in tears of blood, and so much  
Horrid guilt as calls for all the wrath of  
This and the other world: not daring to  
Lift my hopes to any pardon. O sir!  
'Twas he (back'd by that bad Prince and other giddy  
Hopes) that would have seduc'd my brother to  
That act against your sacred life.

KING. Would it went no further? Duke de Bereo,  
Can now your brow change colour?

DUKE. 'Tis all imposture.

KING. Fie, fie; don't glory against heaven, that hath  
Left thy sin to subterfuge.

DUKE. You would not fright me from myself?

KING. Well; our guard!

DOCT. May it please——

[*Kneels.*]

KING. Rise, What would you say, sir?

DOCT. Under your gracious licence this. We found our princely lady and the  
lady Cleara cold in their clodded gore: this Colonel so spent in expense of  
blood, as we could not say alive; for that half spark of heat left in his veins  
was then e'en going out. Our care having preserved and kindled it to life  
again, after his shattered faculties could pant and breathe, he called for pen  
and ink, and caused us to write what is there contained.

[*Gives a paper.*]

DES. Of too much truth; and I blush for those few  
Drops of blood I have left to expiate.

DUKE. I am betrayed and lost!  
Could'st be in love with that saint life, for one  
Poor minute's smile, to betray it to ignominy and law?  
I could trample on thy skull, until thy reeking  
Brain sparkled about the dust. See how busily  
They contract their dusky brows! Consult things  
Safely, and let some reverend statute be ordained  
In honour of all cowards. [*Aside.*] De Castro! for this good  
Service know, 'twas I that laid thy father's head  
Upon the block: plotted with the Portuguese  
To make him guilty to the King: and envying that  
He spread with so much shadow in the state, by a close  
Faction rend'red him odious to the people: an engine,  
I knew could not fail. I hurried thee to the Duchess's  
Wanton bed, Dessandro, knowing De Flame's high  
Blood would quit the debt I owed thee——

DES. He's proud all mischief can call him patron.

DUKE. Nor had I shar'd the pleasure of a kiss to you  
Or him, but that our purpose needs would have it so.

DE F. Sir!

DUKE. The language is plain and true.

DE F. Then Claudilla was your court-mistress, Duke?—  
'Twere profanation to say whore!

DUKE. Young lord, I can forgive that language  
In a suffering man.

DE F. Forgive it!

DUKE. Forgive it; and had De Flame himself  
Enjoy'd her bed, and reap'd the scattered minutes  
Of our love, he must have found another gloss more  
Safe and honourable.

DE F. Must! What saw you in me did promise  
So tame a thing, as to feed on your high scraps?  
Glorious mischief!

DES. My lord, I beg your mercy; and to deserve it  
Will weep the remnant of this unworthy life  
Unto Cleara's name.

DE F. All mankind has my peaceful wish, but this  
Black speckled serpent, whose load doth make  
The earth to groan and sweat.

DUKE. My fair Claudilla, methinks I see thee  
Lovely in that ghastly trim of death, while  
Yet thy soul was struggling through thy cruel  
Wounds.

DE F. The day begins to frown and creep into  
Eternal night: we'll bed together in one grave, Cleara.  
Castile shall hide us in a golden heap, and name me  
With her patriots for taking this foul monster  
From her bosom.

DUKE. I'll find thee in the myrtle groves below,  
And leave a story that shall tell the world,  
How much I lov'd thee.

*[They stab each other.]*

KING. Desperate atheists!

DUKE. You were beforehand, sir.

DE F. You've overtaken me: the world is hid in a  
Cloud, and shrinks to chaos. O, whither  
Must I wander in this mist? So, so—  
I feel thee glide away, and leave me sunk  
Upon a quicksand.

*[Expirat.]*

KING. What a thirst of blood burnt up their hearts,  
That they must quench it in their own?

DUKE. Hast thou not air enough, my panting soul?  
O, what a stitch is coming!

*[Expirat.]*

KING. Wou'd thou had'st better lov'd thyself and us:  
For while thou priz'd the honour of that blood,  
We priz'd thee with it. O ambition!  
The grandame of all sin, that strikes at stars  
With an undaunted brow, whilst thus thy feet  
Slide to the nether hell! Like some vast stream,  
That takes into its womb all springs that neighbour by it,  
And would proudly carry all their currents in its own:  
Swells o'er its banks, and wantons like a tyrant.  
Take hence the sight: it stirs our indignation.

*[Exeunt cum corporibus.]*

OMNES. Long live the great and good King of Castile!

KING. We thank ye, and just heaven which hath (unto wonder)  
Unknotted all these mischiefs, and kept us safe:  
And because we do not love to use the laws  
In their extremity, or execute with blood,  
Where we can moderate without; but chiefly,  
Dessandro, to endear ye more to heaven  
In your acknowledgment, we do enjoin you  
To some religious house of Orders, there  
By an humble life to expiate your guilt.

DES. Upon my knees I do acknowledge  
Your God-like mercy.

KING. De Castro  
Our thanks shall make your loyalty  
Exemplary to all times: nor wish we to live longer  
Than to gain the faith of all; that we may find  
Ourself and title most secure, and greatest  
In your loves; which gives us more  
Than giddy fortune can——

THIS IS OUR FATE, AND TO THE WISE IS KNOWN;  
ALL GOODS WITHOUT US ARE, NOT (SURE) OUR OWN.

In tenui labor est; at tenuis non gloria.

---

# **THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.**

## **EDITIONS.**

*The Adventures of Five Hours. A Tragi-Comedy.—Non ego Ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor. Horat. F<sup>x</sup>. 21<sup>o</sup>, 1662. Imprimatur, John Birkenhead. London. Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1663. fol.*<sup>[29]</sup>

*The Adventures of Five Houres: a Tragi-Comedy. As it is acted at His Royal Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. The third impression. Revised and corrected by the author, Sir Samuel Tuke, Kt. and Bart. Nonumque prematur in Annum. Horat. de Art Poet. London: Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the sign of the Blew Anchor, on the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1671. 4<sup>o</sup>.*<sup>[30]</sup>

### **FOOTNOTES:**

[29] The title of the copy of 1664 is precisely the same as that of the first edition. It is in 4to.

[30] There was a fourth impression in 1704.

## PREFACE.

Sir Samuel Tuke, of Temple Cressy, in the county of Essex, was a colonel of horse in the king's army, and served against the Parliament, as long as the affairs of his master had any prospect of success. He was very active in that rising in the county of Essex which ended fatally to some of the chief actors in it. From the prologue to the present play, spoken at court, it appears that he intended to retire from business soon after the Restoration, but was diverted from that design for some time by his Majesty's recommending him to adapt a Spanish play<sup>[31]</sup> to the English stage, which he executed with some degree of success. On the 31st March,<sup>[32]</sup> 1664, he was created a baronet. He married Mary, the daughter of Edward Sheldon, a lady who was one of the dressers to Queen Mary, and probably a Roman Catholic, of which persuasion our author seems also to have been.<sup>[33]</sup> He died at Somerset House, on the 26th of January 1673, and was buried in the vault under the chapel there. Langbaine, by mistake, says he was alive at the time he (Langbaine) published his "Lives of the Dramatic Poets."

Sir Samuel did not escape the censure of his brother poets.<sup>[34]</sup> One of them, speaking of Cowley, says he

Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke.<sup>[35]</sup>

And in the same poem—

Sam Tuke sat, and formally smiled at the rest;  
But Apollo, who well did his vanity know,  
Call'd him to the bar to put him to the test,  
But his muse was so stiff, she scarcely could go.

She pleaded her age, desir'd a reward;  
It seems in her age she doated on praise:  
But Apollo resolv'd that such a bold bard  
Should never be grac'd with a per'wig of bays.

There is some reason for assigning to Sir Samuel Take part authorship of "Pompey the Great," which is generally supposed to have been translated by Waller, Lord Dorset, Sir C. Sedley, and Godolphin, and printed in 1664. At the end of an edition of Sir John Denham's poems, "printed by J. M. for H. Herringman," 1684, is a catalogue of other works published by the same bookseller, and among them this entry:—"By Samuel Tuke, and several persons of honour. Pompey."

Sir Samuel was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and wrote a history of the ordering and generation of green Colchester oysters, printed in Spratt's "History," p. 307.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [31] [By Calderon. It is supposed that the Earl of Bristol, author of "Elvira," assisted Tuke.— See Halliwell's "Dictionary of Old Plays," 1860, in v. Halliwell there quotes a passage from Evelyn's "Diary," where Evelyn, by a slip of the pen, speaks of Sir *George* Tuke, an oversight which is left uncorrected.]
- [32] Heylin's "Help to History."
- [33] Wood's "Ath.," vol. ii. p. 802.
- [34] Dryden's "Miscellanies," vol. ii. p. 92.
- [35] These were prefixed to the edition of "The Adventures of Five Hours," printed the year after the author was made a baronet, but without bearing on the title any mark of his advancement. He is there called only Colonel Tuke.

---

**TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
HENRY HOWARD  
OF NORFOLK. [36]**



Since it is your pleasure, Noble Sir, that I should hold my fortune from you, like those tenants, who pay some inconsiderable trifle in lieu of a valuable rent, I humbly offer you this poem, in acknowledgment of my tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this occasion to publish my sense of your favours, since it seems to me a kind of ingratitude to be thankful in private.

It was bred upon the terrace-walks in your garden at Albury; and if I mistake not, it resembles the place where it was brought up: the plot is delightful, the elevations natural, the ascents easy, without any great embellishments of art.

I designed the character of Antonio, as a copy of your steady virtue; if it appear to those, who have the honour to know you, short of the original, I take leave to inform them, that you have not sat to me long; 'tis possible hereafter I may gratify my country, for their civility to this essay, with something more worthy of your patronage and their indulgence.

In the interim, I make it my glory to avow that, had Fortune been just to me, she could not have recompensed the loyal industry of my life with a more illustrious title than that which you have been pleased to confer upon me, of Your Friend. To which (as in gratitude I am bound) I subjoin that of

Your most humble servant,

S. TUKE.

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [36] This dedication, and the prologue and epilogue which follow, are only found in the first and second edition.—*Collier*.



---

## THE FIRST SCENE IS THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

*The PROLOGUE enters with a play-bill in his hand, and reads*  
—This day, being the 15th of December, shall be acted a  
new play, never play'd before, call'd *The Adventures of*  
*Five Hours.*

### A NEW PLAY.

Th' are i' the right, for I dare boldly say,  
The English stage ne'er had so new a play;  
The dress, the author, and the scenes are new.  
This ye have seen before ye'll say; 'tis true;  
But tell me, gentlemen, who ever saw  
A deep intrigue confin'd to five hours' law?  
Such as for close contrivance yields to none:  
A modest man may praise what's not his own.  
'Tis true, the dress is his, which he submits  
To those who are, and those who would be wits;  
Ne'er spare him, gentlemen; for to speak truth,  
He has a per'lous cens'rer been in's youth;  
And now grown bald with age, doating on praise,  
He thinks to get a periwig of bays.  
Teach him what 'tis, in this discerning age,  
To bring his heavy genius on the stage;  
Where you have seen such nimble wits appear,  
That pass'd so soon, one scarce could say th'were here.  
Yet, after our discoveries of late  
Of their designs, who would subvert the state,  
You'll wonder much, if it should prove his lot  
To take all England with a Spanish plot;  
But if, through his ill conduct or hard fate,  
This foreign plot (like that of eighty-eight)  
Should suffer shipwreck in your narrow seas,  
You'll give your modern poet his writ of ease;  
For, by th' example of the King of Spain,  
He resolves ne'er to trouble you again.

**THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.  
HE ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO THE PIT.**

As to a dying lamp one drop of oil  
Gives a new blaze, and makes it live awhile;  
So th' author, seeing his decaying light,  
And therefore thinking to retire from sight,  
Was hindered by a ray from the upper sphere,  
Just at that time he thought to disappear.  
He chanced to hear his Majesty once say,  
He lik'd this plot; he stay'd, and writ the play:  
So should obsequious subjects catch the minds  
Of princes, as your seamen do the winds.  
If this attempt then shows more zeal than light,  
'T may teach you to obey, though not to write.

Ah! he is there himself. Pardon my sight,  
My eyes were dazzled with excess of light;  
Even so the sun, who all things else displays,  
Is hid from us i' the glory of his rays.  
Will you vouchsafe your presence? You, that were given  
To be our Atlas, and support our heaven?  
Will you, dread sir, your precious moments lose  
To grace the first endeavours of our muse?  
This with your character most aptly suits,  
Even heaven itself is pleas'd with the first-fruits.

This refers to the author's purpose of retirement, at that time when his Majesty recommended this plot to him.

He looking up, and seeing the King, starts. He kneels. He rises.

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

Having been desired by a lady, who has more than ordinary favour for this play, though in other things very judicious, to make a song, and insert it in that scene where you may now read it, I found it more difficult to disobey the commands of this excellent person, than to obtain of myself to write any more upon subjects of this nature.

This occasioned the revising of this piece, upon which I had not cast my eyes since it was first printed; and finding there some very obvious faults (with respect to their judgments who have been pleased to applaud it), I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand; unless poetic rage, or (in a more humble phrase) heat of fancy, will not at the same time admit the calm temper of judgment; or that, being importuned by those for whose benefit this play was intended, I was even forced to expose it before it was fit to be seen in such good company.

This refers only to the dress, for certainly the plot needs no apology; it was taken out of Don Pedro Calderon,<sup>[37]</sup> a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the force and delicacy of their inventions, and recommended to me by his sacred majesty as an excellent design, whose judgment is no more to be doubted than his commands to be disobeyed. And therefore it might be a great presumption in me to enter my sentiments with his royal suffrage; but as secretaries of state subscribe their names to the mandates of their prince, so at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldness to sign my opinion, that this is incomparably the best plot that I ever met with. And yet, if I may be allowed to do myself justice, I might acquaint the readers that there are several alterations in the copy which do not disgrace the original.

I confess, 'tis something new that trifles of this nature should have a second edition; but if in truth this essay be at present more correct, I have then found an easy way to gratify their civility who have been pleased to indulge the errors in the former impressions.

If they who have formerly seen or read this play should not perceive the amendments, then I have touched the point, since the chiefest art in writing is the concealing of art; and they who discover 'em, and are pleased with them, are indebted only to themselves for their new satisfaction, since their former favour to our negligent Muses has occasioned their appearing again in a more studied dress; and certainly those labours are not ungrateful with which the writers and readers are both pleased.

And since I am upon the subject of novelties, I take the boldness to advertise the reader that, though it be unusual, I have in a distinct column prefixed the several characters of the most eminent persons in the play, that, being acquainted with them at his first setting out, he may the better judge how they are carried on in the whole composition. For, plays being moral pictures, their chiefest perfections consist in the force and congruity of passions and humours, which are the features and complexion of our minds; and I cannot choose but hope that he will approve the ingenuity of this design, though possibly he may dislike the painting.

As for those who have been so angry with this innocent piece, not guilty of so much as that current wit—obscenity and profaneness—these are to let them know that, though the author converses with but few, he writes to all; and aiming as well at the delight as profit of his readers, if there be any amongst them who are pleased to enter their haggard muses at so mean a quarry, they may freely use their poetic licence, for he pretends not to any royalty on the mount of Parnassus; and I dare answer for him, that he will sing no more till he comes into that choir where there is room enough for all; and such, he presumes, is the good-breeding of these critics, that they will not be so unmannerly as to crowd him there.

FAREWELL.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [37] [Don Pedro Calderon della Barca appears to have been born at Madrid, of a good family, in 1601. Like Lope de Vega, his contemporary, he signalised his dramatic genius at a very early date, producing his "Carro del Cielo" at the age of thirteen. He devoted the better part of his life to the military profession, but afterwards took holy orders, and became a canon of Toledo. He is supposed to have died in 1681. His plays were printed at Madrid between 1683 and 1691, in 9 vols. 4<sup>o</sup>; but the best edition, according to Brunet, is that published at Madrid, 1760-63, 11 vols. 4<sup>o</sup>. Some of Calderon's dramas were never printed, and have perished.]

---

**PROLOGUE.**  
**SPOKEN BY MR BETTERTON.** [38]

If we could hit on't, gallants, there are due  
Certain respects from writers and from you:  
Which, well observ'd, would celebrate this age,  
And both support and vindicate the stage.  
If there were only candour on your part,  
And on the poets', judgment, fancy, art;  
If they remember that their audience  
Are persons of the most exalted sense;  
And you consider well the just respect  
Due to their poems, when they are correct;  
Our two houses then may have the fate  
To help to form the manners of the state:  
For there are crimes arraign'd a' th' poets' bar,  
Which cannot be redress'd at Westminster.  
Our ancient bards their morals did dispense  
In numbers, to insinuate the sense,  
Knowing that harmony affects the soul,  
And who our passions charm, our wills control.  
This our well-meaning author had in view,  
And, though but faintly executed, you  
Indulg'd th' attempt with such benevolence,  
That he has been uneasy ever since;  
For though his vanity you gratified,  
The obligation did provoke his pride.  
But he has now compounded with ambition  
For that more solid greatness, self-fruitition;  
And, going to embrace a civil death,  
He's loth to die indebted to your breath.  
Therefore he would be even w' you, but wants force;  
The stream will rise no higher than the source.  
And they, who treat such judges, should excel;  
Here 'tis to do ill, to do only well.  
He has, as other writers have, good-will,  
And only wants (like those) nature and skill;  
But, since he cannot reach the envied height,  
H' has cast some grains in this to mend the weight;  
And, being to part w' you, prays you to accept  
This revived piece as legacy or debt.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[38] This prologue first appeared in the edition of 1671, after the revival of the play.—*Collier*.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERSONS.	RELATIONS.	CHARACTERS.
DON HENRIQUE,	<i>In love with Camilla, but rejected.</i>	<i>Choleric, jealous, revengeful.</i>
DON CARLOS,	<i>Near kinsman to Don Henrique.</i>	<i>A well-natured, moral gentleman.</i>
DON OCTAVIO,	<i>In love with Porcia, but feigning to be in love with Camilla.</i>	<i>A valiant and accomplished cavalier.</i>
DON ANTONIO,	<i>Contracted to Porcia by proxy, before he saw her.</i>	<i>A soldier, haughty, and of exact honour.</i>
PORCIA,	<i>Sister to Don Henrique.</i>	<i>Ingenious, constant, and severely virtuous.</i>
CAMILLA,	<i>Sister to Don Carlos.</i>	<i>Susceptible of love, but cautious of her honour.</i>
DIEGO,	<i>Servant to Octavio, bred a scholar.</i>	<i>A great coward, and a pleasant droll.</i>
FLORA,	<i>Waiting-woman to Porcia.</i>	<i>Witty, contriving, and faithful to her mistress.</i>
ERNESTO,	<hr/> <i>Servants to Don Antonio.</i> <hr/> <i>Servants to Don Henrique.</i>	
SANCHO,		
SILVIO,		
GERALDO,		
PEDRO,		
BERNARDINO,		
JAGO,		
<i>The Corregidor and Attendants.</i> <sup>[39]</sup>		

*The Scene, Seville.*

## THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.<sup>[40]</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE—*Don Antonio's house.*

*Enter* DON HENRIQUE.

DON H. How happy are the men of easy phlegm,  
Born on the confines of indifference:  
Holding from nature the securest tenure,  
The peaceful empire o'er themselves; which we,  
Th' unhappy men of fire, without the aids  
Of mighty reason or almighty grace,  
Are all our lives contending for in vain,  
'Tis evident, that solid happiness  
Is founded on the conquest of our passions;  
But since they are the favourites of sense,  
Self-love bribes reason still in their defence:  
Thus in a calm I reason; but when cross'd,  
The pilot quits the helm, and I am toss'd.

*Enter* SILVIO.

SIL. Sir, Don Carlos is without.

DON H. Wait on him in.

*Enter* DON CARLOS.

DON C. Cousin, methinks this day hath longer seem'd  
Than usual; since 'tis so far advanc'd  
Without our seeing one another.

DON H. If I had not been hinder'd by some business,  
I should, ere this, have seen you, t' have told you  
Some pleasing news I lately have receiv'd:  
You have so often borne with my distempers,  
'Tis fit that once, at least, you should partake  
Of my good-humour.

DON C. What cause soever has produc'd this change,  
I heartily rejoice in the effect;  
And may it long continue.

DON H. I can inform you by experience now,  
How great a satisfaction 'tis to find  
A heart and head eas'd of a weighty care;  
For a gentleman of my warm temper,  
Jealous of the honour of his family,  
(As yet ne'er blemish'd) to be fairly freed  
From the tuition of an orphan sister,  
Rich, beautiful and young.

DON C. You know, Don Henrique, for these thirteen years,  
That I have been with the like province charg'd:  
An only sister, by our parents' will  
(When they were call'd from all<sup>[41]</sup> their cares below)  
Committed to my trust, much more expos'd  
To the great world than yours; and, sir, unless  
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few  
In those perfections which invite the gallants:  
Yet, thanks to my temper, cousin, as well  
As to her virtue, I have seen her grow,  
Even from her childhood to her dangerous age,  
Without the least disturbance to my rest;  
And when with equal justice I reflect  
On the great modesty and circumspection  
Of lovely Porcia, I conclude that you  
Might well have slept as undisturb'd as I.

DON H. Sir, I complain not of my sister's conduct;  
But you know well, young maids are so expos'd  
To the invasion of audacious men,  
And to the malice of their envious sex,  
You must confess the confines of their fame  
Are never safe till guarded by a husband.

'Tis true, discreet relations ought to use  
Preventions of all kinds; but, dear Carlos,  
The blemish once receiv'd, no wash is good  
For stains of honour but th' offender's blood.

DON C. Y' are too severe a judge of points of honour.

DON H. And therefore, having not long since receiv'd  
The news that Don Antonio de Mendoza  
Is likely to be here this night from Flanders,  
To whom my sister, by th' intervention  
O' th' Marquis d'Olivera, is contracted,  
I will not close these eyes, till I have seen  
Her and my cares safe lodg'd within his arms.

DON C. I find your travels, cousin, have not cur'd you  
Of that innate severity to women,  
Urg'd justly as a national reproach  
To all of us abroad. The rest o' th' world  
Lament that tender sex amongst us here,  
Born only to be honourable prisoners;  
The greater quality, the closer kept:  
Which cruelty is reveng'd upon ourselves,  
Whilst, by immuring those whom most we love,  
We sing, and sigh only to iron gates.  
As cruel is that overcautious custom  
By proxy to contract parties unknown  
To one another; this is only fit  
For sovereign princes, whose high qualities  
Will not allow of previous interviews:  
They sacrifice their love to public good,  
Consulting interest of state and blood;  
A custom which as yet I never knew  
Us'd amongst persons of a lower rank  
Without a sequel of sad accidents.  
Sir, understand me right; I speak not this  
By way of prophecy: I am no stranger  
To Don Antonio's reputation,  
Which I believe so just, I no way doubt  
Your sister's being happy in him.

DON H. Don Carlos, let us quit this argument:  
I am now going to our noble friend  
And kinsman, the corregidor, to see  
If he'll oblige us with his company  
At my sister's wedding. Will you come along?

DON C. Most willingly, as soon as I have brought  
My sister hither, who has given this evening  
To her cousin Porcia.

DON H. I have business, cousin, by the way;  
I'll go before, and wait you i' th' Piazza.  
Your servant, sir.

[DON HENRIQUE *waits on him to the door.* Exit DON CARLOS.]

DON H. This kinsman is my bosom friend; and yet,  
Of all men living, I must hide from him  
My deep resentments of his sister's scorn.  
That cruel maid, to wound me to the heart,  
Then close her ears against my just complaints!  
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,  
I may by my revenge upon my rival  
Divert the pain; and I will drive it home.  
There's in revenge a balm which will appease  
The present grief, till<sup>[42]</sup> time cure the disease.

[*Exit* DON HENRIQUE.]

*Enter* PORCIA.

POR. My heart is so oppress'd with fear and grief,  
That it must break, unless it finds relief;  
The man I love is forc'd to fly my sight,  
And like a Parthian<sup>[43]</sup> kills me in his flight:

One, whom I never saw, I must embrace,  
Or else destroy the honour of my race.  
A brother's care, more cruel than his hate:  
O, how perplex'd are the intrigues of fate!

*Enter DON CARLOS and CAMILLA.*

DON C. Cousin, I thought my sister's company  
Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon  
Your brother in a visit.

POR. Sir, you oblige me with a welcome favour.  
I rather should have styl'd it charity  
To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate  
Has robb'd her of herself.

*[Aside.]*

CAM. Methinks, 'tis pity that a wall should make  
The houses two of friends so entirely one  
As you and I, and our two brothers, are.

POR. If it be true that lovers live much more  
There where they love than where they breathe, I'm sure  
No walls can sever us: we're still together.

DON C. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit  
So sweet a conversation; but, sister,  
At my return I'll wait upon you home.

POR. For this night, cousin, pray let her be mine,  
I beg it of you both.

DON C. You may command; we are both yours.

*[Exit DON CARLOS.]*

POR. My dear Camilla, how I long'd to have thee,

*[PORCIA throws herself on CAMILLA'S neck.]*

Where, freely breathing out my grief, I might  
Some mitigation from thy pity find!  
But since there's no true pity without pain,  
Why should I ease by thy affliction gain?

CAM. Ah, Porcia! if compassion suffering be,  
And to condole be pain, my destiny  
Will full revenge in the same kind afford,  
Should I but my unequal'd griefs relate,  
And you but equally participate.

POR. If yours, as mine, from love-disasters rise,  
Our fates are more allied than families.

CAM. What to our sex and blooming age can prove  
An anguish worthy of our sighs but love?

POR. 'Tis true, Camilla, were your fate like mine,  
Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.

CAM. Let's tell our stories, then we soon shall see  
Which of us two excels in misery.

POR. Cousin, agreed.

CAM. Do you begin then.

POR. You know, Camilla, best how generously,  
How long, and how discreetly, Don Octavio  
Has serv'd me; and what trials of his faith  
And fervour I did make, ere I allow'd him  
The least hope to sustain his noble love.  
Cousin, all this you know: 'twas in your house  
We had our interviews, where you were pleas'd  
To suffer feign'd addresses to yourself,  
To cover from my watchful brother's eyes  
The passion which Octavio had for me.

CAM. My memory in this needs no refreshing.

POR. And how one evening (O that fatal hour!)



My brother, passing by Don Carlos' house  
With his great friend and confidant, Don Pedro,  
Did chance to see th' unfortunate Octavio  
In your balcony entertaining me:  
Whom not believing there he took for you;  
My back being towards him, and both dress'd alike.  
Enraged with jealousy, this cruel man  
(To whom all moderation is unknown)  
Resolves to stamp all your neglects of him  
In's suppos'd rival, poor Octavio's, heart.  
They take their stand i' th' corner of our street;  
And after some little time Octavio,  
Free from suspicion as design of ill,  
Retires: they assault him, and in's own defence  
He kills Don Pedro, and is forc'd to fly.  
My brother cruelly pursues him still  
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,  
That nothing but Octavio's blood can quench:  
Covering his ill-nature and suspicion  
With the resentment of Don Pedro's death.

CAM. Is this the sum of your sad story, Porcia?  
Is this all?

POR. No, no, Camilla, 'tis the prologue only:  
The tragedy will follow. This brother,  
To whose impetuous will my deceas'd parents  
(May their souls rest in peace!) having condemn'd  
Me and my fortune, treats me like a slave:  
So far from suffering me to make my choice,  
That he denounces death if I refuse;  
And now, to frustrate all my hopes at once,  
Has very lately made me sign a contract  
To one in Flanders whom I never saw,<sup>[44]</sup>  
And is this night (they say) expected here.

CAM. Is such a rigour possible, dear Porcia?

POR. Was ever misery like mine, Camilla?  
Reduc'd to such extremes, past all relief?  
If I acquaint my brother with my love  
T' Octavio, the man whom he most hates,  
I must expect the worst effects of fury:  
If I endeavour to forget Octavio,  
Even that attempt renews his memory,  
And heightens my disquiet: if I refuse  
To marry, I am lost: if I obey,  
I cast Octavio and myself away.  
Two such extremes of ill no choice admit.  
Each seems the worst; on which rock shall I split?  
Since, if I marry, I cannot survive,  
And not to marry were to die alive.

CAM. Your story, I confess, is strangely moving;  
Yet if you could my fortune weigh with yours  
In scales of equal sensibility,  
You would not change your sufferings for mine.

POR. What can there be in Nature more afflicting,  
Than to be torn from th' object of my love,  
And forc'd t' embrace a man whom I must hate?

CAM. Have you not known that object of your love,  
And entertain'd the person you esteem?  
Have you not heard, and answer'd to his sighs?  
Has he not borne his part in all your cares?  
Do you not live and reign within his heart?

POR. I doubt no more his faith than my hard fate.

CAM. Tell me, dearest Porcia—if I love one,  
Whom I shall never see: suff'ring as much  
Without the means of e'er expressing it,  
As what I suffer is above expression;  
If all my sighs wander in fleeting air,  
And ne'er can reach his ears for whom they're form'd;

If all my passion, all my killing cares,  
Must be for ever to their cause unknown;  
If their sad weight must sink me to my grave  
Without one groan, that he can ever hear,  
Or the least hope that I should e'er obtain  
Ease by's pity or cure by his disdain—  
If this the state of my misfortune be  
(As heaven, that has decreed it, knows it is)  
Say, dearest Porcia, do you envy me?

POR. What overcruel laws of decency  
Have struck you dumb? Have you misplac'd your love?  
On such a party as you dare not own?

CAM. No, no, the cause is worthy of th' effect:  
For though I had no passion for this person,  
I were ungrateful if I should not give  
The first place in my heart to such high merit.

POR. If he had been so happy to deserve  
Your love, why are not you so just to let  
Him know it?

CAM. 'Tis impossible. Ah, that dismal word  
Clearly states the difference of our fortunes!  
You in your first adventure have been cross'd,  
But I, before I can set out, am lost.

POR. Pray, make me comprehend this mystery.

CAM. It is t' open my wounds afresh, dear Porcia;  
But you must be obey'd——  
His excellence the Conde d'Oniate,  
Being sent ambassador to th' emperor,  
We, having the honour to be near allied  
To's lady, went with him. My brother  
Was desir'd by her to make that journey:  
Whose tenderness for me not suffering him  
To let me stay behind, I was engag'd,  
And treated by th' ambassadress my cousin  
With more respect than I could ever merit.

*[After a little pause.]*

POR. She is a lady fam'd for great civility.

CAM. We had not pass'd much time i' th' emperor's court,  
When my dear brother unexpectedly  
By urgent business was call'd back to Seville.  
In our return (passing too near a garrison  
Of th' enemy's) our convoy was surpris'd  
And routed by a party of their horse——

POR. Camilla, you begin to raise my fears.

CAM. We, being pris'ners, were hurried straight away  
To th' enemy's quarters, where my ill fate  
Made me appear too pleasing to the eyes  
Of their commander, who at first approach  
Pretends to parley in a lover's style,  
Protesting that my face had chang'd our fortunes,  
And him my captive made: but finding soon,  
How little he advanc'd in his design  
By flattery and his feign'd submission,  
He shifts his person, calls me his prisoner,  
And swears my virgin treasure was his prize:  
But yet protests he had much rather owe it  
To my indulgence than his own good-fortune.  
And so, through storms and calms, the villain still  
Pursues his course to his accursed end;  
But finding me inflexible to his threats  
As well as fawnings, he resolves to use  
The last and uncontrolled argument  
Of impious men in power—force.

POR. Ah, poor Camilla! where was your dear<sup>[45]</sup> brother  
At a time of such distress?

CAM. My brother? he, alas! was long before  
Borne away from me in the first encounter;  
Where having certainly behav'd himself  
As well became his nation and his name,  
Remain'd sore wounded in another house.

POR. Prythee, make haste to free me from this fright.

CAM. The brute approaches, and by violence  
Endeavours to accomplish his intent:  
I invoke my guardian angel, and resist,  
But with unequal force, though rage supplied  
Those spirits which my fear had put to flight.  
At length, grown faint with crying out and striving,  
I spied a dagger by the villain's side,  
Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,  
With his own arms I wound the savage beast:  
He at the stroke unseiz'd me, and gave back.  
So guilt produces cowardice. Then I,  
The dagger pointing to my breast, cried out,  
Villain, keep off, for, if thou dost persist,  
I'll be myself both sacrifice and priest:  
I boldly now defy thy lust and hate;  
She, that dares choose to die, may brave her fate!

POR. O, how I love and envy thee at once!

[PORCIA *starts to her, and kisses her.*

Go on, brave maid.

CAM. Immediately the drums and trumpets sound,  
Pistols go off, and a great cry, *To arms,*  
*To arms!* The lustful satyr flies. I stand,  
Fix'd with amazement to the marble floor,  
Holding my guardian dagger up aloft,  
As if the ravisher had threaten'd still.

POR. I fancy thee, Camilla, in that brave posture,  
Like a noble statue which I remember  
To have seen of the enraged Juno,  
When she had robb'd Jove of his thunderbolt.

CAM. Freed from this fright, my spirits flow'd so fast  
To the forsaken channels of my heart,  
That they, who by their orderly access  
Would have supported life, by throngs oppress:  
O'ercharg'd with joy, I fell into a swoon,  
And that, which happen'd during this interval,<sup>[46]</sup>  
Is not within the circle of my knowledge.

POR. Y' have rais'd me to a mighty expectation:  
Will the adventure answer it, Camilla?

CAM. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,  
Think, dearest Porcia, how I was astonish'd  
To find there, kneeling by my side, a man  
Of a most noble form, who bowing to me:  
Madam (says he) y' are welcome to the world:  
Pardon, I pray, the boldness of a stranger,  
Who humbly sues t' you to continue in it:  
Or, if you needs will leave us, stay at least  
Until I have reveng'd your wrongs, and then  
I'll wait upon you to the other world;  
For, you withdrawn, this will a desert seem,  
And life a torment.

POR. High gallantry, cousin, for the first address!

CAM. 'Twas so surprising, that my confusion  
Check'd my reply; but I suppose my looks  
Did speak the grateful language of my heart;  
For I perceiv'd an air of joy enlighten  
His manly face; but, O, how soon 'twas clouded  
By fresh alarms! we heard the soldiers cry,  
Where's Antonio? the enemy is rallied,

And coming on to give a second charge!  
He started up, and with a mien that mark'd  
The conflict 'twixt his honour and his love,  
Madam (says he) the soul was never yet  
With such convulsion from the body torn,  
As I from you; but it must ne'er be said  
That Don Antonio de Mendoza  
Follows those in dangers whom he ought to lead.  
Thus the vanquish'd conqueror disappear'd,  
Leaving that image stamp'd upon my heart  
To which I all the joys must sacrifice  
Of the poor remnant of my wretched life;  
If properly to live I may be said,  
When all my hopes of seeing him are dead.

*[She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.]*

POR. Though you have kept this part of your adventure  
Still from me—

CAM. And from everybody living.

POR. I have observ'd the signs of smother'd grief:  
I've often seen those lovely eyes much swell'n.  
Those are true tears, Camilla, which are stol'n.  
But what said you was his name, Camilla?

CAM. Antonio de Mendoza.

POR. O heavens! Antonio de Mendoza!

*Enter DON HENRIQUE.*

DON H. I'm pleased to find you speaking of your husband.

CAM. What's that I hear? her husband!

*[Aside.]*

DON H. Have you the letter ready I desir'd you  
To write to him? I'll send a servant with it  
To meet him on the way; 'twill show respect.

POR. You know my obedience, brother.

DON H. 'Tis well, sister.

*Enter SILVIO.*

SIL. Sir, here's a servant of Don Antonio  
Newly alighted at the gate: he's come  
Post from his master, charg'd with letters for you.

DON H. I could not have receiv'd more welcome news.  
Go, bring him in. Sister, you may withdraw.

*[Exeunt PORCIA and CAMILLA.]*

*Enter ERNESTO and SILVIO.*

ERN. Sir, Don Antonio kisses your hands,  
And sends me to present this letter to you.

*[He gives a letter to DON HENRIQUE. DON HENRIQUE opens it,  
and, having read it to himself, says—]*

DON H. I'm glad to find by's letter he's in health;  
Yet methinks, friend, he writes but doubtfully  
Of's being here this night, as I expected.

ERN. His letter, I suppose, sir, speaks his purpose.

DON H. I'll answer't, and despatch you presently:  
In the meanwhile, go: make him welcome, Silvio.

*[Exeunt SILVIO and ERNESTO.]*

I would to heaven he were arriv'd; I grow  
Each minute more impatient. As bodies  
Near the centre move with more violence,  
So when we approach the ends of our designs,

Our expectations are the more intense,  
And our fears greater of all cross-events.

[Exit DON HENRIQUE.]

*Enter SILVIO, ERNESTO, GERALDO, PEDRO, BERNARDINO, JAGO, with  
some cups of chocolate.*

SIL. Methinks, camerade, a sup of chocolate  
Is not amiss after a tedious journey—  
Your master's health, sir.

[He drinks.]

ERN. I'll do you reason, sir.<sup>[47]</sup>

SIL. Pray, how long is't, brother, since you left Spain?

ERN. 'Tis now five years and upwards since I went  
From Seville with my master into Flanders,  
The king's fencing-school, where all his subjects  
Given to fighting are taught the use of arms,  
And notably kept in breath.

SIL. Your master, I am sure, has got the fame  
To be a per'lous man in that rough trade.

ERN. He's a brave soldier, envy must confess it.

PED. It seems so, faith, since merely by the force  
Of his great reputation he can take  
Our bright young mistress in without a siege.

ERN. If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd  
On him ere long, and take him too by th' force  
Of her rare wit and beauty.

PED. Sh' has a fair  
Portion, sir, of both, I dare assure you.

SIL. But prythee, brother, instruct us a little;  
Tell us, what kind of country is this Holland,  
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for?

ERN. Why, friend, 'tis a huge ship at anchor, fraught  
With a sort of creatures made up of turf  
And butter.

PED. Pray, sir, what do they drink in that country?  
'Tis said, there's neither fountains there  
Nor vines.

ERN. This is the butler, sure, by his apt question.  
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy liquor,  
Made of that grain with which you feed your mules.

[Aside.]

PED. What, barley? can that juice quench their thirst?

ERN. You'd scarce believe it could, did you but see  
How oft they drink.

PED. But methinks that should make them drunk, camerade?

ERN. Indeed most strangers are of that opinion;  
But they themselves believe it not, because  
They are so often.

GER. A nation, sure, of walking tuns, the world  
Has not the like.

ERN. Pardon me, friend, there is but a great ditch  
Betwixt them and such another nation;  
If these good fellows would but join, and drink  
That dry, i' faith they might shake hands.

GER. Prythee, friend, can these Dutch Borachios<sup>[48]</sup> fight?

ERN. They can do even as well, for they can pay  
Those that can fight.

SIL. But where, I pray, sir, do they get their money?

ERN. O sir, they have a thriving mystery;  
They cheat their neighbouring princes of their trade,  
And then they buy their subjects for their soldiers.

SIL. Methinks our armies should beat these butter-boxes.  
Out of the world.

ERN. Trust me, brother, they'll sooner beat our armies  
Out of their country: why, ready money, friend,  
Will do much more in camps, as well as courts,  
Than a ready wit, I dare assure you.

GER. Methinks, camerade, our king should have more money  
Than these Dutch swabbers; he's master o' th' Indies,  
Where money grows.

ERN. But they have herrings which, I assure you,  
Are worth our master's mines.

GER. Herrings! why, what a devil, do they grow  
In their country?

ERN. No, faith, they fish 'em on the English coast,  
And fetch their salt from France; then they pickle 'em,  
And sell 'em all o'er the world.

GER. 'Slife, these rascals live by cookery!

ERN. This is the coddled cook, I've found him out. [*Aside.*]

BER. What kind of beds, sir, have they i' that country?

ERN. This, I dare swear, 's the groom o' th' chamber. [*Aside.*]  
Sir, they have certain niches in their walls,<sup>[49]</sup>  
Where they climb up o' nights; and there they stew  
In their own grease till morning.

JAGO. Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question:  
What manner of women have they in that country?

ERN. The gentleman-usher, upon my life! [*Aside.*]  
Pray excuse me, sir: we gentlemen-soldiers  
Value ourselves upon our civility  
To that soft sex; and in good faith they are  
The softest of that sex I ever met with.

JAGO. Does any of our Spaniards ever marry  
With'em?

ERN. Yes, some lean families, that have a mind  
To lard their progeny.

SIL. What, a' God's name, could come into the heads  
Of this people to make them rebel?

ERN. Why, religion; that came into their heads  
A' God's name.

GER. But what a devil made the noblemen  
Rebel? they never mind religion.

ERN. Why, that which made the devil himself rebel—  
Ambition.

SIL. This is a pleasant fellow. [*Aside.*]  
I find you gentlemen-soldiers want no wit.

ERN. When we're well paid, sir, but that's so seldom,  
I find that gentleman wants wit that is  
A soldier. Your company's very good,  
But I have business which requires despatch.

PED. Will you not mend your draught before you go?

ERN. I thank you, sir, I have done very well.

ALL. Your servant, your servant, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, FLORA.*

POR. Was e'er disaster like to mine, Camilla?

CAM. Was e'er misfortune, Porcia, like to mine?

POR. That I must never see Octavio more?

CAM. That I again must Don Antonio see,  
Yet never see him mine?

POR. I, to be married to the man I hate!

CAM. And I, to have the man I love torn from me!

POR. I am, by robbing of my friend, undone!

CAM. I, for not hind'ring of the theft, am lost!

POR. Ye powers, who these entangled fortunes give,  
Instruct us how to die or<sup>[50]</sup> I how to live.

*[She weeps.]*

CAM. Cousin, when we should act, then to complain  
Is childishly to beat the air in vain.  
These descants on our griefs only perplex;  
Let's seek the remedy. You know, our sex  
This honour bears from men, in exigents  
Of love never to want expedients.

POR. You have awaken'd me, give me your veil:

*[PORCIA takes off CAMILLA's veil, and puts it on herself.]*

Quickly, dear cousin, quickly; and you, Flora,  
Run presently, and see whether my brother  
Be settled to despatch Antonio's man.

*[Exit FLORA.]*

CAM. What mean you, Porcia?

POR. If once my brother be set down to write,  
I may securely reckon one hour mine;  
For he is so extravagantly jealous,  
That he distrusts the sense of his own words,  
And will weigh a subscription to a scruple,  
Lest he should wrong his family by his style:  
Therefore, I'll serve myself of<sup>[51]</sup> this occasion  
To see Octavio, and to let him know  
That all our hopes are ready to expire,  
Unless he finds some prompt expedient  
For our relief.

CAM. Pray, how and where d' you hope to speak with him?

POR. At his own house, where he lies yet conceal'd:  
'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

CAM. D' you know the way?

POR. Not very well; but Flora's a good guide.

*Enter FLORA hastily.*

FLO. O madam! he's coming already.

POR. Ah, spiteful destiny! Come, let's retire  
Into my chamber, cousin.

*[Exeunt PORCIA and CAMILLA.]*

*Enter DON HENRIQUE and ERNESTO.*

DON H. If you desire to see her, friend, you may.

ERN. I should be glad to acquaint my master, sir,  
That I have had the honour to see his bride.

DON H. Where's your lady, Flora?

FLO. She's in her chamber, sir.

DON H. Tell her, Antonio's man attends her here,

To do his duty to her ere he goes.  
Stay here: you'll find her with a kinswoman,  
In her home dress without a veil; but you  
Are privileg'd by your relation for this access:  
I'll go despatch my letter.

[Exit FLORA.]

[Exit HENRIQUE.]

*Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA. ERNESTO addresses himself to CAMILLA, seeing her without a veil.*

ERN. Madam, I have been bold to beg the honour  
Of seeing your ladyship, to make myself  
More welcome to my lord at my return.

POR. A rare mistake! further it, dear Camilla!  
Who knows what good this error may produce?

[Aside.]

CAM. Friend, in what state left you your lord and mine?

ERN. As happy as the hopes of being yours  
Could make him, madam.

CAM. I would the master were as easily deceiv'd.  
I pray present my humble service to him;  
And let him know that I am very glad  
He has pass'd his journey so successfully—  
Give him the letter, Flora.<sup>[52]</sup> Farewell, friend.

[Aside.]

[Exeunt CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA.]

ERN. Now, by my life, she is a lovely lady;  
My master will be ravish'd with her form.  
I hope this blind bargain, made by proxy,  
May prove as happy a marriage as those  
Made after th' old fashion, chiefly for love,  
And that this unseen beauty may have charms  
To bring him back to his right wits again  
From his wild ravings on an unknown dame,  
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)  
He recover'd from a trance, that's to say  
From a sound sleep, which makes him dream e'er since.  
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news.

[Exit ERNESTO.]

*Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA.*

CAM. My melancholy could hardly hinder me  
From laughing at the formal fool's mistake.  
But, tell me, did not I present your person  
With rare assurance? The way for both to thrive  
Is to make me your representative.

POR. Most willingly; and I am confident,  
When you your charms shall to his heart apply,  
You all your rivals safely may defy.

CAM. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.  
But, cousin, my despairs are so extreme,  
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a dream.

FLO. Madam, do we go, or what do you resolve on?

POR. I must resolve, but know not what to choose.

CAM. Cousin, take heed, I am afraid you venture  
Too much: your brother cannot tarry long,  
And if at his return he finds you missing—

POR. Y' have reason; th' opportunity is lost.  
What is't o'clock, Flora?

FLO. I think, near seven, for the clock struck six  
Just as Camilla enter'd the chamber.

POR. Quick then, Flora, fetch your veil; you shall carry  
My tablets to Octavio; there he'll find  
The hour and place where I would have him meet.

[Exit FLORA.]

CAM. 'Tis well resolv'd; but where do you design



Your meeting.

POR. In the remotest part of all the garden,  
Which answers, as you know, to my apartment;  
And Flora has the key of the back-door.

CAM. As the case stands, you choose the fittest place.

[FLORA *returns veiled.*

POR. Cousin, I beg your patience whilst I write.

[PORCIA *writes in her tablets.*

CAM. You, Mistress Flora, by this accident  
May chance to see your faithful lover Diego.

FLO. He is a faithful lover of himself—<sup>[53]</sup>  
Without a rival, madam.

CAM. Damsel, your words and thoughts hardly agree;  
For could we see his image in your heart,  
'Twould be a fairer far than e'er his glass  
Reflected.

FLO. Madam, I am not yet so very old,  
That I should doat.

CAM. Nor yet so very young but you may love:  
Dotage and love are cousin-germans, Flora.

FLO. Yes, when we love and are not lov'd again;  
For else I think they're not so near akin.

[*Smiling.*

CAM. I have touch'd a nettle, and stung myself.

[*Aside.*

POR. Make all the haste you can, pray, Flora.

FLO. Madam, I'll fly.  
Should I not play my part, I were to blame,  
Since all my fortune's betted on her game.  
Madam, has Octavio the other key  
Belonging to the tablets?

[*Aside.*

POR. Yes, yes; I pray, make haste.

[*Exit FLORA.*

CAM. Cousin, pray, call for Mirabel, and let her  
Divert us with a song.

POR. Who waits there?

*Enter Page.*

Page, bid Mirabel come in, and Floridor  
With his lute, and send in somebody with chairs.

CAM. Pray, cousin, let her sing her newest air.

POR. What you please.

CAM. Tell me, prythee, whose composition was it?

POR. Guess, and I'll tell you true.

[*They bring in chairs.*

CAM. Octavio's?

POR. Y' are i' th' right.

*Enter MIRABEL and FLORIDOR.*

POR. Mirabel, sing "Mistaken Kindness."

THE SONG.<sup>[54]</sup>

*Can Luciamira so mistake,  
To persuade me to fly?  
'Tis cruel-kind for my own sake  
To counsel me to die;  
Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath,*

*And die for fear of death.*

*Since love's the principle of life,  
And you the object lov'd,  
Let's, Luciamira, end this strife,  
I cease to be remov'd.*

*We know not what they do are gone from hence,  
But here we love by sense.*

*If the Platonics, who would prove  
Souls without bodies love,  
Had, with respect, well understood,  
The passions i' the blood,  
Th' had suffer'd bodies to have had their part  
And seated love i' the heart.*

[*Exeunt* MIRABEL and FLORIDOR.]

POR. What discord there's in music, when the heart,  
Untun'd by trouble, cannot bear a part!

CAM. In vain we seek content in outward things;  
'Tis only from within where quiet springs.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### FOOTNOTES:

[39] In this list of characters three very unimportant personages, Mirabel, Floridor, and a Page, are omitted.—*Collier*.

[40] This play, in the third edition from which it is here printed, received some additions and improvements. The first performance of it was at court; and on its appearance on the stage at the Duke's Theatre it met with great applause, and was acted thirteen nights successively. Echard, in the preface to his translation of Terence, gives it this general character, that it "is one of the pleasantest stories that ever appeared upon our stage, and has as much variety of plots and intrigues, without anything being precipitated, improper or unnatural, as to the main action." In the year 1767, Mr Hull made some alterations in it, with which it was acted at Covent Garden Theatre about nine nights, under the title of "The Perplexities." To the second edition were prefixed complimentary verses by James Long, J. Evelyn, A. Cowley Jasper Nedham, M.D., Lod. Carlile, Chr. Wase, William Joyner, and one copy signed Melpomene. In Sir Wm. Davenant's Works, p. 339, is a prologue written by him, addressed to the Lord Chancellor, on the acting of this play at the Inner Temple.

[41] Till now the measure was spoiled by the omission of the word *all*. The four editions read the line as it now stands. The play has been hitherto very carelessly printed, and a few of the errors are pointed out in the notes.—*Collier*. [But it must be added that even Mr Collier left the text and (more particularly) the punctuation in so corrupt a state, that many passages were unintelligible.]

[42] [Former edits., *and*.]

[43] Prior has adopted this image—

"So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,  
And from the hostile camp withdrew,  
He backward sent the fatal reed,  
Secure of conquest as he flew."

—Poems, i. 40, edit. 1778.

[44] This speech is very much altered from the first and second editions, where it stands that Don Henrique has already married Porcia

"By proxy  
To one in Flanders."

—*Collier*.

[45] This word was omitted by Reed and Dodsley.—*Collier*.

[46] The author has not been very strict in the observance of his metre in any part of the play, and in this respect the changes he made in the third edition were sometimes injurious. Thus in the two earlier copies this line, which would have read very well if *in* had been substituted for *during*, is given as follows—

"And what was done in this parenthesis."

It was a point gained, however, to get rid of the figure.—*Collier*.

[47] [I'll pledge you. See Nares, edit. 1859, p. 216.]

[48] [Literally a bottle. See Halliwell in *v*.]

[49] [Cupboard beds, similar to those still used throughout Holland among the humbler classes.]

[50] [Former edits., *and*.]

[51] [Former edits., *on.*]

[52] This is hardly intelligible, as it stands here and in the third edition. In the two earlier copies, Porcia says to Flora on entering—

"If thou lov'st me, get him away quickly  
Before my brother come, and give him this.

[*She gives FLORA a letter.*"]

—*Collier.* [There does not appear to be any obscurity here. In a subsequent scene, Ernesto delivers the letter handed to him by Flora from Camilla, whom he mistakes for Porcia.]

[53] [*Of himself* seems to be used here in the sense of by himself, *per se*, standing alone.]

[54] The song, and its introduction, were new in the copy of 1671.—*Collier.*

---

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The city of Seville.*

*Enter DON ANTONIO and SANCHE, in riding-clothes.*

SAN. Sir, we are arriv'd in very good time.

DON A. I did not think it would have been so soon  
By an hour at least; but lovers ride apace.  
Why smile you, Sancho?

SAN. Faith, at the novelty of your amours,  
To fall in love with one you hardly saw,  
And marry one you never saw: 'tis pretty;  
But we poor mortals have another method.

DON A. Y' are very pleasant, friend; but is not this  
The market-place, behind the Jacobins?

SAN. Yes, sir.

DON A. 'Tis here I charg'd Ernesto to expect me.

SAN. Since you are here, sir, earlier than you thought,  
Why might you not go shift you at the post-house,  
And be return'd before Ernesto come?  
Howe'er, 'tis better that he wait for you,  
Than you for him, in the open street.

DON A. 'Tis well thought on; come, let's go then.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DON OCTAVIO and DIEGO.*

DON O. Come, Diego, 'tis now time to quit our dens,  
And to begin our chase.

DIEGO. Of what, sir? bats or owls, now the sun's set?  
Call you this making of love? why, methinks,  
'Tis more like making of war: marching all night  
In arms, as if we design'd to beat up  
The enemy's quarters.

DON O. Why, would not you venture as much for Flora?

DIEGO. No, in good faith, sir; I shall venture enough,  
If e'er I marry her: I'll run no hazard  
By my good-will beforehand.

DON O. That's from your fear, not prudence, Diego.

DIEGO. Sir, you may call it what you please; but I  
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world  
A more valiant man than I, whilst danger  
Keeps its distance; but when saucily  
It presses on, then, I confess, 'tis true,  
I have a certain tenderness for life,  
Which checks my ardour, and inclines my prudence  
Timely to withdraw.

DON O. Your style is wondrous civil to yourself;  
How you soften that harsh word call'd cowardice.  
But the danger is not always evident,  
When you are pleas'd, my friend, to run away.

DIEGO. It may be so, sir—not to vulgar eyes;  
But I have such a piercing sight, that I  
Discover perils out of others' ken;  
Which they, not seeing soon enough to shun,  
Are forc'd t' encounter; and then their struggling  
Is by th' unwary world taken for courage.

DON O. Who's truly valiant will be always so.

DIEGO. Who's wisely valiant will avoid the foe.

DON O. You have more light, Diego, I see, than heat;  
But I'll allow your wit and honesty  
To come to composition for your want  
Of courage.

DIEGO. I have courage enough for the profession  
To which my parents did design me.

DON O. Why, what was that?

DIEGO. An advocate. I could have acted choler  
In my client's sight, and, when his back was turn'd,  
Have hugg'd the lawyer of the adverse party;  
And, if I mistake not, they sell their breath  
Much dearer than you soldiers do your blood.  
'Tis true, you get honour, a fine light food  
For delicate complexions; but I have  
Known some captains of plain stomachs starve upon't.

DON O. The varlet's i' the right. [*Aside.*] How came't about  
You were not of this thriving trade?

DIEGO. After I had spent seven years at Salamanca,  
My father, a rich merchant of this city,  
Was utterly undone by that damn'd Englishman,  
With whom we fright our children.

DON O. Who, Captain Drako? Was he a pirate?

DIEGO. He had been so on this side of the line.

DON O. 'Tis strange that war and peace should have degrees  
Of latitude: one would have thought they should  
Have been the same all o'er the world. But what's this  
To my amours? I trifle away my time.  
Was ever lover's fate so rude as mine?  
Condemn'd to darkness, forc'd to hide my head,  
As well as love; and, to spite me the more,  
Fortune has contradictions reconcil'd:  
I am at once a pris'ner and exil'd.

*Enter DON ANTONIO and SANCHO.*

DON A. Methinks Ernesto should not tarry long,  
If not already come. Sancho, how call you  
The street there just before us, where you see  
Yon gentleman with his cloak o'er his face?  
I have lost all my measures of this town.

SANCHO. I am as much to seek as you, sir.

DON A. Let us go to him, Sancho, and inquire:  
He has a notable good mien: I ne'er  
Saw an air more like [to] Octavio's.

DON O. Unless my eyes do very much deceive me,  
That's Don Antonio; if it be he, Diego,  
There is no danger in his knowing us:  
He was my comrade when I first bore arms.

[DON OCTAVIO *lets fall his cloak from before his face.*

Tis he.

DON A. You injure me, Octavio, to be so long  
A-knowing one who's so entirely yours.

[*They embrace.*

DON O. Your presence in this place, noble Antonio,  
Was so unexpected, I hardly durst  
Believe my eyes. When came you to this town?

DON A. I am just now arrived.

DON O. I joy to see you here, but should have thought  
It likelier to have heard of you at court,  
Pursuing there the recompenses due

To your great merit.

DON A. That is no place for men of morality:  
I have been taught, Octavio, to deserve,  
But not to seek, reward, that does profane  
The dignity of virtue. If princes,  
For their own interests, will not advance  
Deserving subjects, they must raise themselves  
By a brave contempt of fortune.

DON O. Rig'rous virtue! which makes us to deserve,  
Yet suffer the neglect of those we serve.

DON A. Virtue to interest has no regard:  
Nor is it virtue, if w' expect reward.

DON A. If for their service kings our virtues press,  
Is no pay due to valour and success?

DON O. When we gave up our persons to their will,  
We gave with those our valour, fortune, skill.

DON O. But this condition tacitly was meant,  
Kings should adjust reward and punishment.

DON A. Kings are the only judges of deserts,  
And our tribunal's seated in their hearts.

DON O. But if they judge and act amiss, what then?

DON A. They must account to th' powers above, not men. <sup>[55]</sup>

DON O. Then we must suffer?

DON A. Yes; if we reject  
Their power as too great, we must erect  
A greater to control them; and thus we,  
Instead of shrinking, swell the tyranny.

DON O. W' obey for fear, then?

DON A. True: 'tis only above,  
Where pow'r is justice, and obedience love.

DON O. I'm glad to find in you the seeds yet left  
Of steady virtue; may they bring forth fruit,  
Fit to illustrate and instruct the age.  
Let me once more embrace you: welcome, brave man,

*[Embraces DON ANTONIO.]*

Both the delight and honour of your friends.

DON A. You will give me leave, sir, to distinguish  
Betwixt your judgment and civility.

DON O. He has not liv'd i' th' reach of public fame,  
Who is a stranger to your character.  
This is my house; be pleas'd, sir, to go in,  
And make it yours, though truly at present  
I am but in an ill condition  
To receive the honour of such a guest,  
Having, by an unlucky accident,  
Been forc'd of late to keep myself conceal'd.

DON A. I humbly thank you, sir, but cannot yet  
Receive your favour; for I must stay here,  
Expecting the return of one I sent  
Before me to my brother-in-law's.

DON O. Have you a brother-in-law in Seville?  
You surprise me much.

DON A. It is most true, Octavio, I come hither  
A married man, as much as friends can make me.

DON O. Since it imports you not to miss your servant,  
Let us stay here without until he comes,

And then go in and rest yourself awhile.  
But how go our affairs in Flanders?

DON A. I left our armies in a better state  
Than formerly.

DON O. And your governor, the Duke of Alva,  
I suppose, in great[er] reputation?

DON A. The honour of our country and the terror  
Of others: Fortune consulted Reason  
When she bestow'd such favours upon him.

DON O. And yet 'tis said, he loses ground at court.

DON A. 'Tis possible: under a jealous prince  
A great's as prejudicial as an evil fame.

DON O. They say he's cruel, even to barbarity.

DON A. 'Tis mercy, that which they call cruelty.  
In a civil war, in fertile provinces  
(And the sun sees not richer than are these),  
The soldier, especially the auxiliary,  
Whose trade it is to fight for salary,  
Is brib'd by gain the rebels' lives to spare,  
That mutual quarter may prolong the war;  
Till this slow fever has consum'd their force,  
And then they'll fall to our rival France, of course.  
War made in earnest maketh war to cease,  
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace.

DON O. Y' have made me comprehend his conduct: he's sure  
As great a politician as a soldier.

DON A. Loyalty's his centre, his circumf'rence, glory;  
And t' after ages he'll show great in story.

DON O. And is our good friend, the Marquis d'Olivera,  
In high esteem?

DON A. The boast of [all] our army: h' has exceeded  
Hope, and made flattery impossible.

DON O. They say he did wonders at the siege of Mons.<sup>[56]</sup>

DON A. You mean, as I suppose, at the pursuit  
O' th' German army, led by the Prince of Orange?  
Indeed his courage and his conduct there  
Were very signal.

DON O. You'll much oblige me if, whilst you expect  
Your servant here, I might learn from yourself  
Some few particulars of your own actions;  
Fame speaks loudly of them, but not distinctly.

DON A. Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,  
And lets the weighty sink. I do not use  
To speak in the first person; but if you needs  
Will have a story to fill up the time,  
I'll tell you an adventure of my own,  
Where you'll find love so intermix'd with arms,  
That, I am confident, 'twill raise your wonder,  
How, being prepossess'd with such a passion,  
I should, upon prudential motives only,  
Be engag'd, as now you find me, to marry  
A lady whom I never saw.

DON O. The person and the subject, sir, both challenge  
My best attention.

DON A. [*After a little pause.*] The following evening to that glorious day,  
Wherein the Duke of Alva gain'd such fame  
Against the cautelous Nassau, some horse  
Were sent from the army under my command.  
To cover the Limbourg frontiers, much expos'd  
To th' enemy's inroads. My troops scarce lodg'd,

I receiv'd intelligence that a party  
Of th' enemy, about two hundred horse,  
Were newly come t' a village three leagues off,  
Intending there to lodge. Immediately  
We sounded to horse, and march'd<sup>[57]</sup> to their surprise  
So lustily,<sup>[58]</sup> that by the break of day  
Their quarters were on fire.

DON O. You had been taught, sir, by your wise general,  
That diligence in execution is  
(Even above fortune) mistress of success.

DON A. They made but faint resistance: some were slain,  
Some perish'd in the fire, others escap'd,  
Giving the alarm in quarters more remote  
To their companions drown'd in sleep and wine  
Who, at the outcry and the noise of trumpets,  
Methinks I fancy starting from their beds,  
As pale and wan, as from their dormitories  
Those the last trump shall rouse: diff'ring in this,  
That those awake to live, but these to die.

DON O. O, how unsafe it is to be secure!

DON A. Finding no more resistance, I made haste  
To a lofty structure which, as I conceiv'd,  
Was the likeliest quarter for their officer;  
Led thither by desire to rescue both—  
Him from the soldier's rage, that from the fire.

DON O. A care most worthy of a gallant leader.

DON A. But think, Octavio, how I was surpris'd  
When, entering a pavilion i' th' garden,  
I found a woman of a matchless form,  
Stretch'd all along upon the marble floor.

DON O.<sup>[59]</sup> I easily can divine how such a heart,  
As harbours in the brave Antonio's breast,  
May suffer at so sad a spectacle.

DON A. At the first sight I did believe her dead;  
Yet in that state so awful she appear'd,  
That I approach'd her with as much respect  
As if the soul had animated still  
That body which, though dead, scarce mortal seem'd.  
But as, the sun from our horizon gone,  
His beams do leave a tincture on the skies,  
Which shows it was not long since he withdrew:  
So in her lovely face there still appear'd  
Some scatter'd streaks of those vermilion beams,  
Which us'd t' irradiate that bright firmament.  
Thus did I find that distress'd miracle,  
Able to wound a heart as if alive,  
Uncapable to cure it as if dead.

DON O. I no more doubt your pity than your wonder.

DON A. My admiration did suspend my aid,  
Till passion join'd to pity made me bold.  
I kneel'd, and took her in my arms, then bow'd  
Her body gently forward; at which instant  
A sigh stole from her. O the ravishing sound!  
Which being a symptom of remaining life  
Made me forget that 'twas a sign of grief.  
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes:  
So breaks the day, and so do all the creatures  
Rejoice, as I did, at the new-born light:  
But as the Indians, who adore the sun,  
Are scorch'd by's beam, ere half his race be run,  
So I, who did adore her rising eyes,  
Found myself wounded by those deities.

DON O. I am big with expectation; pray  
Deliver me.



DON A. From her fair hand a bloody poniard fell,  
Which she held fast during her trance, as if  
Sh' had only needed arms whilst she did sleep,  
And trusted to her eyes when she did wake.  
What I said to her, being a production  
Of mere ecstasy, I remember not.  
She made me no reply; yet I discern'd,  
In a serener air of her pale face,  
Some lines of satisfaction mix'd with fear.

DON O. Such looks in silence have an eloquence.  
But pray go on.

DON A. Rais'd from the ground, and to herself return'd,  
I stepp'd a fitting distance back, as well  
To gaze upon that lovely apparition,  
As to express respect; when at that instant  
The trumpets sound a charge; my soldiers cry,  
Where is our leader? Where's Antonio?  
My love awhile disputed with my honour,  
But that, being the longer-settled power,  
O'ercame; I join'd my troops, left in reserve,  
As they were ready to receive a charge  
From divers squadrons of fresh horse who, being  
Quarter'd in neighbouring villages, had taken  
Hotly th' alarm, and came, though then too late,  
In succour of their friends. Honour and love  
Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd  
Beyond the rules of conduct, and receiv'd  
So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.

DON O. How can this story end?

DON A. My soldiers beat the enemy, and brought me off,  
Where surgeons quickly cur'd my outward wounds;  
But the remembrance of that heroine  
My inward hurts kept bleeding still afresh;  
Till, by the business of the war constrain'd  
T' attend my charge i' th' army, my despair  
Of ever seeing her again conspiring  
With the strong persuasions of Olivera,  
I was at length even forc'd to an engagement  
Of marriage with a lady of this city,  
Rich, noble, and, as they say, beautiful.  
And so you have me here, come to consummate  
Those nuptial rites to which my interest,  
And the importunity of trusty friends,  
O'errule my judgment, though against my heart.

DON O. A wonderful adventure! but pray, sir,  
May I not take the liberty to ask you,  
Who may this noble lady be, to whom  
The fates have destin'd so much happiness?

DON A. I have no reserves for you, Octavio,  
'Tis the sister of—

*Enter ERNESTO, and DON OCTAVIO retires hastily, and covers  
his face with his cloak.*

DON A. [*Nodding to OCTAVIO.*] It is my servant, sir.

DON O. Step to Antonio, Diego, and desire him  
To send him off.

[*DIEGO goes to ANTONIO and  
whispers.*]

DON A. I will immediately. Well, Ernesto,  
What good news? speak freely.

ERN. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your brother-in-law  
I thought you hardly could be there this night.  
He kisses your hands, and bad me tell you,  
That he expects your coming with impatience.  
This letter's from Don Henrique, th' other's from  
Your beauteous bride, the most accomplish'd person  
I ever saw: my being of your train  
Gave me the privilege of a domestic,

To see her in her chamber-dress without  
A veil, either to cover faults or hide  
Perfections.

DON A. Tell me truly, is she so very handsome?

ERN. Handsomer far, in my opinion, sir,  
Than all those Brussels beauties, which you call  
The finish'd pieces: but I say no more;  
Let your own eyes inform you; here's a key  
Of the apartment that's made ready for you;  
A lower quarter, very nobly furnish'd,  
That opens on St Vincent's Street.

DON A. Give it me, and go to the post-house,  
And take care that my things be brought from, thence.

[Exit ERNESTO.

Octavio, will you go along with me,  
And be a witness of my first address?

DON O. Sir, you choose in me an ill companion  
Of lovers' interviews or nuptial joys:  
One whose misfortunes to such sad extremes  
Are heighten'd, that the very mentioning  
Of happy hours serves only to embitter  
The memory of my lost joys.

DON A. So very deep a sense of your misfortunes  
Holds no proportion with Octavio's mind.

ENTER FLORA *in haste*.

FLO. Where's your master, Diego?

DIEGO. There's some ill towards, when this bird appears.  
Do you not see him? y' have liv'd too long a maid.

[*Aside*.

FLO. Sir, I have something to say t' you in private,  
That requires haste.

DON O. What new accident brings you hither, Flora?

FLO. These tablets will inform you, sir.

[FLORA *retires*.

DIEGO. Will you not stay for an answer, damsel?

FLO. 'Tis a command, not a question, Diego.

DIEGO. Short and sweet, Flora.

DON O. Good Flora, stay a minute. I much fear  
It is some new misfortune.

DIEGO. Nay, sir, you may be sure 'tis some disaster,  
Else it would ne'er have come so easily,  
And so unsought for.

DON O. Will you allow me for a moment, sir,  
To step into my house, and read a letter?

[*Bowing to* ANTONIO.

DON A. I'll wait upon you in, and stay your leisure.

[*Exeunt all but* DIEGO.

DIEGO. These little black books do more devils raise  
Than all the figures of the conjurors.  
This is some missive from the heroine:  
If it ends not in fighting, I'll be hang'd;  
It is the method of their dear romances,  
And persons of their rank make love by book.  
Curse o'<sup>[60]</sup> th' inventor of that damn'd device  
Of painting words, and speaking to our eyes!  
Had I a hundred daughters, by this light,  
Not one of 'em should ever read or write.

*Enter* FLORA, *and seems to go away in haste*.

Here she comes again. 'Twas a quick despatch.  
A word, Flora, or a kind glance at least;  
What, grown cruel?

FLO. Diego, nobody w' you?<sup>[61]</sup>  
This is no time for fooling, friend.

DIEGO. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well.  
But, now I think on't better, I'll do th' honours  
Of our street, and bring you to the end on't.

FLO. I shall be well help'd up with such a squire.  
If some wandering knight should chance to assault you,  
To bear away your damsel, what would you do?

DIEGO. I'd use no other weapon but a torch:  
I'd put aside your veil, show him your face,  
That, I suppose, would guard us both.

FLO. Why, d' you think 'twould fright him, Diego?

DIEGO. O no, 'twould charm him, Flora.

FLO. Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without  
Engaging your known valour: [so,] good night.

[Exit FLORA.]

*Enter DON OCTAVIO and DON ANTONIO.*

DON O. What may this be? I swear I cannot guess;  
The warning's short; but she must be obeyed.  
The hour draws near. I must go seek a friend,  
Her words seem to imply need of a second:  
'Twere barbarous to engage Antonio,  
Newly arriv'd, and come on such an errand.  
Noble Antonio, my confusion's great,  
To tell you thus abruptly I must leave you;  
Th' occasion's indispensable.

[Aside.  
[Addressing ANTONIO.]

DON A. I must not quit you, sir, I know too well  
The laws of honour to desert you now:  
When I perceive my friend in such disorder,  
And<sup>[62]</sup> all the marks that he is call'd to danger,  
To leave him then——

DON O. It is a summons from a lady, sir,  
Whom I have lov'd with passion and success,  
To meet her in her garden presently.  
All is propitious on her part and mine;  
But she's so guarded by a tyrant brother,  
So naturally jealous, and so incens'd  
By a late accident which I shall tell you,  
That to assure you there would be no danger  
In this adventure, were (sir) to abuse you:  
But for that very reason I am bound  
Not to consent you should embark yourself  
In a business so directly opposite  
To the occasion which has brought you hither.

DON A. I like the omen: at my first arrival  
To have the honour to serve so brave a friend.

DON O. You from a life of perils hither come  
To find a nuptial-bed, not seek a tomb.

DON A. My friend engag'd, it never must be said  
Antonio left him so to go to bed.

DON O. Y' are married, and expose what's not your own.

DON A. Wedded to honour, that must yield to none.

DON O. Honour makes me refuse your aid; we must  
As well to friends as to ourselves be just.

DON A. He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,  
Who reckons not himself and friend the same.

DON O. Friendship with justice must not disagree,  
That were to break the virtue's harmony.

DON A. Friendship is justice; for whene'er we give,  
We then receive: so 'tis commutative.

DON O. So great's your friendship, you your friend oppress:  
To make it juster, you must make it less.

DON A. Friendship can never err in the extent:  
Like Nile, when't overflows, 'tis most beneficent.

DON O. I find, Antonio, you will still subdue.

DON A. I owe my triumph to my cause, not you.  
Come, we lose time; your mistress must not stay.

DON O. Who's so accompani'd, needs not fear his way.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [55] It may be mentioned here, that throughout the third edition certain sententious passages, and moral and political apothegms, are printed in italics. This ultra-loyal line, and some others of the same kind so distinguished, were first inserted in the copy of the play published two years before the death of the author.—*Collier.*
- [56] In the year 1572 the town of Mons, in Hainault, was surprised by Count Lodowicke, who fortified himself in it, intending to hold it against the power of Spain. It was soon after invested by the Duke of Alva, and surrendered to him after a long siege, notwithstanding the Prince of Orange, who came before it with an army, with which he some time harassed his enemy, but without effecting his principal design.
- [57] [Former edits., *march.*]
- [58] [Former edits., *luckily.*]
- [59] In the third edition, by an error, this speech is not distinguished from Antonio's description, but it would evidently belong to Octavio, even if, in the two earlier copies, the same mistake had been committed.—*Collier.*
- [60] [*i.e., On.* Former edits., *of.*]
- [61] [In former edits. this line is given to Diego.]
- [62] [Perhaps we should read *With.*]

---

### ACT III.

SCENE.—DON HENRIQUE'S *house*.

CAMILLA, PORCIA, and FLORA *appear in a balcony*.

POR. Come, cousin, the hour assign'd approaches.

CAM. Nay, more than so; for 'tis already night.

FLO. And, thanks to your stars, sufficiently dark.

POR. *To the clouds* you would say, Flora; for stars,  
In this occasion, would not much befriend us.  
Pray, cousin, when Octavio shall arrive,  
Do you and Flora watch above with care;  
For if my cruel brother should surprise us—

CAM. Let us alone to play the sentinels.

FLO. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not  
Suddenly return; for I heard him say  
He'd pass the evening at the corregidor's:  
And thence, you know, he seldom comes home early.

*Enter ANTONIO, OCTAVIO, and DIEGO, with their cloaks over  
their faces, and their swords undrawn in their hands.*

DON A. Is it not something early for adventures  
Of this nature.

DON O. 'Tis the hour she appointed.

DON A. How dark 'tis grown o' th' sudden! there's not one  
Star appears in all the firmament.

DIEGO. So much the better; for when I must fight,  
I covet no spectators of my prowess.

[*Aside.*]

DON O. Stay you here, Antonio; I'll step before,  
and give the sign. When you hear the door open,  
then come on, and follow me in.

*Enter at the other side of the stage DON HENRIQUE and DON  
CARLOS.*

DON H. The corregidor's is a sweet place.

DON C. The walks and fountains so entice me, I still  
Weary myself before I can retire.

DON H. Indeed we have stay'd longer than we thought,  
And therefore let's go home the shorter way:  
The back-door of my garden's here at hand.

DON C. It will be better than to go about.

POR. Would he were come, I fear the rising moon  
Will give us little time.

[*Above in the balcony. OCTAVIO knocks upon the hilt of his  
sword.*]

I think I hear his usual knock. Who's there?

DON O. 'Tis I.

POR. I hope y' are not alone.

DON O. No; here's Diego with me, and a friend.

POR. 'Tis well. I'll open the door presently.

DON H. Come, we are now hard by the garden-gate.

DON O. Let's to the door; sure, she's there by this time.

Be not afraid, Diego.

DIEGO. You had as good command me not to breathe.

DON O. Come on; what are you thinking on?

DIEGO. That I see company, or that my fear does.

DON O. Y' are i' th' right; let's, to avoid suspicion,  
Walk on at large till they are out of distance.

*[The noise of a lock.]*

DON C. I think I heard your garden door open.

DON H. I think so too; ha! at this time of the night?  
Why, what a devil can this mean? 'Tis so.

DON A. They have open'd this door: 'tis time for me  
To follow; surely Octavio is gone in.

*[ANTONIO goes towards the door.]*

POR. What stay you for?

*[Holding the door half open.]*

DON H. What is't I hear? sure, 'tis Porcia's voice.

POR. What mean you to stand there? come in, I say.

DON H. Hell and furies!

*[He goes to draw his sword.]*

DON C. Be patient, sir, and you will make a clearer  
Discovery of your affront.

POR. You may come in securely, Octavio.  
I have set those will watch my brother's coming.

*[Setting open the door.]*

DON A. Madam, I am not Octavio.

POR. Not Octavio! who are you then, and who's  
That shadow there?

DON H. I can hold no longer. *[Aside.]* I'm thy destiny,

*[Draws his sword.]*

Vile woman, and his mortal enemy.

DON A. Ha, my mortal enemy?

DON H. Yes, villain. Whoe'er them art, thou shalt pay  
This treachery with thy life.

DON A. Vain man! whoe'er thou art, know [that] the life  
Thou threaten'st is guarded by a trusty sword.

*[DON CARLOS draws, and they all enter the garden fighting.]*

DON H. Make fast the door.  
Thou art some desperate villain hir'd to murder.

*[To DON CARLOS.]*

*[OCTAVIO and DIEGO come to the door.]*

DON A. Hir'd by friendship, and honour's my salary.

*[In the garden.]*

DON O. That's Antonio's voice within the garden:

*[Runs to the door and finds it shut.]*

What, the door shut! my friend engaged, and I  
Excluded! cursed fate! this tree may help me  
To climb o'er; if not, I'll fly t' him.

*[He climbs up.]*

DIEGO. You may do so; your sprightly love has wings,  
And's ever fledg'd,<sup>[63]</sup> 'tis moulting-time with mine:  
Yet I'll up too; the hazard's not in climbing.

*[DIEGO climbs the tree.]*

Here I will sit, and out of danger's reach

Expect the issue.

*Scene changes to a garden, out of which they issue fighting.*

DON O. Courage, brave friend; you have Octavio by you.

DON A. So seconded, a coward would grow firm.

DON H. What, is there more of your crew? then 'tis time  
To call for help. Ho! Silvio, Geraldo,  
Pedro! come forth, and bring out torches with you.

*Enter SILVIO, with his sword drawn.*

SIL. Here am I, sir, my camarades<sup>[64]</sup> will follow *[They fight.*  
As soon as they have lighted their torches.

DON A. How I despise these slaves, Octavio,  
Having you by me!

DIEGO. Their swords do clatter bravely in the dark. *[In the tree.*

SIL. I'm slain.

*[SILVIO falls. DON HENRIQUE, stepping back, falls over SILVIO, and loses his sword, and Carlos runs in to him.*

DON C. What,<sup>[65]</sup> are you hurt?

DON H. No, I fell by chance; help me to find my sword.

DON O. What, do you give back? you do well to take breath,  
Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long,  
Now that the rising moon lends us some light.

*[The rising moon appears behind the scene. PORCIA runs out to OCTAVIO.*

POR. O Octavio, let not this moment slip  
To free me from my cruel brother's fury,  
Or never hope to see me any more  
Amongst the living.

*[OCTAVIO leads her away by the arm.*

DON O. Ah, noble maid! he that is once possess'd  
Of such a treasure, and defends it not,  
Let him live wretched, and detested die.  
Where's my brave friend?

DON A. You have me by your side: lead off your mistress;  
I'll secure your retreat.

DIEGO. That, doubtless, is my master who, victorious,

*[In the tree, pointing to those who are going off.*

Is bravely marching off with his fair prize:  
I'll down and follow.

DON C. But whilst I was engag'd to succour you,

*[Having helped up DON HENRIQUE.*

Our enemies, I fear, are got away:  
I heard the door open, and see none here:  
Although the night's much brighter than it was.  
I'll follow, and trace the villains, if I can,  
To their dens: meanwhile take care of your sister:  
And pray, till my return, be moderate.

DON H. How! moderation in this case?—what, ho!  
Geraldo, Pedro! Ah, ye cursed rogues!

*Enter Servants with torches.*

Durst ye not show your heads till they were gone?  
Geraldo, light me in, whilst Pedro looks  
To his hurt companion. Ah, Porcia, Porcia!

[*Exeunt* DON HENRIQUE and GERALDO: PEDRO carries out Silvio fainting with his hurts.

*Scene changes to the city of Seville. Enter* DON OCTAVIO,  
PORCIA, DON ANTONIO, and a little after DIEGO, and after them  
DON CARLOS.

DIEGO. Sure, that's Antonio bringing up the rear?  
Sir, th' are but just before; my master bears her

[*Looking back to* DON CARLOS.

Most gallantly away: lose not sight of me.

DON C. This rogue takes me for one of his own crew;  
He will by his mistake help me to harbour 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

CAMILLA and FLORA appear in the balcony. *Scene changes to*  
DON HENRIQUE'S house.

CAM. Was there ever such a disaster, Flora?  
Sure, th' are all dead, so great's the silence.  
Porcia! Porcia! Nobody answers.

FLO. Madam, let us go down into the garden.

CAM. Excuse me; that were to involve myself  
In this unlucky scandal. 'Tis possible,  
Affrighted with the scuffle, she's return'd  
Into her quarter by the other door;  
Let's away thither.

[*They go down upon the*  
*stage.*

FLO. O madam! I see a light, and Don Henrique coming this way with his  
sword drawn; what shall we do?

CAM. Peace; let us hide ourselves behind the door

[*They go behind the door.*

Till we discover his intentions.

*Enter* DON HENRIQUE and GERALDO with a torch, and PEDRO  
with a light: DON HENRIQUE and GERALDO, their swords  
drawn.

PED. Sir, I have search'd all the rooms of the house,  
And cannot find her.

DON H. Base, infamous woman! maybe, she's fled  
To the quarter order'd for Antonio.

PED. That door is lock'd, and's servant has the key.

DON H. Ah, this cursed vagabond! thus to rob  
A brother of the fruits of all his care,  
And cast this stain on th' honour of our house!  
But if ever I get the fugitive  
Within my reach, I'll sacrifice her blood  
To the offended spirits of my ancestors.

[*He stamps.*

FLO. Madam, d' you hear?

CAM. Yes, and tremble, Flora.

DON H. Call for her woman.

PED. Flora! Flora!

*Enter* FLORA.

FLO. My good angel guard me! What's your pleasure, sir?

DON H. Where's your mistress, hussy?

FLO. She told me, sir, about half an hour since,  
She would go down into the garden.

[*Exit* FLORA.

DON H. My shame is certain. Ah! the sad condition  
Of us men of honour! how unequally



Our crosses and our comforts mingled are!  
Our orphan sisters are no sooner grown  
Above the follies of their childish age  
(During which season custom does exact  
Our watchful caution over all their actions),  
But they are grafted on some stranger stock,  
Where they do change both their abodes and names  
Without the least reflection on their kindness,  
Who pain'd themselves to cultivate their youth;  
Or else remain to exercise our fears.  
O unjust heavens! why suffer you that they,  
Who to our joys of life such bubbles are,  
Should add such weight unto our griefs and care?  
Ah, Porcia, Porcia!.

*Enter* DON CARLOS.

DON C. Don Henrique, if I am not much mistaken,  
I have in this short time made a great progress  
Towards your redress: I come from harbouring  
The villains who have done you this affront.

CAM. [*behind.*] It imports to be attentive now.

DON H. O, you revive me! May I but once enjoy  
The pleasure of my revenge, though the next  
Moment were the last period of my life,  
I should depart contented. Are the villains  
Within our reach?

DON C. Be patient, sir, and I'll inform you fully.  
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd  
Your flying enemies, hoping the night,  
Grown somewhat lighter, might help me to discover  
The place of their retreat. One of their party  
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me  
For one of his camerades, bad me come on,  
Saying his master was but just before;  
That he had borne his mistress bravely off,  
And put her champion brother out of combat.

DON H. Insolent rascal!

[*He stamps.*]

DON C. We had not pass'd above a street or two,  
Before he stopp'd, and at the second house  
Beyond the church, in Saint Iago's Street,  
He enter'd and desired me to follow him.  
I making a stand, he grew suspicious,  
And from my silence guessing his mistake,  
He slipp'd into the house, and lock'd the door.  
When I had well observ'd the street and house,  
I came with speed to give you this account.

FLO. O madam, this is Don Octavio's house:  
Without all doubt, they've carri'd Porcia thither.

[*To CAMILLA behind the door.*]

CAM. Peace, Flora, and listen to the sequel.

DON H. Come, cousin, we lose time—Heigh! who waits there?  
I will besiege the house; if they refuse  
To render, I'll reduce that theatre  
Of my shame to ashes, and make their fort  
Both theirs and its own sepulchre. There are  
Such charms in vengeance, that I do not wonder  
It is reserv'd for him who form'd the thunder.

DON C. Have patience, cousin, and consult your reason;  
'Twill soon convince you how unpracticable  
And vain your proposition is t' attempt,  
At this time of night, a house so guarded  
In a well-govern'd city: that would prove  
Very like thunder, which the cloud destroys,  
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only noise.  
What can the issue be, but to alarm

The town, expose your person and your fortune  
To th' rigour of the law, publish your shame,  
And frustrate your revenge for ever?

DON H. What! would you have me tarry till these villains,  
Who have invaded my house, affronted  
My person, murder'd my servant, and robb'd  
Me of a sister, may evade my vengeance?

[*Spoken hastily.*]

DON C. No, fear not that; let me alone to find  
A certain way to hinder their escape.  
I'll instantly to the corregidor,  
And beg the assistance of his authority  
To secure these criminals for the present,  
That afterwards the law may punish them.

DON H. A fine proposal! Why, cousin, can you think  
That I'll submit a personal injury  
To th' tame decision of the formal law?  
And, having been affronted by the sword,  
To pray the aid of the long robe, and take  
An advocate for second? Reliev'd by law!

DON C. Since we all parties are in making laws,  
We must not judges be in our own cause:  
We hold it infamous to break our words,  
Yet cancel the great charter with our swords.

DON H. They by their insolence the laws invade.

DON C. But you by your revenge the laws degrade.

DON H. Honour obliges me to take revenge.

DON C. Honour is justice, rightly understood:  
Your idol honour's only heat of blood.

DON H. Honour's opinion, which rules all the world.

DON C. Opinion, Henrique, only governs fools;  
Reason the wise and truly valiant rules.

DON H. Reason's opinion; for every one  
Stamps reason on his own opinion.

DON C. Then, by your argument, when people join  
In making laws, because they all opine,  
Laws are reasonable, and bind us all—

DON H. Curse on your sophistry, to treat a friend  
With figures, that's raging in a fever!  
You may as well pretend to teach a man  
To sing his part, that's stretch'd upon a rack.  
No, sir, I'll sooner lose this irksome life,  
Than e'er consent to publish my disgrace  
Before I have reveng'd it—to assist  
At the funeral of my own honour!

[*He stamps.*]

DON C. What a wild creature is a choleric man!  
'Tis far from my intent; all my design  
Is only how we may conceal your shame,  
Till we have got these villains in our power;  
Which can be brought about by no such means,  
As by demanding justice against those  
Who did assault your person, and have wounded  
Your servant—a very plausible pretence!  
Will this content you? Trust my conduct, cousin:  
Is not my interest the same with yours?

[*Aside.*]

DON H. Well, since it must be so, I pray, make haste.

DON C. Doubt not my diligence; by this I'll prove  
Friendship has fire and wings, as well as love.

DON H. If you could fly, you'd move with too much leisure;  
Ah, tedious minutes, which revenge does measure!

[*Exit CARLOS.*]

FLO. Madam, y' have heard their mischievous design?

CAM. Yes, Flora, out of question Porcia's there,  
And, if they find her, she is lost for e'er.

FLO. I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain  
To perish in th' attempt. I'm confident  
The house at present is in such confusion,  
I may run thither without being miss'd.

CAM. 'Tis well thought on; in the interim, I'll retire  
To Porcia's chamber.

*[Exeunt from behind the door.]*

*Enter* GERALDO.

GER. Sir, Don Antonio is just arriv'd.

DON H. Ha! what's that you say, sirrah?

GER. That Don Antonio, sir, your brother-in-law,  
Is without, walking i' th' hall, and bad me  
Give you notice of it. Shall he come in?

DON H. Antonio arrived! O heavens, this circumstance  
Was only wanting to complete my shame!  
When he desires to see his wife, shall I  
Myself inform a person of his quality  
That she is run away? Where shall I find  
A heart, a tongue, a voice: or breath, or face,  
To utter this unparallel'd disgrace?  
O this fantastic sense of honour!  
At my own tribunal stand assoil'd,<sup>[66]</sup>  
Yet, fearing others' censure, am embroil'd.

*[Spoken hastily.]*

GER. What is your pleasure, sir? 'tis possible  
That Don Antonio may think it long.

DON. H. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him  
You cannot find me. I will leave my house  
And the discovery of my shame to fate,  
And any censure rather undergo  
Than be the reporter of my own disgrace;  
Till first I have my honour's ransom paid  
In the vile blood of this perfidious maid.

*[Exit* HENRIQUE.

*Enter* DON ANTONIO *and* ERNESTO.

DON A. My friend and his fair mistress safely lodg'd,  
And free from their adventure, 'tis now fit  
To mind my own engagement. But, Ernesto,  
What can the meaning be of this rude usage,  
In suffering me to stay without thus long  
Upon my first arrival? Come, let's go on  
Into the other rooms.

ERN. I swear, sir, I'm amazed at this great change.  
'Tis not above two hours since I found here  
A numerous and well-order'd family,  
In all appearance. Now I see the pages  
Bolt out of the doors, then start back again  
Into their holes, like rabbits in a warren!  
The maids lie peeping at the garret-windows,  
Like th' upper tier of ordnance in a ship;  
All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess  
What may have caus'd so great an alteration.  
But there I see the servant you sent in.

*Enter* GERALDO.

DON A. Friend, where's your master?

GER. I cannot tell, sir.

DON A. Where is his sister?

GER. In truth, I know not, sir; we men-servants  
Have little to do in the ladies' quarters.

*[Exit* GERALDO.

DON A. This looks but oddly. Are you sure, Ernesto,  
Y' have not misguided me to a wrong house?

ERN. If you are sure, sir, that we are awake,  
Then I am certain this is the same house,  
Wherein this afternoon I saw and spoke with  
Don Henrique and your bride: by the same token,  
There was a lady with her in a veil,  
And this very room is the antechamber  
To her apartment.

DON A. I should be finely serv'd if, after all  
This negotiation and a tedious journey,  
My pains and patience should be cast away  
On some such wither'd sybil for a wife,  
As her own brother is asham'd to show me.

ERN. You'll soon be freed from that fear, sir.

[ERNESTO *goes toward the door.*

DON A. How so?

ERN. Because I see her in the inner room,  
Lying along upon her couch, and reading.  
Her face is turn'd the other way; but yet  
Her shape and clothes assure me 'tis the same.

DON A. Art certain that 'tis she?

ERN. There are not many like her.

DON A. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'll venture in  
Without her brother's presence t' introduce me.

ERN. She's coming this way, sir.

*Enter CAMILLA reading.*

CAM. Y' have reason, Dido, and 'tis well remark'd—

[*She shuts her book; and after a little pause—*

The woman who suffers herself to love  
Ought likewise to prepare herself to suffer.  
There was great power in your charms, Æneas,  
T' enthral a lady's heart at first approach,  
And make such early and such deep impressions,  
That nothing but her death could e'er deface.  
Alas, poor Dido!—

DON A. O heavens! what's that I see?—or do I dream?

[ANTONIO, *seeing her, starts, then stands as if amazed.*

Sure, I am asleep, and 'tis a vision  
Of her who's always present to my thoughts;  
Who (fearing my revolt) does now appear  
To prove and to confirm my constancy.  
When first I saw that miracle, she seem'd  
An apparition; here it must be one.  
What fit of frenzy's this?

ERN. Sir, 'tis Porcia:  
A lovely, living woman, and your bride.

DON A. The blessing is too mighty for my faith.

ERN. Faith! Ne'er trouble your faith in this occasion;  
Approach her boldly, sir, and trust your sense.

DON A. As when we dream of some transporting pleasure,  
And (finding that we dream) we fear to wake,  
Lest sense should rob us of our fancy's treasure,  
And our delightful vision from us take,  
Bless'd apparition, so it fares with me.  
That very angel now once more appears,  
To whose divinity long since I rais'd

An altar in my heart, where I have offer'd  
The constant sacrifice of sighs and vows.  
My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em!  
Bliss above faith must pass for an illusion.  
If such it be, O, let me sleep for ever,  
Happily deceiv'd? But, celestial maid,  
If this thy glorious presence real be,  
O, let one word of pity raise my soul  
From visionary bliss, and make me die  
With real joy instead of ecstasy.  
Speak, speak, my destiny; for the same breath  
May warm my heart, or cool it into death.

ERN. 'Slife! he's in one of his old fits again—  
Why, what d' you mean, sir? 'tis Porcia herself.

CAM. I am that maid, who to your virtue owes  
Her honour then and her disquiet since;  
Yet in my pain I cannot but be pleas'd  
To find a passion, censur'd in our sex,  
Justifi'd by so great an obligation.  
'Tis true I blush, yet I must own the fire,  
To which both love and gratitude conspire.

DON A. Incomparable creature! can it be  
That, having suffer'd all which mighty love  
Did e'er inflict, I now should be repaid  
With as full joys as love could ever give?  
Fortune, to make my happiness complete,  
Has join'd her power, and made me find a bride  
In a lost mistress: but with this allay—  
Of leaving me no means my faith to prove,  
Since chance anticipates the pains of love.

CAM. The servant's error has misled the master,  
He takes me too for Porcia. Bless'd mistake!  
Assist me now, artful dissimulation. [Aside.  
But how can that consist with so much passion?  
'Tis possible, the sense of my distress'd  
Condition might dispose a noble heart  
To take impressions then, which afterwards  
Time and your second thoughts may have defac'd;  
But can a constant passion be produc'd  
From those ideas pity introduc'd?  
Let your tongue speak your heart; for, should y' abuse me,  
I shall in time discover the deceit:  
You may paint fire, Antonio, but not heat.

DON A. Madam!

CAM. Hold. Be not too scrupulous, Antonio;  
Let me believe it, though it be not true;  
For the chief happiness poor maids receive  
Is when themselves they happily deceive.

DON A. If, since those conquering eyes I first beheld,  
You have not reign'd unrivall'd in my heart,  
May you despise me now you are my own;  
Which is to me all curses summ'd in one.  
But may your servant, madam, take the boldness  
To ask if you have ever thought of him?

CAM. A love, so founded in a grateful heart,  
Has need of no remembrancer, Antonio;  
You know yourself too well: those of your trade  
Have skill to hold as well as to invade.

DON A. Fortune has lifted me to such a height  
Of happiness, that it may turn my brain  
When I look down upon the world.  
What have I now to wish but moderation  
To temper and to fix my joys?

CAM. I yield as little t' you, noble Antonio,  
In happiness as affection; but still  
Porcia must do as may become your bride,

And sister to Don Henrique, in whose absence  
A longer conference must be excused:  
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.  
Should I have stay'd until Don Henrique came,  
His presence would have marr'd my whole design.

[*Aside. Exit CAMILLA.*]

DON A. Where beauty, virtue, and discretion join,  
'Tis heaven, methinks, to find that treasure mine!

*Enter DON HENRIQUE.*

DON H. Sure, Don Antonio, having long ere this  
Found out th' infamous flight of my vile sister,  
Will be retir'd to meditate revenge  
Upon us both. Ah, curse! he is there still.  
I'll slip away. But it is now too late;  
He has perceiv'd me.

[*He sees him.*]

DON A. How, Don Henrique! avoid your friend that's come  
So long a journey t' embrace you, and cast  
Himself at the feet of your fair sister?

DON H. Noble Antonio, you may well imagine  
The trouble I am in, that you should find  
My house in such disorder, so unfit  
To receive th' honour of so brave a guest.

DON A. 'Tis true, Don Henrique, I am much surpris'd  
With what I find: I little did expect  
Your sister Porcia should have been——

DON H. O heavens! I'm lost, he has discover'd all.  
'Tis not, Antonio, in a brother's power  
To make a sister of a better paste  
Than heav'n has made her.

[*Aside.*]

DON A. In your case 'specially; for without doubt  
Heaven never made a more accomplish'd creature.

DON H. What means the man?

[*Aside.*]

DON A. I come just now from entertaining her,  
Whose wit and beauty so excel all those  
Of her fair sex whom I have ever known,  
That my description of her would appear  
Rather detraction than a just report  
Of her perfections.

DON H. Certainly he mocks me: he never could  
Have chosen a worse sufferer of scorn;  
But I will yet contain myself awhile,  
To see how far he'll drive it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir,  
That you have seen and entertain'd my sister?

DON A. Yes, Don Henrique; and with such full contentment,  
So rais'd above expression, that I think  
The pains and care of all my former life  
Rewarded with excess in the delight  
Of those few minutes of her conversation.  
'Tis true that satisfaction was abridg'd  
By her well-weigh'd severity to give me  
A greater pleasure in the contemplation  
Of her discreet observance of the rules  
Of decency, not suffering me, though now  
Her husband, any longer to enjoy  
So great a happiness, you not being by.

DON H. I am confounded; but I must dissemble  
My astonishment till I can unfold  
The mystery. [*Aside.*] She might have spared that caution:  
But I suppose you'll easily forgive  
An error on the better side.

DON A. Sir, I have seen so much of her perfection  
In that short visit, I shall sooner doubt

Our definitions in morality  
Than once suppose her capable of error.

DON H. This exposition makes it more obscure,  
I must get him away. [*Aside.*] Sir, is't not time  
To wait on you to your chamber? It's late,  
And I believe [that] you have need of rest.

DON A. I should accept your offer, sir, with thanks,  
If I were not oblig'd, as late as 'tis,  
To see a friend before I go to bed.

DON H. I'll bear you company, if you'll give me leave.

DON A. I humbly thank you, sir, but can't consent  
To give you so much trouble; I'll return  
Within an hour at farthest.

DON H. Whene'er you please; y' are wholly master here.

DON A. I never saw a man so discompos'd,  
Whate'er the matter is.  
Ernesto, I must make a step to see  
A friend near-hand; bid Sancho follow me,  
And stay you in my chamber till I come.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* ERNESTO.]

DON H. Your servant, sir. [DON HENRIQUE *waits on him to the door.*] This sudden  
sally hence  
At this time of the night, newly arriv'd  
From a long journey, and not to suffer me  
To wait upon him, does embroil me more.  
But now I will not long be in suspense;  
I'll to my sister's chamber.

*Enter* DON CARLOS, *as* DON HENRIQUE *is going into* PORCIA'S  
*chamber.*

DON C. Ho! Don Henrique! come away, all's prepar'd.  
Our kinsman the corregidor is ready  
With a strong band of serjeants, and stays for you.

DON H. Speak softly, Don Antonio is arriv'd,  
And some of his may overhear us.

DON C. That's very unlucky; but does he know  
Your sister's missing?

DON H. I think not yet.

DON C. Come, let's away; we have no time to lose.

DON H. Pray, stay awhile. I labour with a doubt  
Will burst me, if not clear'd before I go.

DON C. What, cousin, will you lose an opportunity  
Never to be recover'd? Are you mad?  
Will you permit the villains to escape,  
And laugh at us for ever? Come away.

[*He pulls him.*]

DON H. Well, I must go, and let him make it out;  
The worst estate of human life is doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### FOOTNOTES:

[63] [Former edits., *fledge.*]

[64] [So for metre's sake, instead of *comrades.*]

[65] [This is printed by Mr Collier, *Wat are you hurt?*]

[66] Absolved, discharged. Fr. *absoudre*. Lat. *absolvere.*—*Junius.*

See likewise note to Lodge's "Wounds of Civil War" [vii. 169].—*Collier.*

"Then had the Monkes auctoritie to preache, baptyse, and assoyle from synne, which they never had afore."—Bale's "Acts of English Votaries," fol. 35, edit. 1550.

See also "World of Wonders," 1607, part i. p. 32.—*Gilchrist.*

---

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—DON OCTAVIO'S *house*.

*Enter DON OCTAVIO angrily, pushing DIEGO, and PORCIA following.*

DON O. Villain, thou hast undone us! cursed villain!  
Where was thy soul I had fear quite banish'd it,  
And left thee not one grain of common sense?

POR. Was there ever so fatal an accident?

DON O. Why, traitor, didst thou not let me know it  
As soon as we were come into the house?

DIEGO. What would y' have done, if you had known it then?

DON O. I would have sallied out and kill'd the rogue,  
In whose pow'r thou hast put it to destroy us.  
Can it be doubted but that long ere this  
He has acquainted Henrique where we are,  
From whose black rage we must immediately  
Expect t' encounter all the worst extremes  
Of malice, seconded by seeming justice?  
For the unfortunate are still i' th' wrong.  
Curse on all cowards! better far be serv'd  
By fools and knaves: they make less dangerous faults.

DIEGO. Am I in fault because I'm not a cat?  
How could I tell i' th' dark whether that rascal  
Were a knight-errant or a recreant knight?  
I thought him one of us, and true to love.  
Were it not for such accidents as these,  
That mock man's forecast, sure, the Destinies  
Had ne'er been plac'd amongst the deities.

DON O. Peace, cowardly slave! having thus play'd the rogue,  
Are you grown sententious? Did I not fear  
To stain my sword with such base blood, I'd let  
Thy soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

DIEGO. Why, then, a thousand thanks to my base blood  
For saving my good flesh.

[*Aside.*]

DON O. Pardon, my dearest mistress, this excess  
Of passion in your presence.

POR. What shall we do, Octavio? if we stay here,  
We are undone for ever: my brother  
Will be instantly upon us. Alas!  
My own life I value not, Octavio,  
When yours, my better life, such hazard runs;  
But, O my honour! O my innocence!  
Expos'd to scandal: there's my deepest sense.

DON O. Though the complexion of your brother's malice  
Resemble hell, it is not black enough  
To cast a stain upon your virgin innocence.  
Sure, two such diff'rent branches ne'er did spring  
From the same stock. To me't seems very strange,  
Our middle natures, form'd of flesh and blood,  
Should have such depths of ill, such heights of good,  
An angel sister and a devil brother!

POR. He's my brother, and I know no defence  
For injur'd innocence but innocence.  
Fly, fly, Octavio! leave me to my fate.

DON O. Your kindness, generous maid, confutes itself.  
To save my life, you counsel me to fly,  
Which is at once to bid me live and die.

POR. What then, for heaven's sake, d' you resolve to do?



DON O. I must resolve, and suddenly, but what,  
I swear, I know not: there have been such turns  
In my misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

POR. You must determine; time wastes, Octavio.

DON O. Madam, if I should lead you through the streets,  
And chance to meet the officers of justice,  
I not daring to avow my person,  
For that unlucky accident you know of,  
You might, I fear, by that means be in danger:  
We must not venture't. Run, rascal, and fetch  
A chair immediately.

DIEGO. A pretty errand at this time o' th' night!  
These chairmen are exceedingly well-natur'd;  
Th' are likely to obey a servant's orders  
After nine of [the] clock!

[Exit DIEGO.]

DON O. Ye pow'rs above, why do ye lay so great  
A weight on human nature, and bestow  
Such an unequal force to bear our loads?  
After a long pursuit, through all those stories,  
Which hell-bred malice or the pow'r of fate  
Could ever raise t' oppress a noble love,  
To be at length possess'd of a rich mine,  
Where nature seem'd to have lodged all her treasure,  
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,  
Is too rude a trial for my patience  
To sustain: I cannot bear it.

POR. My sense of this misfortune equals yours;  
But yet I must conjure you to submit  
To the decrees of those who rule above:  
Such resignation may incline their justice  
Th' impending mischief to divert; besides,  
In human things there's such vicissitude,  
Where hope should end we hardly can conclude.

DON O. Weak hope the parent is of anxious care,  
And more tormenting far than fix'd despair:  
This makes us turn to new expedients,  
That languish 'twixt desire and diffidence.

POR. Fortune will blush for shame when she shall find  
Her best-aim'd darts can never touch your mind.

DON O. Ah, Porcia! though my mind be far above  
The reach of fate, 'tis level unto love.  
Urge it no more: I'll die a thousand deaths,  
Ere I'll consent to part with you.

[Strikes his breast.]

POR. I shall be always yours; for though we're forc'd  
To separate, yet we are not divorc'd.

DON O. Whilst our souls act by organs of the sense,  
'Twixt death and parting there's no difference.

POR. Consult your reason, then you will comply,  
Making a virtue of necessity.

DON O. Ah, lovely maid! 'twas not allowed to Jove  
To hold at once his reason and his love.

*Enter* DIEGO.

DIEGO. The chair is come, sir, just as I expected.

DON O. Where is it?

DIEGO. Even where it was: they are deeply engag'd  
A *las Pintas*,<sup>[67]</sup> and will not leave their game,  
They swear, for all the dons in Seville.

DON O. A curse upon these rogues! I'll make 'em come,  
Or make their hearts ache.

[DON OCTAVIO *runs out*.]

DIEGO. Madam, though I was never yet unkind  
To my own person, I am so much troubled  
At the disquiet my mistake has brought you,  
That, could I do't conveniently, i' faith,  
I would even cudgel myself.

POR. Away, buffoon! is this a time for fooling?

*Enter DON ANTONIO and SANCHO.*

DON A. Where is my noble friend Octavio?

DIEGO. Did you not meet him at the door, sir?

DON A. No.

DIEGO. He went out, sir, just as you came in.

DON A. Madam, I might have gone to bed, but not

*[Addresses himself to PORCIA.*

To rest, without returning to inquire  
Of yours and of my noble friend's condition,  
And once more to offer you my service.

POR. I take the boldness, in Octavio's absence,  
To return his with my most humble thanks,  
For your late generous assistance of us,  
And for this new addition to our debt.

DON A. Though I have not th' honour to be known t' you,  
The service of your sex in their distresses  
Is the first vow of those of our profession;  
And my constant friendship for Octavio  
Is of so old a date, that all occasions,  
By which I may express the fervour of it,  
Are most welcome to me.

*Enter FLORA in great haste.*

FLO. O madam, I am cut of breath with running.

POR. What accident, Flora, brings you hither?

FLO. A sad one, madam, and requiring haste,  
To give you timely notice on't. Don Carlos,  
Assisted by the light o' th' rising moon,  
And by a mistake of some of your train,  
Has trac'd you to this house, and in my hearing  
Inform'd your brother of the place and manner  
Of your retreat: who is now coming hither  
Accompanied with the corregidor,  
To seize on whomsoever shall be found  
Within these walls, upon pretence of murder.

POR. O cruel accident!

FLO. Madam, make haste: get out of the backdoor,  
Or you will certainly be met with.

POR. How vile a creature am I now become!  
For, though in my own innocence secure,  
To the censorious world who, like false glasses,  
Mingling their own irregular figures,  
Misreflect the object, I shall appear  
Some sinful woman, sold to infamy.

DON A. Your own clear mind's the glass, which to yourself  
Reflects yourself; and, trust me, madam,  
W' are only happy then, when all our joys  
Flow from ourselves, not from the people's voice.

FLO. Madam, they'll instantly be here.

POR. O, that Octavio should just now be absent!  
But to expect till he return were madness.

DON A. Y' have reason, madam; and, if you dare trust  
Your person to the conduct of a stranger,  
Upon my honour, lady, I'll secure you,  
Or perish in th' attempt.

POR. Generous sir, how shall a wretched maid,  
Abandon'd by her fate to the pursuit  
Of an inhuman brother, e'er be able  
Either to merit or requite your favours?

DON A. I am th' oblig'd, if rightly understood,  
Being o'erpaid by th' joy of doing good.

POR. Sir, I resign myself to your protection  
With equal gratitude and confidence.

DON A. Come, madam, we must lose no time—  
Diego, find out your master presently,  
And tell him that, the danger not allowing  
Our stay till his return, I shall convey  
His mistress safely to a nunnery.

POR. And, Flora, stay you here to bring me word  
What he resolves to do in this our desperate  
Condition.

[Exit DIEGO.]

FLO. Madam, I shall.

DON A. But stay—I swear I'd like to have committed

[Going out, returns.]

A foul mistake: the monastery gates  
Will not be open'd at this time o' th' night  
Without a strict inquiry into the cause;  
Besides, 'tis possible that, once lodg'd there,  
She may be out of my friend's pow'r or mine  
Ever to get her thence, if it be known.  
It must not be. I have thought better on't.

[He pauses, and thinks.]

I will convey you to my brother-in-law's,  
A person of such quality and honour,  
As may protect and serve you with his credit:  
And there my wife may have the happiness  
T' accompany you, and pay the offices,  
Due to your virtue and distress'd condition:  
And, going to a house that's so much mine,  
Make account, madam, 'tis to your own home.  
Sancho, stay you here to attend Octavio,  
And guide him the next way to my apartment:  
Here is the key, I shall have little use on't,  
Having Ernesto waiting for me there.  
One word more, Sancho: let Octavio know  
'Tis my advice, that he come in a chair.  
He by that means may possibly escape  
Examination, if he should be met with.

[Turning to SANCHO.]

POR. Flora, I pray, do you continue here,  
And if by any accident Octavio  
Should be hinder'd from coming after us,  
Observe his motions well, and where he fixes;  
Then return home, and I shall find some way  
Of sending to you to inform myself.

FLO. I shall not fail t' observe your orders, madam.

DON A. Madam, I am ready to attend you.

POR. Ah, cruel brother! ah, my dear Octavio!  
How am I tortur'd betwixt love and hate!

DON A. W' had better suffer than deserve our fate.

[Exit DON ANTONIO and PORCIA.]

SAN. 'Tis no small compliment my master makes  
Your lady and her gallant, at this time  
O' th' night to quit his brother-in-law's, and leave  
So fair a bride as Porcia all alone.

FLO. What, is his mistress's name Porcia too?

SAN. Yes; and if she has as fair a handmaid  
As yourself, I shall soon forget my damsels  
In the Low Countries.

FLO. If your Low-Country damsels resemble us,  
You would not be put to't to forget first.  
But I believe that you are safe enough:  
I have not heard such praises of their wit,  
But that we may suppose they have good memories.

*Enter DIEGO.*

DIEGO. Is not my master yet return'd?

FLO. No.

DIEGO. Well, now have we an honourable cause  
To wear the beadle's livery: faith, Flora,  
If your tender sex had not been privileg'd  
From this harsh discipline, how prettily  
Would the beadle's crimson lace show upon  
Your white back!

FLO. 'Twon't do so well as on a darker ground:  
'Twill suit much better with your tawny hide.

SAN. I pray, camerade, is it the mode in Seville  
To be whipp'd for company?

DIEGO. O sir, a well-bred soldier will ne'er refuse  
Such a civility to an old friend;  
This is a new way of being a second,  
To show your passive courage.

SAN. We soldiers do not use to show our backs.

DIEGO. Not to your enemies; but, sir, the beadle  
Will prove your friend; for, your blood being heated  
With riding post, the breathing of a vein  
Is very requisite.

SAN. Would t' heaven that I were i' the camp again:  
There we are never stripp'd till we are dead.

*Enter DON OCTAVIO, and the Chairmen appear at the door.*

DON O. Be sure you stir not thence, till I return.

*[To the Chairmen.]*

Sirrah, where's Porcia?

DIEGO. She's fled away i' th' dark with a young man  
Of your acquaintance.

DON O. Rascal, leave your fooling.

DIEGO. There's none i' th' case, sir: 'tis the wisest thing  
She ever did; had she stay'd your return,  
She would have fallen into those very clutches  
In which you will immediately be gripp'd,  
Unless you make more haste. Flora is come  
With all the speed she could, to let you know  
Th' are coming with the justice, to lay hold  
Of all within this house; pray be quick, sir,  
And save yourself. She's safe in a nunnery,  
Conducted thither by Antonio.

DON O. Peace, screech-owl! fire consume that tongue of thine!  
What say'st thou, villain! in a nunnery?  
Porcia in a nunnery? O heavens! nothing

But this was wanting to make me desperate.  
What hope's there left ever to get her thence,  
After such accidents as these made public?  
Ah, Flora, is it true that my dear Porcia  
Is gone into a nunnery?

FLO. Once, sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and Diego sent  
To give you notice on't; but afterwards,  
He being gone, they chang'd their resolutions.  
There's one can tell you more.

[*Pointing to SANCHO.*]

SAN. My master bad me stay, to let you know  
He has convey'd her to his own apartment  
In his brother-in-law's house, a person  
So eminent in quality and credit,  
That the imagining him in her and your  
Protection, sir, may much avail ye both:  
Besides, she'll have the satisfaction there  
Of being treated by my master's bride.  
There he'll expect you, and advises you  
To come in a chair, to avoid questioning,  
In case of any encounter.

DON O. I'll take his counsel: he's a generous friend.  
Come, chairmen, away; pray, friend, do you guide us.

[*To SANCHO.*]

DIEGO. Up with your burden, beasts, and fall forthwith  
To your half-trot.

[*Exeunt. The chair is carried over the stage; DIEGO, SANCHO,  
and FLORA follow.*]

*A noise within. Follow, follow, follow! Enter DON CARLOS,  
the CORREGIDOR, and SERGEANTS, pursuing SANCHO, FLORA, and  
DIEGO.*

DIEGO. This is one of Don Cupid's pretty jests:  
W' are struck upon a shelf before we could  
Put out to sea.

DON C. You find, sir, my conjecture's not ill-grounded.

[*To the CORREGIDORE.*]

COR. What are you, sirrah?

DIEGO. A living creature, very like a man:  
Only I want a heart.

COR. Y' are pleasant, sir; pray heaven your mirth continue.  
Who is that woman with the veil?

DIEGO. Let her answer for herself, sh' has a tongue;  
Set it but once agoing, and she'll tell  
All that she knows, and more.

COR. Make her uncover her face.

[*One of the SERGEANTS goes to lift up her veil.*]

DON C. Hold, friend. Cousin, if it should be Porcia,

[*Turning to the CORREGIDORE.*]

It were not fit to expose her here.

COR. 'Tis very well consider'd. Go you to her.  
And speak to her in private.

[*DON CARLOS goes towards  
FLORA.*]

FLO. 'Tis I, sir, Flora who, being commanded  
By my lady—

DON C. Speak softly, prythee, Flora, 'tis enough;  
I understand the rest, and pity her:  
Bid her sit still i' th' chair, I'll do my best  
To save her from dishonour.

FLO. He thinks 'tis Porcia there; a good mistake;

It may secure Octavio from the hands  
Of this rude rabble.  
They take you for my mistress, sir; sit still,

[*Aside.*]

[*To DON OCTAVIO in the chair.*]

I'll follow the chair, and watch all occasions  
To further your escape.

DON C. We have found our wand'ring nymph, sir.

COR. Was it Porcia?

DON C. No, sir, 'twas her waiting-woman, Flora, following the chair, wherein  
they were conveying her lady to some other place.

COR. We arriv'd luckily: had we but stay'd a moment longer, they had all been  
fled.

SER. Will you have us see, sir, who's i' th' chair?

COR. Forbear, fellow!  
Her own folly is punishment enough  
T' a woman of her quality, without  
Our adding that of public shame.

[*To DON CARLOS.*]

DON C. 'Twas happily thought on, when you oblig'd  
Don Henrique to expect us at your house;  
For had he come and found his sister here,  
'T had been impossible to have restrain'd  
His passion from some great extravagance.

COR. I could not think it fit to let him come;  
For one of such a spirit would ne'er brook  
The sight of these had done him these affronts  
And's better that a business of this nature,  
Especially 'twixt persons of such quality,  
Should be compos'd, if it were possible,  
By th' mediation of some chosen friends,  
Than brought t' a public trial of the law;  
Or, which is worse, some barbarous revenge.

DON C. This fellow, if I am not much<sup>[68]</sup> mistaken,

[*Looking upon DIEGO.*]

Is Don Octavio's man.

COR. Who do you belong to, friend?

DIEGO. To nobody, sir.

COR. Do not you serve?

DIEGO. Yes, sir; but my master is not himself.

COR. Take his sword from him, sergeant.

[*The SERGEANT goes to lake away his sword.*]

DIEGO. Diego, disarm'd by any other hand  
Than by his own? Know, friend, it is a weapon  
Of such dire execution, that I dare not  
Give it up but to the hands of justice.

[*The CORREGIDOR receives the sword, and gives it to the  
hands of his SERGEANTS.*]

Pray call for't, sir, as soon as you come home,  
And hang't up in your hall, then underwrite,  
This is bold Diego's sword. O, may it be  
Ever from rust, as 'tis from slaughter, free!

COR. Thou art a fellow of a pleasant humour.

DIEGO. Faith, sir, I never pain myself for love,  
Or fame, or riches; nor do I pretend  
To that great subtlety of sense, to feel  
Before I'm hurt; and for the most part

I keep myself out of harm's way.

DON C. The definition of a philosopher!

COR. Come, leave your fooling, sirrah. Where's your master?

DIEGO. The only way to leave my fooling, sir,  
Is to leave my master; for, without doubt,  
Whoever has but the least grain of wit  
Would never serve a lover militant:  
He had better wait upon a mountebank,  
And be run through the body twice a week  
To recommend his balsam.

COR. This fellow is an original.

DIEGO. But of so ill a hand, I am not worth  
The hanging up, sir, in my master's room,  
Amongst the worst of your collection.

*Enter SERGEANTS, with two Footmen and two Maid-servants.*

SER. An't please your worship, we have search'd the house  
From the cellars to the garrets, and these  
Are all the living cattle we can find.

COR. Friends, take a special care of that same varlet  
And the waiting-woman: we'll find a way  
To make them tell the truth, I warrant you.

FLO. O Diego! must we be prisoners together?

DIEGO. Why, that's not so bad as the bands of wedlock, Flora.

COR. Come, let's away; but whither to convey her?  
To her own house certainly were not fit,  
Because of her incensed brother.

DON C. If you approve on't, cousin, I'll carry her  
To mine; for since we seek (if possible)  
To compose the business, she will be there  
With much more decency and satisfaction,  
Being in a kinsman's house, and where she'll have  
My sister to accompany her.

COR. This business cannot be in better hands  
Than yours; and there I'll leave it, and bid you  
Good night.

DON C. Your servant, cousin; I wish you well at home.  
You may be pleas'd to take your sergeants with you;

*[As the CORREGIDOR goes out—*

There are without two servants of Don Henrique's,  
They'll be enough to guard our prisoners,  
And with less notice.

COR. Come, sergeants, follow me.

DON C. Well, ye may go about your business, friends.

*[To the Footmen and Maids.*

I am glad we did not find Octavio here;  
For, though I might justly pretend ignorance,  
I would not have him suffer, though by chance.

*[Exeunt Servants.*

SAN. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,  
And, since there is no notice ta'en of me,  
I'll fairly steal away, and give my master  
An account of this misfortune.

*[Exit SANCHO.*

DON C. Take up the chair, and follow me.

*[They take up the chair.*

DIEGO. A lovely dame they bear: 'tis true, she's something  
Hairy about the chin, but that, they say, 's  
A sign of strength. It tickles me to think  
How like an ass he'll look when, op'ning the shell,  
His worship finds within so rough a kernel.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to DON ANTONIO's apartment in DON  
HENRIQUE's house. Enter DON ANTONIO and PORCIA.*

DON A. Madam, banish your fear: you are now safe  
Within these walls: be pleas'd to remain here  
Till I shall bring some lights, and acquaint Porcia  
With th' honour she'll receive in entertaining  
So fair a guest.

POR. Who is't you say you will advertise, sir?

DON A. My wife Porcia. Have but a little patience,  
And she'll attend you, madam.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

POR. Is her name Porcia too? Pray heaven send her  
A better fate than her distress'd name's-sake.  
But whither am I brought? What house is this?  
What with my fears and darkness of the night,  
I have lost all my measures: I can't guess  
What quarter of the town it is w' are in;  
For, to avoid the meeting with my brother  
And his revengeful train, we have been forc'd  
To make so many turnings, I am giddy.  
But, thanks to providence, I have this comfort,  
That now I'm in a place out of his reach.

*Enter DON ANTONIO with two lights, and sets them on the  
table.*

DON A. Madam, my wife will suddenly attend you;  
Pardon, I pray, my absence for a moment.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

POR. Now I begin to hope my sighs and tears  
Have in some measure with just heaven prevail'd  
At length to free me. But what do I see!

[*Looking about her, she starts.*]

Am I awake, or is it an illusion?  
Bless me, is not this my brother's house? this,  
The quarter joining to my own apartment?  
There is no room for doubt; and my misfortunes  
Are always certain and without redress.  
Unerring powers, arbiters of fate,  
Teach me my crimes, and how to expiate  
Your wrath! Alas! I know not what I have done  
To merit this continued persecution!  
But how came I here I brought by Octavio's friend,  
One on whose virtue I did so rely,  
That I my brother's malice durst defy.  
Can he betray me? sure, I'm in a dream.  
But if Octavio—O vile suspicion!  
Octavio false?—No, truth and he are one.  
'Tis possible his friend may guilty be,  
But to what end so base a treachery?  
And if perfidious, how could he be his friend?  
I am confounded with the various forms  
Of my misfortunes, heighten'd still the more,  
The less I can their hidden cause explore.  
This only's evident, that I must fly  
Immediately this fatal place. But why  
Struggle I thus with fate, since, go or stay,  
Death seems alike to wait me every way.

[*She weeps.*]

*Enter DON ANTONIO and CAMILLA.*

CAM. I wonder much what lady this can be  
Antonio mentions.

[*Aside.*]

DON A. Pardon, I beseech you, madam, the liberty  
Which I so early take; but I presume



Such is your generous tenderness to those  
Whose spiteful fortunes, not their fault, has brought  
Into distress, that you will think yourself  
Oblig'd to him who gives you the occasion  
T' exercise those virtues, which only visit  
Others, but reside with you. This fair lady—  
But she will best relate her own sad story,  
Whilst I seek out Don Henrique, and engage him  
T' employ his power and int'rest for her service.

[Exit DON ANTONIO. Upon CAMILLA's approach PORCIA takes  
the handkerchief from her eyes.

CAM. Ha! what is that I see? Stay, stay, Antonio,

[She runs after Antonio.

It is not fit Don Henrique—but he's gone,  
And we are lost for ever!

POR. O heavens! is this Antonio, the same man,  
To whom I am betroth'd? then my destruction  
Is inevitable.

CAM. Are you an apparition, or are you  
Porcia herself? speak; that when y' have said it thrice,  
I may not yet believe you.

POR. You well may doubt even what you see, Camilla,  
Since my disasters are so new and strange,  
They sever truth from credibility.

CAM. How is it possible you should be here?

POR. I know not how: only of this I'm sure,  
I have not long to expect the dismal end  
Of my sad tragedy; since 'tis evident,  
The person that hath led me to this place,  
This fatal place, is the abus'd Antonio,  
Who has conspir'd with my unnatural brother  
To take away my wretched life, and chose  
This scene as fittest for their cruelty.  
And thus, strange fate! (through ignorance betray'd)  
I have sought protection from the same party  
Whom I have injur'd, and have made my husband  
The only confidant of his own affront:  
Who, to accomplish his too just revenge,  
As well upon my family as person,  
Gives me up to be murder'd by my brother;  
So, whilst I'm branded as a faithless bride,  
He'll be detested as a parricide.

CAM. Prodigious accident! but wert thou blind,  
Not to know thine own house, unhappy Porcia?

POR. Alas! how could I, in so dark a night,  
In such confusion, and so full of fear?  
Besides, he brought me in by the back-way,  
Through his own quarter, where was neither light,  
Nor any creature of the family.

CAM. Although I cannot comprehend the steps  
Of this your strange adventure, yet, dear cousin,  
Your case, as I conceive, is not so desperate.

POR. We easily persuade ourselves to hope  
The things we wish. But, cousin, my condition  
Will not admit self-flattery, and what  
Can you propose to temper my despair?

CAM. Don't you remember, how this afternoon  
Antonio's man, finding me in your quarter  
Without a veil, you having put on mine,  
That he applied himself to me, and I,  
By your command, assum'd your person?

POR. Yes, very well.

CAM. The master since has, by the man's mistake,  
Been happily led into the same error:  
I have not disabus'd him yet, in hopes  
It might produce advantage to us both.

POR. O, he has spoken with my brother since,  
Who (sure) has undeceiv'd him long e'er this.  
No, without doubt, they, having found themselves  
Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

CAM. How, cousin, can that be, if Don Antonio  
Has engag'd himself in your protection,  
And is Octavio's friend?

POR. Cousin, if you impartially reflect  
On the affront which I have done Antonio,  
You will not wonder much if he recede  
From the scarce-trodden path of rigid honour  
To meet with his revenge, and to that end  
Proceeds thus cautelously, still pretending  
He knows not me, that he may disavow,  
Both to Octavio and to all the world,  
Th' infamy of betraying a poor maid  
To loss of life and honour.

CAM. Misfortunes make you rave: this vile suspicion  
Is inconsistent with Antonio's fame.  
You may as well believe that nature will  
Reverse the order of the whole creation,  
As that Antonio, a man whose soul  
Is of so strong and perfect a complexion,  
Should e'er descend to such a slavish sin.  
And if we had the leisure, I could give you  
Such reasons to convince you of your error,  
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

[Spoken with heat.

POR. Alas! I had forgot her near concernments  
For Antonio. [*Aside.*] Pardon and pity me, Camilla;  
My mind is so distracted by afflictions,  
I know not what I should, or should not, fear.

CAM. I pity thee with all my heart. But, cousin,  
If Antonio, not knowing you nor your  
Relations, should chance to find your brother,  
And tell him unawares all that has pass'd,  
And that h' has brought the distress'd party hither,  
He'll presently imagine it is you,  
And then, I fear, 'twill be impossible  
(Though he should interpose with all his power)  
To stop the torrent, or divert his rage  
From breaking in, and executing on us  
That horrid parricide which, though too late,  
It may be he himself would execrate.

POR. There's too much ground for what you fear, Camilla;  
But if I could secure myself this night,  
'Tis very possible that to-morrow  
We might engage Antonio and your brother  
To find out some expedient to relieve me.

CAM. Were you only in pain for your security  
This night, I know an easy remedy  
For that.

POR. Which way, my dearest?

CAM. Why, what does hinder us from making use  
On this occasion of the secret door,  
By which, you know, you have so often pass'd  
Into your house upon more pleasing errands?  
By this we shall obtain these benefits—  
[A] safety from your brother's present fury,  
And time to try if Carlos and Antonio  
May be engag'd to mediate in this business;  
And I have cause to think you will not find  
Antonio so implacable as you

Imagine.

POR. I conceive you, cousin. Fool that I was,  
To think a heart once conquer'd by your eyes  
Should e'er become another virgin's prize!

*Enter DON ANTONIO.*

DON A. So late! a guest in's house, that's come so far  
On such a business, and not yet come home!  
There's something in't I cannot comprehend.  
Madam, I han't as yet found out your brother,  
But (sure) 'twill not be long ere he return;  
Then I'll acquaint him with the accident  
Has made his house this lady's sanctuary.

*[Aside.*

POR. Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see  
He takes my cousin for Don Henrique's sister.  
O bless'd mistake, so luckily continu'd!

*[Aside.*

CAM. I am by his permission mistress here;  
And since that I am pleas'd, sir, 'tis enough,  
Without our troubling him with the account  
Of her sad story.

DON A. True, madam, as to her reception here;  
But yet 'twere very fit he knew it too,  
That we might serve ourselves of his advice  
And credit for this lady's service.

*Enter DON HENRIQUE.*

DON H. Though I did promise the corregidor  
Not to stir from his house till his return,  
Yet I could not obtain it of myself;  
I'm so impatient to unfold the riddle  
Of Don Antonio's seeing of my sister,  
And entertaining her in her own lodgings.  
I shall not now be long i' th' dark. O heavens!  
'Tis she herself, and Camilla with her.  
Were all my servants mad, or all agreed  
T' abuse me in affirming she was fled?  
But Don Carlos, was he mad too to swear  
That he had trac'd her to another house?  
Certainly I or they must be possess'd,  
Or some enchantment reigns within these walls.

*[Aside.*

*[He sees her.*

DON A. O, here comes Don Henrique: now I'll acquaint him  
With your sad story, madam.

CAM. I fear we are undone.

DON A. Don Henrique!

POR. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him——

DON A. Here's a lady with your sister Porcia——

DON H. Yes, sir, I see who 'tis.

DON A. Since you know her, sir, you will the easier  
Excuse my boldness.

DON H. Boldness! in what, sir?

DON A. To have been th' occasion of your finding her  
Here with your sister at this time o' th' night.

DON H. Lord, sir, what do you mean?

DON A. There was in truth such a necessity in it,  
That 'twill, I hope, excuse my humble suit to you  
In her's and my behalf.

POR. Now all comes out.

DON H. I understand you, sir; she does desire  
To pass this night with Porcia, to assist her

In th' ordering of her nuptial ceremonies.  
Let her stay, a' God's name.

POR. If he does not dissemble, my condition  
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd.

[*Aside.*]

DON A. I hope you'll pardon this great liberty:  
So early a confidence will need it, sir.

DON H. 'Tis more than enough that you desire it;  
Th' occasion, too, does justify her stay.

DON A. 'Tis most true, sir, th' occasion did enforce me  
Thus boldly to presume upon your friendship.

DON H. Ha' done, for heaven's sake: is it a novelty,  
Think you, for Porcia and her cousin-german  
To pass a night together?

DON A. Is she so near a kinswoman of his?  
Strange inadvertence in her not to tell me  
Her relation to him when I nam'd him first.  
I'd made fine work on't, had I told him all.

[*Aside.*]

DON H. She knows I owe her many a good turn  
Upon Octavio's score, and hope ere long  
To be able to repay her to the full.

[*Looking on the ladies, and spoken aside, that ANTONIO  
might not hear him.*]

POR. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?

CAM. I cannot tell which of us two he means:  
These words may be applied to either of us;  
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

DON H. Since 'tis so late, pray give the ladies leave  
To retire to their chambers. Go in, sister.

DON A. My brother's words and his behaviour  
Imply some mystery; but I must be silent  
Till I discover more.

[*Aside.*]

POR. Let us be gone; w' are lost if we stay here.  
I'm confident he counterfeits this calm  
To cover his revenge, until Antonio  
And the rest of the house are gone to bed.

CAM. But we shall ne'er be able to get out,  
Whilst they continue in the outward rooms.

POR. Yes, by the garden door; but I'm afraid  
'Tis shut.

CAM. No, now I think on't, Flora went that way,  
And left it open.

POR. Come, let's be gone: I hope heaven will ordain  
Ease by that door which first let in my pain.

[*Exeunt PORCIA and CAMILLA.*]

DON A. I'll only make a step, sir, to my chamber,  
And then return to you immediately.

DON H. Pray, sir, give me leave to wait on you.

DON A. I humbly thank you, sir; I know the way,  
And shall not stay above a moment from you.

DON H. What you please, sir; you command here.

DON A. I'll now go see whether my servant Sancho  
Has brought Octavio to my lodgings,  
As I directed him.

[*Exit DON ANTONIO.*]

DON H. Heavens! was there ever so strange a mystery!

Don Carlos, he affirm'd that those we fought with  
Had convey'd Porcia away; and when I come  
To seek her in the house, I find her missing:  
To second this, her waiting-woman Flora  
Tells me that she went down, about that time,  
Into the garden: Antonio, not long after,  
Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her  
In her own apartment, where I now find her,  
And Camilla with her. What can this be?  
These, sure, are riddles to pose an Œdipus;  
But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd  
My honour safe, which was so much in doubt,  
What matter is it how 'tis brought about?

**FOOTNOTES:**

- [67] At cards. From *pinta*, a spot or mark.—*Sp.*  
Although *Pintas* mean *cards* generally, yet the word is applied to a particular game in Spain, which we call *Basset*.—*Collier.*
- [68] *Much* was omitted by previous editors.—*Collier.*

---

## ACT V.

SCENE.—DON CARLOS'S *house*.

*Enter* DIEGO, FLORA, *and* PEDRO, *accompanying the chair, groping as in the dark.*

PED. Dame Flora and Signior Diego, go in there; and you, my friends, set down the chair, and let the lady out; go, there's money for you. I'll go fetch a candle.

[DIEGO *and* FLORA *go in, and the chair being set in the door, OCTAVIO goes out into the room: PEDRO claps to the door, and goes away.*

*Enter* DON OCTAVIO, DIEGO, FLORA, *at another door.*

DON O. What! put in all alone here i' th' dark,

[*Groping as in the dark.*

And the door shut upon me! Diego! Flora!

DIEGO. Here am I, sir, and Mistress Flora too,  
Unless my sense of feeling fails me.

DON O. I can't conjecture where we are. I durst not  
So much as peep out of the chair since Flora  
Gave me the warning; but, where'er I am,  
'Tis better far than in the sergeants' hands.

FLO. Though now i' th' dark, I know well where we are.  
I have too often walk'd the streets, Octavio,  
From your house hither, upon Cupid's errands,  
Not to know the back-door of Carlos his  
Apartment: 'tis there, I'm sure, w' are now.

DON O. Curse on thee, Flora! hadst thou lost thy wits,  
Not to let me know it sooner?

DIEGO. A gipsy told me by my palm, long since,  
A sour-fac'd damsel should be my undoing.

FLO. Suspend awhile your apprehensions, sir;  
You may escape before the candles come.  
The door was wont to open on this side;  
If not, I have another way in store.

[OCTAVIO *goes to the door.*

DON O. Flora, I cannot make the lock go back.

[PEDRO *unlocks it on the other side, and coming in with a candle, meets with OCTAVIO, and starting back and stumbling, lets the candle fall, then running out again, double-locks the door.*

DIEGO. Nay then, i' faith, w' are fast: I heard him give  
The key a double turn.  
Here's a fair trial for your maiden breath!  
Flora, blow't in again; let's owe your mouth  
More light than yet your eyes could e'er impart.

[DIEGO *takes up the candle.*

FLO. Light's cast away on such an owl as you;  
But yet I'll try.

[FLORA *blows the candle in.*

DIEGO. Thanks, gentle Flora, to your virgin puff;  
'Tis a strong breath that can o'ercome a snuff.  
But I had rather't had been let alone:  
If I must needs be kill'd, unless it were  
Behind my back, I'd have it i' th' dark;  
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

[*Aside.*

DON O. What must we do, Flora I all my hope's in you.

FLO. W' have yet some room for hope. There's a back-stairs  
Beyond that inner chamber, which goes down  
Into the garden: if the door be open,

As certainly it is, the way is easy.

DON O. Come, let's lose no time. Prythee, guide us, Flora.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to DON HENRIQUE'S house. Enter DON HENRIQUE.*

DON H. As well pleas'd as I am to find my honour  
Less desperate than I thought, I cannot rest  
Till I have drawn from Porcia a confession  
Of the whole truth before she goes to bed.  
She's in her chamber now, unless by new  
Enchantments carried thence.

*As he is going towards PORCIA'S chamber, enter DON CARLOS  
in haste.*

DON O. I can't imagine what should make Don Henrique  
Quit the corregidor's till we return'd:  
One of his servants tells me he's come home.  
O, here he is, Now shall I raise a storm  
Which (if we do not take a special care)  
Will scarce b' allay'd without a shower of blood;  
Yet I must venture't, since it so imports  
Our friendship and the honour of our house.  
Happiness is such a stranger to mankind

[*Aside.*]

[*Addressing to DON HENRIQUE.*]

That, like to forc'd motion, it is ever strongest  
At the first setting out; then languishing  
With time, grows weary of our company:  
But to misfortunes we so subject are,  
That, like to natural motion, they acquire  
More force in their progression.

DON H. What means this philosophical preamble?

DON C. You'll know too soon, I fear.

DON H. Don Carlos, I am so well recover'd  
From all m' inquietudes, that for the future  
I dare defy the malice of my stars  
To cause a new relapse into distemper.

DON C. Cousin, I'm much surpris'd with this great change:  
But since y' are such a master of your passions,  
I'll spare my ethics, and proceed to give you  
In short the narrative of our success.  
Our worthy kinsman the corregidor,  
Forward to serve you in th' affair I mention'd,  
Was pleas'd to go along with me in person  
With a strong band of sergeants to the place  
Where I, attended by your servants, led him.  
Cousin, 'twas there;—it wounds my heart to speak it,  
And I conjure you summon all your patience—  
'Twas there I found—

DON H. Whom, cousin, did you find? for since I'm sure  
You found no Porcia there, my concernments  
In your discoveries are not very likely  
To discompose me.

DON C. I would to heaven we had not found her there!

DON H. What's that you say, Don Carlos? My sister there?

DON C. Yes, sir, your sister.

DON H. My sister? that's good, i' faith; ha, ha, ha!

DON C. Why do you laugh! Is the dishonour of  
Our family becoming a laughing matter?  
This is a worse extreme, methinks, than t'other.

DON H. How can I choose but laugh, to see you dream?  
Awake, for heaven's sake, and recall your senses.

Porcia there, said you?

DON C. Yes, sir, Porcia, I say; your sister Porcia;  
And, which is more, 'twas in Octavio's house.

DON H. Why, sure, y' are not in earnest, cousin?

DON C. As sure as y' are alive, I found her there.

DON H. Then you transport me, sir, beyond all patience.  
Why, cousin, if she has been still at home,  
Antonio seen and entertain'd her here,  
Accompani'd by Camilla; if even now  
I left them there within, is't possible  
You should have found her in Octavio's house?  
To be here and there too at the same time!  
None, sure, but Janus with his double face  
Can e'er unfold this mystery.

DON C. Let me advise you, abuse not yourself;  
I tell you positive'y, I found her there:  
And, by the same token, her waiting-woman  
Flora was there attending her.

DON H. Flora! Dear cousin, do not still persist  
Thus to affirm impossibilities.

DON C. Sure, you are making some experiment  
Upon my temper, and would fain provoke  
My patience to some such high disorder,  
That I should ne'er hereafter have the face,  
When you are in your fits, to play the stoic.

DON H. Cousin, I swear to you upon my honour,  
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour  
Since I did speak with Porcia and your sister  
In that very apartment, and am now  
Returning to them in my sister's chamber.

DON C. And, sir, I swear to you upon my honour,  
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,  
Since I left Porcia carrying in a chair  
From Don Octavio's house, and your man Pedro  
Leading the chairmen to mine, and follow'd  
By Flora; whilst I came to find you out,  
To acquaint you with this unpleasing news,  
But fit for you to know as soon as might be.

DON H. This question, cousin, may be soon decided:  
Pray, come along, her chamber's not far off.

DON C. And my house but the next door; let's go thither.

DON H. You'll quickly find your error, cousin.

DON C. And you'll as soon be undeceiv'd. But stay:  
Here comes your servant, whom I left to guard her:  
He'll instantly convince you of the truth.

*Enter PEDRO.*

PED. O sir!—

DON H. What brings yon hither, Pedro?

PED. Give me my albricias,<sup>[69]</sup> sir; I bring you  
The rarest news: your enemy Octavio—  
I'm quite out of breath—

DON H. What does the varlet mean?

PED. Sir, I suppose Don Carlos has inform'd you  
That he left me to see your sister Porcia,  
With Flora and Diego, Oetavio's man,  
Safely convey'd t' his house.

DON C. See now, Don Henrique: who was i' the right!



PED. I did as he commanded me, and put them  
All three into Don Carlos's antechamber,  
Porcia in the same chair which brought her thither,  
And for more safety, double-lock'd the door,  
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch some candles.

DON H. As sure as death, this madness is infectious;  
My man is now in one of Carlos's fits.

PED. Returning with some lights a moment after,  
I no sooner open'd the door, but, heavens!  
Who should I see there, standing just before me,  
In the selfsame place where I had left Porcia,  
But Octavio, your enemy Octavio.

DON H. Here is some witchcraft, sure. What can this mean?

PED. Amaz'd at this sight, I let the candle fall,  
And clapp'd the door to; then double-lock'd it,  
And brought away the key.

DON C. But how could he get in, if you be sure  
You lock'd the door when you went out for lights?

PED. I know not whether he was there before,  
Or got in after; but of this I'm sure,  
That there I have him now, and safe enough.

DON H. Let's not, Don Carlos, now perplex ourselves  
With needless circumstances, when and how;  
Those queries are too phlegmatic for me:  
If the beast be i' th' toil, it is enough;  
Let us go seize him, for he must die.

*Enter DON ANTONIO.*

DON A. Pray, brother, what unhappy man is he  
Whom you so positively doom to death?  
I have a sword to serve you on all occasions  
Worthy of you and me.

DON H. His intervening, Carlos, is unlucky.  
How shall we behave ourselves towards him  
In this business, so unfit for his knowledge?

DON C. Cousin, you should consider with yourself

[CARLOS *draws* HENRIQUE *aside.*

What answer to return him: he's not a man  
To be put off with any slight pretences;  
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an action  
As bears th' appearance rather of brutality  
Than true honour. You know Antonio needs  
No fresh occasions to support his name.  
Who danger seek, are indigent of fame.

DON H. I beg your patience, sir, but for one word  
With this gentleman my friend.

[DON HENRIQUE *addresses himself to* DON ANTONIO.

DON A. I'll attend your leisure.  
I find my coming has disorder'd 'em,  
There's something they would fain conceal from me:  
All here is discompos'd, whate'er's the matter.

[*Aside.*

DON H. I am a rogue, if I know what to do.

DON C. Since the event's so dangerous and doubtful,  
'Tis best, in my opinion, sir, to temporise.

DON H. How easily men get the name of wise!  
To fear t' engage, is call'd to temporise:  
Sure, fear and courage cannot be the same,  
Yet th' are confounded by a specious name;  
And I must tamely suffer, because fools  
Are rul'd by nice distinctions of the schools.

How I hate such cold complexions!

[*He stamps.*]

DON C. Why so transported? as if vehemence  
Were for your passion an approv'd defence.

DON H. Who condemns passions, Nature he arraigns.

DON C. Th' are useful succours, when they serve in chains:  
But he who throws the bridle on their necks,  
From a good cause will produce ill effects.

DON H. Be th' effects what they will, I am resolv'd.  
I doubt not of your kind concurrence, sir,

[*Addressing to DON ANTONIO.*]

In all the near concernments of a person  
Allied to you as I am; but, noble brother,  
It were against the laws of hospitality  
And civil breeding to engage a guest  
(Newly arriv'd after so long a journey)  
In an occasion where there may be danger.

DON A. If such be the occasion, I must then  
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a sword,  
Which must not be excluded from your service.  
I'm sure you are too noble to employ yours  
In any cause not justifi'd by honour.

DON H. Though with regret, I see, sir, I must yield  
To your excess of generosity,  
This only I shall say to satisfy  
Your just reflections, that my resentments  
Are grounded on affronts of such a nature  
That, as nothing but the offender's life  
Can e'er repair 'em, so, as to the forms  
Of taking my revenge, they can't admit  
Of the least scruple.

DON A. Honour's my standard, and 'tis true that I  
Had rather fall, than blush for victory;  
But you are such a judge of honour's laws,  
That 'twere injurious to suspect your cause.  
Allow me, sir, th' honour to lead the way.

[*Exeunt DON ANTONIO and DON HENRIQUE.*]

DON C. If Porcia be there too (as I believe)  
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal tragedy;  
But should she not be there, yet 'tis too much  
For such a heart as mine, through ignorance  
To have betray'd a gentleman, though faulty,  
Into such cruel hands. I must go with them;  
But so resolv'd as, in this bloody strife,  
I'll salve my honour, or I'll lose my life.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to DON CARLOS'S house. Enter DON OCTAVIO,  
DIEGO, and FLORA with a candle.*

FLO. O th' unluckiness! I vow t' you, sir,  
I have scarce known that door e'er lock'd before.

DON O. There's no remedy, Flora: I am now  
At the mercy of my enemies.

DIEGO. Having broken into another's ground,  
'Tis just, i' faith, you should be put i' th' pound.

DON O. The tide of my ill fate is swoll'n so high,  
'Twill not admit increase of misery;  
Since, amongst all the curses, there is none  
So wounds the spirit as privation:  
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell;  
The loss of heaven's the greatest pain in hell.  
When I had sail'd the doubtful course of love,  
Had safely gain'd my port, and (far above  
My hopes) the precious treasure had secured

For which so many storms I had endur'd:  
To be so soon from this great blessing torn,  
That's hard to say, if 'twere first dead or born,  
May doubtless seem such a transcendent curse,  
That even the Fates themselves could do no worse:  
Yet this I bore with an erected face.  
Since fortune, not my fault, caus'd my disgrace;  
But now my eyes unto the earth are bent,  
Conscious of meriting this punishment:  
For trusting a fond maid's officious care,  
My life and honour's taken in this snare;  
And thus I perish on this unseen shelf,  
Pursu'd by fate, and false unto myself.  
Flora, when I am dead, I pray present  
These tablets to your lady; there she'll find  
My last request, with reasons which I give,  
That for my sake she would vouchsafe to live.  
Give me the candle, Flora.

*[He pulls out his tablets.]*

*[OCTAVIO sets the candle on a table, and sits down to write in his tablets.]*

DIEGO. A double curse upon all love in earnest,  
All constant love: 'tis still accompanied  
With strange disasters, or else ends in that  
Which is the worst of all disasters—marriage.

FLO. Sure, you could wish that everybody living  
Had such a soul of quicksilver as yours,  
That can fix nowhere.

DIEGO. Why! 'twould not be the worse for you, dear Flora;  
You then might hope in time to have your turn,  
As well as those who have much better faces.

FLO. You, I presume, sir, would be one o' th' latest,  
Which I should hear of; yet 'tis possible  
That one might see you before you should be  
Welcome.

DIEGO. She has wit and good-humour, excellent  
Ingredients to pass away the time;  
And I have kindness for her person too;  
But that will end with marriage, and possibly  
Her good-humour; for I have seldom known  
The husband and the wife make any music,  
Though when asunder they can play their parts.  
Well, friend Diego, I advise you to look  
Before you leap, for if you should be coupled  
To a yoke, instead of a yoke-fellow,  
'Tis likely you may wear it to your grave.  
Yet, honest Diego, now I think on't better,  
Your dancing and your vaulting days are done:  
Faith, all your pleasures are three storeys high,  
They are come up to your mouth; you are now  
For ease and eating, the only joys of life;  
And there's no cook, no dry-nurse, like a wife.

DON O. Here, take my tablets, Flora: sure, they'll spare  
Thy life for thy sex's sake; but for poor Diego—

DIEGO. Why, sir, they'll never offer to kill me?  
There's nothing in the world I hate like death.

DON O. Since death's the passage to eternity,  
To be for ever happy we must die.

DIEGO. 'Tis very true; but most that die would live,  
If to themselves they could new leases give.

DON O. We must possess our souls with such indifference,  
As not to wish nor fear to part from hence.

DIEGO. The first I may pretend to, for I swear  
I do not wish to part: 'tis true, I fear.

DON O. Fear! why, death's only cruel when she flies,

And will not deign to close the weeping eyes.

DIEGO. That is a cruelty I can forgive,  
For I confess I'm not afraid to live.

DON O. We shall still live, though 'tis by others' breath—  
By our good fame, which is secur'd by death.

DIEGO. But we shall catch such colds, sir, under ground,  
That we shall never hear Fame's trumpet sound.

DON O. 'Tis but returning, when from hence we go,  
As rivers to their mother-ocean flow.

DIEGO. We know our names and channels whilst w' are here;  
W' are swallow'd in that dark abyss when there.

DON O. Engulf'd in endless joys and perfect rest,  
Unchangeable, i' th' centre of the bless'd.

DIEGO. Hark, I hear a noise—

*[The noise of the opening of a door. DIEGO runs to the door,  
looks into the next room, then comes running to OCTAVIO.]*

DIEGO. O sir, w' are lost! I see two female giants  
Coming most terribly upon us.

DON O. Away, you fearful fool—

*Enter CAMILLA and PORCIA, the one with a key, the other  
with a candle.*

POR. I'm confident nobody saw us pass  
From th' other house.

CAM. However, let us go through my brother's quarter,  
And open the back-door into the street;  
'Tis good in all events t' have a retreat  
More ways than one.

*[A door claps behind, and  
both look back.]*

POR. O heavens, our passage is cut off!  
The wind has shut the door through which we came.

CAM. The accident's unlucky: 'tis a spring lock,  
That opens only on the other side.

POR. Let's on the faster, and make sure of th' other—

*[Seeing OCTAVIO, she starts.]*

Octavio here!

*[OCTAVIO hearing them, starts  
up.]*

DON O. Porcia in this place! may I trust my senses,  
Or does my fancy form these chimeras?

DIEGO. Either we sleep, and dream extravagantly,  
Or else the fairies govern in this house.

*[FLORA runs to PORCIA.]*

FLO. Ah, dearest mistress! you shall never make me  
Quit you so again.

POR. But can that be Octavio?

DON O. I was Octavio; but I am at present  
So much astonish'd, I am not myself.

CAM. What can the meaning of this vision be?

*[DON OCTAVIO approaches PORCIA.]*

DON O. My dearest Porcia, how is't possible  
To find you in this place, my friend Antonio  
Having so generously undertaken  
Your protection?

POR. Did he not yours so too? and yet I find

Octavio here, where he is more expos'd  
Than I to certain ruin. I am loth  
To say 'tis he who has betray'd us both.

DON O. Antonio false? It is impossible.

DIEGO. 'Tis but too evident.

DON O. Peace, slave! he is my noble friend, of noble blood,  
Whose fame's above the level of those tongues  
That bark by custom at the brightest virtues,  
As dogs do at the moon.

POR. How hard it is for virtue to suspect!  
Ah, Octavio! we have been both deceiv'd.  
This vile Antonio is the very man  
To whom my brother without my consent  
Or knowledge has contracted me in Flanders.

DON O. Antonio the man to whom you are contracted?  
Porcia the bride whom he is come to marry?

POR. The very same.

DON O. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?

POR. Alas! I have not seen you since I knew it;  
But those few hours such wonders have produc'd  
As exceed all belief, and ask more time  
Than your unsafe condition in this place  
Will allow me to make you comprehend it.

CAM. Cousin, I cannot blame your apprehensions,  
Nor your suspicion of Antonio's friendship;  
But I am so possess'd with the opinion  
Of his virtue, I shall as soon believe  
Impossibilities as his apostasy  
From honour.

DON O. What's her concernment in Antonio, Porcia?

POR. O, that's the strangest part of our sad story,  
And which requires most time to let you know it

*[A blaze of light appears at the window, and a noise without.]*

See, Flora, at the window, what's that light  
And noise we hear.

*[FLORA goes to the window.]*

FLO. O madam, we are all undone! I see  
Henrique, Carlos, and their servants, with torches  
All coming hither; and, which is wonderful,  
Antonio leading them with his sword drawn.

CAM. Thou dream'st, distracted wench? Antonio false?  
It is impossible—

*[CAMILLA runs to the window, and turning back, says—]*

All she has said is in appearance true.  
There is some hidden mystery, which thus  
Abuses us; for I shall ne'er believe  
Antonio can transgress the rules of friendship.

DON O. Friendship's a specious name, made to deceive  
Those whose good-nature tempts them to believe:  
The traffic of good offices 'mongst friends  
Moves from ourselves, and in ourselves it ends:  
When competition brings us to the test,  
Then we find friendship is self-interest.

POR. Ye pow'rs above! what pleasure can ye take  
To persecute submitting innocence?

DON O. Retire, dear Porcia, to that inner room:  
For should thy cruel brother find thee here,  
He's so revolted from humanity,

He'll mingle thine with my impurer blood.

POR. That were a kind of contract. Let him come,  
We'll meet at once marriage and martyrdom.

DON O. Soul of my life, retire.

POR. I will not leave you.

DON O. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thyself:  
For they can murder only half of me,  
Whilst that my better part survives in thee.

POR. I will die too, Octavio, to maintain  
That different causes form the same effects:  
'Tis courage in you men, love in our sex.

DON O. Though souls no sexes have, when w' are above,  
If we can know each other, we may love.

POR. I'll meet you there above: here take my word.

[DON OCTAVIO *takes her hand and kisses it.*

This Porcia knows the way of joining souls,  
As well as th' other, when she swallow'd coals.

[*They retire to the other room, PORCIA leaning on CAMILLA,  
and OCTAVIO waits on them to the door.*

DIEGO. Nay, if y' are good at that, the devil take  
The hindmost. 'Tis for your sake, fair Flora,

[*Taking FLORA by the hand.*

I shun these honourable occasions.  
Having no weapon, sir, 'tis fit that I  
March off with the baggage.

[*Turning to DON OCTAVIO. Exeunt DIEGO and FLORA.*

DON O. I'm now upon the frontiers of this life,  
There's but one step to immortality;  
And, since my cruel fortune has allow'd me  
No other witness of my tragic end  
But a false friend and barbarous enemy,  
I'll leave my genius to inform the world  
My life and death was uniform: as I  
Liv'd firm to love and honour, so I die.  
Look down, ye spirits above; for if there be  
A sight on earth worthy of you to see,  
'Tis a brave man, pursu'd by unjust hate,  
Bravely contending with his adverse fate.  
Stay till this heaven-born soul puts off her earth,  
And she'll attend ye to her place of birth.

[*Draws his sword.*

[*Waving his sword.*

*Enter DON ANTONIO, DON HENRIQUE, DON CARLOS, and PEDRO,  
their swords drawn; DON ANTONIO before the rest.*

DON A. Where is the man whose insolence and folly  
Has so misled him to affront my friend?

DON O. Here is the man thou seek'st, and he whom thou  
So basely hast betray'd.

DON A. O heavens! what is't I see? It is Octavio,  
My friend.

DON O. Not thy friend, Antonio, but 'tis Octavio,  
Who by thy perfidy has been betray'd  
To this forlorn condition; but, vile man,  
Thou now shalt pay thy treachery with thy life.

[DON OCTAVIO *makes at DON ANTONIO.*

DON A. Hold, Octavio! though thy injurious error  
May transport thee, it shall not me, beyond  
The bounds of honour. Heaven knows I thought

Of nothing less than what I find—Octavio  
In this place.

DON H. What pause is this, Antonio? All your fervour  
In the concernments of a brother-in-law  
Reduc'd to a tame parley with our enemy?  
Do all the promises you have made to me,  
T' assist my just revenge, conclude in this?

DON O. Do all the promises you have made to me,  
T' assist my virtuous love, conclude in this?

DON H. Where is your wonted bravery?  
Where your kindness to such a near ally?

DON O. Where is your former honour? where your firmness  
To such an ancient friend?

DON A. What course shall my distracted honour steer,  
Betwixt these equal opposite engagements? *[Aside.*

DON H. What, demur still? nay, then I'll right myself.

*[DON HENRIQUE makes at DON OCTAVIO; DON ANTONIO turns on  
DON OCTAVIO'S side.*

DON A. Who attacks Octavio must pass through me.

DON C. I must lay hold on this occasion. *[Aside.*  
Good cousin, I conjure you to restrain  
Your passion for awhile. There lies conceal'd  
Some mystery in this which, once unfolded,  
May reconcile this difference.

DON H. Sweetly propos'd, sir; an accommodation!  
Think'st thou my anger's like a fire of straw,  
Only to blaze and then expire in smoke?  
Think'st thou I can forget my name and nation,  
And barter for revenge, when honour bleeds?  
His life must pay this insolence, or mine.

*[He makes at DON OCTAVIO again; DON ANTONIO interposes.*

DON A. Mine must protect his, or else perish with him.

DON H. Since neither faith nor friendship can prevail,  
'Tis time to try what proof you are, Antonio,  
Against your own near interest. Know that the man,  
Whom you protect against my just revenge,  
Has seconded his insolence to me  
By foul attempts upon my sister's honour,  
Your Porcia's, sir. If this will not inflame you——

*[DON ANTONIO turns from DON OCTAVIO and beholds him with  
a stern countenance.*

DON O. How! I attempt your sister's honour, Henrique?

*[DON ANTONIO turns and looks sternly upon DON HENRIQUE.*

The parent of your black designs, the devil,  
Did ne'er invent a more malicious falsehood;  
'Tis true that I have serv'd the virtuous Porcia  
With such devotion and such spotless love,  
That, though unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd  
To recompense my passion with esteem;

*[DON ANTONIO turns and looks sternly upon DON OCTAVIO.*

By which she has so chain'd me to her service,  
That here I vow either to live her prize,  
Or else in death to fall love's sacrifice.

DON A. O heavens! what's that I hear? Thou blessed angel,  
Guardian of my honour, I now implore  
Thy powerful assistance, to preserve  
That reputation which I hitherto  
By virtuous actions have maintain'd unblemish'd.

In vain, Don Henrique, you design to change

*[He pauses a little, and rubs his forehead.]*

My resolutions: it must ne'er be said  
That passion could return Antonio  
From the strict rules of honour. Sir, I tell you,  
Nothing can make me violate my first  
Engagement.

DON H. Nay, then, thou shalt die too, perfidious man.  
Ho! Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido!

*Enter GERALDO, PEDRO, and LEONIDO, with their swords  
drawn; they join with DON HENRIQUE; DON CARLOS  
interposes.*

DON C. For heaven's sake, cousin, draw not on yourself  
The horrid infamy of assassinating  
Persons of noble blood by servile hands!

DON H. Do you defend them too? Kill 'em, I say.

DON A. Retire, Octavio, I'll sustain their shock.

DON O. Octavio retire!

DON A. Trust me, you must, they will surround us else;  
Through that narrow passage they'll assail us  
With less advantage.

*[They retire, fighting, off the stage, DON HENRIQUE and his  
men pursuing them, and DON CARLOS endeavouring to stop  
DON HENRIQUE.]*

DON H. What, d'ye give back, ye mighty men of fame?

DON A. Don Henrique, you shall quickly find 'tis honour,  
Not fear, makes me retire.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter presently DON ANTONIO and DON OCTAVIO at another  
door, which DON ANTONIO bolts.*

DON A. Now we shall have a breathing while at least,  
Octavio, and time to look about us.  
Pray, see yon other door be fast.

*[DON OCTAVIO steps to the door where they went out, and  
DON HENRIQUE bounces at the door they came in at.]*

DON H. Geraldo, fetch an iron bar to force  
The door.

*[Within, aloud. DON ANTONIO goes to both the doors, to see  
if they be fast.]*

DON A. So, 'tis now as I could wish it.

DON O. What do you mean, generous Antonio?

DON A. To kill thee now myself:—having perform'd  
What my engagement did exact from me  
In your defence 'gainst others, my love now  
Requires its dues, as honour has had his.  
There's no protection for you from my sword  
But in your own, or in your frank renouncing  
All claim to Porcia; she is so much mine,  
That none must breathe and have the vanity  
Of a pretension to her whilst I live.

DON O. I never will renounce my claims to Porcia,  
But still assert them by all noble ways:  
Yet, sir, this hand shall never use a sword  
(Without the last compulsion) 'gainst that man  
Who has so much oblig'd me. No, Antonio,  
You are securely guarded by the favours  
Which you so frankly have conferr'd upon me.



DON A. Pray, sir, let not your pretended gratitude  
Enervate your defence: 'tis not my custom  
To serve my friends with prospects of return.

DON O. And, sir, 'tis not my custom to receive  
An obligation, but with a purpose,  
And within the power of my return.  
Friendship, Antonio, is reciprocal.  
He that will only give, and not receive,  
Enslaves the person whom he would relieve.

DON A. Your rule is right; but you apply it wrong.  
It was Octavio, my camerade in arms  
And ancient friend, whom I design'd to serve;  
Not that disloyal man who has invaded  
My honour and my love. 'Tis the intent  
Which forms the obligation, not th' event.

DON O. I call those pow'rs, which both discern and punish,  
To witness for me that I never knew  
You e'er pretended to Don Henrique's sister,  
Before I came within these fatal walls:  
This I declare only to clear myself  
From th' imputation of disloyalty,  
And to prevent the progress of your error.

DON A. How can I think you should speak truth to me  
Who am a witness y' have been false to her,  
To whom you now profess so high devotion?

DON O. I false to Porcia! take heed, Antonio,  
So foul an injury provokes too much.  
But, sir, I must confess I owe you more  
Than the forgiveness of one gross mistake.

DON A. Rare impudence! I must not trust my senses.

DON O. If we cannot adjust this competition,  
Let's charge our envious fortunes, not our passions,  
With this fatal breach of friendship.

DON A. Leave your discourses, and defend yourself;  
Either immediately renounce all claims  
To Porcia, or this must speak the rest.

*[Shaking his sword.]*

DON O. Nay, then I must reply.

*[They fight. A noise, as if the door were broken open.]*

*Enter DON HENRIQUE, DON CARLOS, LEONIDO, and GERALDO,  
with their swords drawn.*

DON H. What's this! Antonio fighting with Octavio?  
This bravery is excessive, gallant friend,  
Not to allow a share in your revenge  
To him who's most concern'd: he must not fall  
Without some marks of mine.

*[DON HENRIQUE makes at DON OCTAVIO, and DON ANTONIO  
turns to DON OCTAVIO'S side.]*

DON A. Nay, then my honour you invade anew,  
And, by assaulting him, revive in me  
My pre-engagements to protect and serve him  
Against all others.

DON H. Why, were not you, Antonio, fighting with him?  
Were you not doing all you could to kill him?

DON A. Henrique, 'tis true; but finding in my breast  
An equal strife 'twixt honour and revenge,  
I do, in just compliance with them both,  
Preserve him from your sword, to fall by mine.

DON C. Brave man, how nicely he does honour weigh!  
Justice herself holds not the scales more even.

DON H. My honour suffers more as yet than yours,

And I must have a share in the revenge.

DON A. My honour, sir, is so sublim'd by love,  
'Twill not admit comparison or rival.

DON H. Either he must renounce all claims to Porcia,  
Or die immediately.

DON A. Y' are i' the right: that he must do, or die;  
But by no other hand than mine.

DON O. Cease your contention, and turn all your swords  
Against this breast! whilst Porcia and I have breath,  
She must be mine, there's no divorce but death.

DON H. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst:  
Kill the slave, kill him, I say!

[DON HENRIQUE *makes at him, and* DON CARLOS *endeavours  
to interpose.*

DON C. For heaven's sake, hold a moment! certainly  
There's some mistake lies hidden here, which (clear'd)  
Might hinder these extremes.

[DON HENRIQUE *and his servants press* DON ANTONIO *and* DON  
OCTAVIO. FLORA *peeps out, and, seeing them fight, cries out*  
Camilla! Porcia! CAMILLA *and* PORCIA *looking out, both*  
*shriek, and then run out upon the stage.*

*Enter* PORCIA *and* CAMILLA *from the inner room.*

POR. Don Henrique!

CAM. Antonio! Carlos!

POR. Octavio!

CAM. *and* POR. *together.* Hear us but speak! hear us but speak!

DON H. By heavens, 'tis Porcia! why, how came she here?

DON C. Why, did not I tell you she was brought hither  
By my directions? you would not believe me.

DON H. But how then could Octavio come hither?

DON C. Nay, that heaven knows, you heard as well as I  
Your man's relation.

DON H. Ah, thou vile woman, that I could destroy  
Thy memory with thy life!

[*He offers to run at* PORCIA: DON ANTONIO *interposes.*

DON A. Hold, sir, that must not be!

DON H. What, may not I do justice upon her  
Neither?

DON A. No, sir: although I have not yet the honour  
To know who this lady is, I have this night  
Engag'd myself both to secure and serve her.

DON C. He knows not Porcia. Who was i' the right,  
Don Henrique, you or I?

DON H. He not know Porcia! why, 'tis not an hour  
Since I saw him entertaining her at home,  
Sure w' are enchanted, and all we see's illusion.

CAM. Allow me, Henrique, to unspell these charms.  
Who is't, Octavio, you pretend to? speak.

DON O. You might have spar'd that question, madam: none  
Knows so well as you, 'tis Porcia I adore.

DON A. Porcia's my wife! disloyal man, thou diest.

CAM. Hold, sir! which is the Porcia you lay claim to?

DON A. Can you doubt of that? why, sure, you know too well  
The conquest that you made so long ago<sup>[70]</sup>  
Of my poor heart in Flanders.

DON C. Conquest! poor heart! Flanders! what can this mean?

DON H. New riddles every moment do arise,  
And mysteries are born of mysteries.

DON C. Sure, 'tis the pastime of the destinies  
To mock us for pretending to be wise.

CAM. Thanks be to heaven, our work draws near an end.  
Cousin, it belongs to you to finish it.

POR. To free you from that labyrinth, Antonio,  
In which a slight mistake, not rectifi'd,  
Involv'd us all, know the suppos'd Porcia,  
Whom you have lov'd, is the true Camilla.

CAM. And you, Don Henrique, know that Don Octavio  
Has always been your sister's faithful lover,  
And only feign'd a gallantry to me  
To hide his real passion for my cousin  
From your discerning eyes.

DON A. Generous Octavio!

DON O. Brave Antonio! how happy are we both.  
Both in our loves and friendships!

[*They embrace.*

DON A. Ah, how the memory of our crosses pass'd  
Heightens our joys when we succeed at last!

DON O. Our pleasures in this world are always mix'd:  
'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.

[CAMILLA takes DON ANTONIO by the hand, and leads him to  
DON CARLOS.

CAM. This, my dear brother, is that brave commander  
To whom you owe your life and liberty;  
And I much more—the safety of my honour.

DON C. Is this that gallant leader who redeem'd us  
With so much valour from the enemy?

CAM. The very same.

DON C. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?  
'Twas ill done, Camilla.

CAM. Alas! my dearest brother, gratitude,

[*Drawing DON CARLOS aside.*

Conspiring with the graces of his person,  
So soon possess'd him of my heart, that I,  
Asham'd of such a visionary love,  
Durst never trust my tongue with my own thoughts.

DON C. 'Tis enough. Here, sir, take from me her hand,

[*Addressing to DON ANTONIO.*

Whose heart your merit has long since made yours.

[DON ANTONIO takes CAMILLA's hand and kisses it.

DON A. Sir, with your leave and hers, I seal the vows  
Of my eternal faith unto you both.

DON C. But let's take heed, Antonio, lest, whilst we  
Are joying in our mutual happiness,

Don Henrique's scarcely yet composed distemper  
Revive not, and disorder us afresh:  
I like not his grim posture.

DON A. 'Tis well thought on; let's approach him.

[DON OCTAVIO, *holding PORCIA by the hand, advances towards DON HENRIQUE.*

DON O. Here with respect we wait your confirmation  
Of that which seems to be decreed above,  
Though travers'd by unlucky accidents.  
This lady, your incomparable sister,  
Can witness that I never did invade  
Your passion for Camilla; and Pedro's death  
Happen'd by your mistaken jealousy.  
The causes of your hate being once remov'd,  
'Tis just. Don Henrique, the effects should cease.

DON H. I shall consult my honour---

DON C. You cannot take a better councillor  
In this case than your own and sister's honour;  
What, to secure them both, could have been wish'd  
Beyond what fate has of itself produc'd?

DON H. How hard it is to act upon constraint!  
That which I could have wish'd, I now would fly,  
Since 'tis obrudged by necessity.  
'Tis fit that I consent, but yet I must  
Still seem displeas'd, that m' anger may seem just

[*Aside.*

DON A. Noble Don Henrique, you may reckon me  
To be as truly yours by this alliance,  
As if a brother's name subsisted still.

DON H. Well, I must yield, I see, or worse will follow.  
He is a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To turn the current of a woman's will:  
Since fair Camilla is Antonio's lot,  
I Porcia yield to Don Antonio's friend.  
Our strength and wisdom must submit to fate:  
Stripp'd of my love, I will put off my hate.  
Here take her hand, and may she make you, sir,

[*Aside.*

[DON HENRIQUE *takes PORCIA by the hand, and gives her to DON OCTAVIO.*

Happier than she has done me.

DIEGO *and FLORA advance.*

FLO. Had e'er disorders such a rare come-off?  
Methinks 'twould make a fine plot for a play.

DIEGO. Faith, Flora, I should have the worst of that;  
For, by the laws of comedy, 'twould be  
My lot to marry you.

DON O. Well thought on, Diego, tho' 'tis spoke in jest:  
We cannot do a better thing in earnest  
Than to join these who seem to have been made  
For one another. What say'st thou to it, Flora?

FLO. Troth, I have had so many frights this night,  
That I am e'en afraid to lie alone.

[DIEGO *takes her by the hand.*

DIEGO. Give me thy hand, sweet Flora, 'tis a bargain,  
I promise thee, dear spouse, I'll do my best  
To make thee first repent this earnest jest.

FLO. You may mistake: we have a certain way,  
By going halves, to match your foulest play.

DON C. Since this last happy scene is in my house,  
You'll make collation with me, ere you part.

DON A. *and* DON O. Agreed, agreed, agreed!

DON A. Thus end the strange Adventures of Five Hours,  
As sometimes blust'ring storms, in gentle showers.<sup>[71]</sup>

[Addressing to the Pit.

DON O. Thus, noble gallants, after blust'ring lives,  
You'll end as we have done, in taking wives.

DIEGO. Hold, sirs, there's not an end as yet; for then  
Come your own brats and those of other men.

DON H. Besides the cares of th' honour of your race  
Which, as you know, is my accursed case.

[Addressing to the Boxes.

CAM. You, ladies, whilst unmarried, tread on snares:  
Married, y' are cumber'd with domestic cares.

POR. If handsome, y' are by fools and fame attack'd;  
If ugly, then by your own envy rack'd.

FLO. We by unthrifty parents forc'd to serve,  
When fed are slaves, and when w' are free, we starve.

DON C. Which put together, we must needs confess,  
This world is not the scene of happiness.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[69] A reward or gratuity given to one that brings good news.—Stevens's "Spanish Dictionary."

[70] All the copies have it *so long ago*, but Reed followed Dodsley in the absurd error of substituting *some days ago*.—*Collier*.

[71] Here the play ended until the third edition which, as has been already noticed, varies materially from those that preceded it. The third edition also omits the original epilogues at the theatre and at court, which, as they are worth preserving, are now inserted in a note.—*Collier*.

#### THE EPILOGUE.

DIEGO *comes stealing in, and is followed by* HENRIQUE,  
*who stays at the door and listens.*

DIEGO. Come, gentlemen!  
Let the *Dons* and *Monsieurs* say what they will,  
For our parts, we are for *Old England* still.  
Here's a fine Play indeed, to lay the scene  
In three houses of the same town, O mean!  
Why, we have several plays, where I defy  
The devil to tell where the scene does lie:  
Sometimes in *Greece*, and then they make a step  
To *Transylvania*, thence at one leap  
To *Greece* again: this shows a ranging brain,  
Which scorns to be confined t' a town in *Spain*.

*Then for the Plot.*

The possible *Adventures of Five Hours*!  
A copious design! why, in some of ours  
Many of the adventures are impossible,  
Or, if to be achiev'd, no man can tell  
Within what time: this shows a rare invention,  
When the design's above your comprehension;  
Whilst here y' are treated with a romance-tale.  
And a plot cover'd with a *Spanish* veil.

*As for the Style.*

It is as easy as a proclamation,  
As if the play were penn'd for the whole nation.  
None of those thund'ring lines, which used to crack  
Our breaths, and set your wits upon the rack.  
Who can admire this piece, or think it good?  
There's not one line but may be understood.

*The Raillery.*

As innocent as if't had pass'd the test  
Of a full synod: not one bawdy jest!

Nor any of those words of double sense,  
Which make the ladies, to show their innocence,  
Look so demure, whilst by a simp'ring smile  
The gallant shows he understands the style.  
But here you have a piece so subtly writ,  
Men must have wit themselves to find the wit.  
Faith, that's too much; therefore by my consent,  
We'll damn the play.

HENRIQUE. Think'st thou, impertinent,  
That these, who know the pangs of bringing forth

[*Pointing to the Pit.*]

A living scene, should e'er destroy this birth?  
You ne'er can want such writers, who aspire  
To please the judges of that upper tier.  
The knowing are his peers, and for the rest  
Of the illiterate crowd (though finely dress'd),  
The author hopes he never gave them cause  
To think he'd waste his time for their applause.  
You then (most equal judges) freely give  
Your votes, whether this play should die or live.

### THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

We've pass'd the lords and commons, and are come  
At length, dread sir, to hear your final doom.  
'Tis true your vassals, sir, may vote the laws.  
Their sanction comes from your divine applause.  
This shining circle then will all sit mute  
'Till one pronounce from you *Le Roi le veut*.<sup>[72]</sup>

[72] These are the words still used by ancient usage whenever the royal assent is given to any bill that has passed through both Houses of Parliament.—*Collier*.

---

**EPILOGUE.**  
**BY MR SMITH.**

Our poet, gentlemen, thought to steal away,  
Hoping those wretched rhymes, i' th' end o' th' play,  
Might serve for epilogue; for truly he  
Takes epilogues for arrant bribery.  
H' observes your poet in our modern plays,  
Humbly showeth, and then as humbly prays;  
So that it can't be said, what they have writ  
Was without fear, though often without wit.  
He trusts (as ye say papists do) to merit;  
Leaves you (like quakers) to be mov'd by th' spirit.  
But since that epilogues are so much in vogue,  
Take this as prologue to the epilogue.

**BY MR HARRIS.**

Some, as soon as th' enter, we wish 'em gone,  
Taking their visit as a visitation:  
Yet when they go, there are certain grimaces  
(Which in plain English, is but making faces)  
That we, for manners' sake, to all allow.  
The poet's parting; don't rise, but smile and bow;  
And's back being turn'd, ye may take the liberty  
To turn him, and all h' has writ to raillery.  
Now, as I shall be sav'd, were I as you,  
I'd make no bones on't—why, 'tis but his due.  
A fop! in this brave, licentious age,  
To bring his musty morals on the stage?  
Rhyme us to reason, and our lives redress  
In metre, as Druids did the savages?  
Affront the freeborn vices of the nation?  
And bring dull virtue into reputation?  
Virtue! would any man of common sense  
Pretend to't? why, virtue now is impudence;  
And such another modest play would blast  
Our new stage, and put your palates out of taste.  
We told him, Sir, 'tis whisper'd in the pit  
This may be common sense, but 'tis not wit;  
That has a flaming spirit, and stirs the blood  
That's bawdry, said he, if rightly understood;  
Which our late poets make their chiefest tasks,  
As if they writ only to th' vizard-masks.  
Nor that poetic rage, which hectors heaven,  
Your writer's style, like's temper, 's grown more even;  
And he's afraid to shock their tender ears.  
Whose God, say they, 's the fiction of their fears;  
Your moral's to no purpose. He replied,  
Some men talk'd idly just before they died,  
And yet we heard them with respect. 'Twas all he said.  
Well, we may count him now as good as dead;  
And since ghosts have left walking, if you please,  
We'll let our virtuous poet rest in peace.

---

**ALL MISTAKEN;  
OR,  
THE MAD COUPLE**



---

**EDITION.**

*All Mistaken; Or The Mad Couple. A Comedy, Acted by His Majestyes Servants, at the Theatre Royal. Written by the Honorable James Howard, Esq.; London, Printed by H. Brugis, for James Magnes in Russel-street, near the Piazza, in Covent-garden, 1672. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

This play formed part of the collection as originally published by Dodsley in 1744, but was excluded from the second and third editions. In the copies of 1672 and 1744, the arrangement of the lines was found very irregular, and the metre correspondingly corrupt. In the present reprint the text has been, to a large extent, reconstructed.

---

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

THE DUKE.

ORTELLUS,

ARBATUS,

PHILIDOR,

ZORANZO,

PINGUISTER,

LEAN-MAN,

*Doctor to Pinguister.*

*Tailor to Lean-man.*

*Jailor.*

*Servant to Philidor.*

*Boy.*

*Clown.*

*Guard and attendances.*

*next of kin to the Duke; of an ambitious and treacherous nature.*

*supposed brother to Artabella.*

*a mad kinsman of the Duke's, in love with Mirida.*

*the Duke's prisoner of war, in love with Amarissa.*

*two ridiculous lovers of Mirida.*

AMPHELIA,

ARTABELLA,

MIRIDA,

AMARISSA,

*Six Ladies.*

*Three Nurses with children.*

*in love with the Duke.*

*the Duke's sister, but taken for the sister of Arbatus.*

*Philidor's mad mistress.*

*in love with Zoranzo.*

*Scene, Italy.*

**ALL MISTAKEN.**

## ACT I., SCENE I.

*Enter DUKE from war, in triumph, leading in his hand  
ARTABELLA, a woman of that country from whence he came,  
with ARBATUS her brother, and ZORANZO prisoner; and on the  
other side AMPHELIA, ORTELLUS, and Guard.*

DUKE. Madam, I need not say y'are welcome to this  
Country, since 'tis mine.

ART. Sir, leaving my own for yours  
Speaks my belief of that, and all things else  
You say.

DUKE. The same unto your worthy brother,  
Besides, my thanks to you, sir, for letting  
Your sister take this journey.

ARB. Your highness hath so nobly express'd  
Yourself unto my sister, that I  
Consented to her coming with you; so  
Highly I esteem'd your princely word,  
That I have let her trespass on the  
Bound of common modesty in this  
Adventure: for when this hasty judging  
World shall see you have brought a woman  
From her own country, and not your  
Wife, how soon will every tongue give her  
Another title!

DUKE. Sir, my sudden actions shall prevent all  
Tongues or thoughts either to name or think her  
Anything but my duchess; therefore  
All that owe duty or respect to me, pay it  
To her. What, Amphelia, did you believe  
The world so barren of good faces, that  
Yours only does enrich it? or did you think  
It was men's fates only to doat on yours?  
Look on this lady, and you'll see your error;  
Mark well her face, and you will find  
In every line beauty sits empress there.  
These are the eyes, Amphelia, now, that dart  
Obedience through my heart; are not you vex'd  
To see I am no constant fool, and love  
You still?

AMPH. Vexed at what? to see a man I hate  
Love another? a very great vexation!  
Know, sir, this breast has only room for joy  
And love to brave Ortellus—  
Forgive my heart that 'twas not yours before,  
Since you have long deserv'd it.

ORT. Madam, no time was long enough to wait  
This blessed hour.

AMPH. Alas, great duke! instead  
Of pining for your change, you find me midst  
A thousand joys in this new choice.

DUKE. So you do me, Amphelia, amidst  
Ten thousand; not all the glories that  
Attend a conquering soldier can create  
One joy so great in me,  
As being conquer'd here in my own triumphs.  
I am but a slave;  
Nor does my victory over thousands please  
Me so much, as being overcome by  
One—by this fair one, whose eyes, by shining  
On my triumph only, make it glorious.

AMPH. Well, sir, we will not change our happy states;  
You cannot brag of happiness so great  
To make me envy: I am only sorry for

This lady, that had nothing else to do  
With her heart but to give it you. Madam,  
If your breast had been crowded with some twenty  
Or thirty hearts, and amongst these one very  
Ill, you might have  
Made present of that to this mighty duke.

DUKE. Madam, does not this lady's discourse make you  
Afraid of me.

ART. Not in the least, sir.

DUKE. Where's this bold prisoner?

GUARD. Here, and [it] please your highness.

DUKE. Well, sir, tho' you did attempt to kill me  
In our camp, after you were our prisoner,  
You shall not die, since you are of the same  
Country this lady is; therefore thank her  
And fortune for your life.

ZOR. I'd sooner curse them both.  
Shall I thank any for my life, but heaven  
That gave it me? I'd rather give it to  
A cat. A noble death were far more welcome  
To me, than a mean life at second hand.  
My being here I owe unto the gods.  
When they think fit to lend it me no longer,  
They know the way to take it from me. I scorn  
To run in debt unto a mortal duke for two  
Or three days' breath.

AMPH. Brave captive!

[*Aside.*]

DUKE. You're  
Very high, considering you are in chains.

ZOR. Why, sir, think you these fetters can confine  
My mind as they do my legs, or that my  
Tongue is your prisoner, and dares only say:  
May it please your highness? How much are you  
Mistaken? Know, sir, my soul is  
Prompter to my tongue, and gives it courage to say  
Anything that heaven will not frown at. We  
Should detract from those great pow'rs above,  
If we pay fears to any here below.  
Perhaps you think I'll beg my life now upon  
A pair of bent petitioning knees? No, sir;  
Had I a hundred lives, I'd give them all  
To sharpest deaths, rather than beg for one.

DUKE. You're well resolv'd; perhaps your mind may alter,  
When you see the axe. In the meantime commit him  
To the closest prison where, if you have any  
Accounts with heaven, you will have time to cast  
Them up before your death.

ZOR. Your sentence brings me  
Joy. Welcome the keenest axe that can be set!  
'Twill cut my head and chains both off together.  
Welcome, most happy stroke, since it will bring  
Rest to my eyes, and make a slave a king.

[*Exit with a Guard.*]

DUKE. Madam, I suppose this journey has so wearied  
You, that it is time to show you the way  
To your lodgings, and leave you to your  
Repose.

GUARD. Make way there for the duke!

AMPH. My lord, you had best attend the duke, because  
'Tis a respect due to him.

ORT. I shall, madam,  
At your command.

[*Exeunt.*]

AMPH. How has my tongue belied my too true heart,  
In speaking hate unto  
The duke, and love to Ortellus! I hate the duke?  
So eyes do sleep, that long have known no rest.  
How could my lips give passage to such words,  
And not have clos'd for ever?  
Not by my heart's direction, I am sure; for that  
So swell'd, being injured by my mouth, as, had  
Not pride and reason kept it here from this  
Unquiet feat, it would have forc'd away  
To Archimedes' breast, and there have whisper'd to  
His heart my tongue's untruth. Why should I love  
This man, that shows me nothing but contempt  
And hate? Rouse, drooping heart, and think  
Of that; think of it always, so by degrees  
'Twill bring a winter round thee, that in time  
Shall chill the heat of thy undone and lost  
Affections. O, it is not true that all  
Our sex love change, then I might find one path  
That leads to it;  
That womanish vice were virtue now in me,  
'Twould free my heart, and that were charity.

*Enter DUKE.*

See, where he comes again; O, how I love  
And hate that man! Now help me, pride, and fill  
My breast with scorn; and pr'ythee, tongue, take heed  
You do not falter: hear not, my heart, that will  
Distract thy speech, and so betray my feign'd  
Unkindness.

DUKE. What, Amphelia all alone?  
Weary of your new love already? can't  
You pass away the time with him one hour?

AMPH. Were he  
No finer man than yourself, to be with him  
A minute, I should think a  
Seven years' penance.  
Good heart, lie still, and let my tongue alone.  
I wonder what a woman can see in you,  
Or hear from you, to make her love you.  
(I was just going to have said, hate him.)  
O, what a task is this! therefore let me  
Advise you to have a mean opinion  
Of yourself.

*[Aside.*

*[Aside.*

DUKE. Methinks that advice might serve  
For yourself. Ha, ha, ha!

AMPH. Have patience, heart, I know I lie: thou need'st  
Not tell me so—I had better then confess  
My love. *[Aside.]* Do you laugh, duke? [i]'faith  
So could I at you, till the tears ran down  
My cheeks—that they would quickly do, for grief  
Would fain unload my eyes.  
I must begone,  
I cannot longer act this part, unless  
I had a heart as hard as his.

*[Aside.*

DUKE. What, you are going  
Now to your love Ortellus?

AMPH. I am so,  
And going from you to him, is pleasure double,  
Not only pain, to quit, but joy to meet.

DUKE. Make haste then, for your departure will oblige  
Me too, so we shall be all pleas'd!

AMPH. Haste I will make, but with unwilling feet:  
For every step from him my grief repeats.

*[Aside. Exit.*

DUKE. She's gone, and after her my heart is flown,  
'Tis well it has no tongue to make its moan;

Then 'twould discover what my pride conceals,  
A heart in love (though slighted) love reveals.  
Yet though I love her still, she shall not know;  
Her hate shall seem my joy, which is my woe.  
My constancy I'll outwardly disguise,  
Though here within I am not half so wise.  
Yet rather than disclose my doating fate,  
I'll wound my heart by counterfeiting hate.  
To whine, it wou'd the worst of follies prove,  
Since women only pity when they love.  
With how much scorn she gave me welcome home,  
Ortellus in her hand, to show my doom!  
Me and my triumphs she did so despise,  
As if they'd been unworthy of her eyes.  
'Tis well to her I show'd as much disdain;  
I'd rather perish than she guess my pain.  
But O, the horrid act she makes me do,  
To fool a woman that is young and true!  
So damn'd a sin, that hell could not invent,  
It is too foul for any punishment;  
To question those above I am afraid,  
Else I would ask them, why they woman made.

*Enter PHILIDOR.*

O my mad cousin, your servant.  
Whither so fast?

PHIL. So fast, sir? why,  
I have been hunted by a pack of hounds  
This three hours,  
And damn'd deep-mouth'd hounds too, [sir] no less than  
Three couple of nurses, three couple  
Of plaguy hunting bitches, and with them  
Three couple of whelps, alias children, sir.  
They have rung me such a ring this morning  
Through every by-turning that leads to a bawdy  
House, I wish'd myself earth'd a thousand  
Times, as a fox does when he is hard-run,  
But that they wou'd have presently digged me  
Out with their tongues.

DUKE. Faith, Philidor,  
'Tis no news to me; for I have known thee  
From sixteen at this course of life. What, and these  
Children were all your bastards, and your nurses  
Coming to dun you for money?

PHIL. Something of that's in it, I think, sir.

DUKE. Well, coz, I'll leave thee to thy wildness; a fitter  
Companion much for thee than I at this time.

PHIL. Why, sir, I hope nothing has happened  
To trouble you?

DUKE. No, no;  
My grief, alas! is far beyond express;  
To tell it to a friend can't make it less.

*[Exit.*

PHIL. Wou'd I were at the wars again: I fear  
No sword half so much as the tongue of one  
Of these nurses; and the youling of th' children  
Are more dismal to my ears than the groans  
Of dying men in a battle. I am  
At this time in law with six or seven  
Parishes about fath'ring of bastards;  
'Tis very fine truly! and yet me thinks  
'Tis a hard case that I should be sued for  
Multiplying the world,  
Since death makes bold with bastards,  
As well as other children. The very picture  
Of a nurse and child in her arms wou'd fright  
Me now. O, from that sight deliver me!

*Enter Nurse and Child as he is going out.*

Ha! and here they come: pox on't, what luck have  
I after saying my prayers? it shall be a  
Fair warning to me; now am I started  
Again, and must go run t'other course.

*[Offers to run away.]*

1ST NURSE. 'Squire Philidor, 'Squire Philidor!

*[She runs after him.]*

PHIL. How deaf  
Am I now! 'tis well I know this by-way  
To avoid her.

*Enter Second Nurse and meets him.*

Ha! S'death, another?  
The devil appearing here too?

2D NURSE. O my proper  
Young 'squire, stay, stay, d'ye hear, sir?

PHIL. No, indeed, won't I. Yet I know one way  
More to avoid them.

*Enter Third Nurse.*

Ha! another coming  
Here too? Nay then, I find I am in hell,  
Before I thought I shou'd. What will become  
Of me now?

3D NURSE. O 'squire, I thought I should  
Never have spoken with your worship.

PHIL. No, by this  
Light, shou'd you not, if I could have help it.

*[Aside.]*

1ST NURSE. I wonder, 'squire, at your conscience, t'avoid  
Your pretty babes as you do.

PHIL. So, now it  
Begins, I am like to have sweet music  
From the comfort of these nurses' tongues.

1ST NURSE. Saving your presence, sir, I think here are  
Three as sweet babes as ever sucked teat,  
And all born within the year too, besides  
Three more that your worship has in our street.

PHIL. A very hopeful generation! sure,  
This was a great nut year!<sup>[73]</sup>  
Well, if all trades fail, I may go  
Into some foreign plantation, where  
They want people, and be well paid for my  
Pains: wou'd I were there now!

1ST NURSE. Codge, codge,  
Dos a laugh upon a dad? In conscience, sir,  
The child knows your worship.

PHIL. A very great comfort!

1ST NURSE. My young master here is as like your worship  
As e'er he can look; has your tempting eyes  
To a hair: I cou'd not choose but smile  
To myself t'other day; I was making him clean  
About the secrets, to see that<sup>[74]</sup> God had sent him  
In a plentiful manner; it put me half  
In mind of your worship. I am sure I  
Have been at double the expense of other  
Nurses, in eating choice meat, to make my  
Milk good for my young master, because I  
Would not spoil the growth of any one of his  
Members.

2D NURSE. Nay, for that, neighbour, I have ate  
As good, or better, meat than you, every day

In the week: I never touch'd a bit of  
Salt meat, for fear of spoiling my child's blood.

PHIL. Considering how well 'tis born.

[*Aside.*]

3D NURSE. Nay, neighbours, for that I have been at greater  
Charge than either of you, in choice diets,  
To breed good milk for my young mistress here.

1ST NURSE. You lie.

2D NURSE. You are a quean.

1ST NURSE. And you're a whore.  
Marry, your husband is the notedest  
Cuckold in all our street.

2D NURSE. You lie, you jade,  
Yours is a greater.

PHIL. Hiss! Now for a battle  
Royal.

1ST NURSE. If I lay the child out of my

[*Lay their children down, and fight.*]

Arms, I'll pull off your head-clothes, you—  
Carrion!

2D NURSE. Marry, come, if thou durst.

PHIL. 'Tis best for me to be a coward,  
And march off from this bloody fight.

ALL NURSES. Hold, hold, the 'squire is going away.

PHIL. So, nothing could have parted them this three  
Hours, but the fear of losing me.

[*Aside.*]

1ST NURSE. What, wou'd  
Your worship have left us without paying us  
For nursing your children? you have a conscience,  
With a pox to you!

PHIL. So, now will they end  
Their war in vollies of shot upon me.  
I have but one thing now to do. With ev'ry  
One of these hags have I been forc'd to lie,  
Which they took as satisfaction for payment  
For two months' nursing. Perhaps, rather  
Than they will have it known to one another,  
They'll hold their tongues and leave me?  
Well, my three sweet harmonious nurses, what is due to you?

1ST NURSE. Due! why, there was twelve months  
Due for nursing; 'tis true, two months your squireship  
Satisfied me for.

2D NURSE. And me too.

3D NURSE. And me  
Likewise.

PHIL. Harkye, if you will not be gone,  
I'll tell.

1ST NURSE. No, marry, won't I, till I have  
My money.

2D NURSE. Don't think to fright me, but pay me.

3D NURSE. I fear you not; pay me my money.

PHIL. Pox on't, 'twill not do, I must try another  
Way.—Boy, was the wolf fed to-day?

BOY. No, sir.



PHIL. Go fetch him quickly, to dine with these ladies.

[*Exeunt* NURSES.]

So! I thought I should set them going. He!  
The devil, they have left the children behind them.  
This was a very cunning device of mine.  
Now am I in a pretty condition. Troth, a  
Very noble Anabaptist progeny!  
For the devil a one of these were ever  
Christen'd; for I have run so much upon  
Tick to the parsons for christening of  
Children, that now they all refuse to make  
Any bastards of mine a Christian  
Without ready money; so that I'll have  
This boy bred up a parson, that he may  
Christen himself and the rest of his sisters  
And brothers. What shall I do, when these infants,  
Begin to be hungry, and youl for th' teat?  
O, that a milk-woman wou'd come by now!  
Well, I must remove my flock from hence. Small  
Coal, small coal, will you buy any small coal?  
Pox on it. I could never light of any  
But fruitful whores. Small coal, small coal!

[*Exit.*

**FOOTNOTES:**

[73] [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, 275.]

[74] [Old copy, *what.*]

---

## ACT II.

*Enter ZORANZO, as in prison.*

ZOR. Sure, 'tis not kind of those great pow'rs above,  
To add these chains to me that am in love.  
As to my bed of straw, I am content,  
Since any bed from her is punishment.  
To lie on down of swans would be hard rest,  
Could I not make my pillow on her breast.  
O Amarissa, wert thou here with me,  
I would not sell these bonds for liberty.  
Ransoms that prisoners give to be set free,  
I'd give as much to lie in chains by thee.  
Here is her picture. O, thou too like shade,

*[Pulls out her picture.*

To look on it my eyes are half afraid,  
It so presents my joy and misery;  
Since 'tis the nothing of that all to me.  
The greatest pain to any lover's heart,  
Is to remember when they are apart;  
For thoughts of joys, when there's a bar betwixt,  
Are worse than poison with a cordial mix'd.

*Enter AMPHELIA and JAILOR.*

AMPH. Well said, jailor, here's for thy pains. Brave pris'ner,  
Perhaps this visit may appear but strange  
To you, till you have heard me speak—Know then,  
When you receiv'd the sentence of your death, you seem'd  
To meet it with so brave a soul, as if  
The sound had not displeas'd your ears. Thus did  
Your courage fill my eyes with wonder, and  
My heart with pity.  
Straight I resolv'd to give you all my helps  
To set you free, which now I offer to  
You.

ZOR. Madam, could I tell you what to say I  
Wou'd begin; I have nothing but poor thanks  
To offer to you, and those, though millions, were  
Not half enough. Compassion shown unto  
The miserable heaven can only recompence;  
Therefore, in my dying prayers, I will beg from thence  
A blessing to reward your pity.

AMPH. Sir,  
The joy of your escape will pay my pains;  
All my endeavours I will set at work:  
The time is short, therefore I must make haste.  
Expect to hear of me again with speed.

*Enter ORTELLUS, as she is going out.*

ZOR. What can this mean? heaven grant she does not  
Love me; I wou'd not wish so brave a heart  
So great a punishment, since my love's fix'd already.

ORT. Madam, I have been seeking you; pray, whence  
Came you? This is no usual place to find you  
In.

AMPH. I was only walking this way, sir.

ORT. I'll wait on you presently.—I suspect  
She has been at the prison; I will inform  
Myself by the jailor; and yet perhaps  
She has bid him to deny it.  
The lady  
Amphelia says she has left one of  
Her gloves behind her in the prison, and

*[Steps back to the Jailor.*

Has sent me for it.

JAIL. I'll go see straight, sir.

ORT. She has been there, it seems, then. Madam, I  
Fancy you have been to see the prison.

AMPH. Who, I?  
What makes you think so?

ORT. Why, am I mistaken?

AMPH. Yes; what should I do there?

ORT. Nay, that's the question,  
But there you have been just now, and with the  
Pris'ner too.

AMPH. Sure, you dream.

ORT. She's false, I find:  
I'll try her love to me.  
Madam, since you  
Have been pleased to show your kindness publicly  
To me, I take this time to beg my happiness,  
Which is, that a priest may join our hands.

[*Aside.*

AMPH. I will not marry yet.

ORT. Why, pray, madam?

AMPH. For a very good reason, because I ha'n't  
A mind to't.

ORT. Will you give me another reason?

AMPH. I need not: that's sufficient.

ORT. You love me, do you not?

AMPH. You know I have declar'd it.

ORT. But (sure) you'll not deny me twice?

AMPH. Not, if you ask but once.

ORT. Fie, fie, this modesty's a thief to lovers,  
And robs them of their time. Come, come,  
Say aye, and blush.

AMPH. I'll not say aye, nor blush.

ORT. If you had any modesty, you wou'd.

AMPH. You said  
Just now I had too much.

ORT. Too much  
Of impudence, you mean.

AMPH. What's that to say?

ORT. Why, truth.

AMPH. Get you out, and wash your tongue:  
'Tis foul.

ORT. 'Tis like you heart then,  
But that it cannot lie as much.

AMPH. Most valiant lord,  
To give the lie to petticoats!

ORT. Why did you  
Deny your being in prison?

AMPH. Not for fear of you;  
I was with the brave prisoner,  
What then?

ORT. You went to make love to him.  
You had best use your time well; 'twill  
Be short and sweet: your dear will not be so  
Proper a man by the head within this  
Two days. False woman! you've a heart that flies  
From one man's breast to another: all the  
Inconstancy of your sex is constancy  
To this of yours: you have deceived the duke  
Already; that might have been my warning.

AMPH. Faith, and so  
It might; th' duke in all things so far excels  
You, that you were a fool to think, when once  
My heart bid him farewell, that it design'd  
No better a change than you. Troth, your mistaken;  
It had a farther journey to make, and so  
Took your breast for an inn only, to lie  
By the way.

ORT. Base woman! is't not enough that you  
Have fool'd me, but you must mock me too? Heaven  
Hold my hand from murdering thee!

AMPH. Fright those that fear you.

[*Exit.*]

ORT. Curses of all fool'd men (like me) light heavy  
On thee! Revenge begins to fill my heart,  
And I will pour it out on this base woman.  
I know the way: I'll to the duke.

*Enter* DUKE.

I am  
Glad I have met your highness, for I have  
Business to impart to you that concerns your life.

DUKE. What is't, Ortellus?

ORT. Know, sir,  
Amphelia, that—

DUKE. Loves you?

ORT. No, sir, she loves  
The pris'ner.

DUKE. 'Tis impossible.

ORT. 'Tis very true, sir,  
I caught her coming from him! she's designing  
His escape, and for aught I know, her love  
To him may put other thoughts into her head.

DUKE. What d'ye mean?

ORT. She may design your life;  
A woman that is ill, exceeds a man  
In mischief.

DUKE. My lord, I thank your care. If you  
Can track her farther, pray let me know; in the  
Meantime I shall prevent her ill intentions.

ORT. My diligence shall not be wanting. So,  
Since I can have no love, revenge shall be  
My mistress.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

DUKE. O Amphelia! why dost  
Thou take such pains to break my heart, when 'tis  
So easily done? She needs not secretly  
Contrive my death, since half a word from her  
Commands my life: her face and heart (sure) can  
Not be akin; nature mistook, or else  
She was to blame to give one woman two  
So great extremes.

*Enter* ARBATUS.

See, here comes the brother  
To wronged Artabella: th' horror of  
That sin grows bigger in me,  
That I with a deluding love should fool  
An innocent, to show an outward scorn  
To false Amphelia; for when I heard  
She lov'd  
Ortellus, I straight made love to this young  
Woman, and brought her from her own country,  
Only to make Amphelia think I lov'd  
Another.

ARB. I hope I don't disturb your highness.

DUKE. No, Arbatus, you are always welcome  
To me.

ARB. Sir, I should ask you a question.

DUKE. You freely may.

ARB. Not but  
I think my sister far unworthy, either  
In birth or fortune, to be call'd your wife;  
Yet since you have been pleas'd to grace her with  
Your love so far, as saying she shall be your  
Duchess, be pleas'd to tell me why it is  
Not so? she has been here so long, that people  
Now begin to say you mean her for your mistress;  
Should my ears meet that sound from any tongue,  
I'd—

DUKE. Hold, Arbatus, I'm sure I have given  
No cause as yet to doubt my kindness to  
Your sister.

ARB. Pardon me, sir, in your delay you have.  
My sister has no dowry but her virtue,  
Youth, and some small stock of beauty. These if  
You lov'd her for, you would not waste,  
By letting time rob her and you at once.

DUKE. Sir, business of great importance has  
Hitherto deferr'd my marriage; believe  
Me, you shall find me just.

ARB. A prince's word  
Must not be question'd; I have done.

DUKE. O Amphelia! what dost thou make me do?

[Exit.

ARB. Let him take heed; if he does fool my sister,  
Were he ten thousand dukes, I'd cut his throat.

[Exit.

*Enter PHILIDOR alone.*

PHIL. I have been quite at t'other end o'th' town,  
To put my children out to new nurses,  
For I am known to every nurse hereabout;  
That they will as soon nurse a cat's kitten  
As any child of mine. This is a very  
Pleasant life I lead, neither is this the  
Worst part of it; for there are a certain  
Flock of women that I have promis'd marriage,  
I expect a volley of shot from them too,  
Soon as they find me out. Would wives and children  
Were as hard to come by as money, then would  
I turn usurer, and let 'em out to use;  
For, to say truth, I have enough to spare.

*Enter six LADIES, one after another.*

So, here comes one of my promis'd Virgins!  
Nay, a second too—a third—a fourth—a fifth—  
A sixth—Welcome, blessed half-dozen; now will I go  
Muster my nurses and children too, and go  
Against the Great Turk. I am glad to see

They have brought ne'er a coffin, for I expect  
Nothing but death from them. I wonder they don't  
Begin to ring my funeral peal. See every  
One of them beckons to me, as much as to say,  
I'd speak with you in private; but the devil  
Take me if e'er a one of them do; I find  
By this they would not have their business known  
To one another; this may be a means for me  
To get off for this time—Ladies, you all  
Look as if you had something to say to  
Me; pray make me so happy as to let  
Me know what 'tis. They dare not speak aloud. [*Aside.*] Will you,  
Madam? or you? or you, madam? or you,  
Madam? [What] not one of you tell me what  
The honour of these visits mean? I see  
I am troublesome to you all? therefore  
I'll not be longer rude; and so I take  
My leave—This was good luck, that they should come  
All together; for I had rather be  
Alone six hours with the devil, than with  
E'er a one of them an half hour—I'll stand close  
In this corner till they are all gone.

[*Beckon him.*]

1ST LADY. Now the pox take him for a cunning rogue!

2D LADY. A plague take him!

3D LADY. The devil take him!

4TH LADY. If there be e'er a devil worse than another,  
Take him thou!

5TH LADY. O, that I had him alone!

6TH LADY. Was there ever such a rascal?

[*Exeunt at several doors.*]

PHIL. So the coast is clear again—

[*Peeps out.*]

*Enter* MIRIDA.

S'death, here comes another—O, 'tis none  
Of that gang, though.

MIR. I'll lay my head, ne'er a girl in Christendom  
Of my age, can say what I can; I'm now  
But five years i'th' teens, and I have fool'd  
Five several men.

PHIL. A brave wench, by this light!  
Sure, it is I in petticoats.

MIR. My humour  
Is to love no man, but to have as many  
Love me as they please, come cut or long tail.

PHIL. A most divine wench!

MIR. 'Tis a rare diversion, to see what several  
Ways my flock of lovers have in being  
Ridiculous; some of them sigh so damnably,  
That 'tis as troublesome as a windy day.  
There's two of them that make their love together,  
By languishing eye-casts; one of them has  
One eye bigger than another, and looks  
Like a tumbler; and that eye's like a musket  
Bullet, and I expect every minute when he  
Will hit me with it, he aims so right at me.  
My other lover looks a-squint, and to  
See him cast languishing eyes, would make a  
Woman with child miscarry. There is also  
A very fat man, master Pinguister, and  
A very lean man that loves me; I tell the  
Fat man I cannot marry him till he's  
Leaner, and the lean man I cannot marry  
Him till he's fat: so one of them purges

And runs heats every morning, to pull down  
His sides, and th' other makes his tailor stuff  
His clothes to make him show fatter. O, what  
Pleasure do I take in fooling of mankind!

PHIL. Was there ever so witty a wench? 'tis the  
Woman of women for my turn. I'll to her—  
Thou most renowned female! I cannot hold—

MIR. From what?

PHIL. From kissing thee, [from] loving thee, or what  
Thou wilt.

MIR. Troth, y'are very well acquainted, consid'ring  
You never saw me before!

PHIL. Saw thee! I have  
Heard thee talk this hour, like an angel of light.

MIR. Well, d'ye love me for what you heard me say?

PHIL. Yes, faith, do I; why, you are just of my  
Humour; when I heard thee say how many  
Men you had fool'd, I was very glad to hear  
You come one short of me, for I have fool'd  
Six women, and you but five men.

MIR. Why,  
If you love me, you will be the sixth fool,  
To make up my half dozen too.

PHIL. No, I  
Won't, and yet I love thee too.

MIR. Why, how will  
You help it?

PHIL. Thus: you and I  
Will love one another.

MIR. What, whether I will or no?

PHIL. Nay, hear me, we two will love how we please,  
When we please, and as long as  
We please: do not  
These propositions tickle your heart a little?

MIR. I don't mislike them—Now could I take him  
About the neck and kiss him for this humour  
Of his. And do you say you will love me!

[*Aside.*]

PHIL. Yes, marry, will I.

MIR. Nay, hold, I won't marry  
You.

PHIL. Nor I thee, for all the world.

MIR. And yet  
You say you will love me?

PHIL. I tell you  
I will: make no more words on it.

MIR. Why then,  
Hark you, to be as absolute as you,  
I will love you too, that is to say,  
Upon the aforesaid conditions.

PHIL. With all my heart; prythee, don't think  
That I  
Will love thee upon any other terms. But come,  
We must seal this  
Bargain with hands, hearts, lips.

MIR. No, no; no lips; we will only shake hands  
Upon't, that's enough for so weighty a contract

As this of ours.

PHIL. But, prythee, let us seal  
The bargain.

MIR. No, no, sir, I use no wax  
To my lips.

PHIL. Nay, by my troth, I care not  
A pin to kiss thee.

MIR. No? look upon me well,  
And see if you can say so again.

PHIL. Hum—yes,  
Faith, I will give two-pence to kiss thee  
Now.

MIR. Well, sir, when I do kiss you, I'll 'bate you  
A penny of that.

PHIL. Now you and I will sing this song. [He sings.]

*My love and I a bargain made,  
It is well worth a telling:  
When one was weary, we agreed  
To part, should both be willing.*

MIR. Nay, here I'm for you too. [She sings.]

*And thus our loves will longer last,  
Than fools that still are pining:  
We'll spend our time in joy and mirth,  
Whilst doaters do in whining.*

PHIL. Faith, you and I sing very well; we are  
Alike in that too: I see either nature  
Or the devil, somebody or something, made  
Thee and me for one another. Well,  
But let us  
Remember our conditions: imprimis, I  
Will love you.

MIR. Item, so will I you.

PHIL. I  
Will not say how long.

MIR. Item, nor I neither.

PHIL. Item, it may be I can love you but  
A week.

MIR. I don't care if't be but a day.

PHIL. I'll ne'er be tied to any thing.

MIR. Item, thou shalt be tied to what thou wilt  
But me.

PHIL. Item, I will come when I please,  
And go when I please.

MIR. Item, thou shalt drown  
Thyself when thou wilt, or hang thyself when  
Thou wilt, or go to the devil when thou wilt.

PHIL. Item, if I should like another woman, I  
Will have the liberty of leaving you, without  
Any ceremony, but just saying  
Good-bye.

MIR. Item, if I should like any  
Man better than you, I'll leave you without saying  
So much as good-bye.

PHIL. Item, the first that  
Sighs of us two, shall fast a week.



MIR. Item, the first  
That looks but melancholy of us two,  
Shall be starv'd to death.

PHIL. To conclude, we will  
Both be as mad as we please.

MIR. Agreed,  
And the devil take the tamest!

PHIL. A bless'd bargain!  
But hark you, there's one thing I have forgot.

MIR. What's that?

PHIL. Have you had as many children as I?

MIR. No, indeed, ha'nt I.

PHIL. Why, then you must let me help you to 'em,  
That you may be even with me there too.

MIR. Hold, sir, that bargain's yet to make.

PHIL. POX on't!  
That should have been one of our articles.

MIR. Well, I can stay no longer with you now.

PHIL. Nay, prythee, hold, thou shalt not go yet; I  
Can't part with you so soon.

MIR. Ay, but I have  
A mind to go, and that is one of our  
Articles.

PHIL. Well, but shan't we put that other  
Article in, before we part?

MIR. No, no, good-bye to you.

PHIL. Farewell, mettle—

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* PINGUISTER, DOCTOR, *and* SERVANTS.

MIR. Look you, master Pinguister, this is the  
Measure must meet about your waist, before  
I marry you.

PIN. This? why it will not come  
About the small of my leg.

[*Tries the measure himself.*]

MIR. Sir, I am sorrier  
For it: but it must compass your middle before  
You can be my dear chuck: your servant, sir,  
I am in haste.

PIN. Prythee, thou damnable  
Pretty rogue, let me have some comfort from thee,  
Before thou goest, either from thy eyes,  
Thy cheeks, mouth, or nose, or some part about thee  
Consider what a dissolution I  
Must undergo for love of thee.

MIR. I do indeed, sir; but your servant for this time.

[*Exit.*]

PIN. Worthy doctor, my hopes are all in you now,  
I have tried many physicians already  
To make me lean enough for that  
Tormenting, pretty fairy devil.

DOCTOR. Truly, sir, your case is very desperate;  
But if any man in the world can drain  
Your fat from you, 'tis I: sir, we'll begin  
Your course out of hand.

PIN. Do you hear, be sure  
I have at least two dozen of napkins ready

Upon the spot, to rub me at every turn;  
Therefore come you all along with me—  
Have mercy on me, I have love and fat  
Enough to furnish a whole nation.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*Enter AMPHELIA, going to the prison.*

AMPH. How false a woman to all eyes I seem,  
Because I still will hide my constant love!  
This way I take will bravely break my heart,  
To tell the duke were sneakingly to die:  
Since, if he knew that I did love him still,  
With basest scorns he'd laugh my soul to death;  
Such friendship to this pris'ner I will show,  
Shall make the duke believe my heart is there.  
To set him free I'll use my utmost art—  
Would I could do as much for this poor heart!  
This way my love with my designs complies,  
Thus one in chains another's chains unties.  
I have made the jailor mine already,  
By promising him these hundred pieces—  
'Tis now about the time I appointed  
To be here—

*Enter JAILOR.*

O, yonder's the jailor expecting me—  
Here, jailor, here's for thy  
Honesty: may the business be done now?

JAILOR. O madam, never at a fitter time; take you  
The key and go in to the prisoner;  
Whilst I go see the passage clear,  
Stand you at th' door, and when I beckon  
To you, come away.

AMPH. Honest jailor?

JAILOR. So, now I am just i' th' fashion; I have taken  
Money to do her business, and instead  
Of doing it I have undone it.

*Enter DUKE and ORTELLUS.*

ORT. 'Tis so, sir.  
The jailor has discover'd all to me. Here  
He comes.

JAILOR. And please your highness to stand close  
Here, for the lady Amphelia is now  
With the prisoner; I have given her a  
Key to convey him through this private passage;  
As soon as I beckon to her, she will come  
Away with him.

*[Beckons her.]*

AMPH. Come, sir, give me your hand;  
The jailor beckons me; the way is clear.

DUKE. Hold, lady, and your love, we must shorten  
Your journey a little.

AMPH. Ha! the duke and Ortellus!  
I am betray'd! O villain jailor!

ORT. Sir,  
I fear we've interrupted them; it may be  
They were going to be married; ha, ha, ha!

AMPH. If I were, 'twas what I refused you,  
Ortellus; that makes you so mad.

DUKE. Well, madam,  
If you have a mind to be married, a priest  
Shall not join your hands, but you shall go both  
Back to the prison, and th' jailor shall tie you  
Both hands and legs together.

AMPH. Know, sir,

A prison with this brave gentleman  
Will be greater paradise to me, than to  
Be mistress of your palace. What do I say?

[*Aside.*

DUKE. Well you shall have your desire then; ye shall live  
Together, and die together. How could  
I speak that word to her?

[*Aside.*

ZOR. She die, sir!  
Wou'd you destroy so great a world of virtue?  
Rather invent two deaths for me, that I  
May die for her too. You'll rob  
Your dukedom of your greatest treasure to take  
Away so blest a life as hers: let not  
An axe part such a head and body,  
Lest heaven frown and call you murderer. You'll pull  
Upon your head all mankind's curse: when nature  
Sees her bounty thus rewarded, she will  
Turn miser, and will give no more such blessings  
To th' world as this fair saint.

DUKE. Well, sir,  
I'm satisfied ye like one another, so you  
Shall both return back to your straw beds, there you  
May lie as close together as you please.

AMPH. No, sir, virtue shall lie betwixt us.

DUKE. You will want a pillow, till you come both  
To execution, then you shall have one—  
A block to lay your heads on.

AMPH. Know, [O] duke,  
My head will rest better with his upon a block,  
Than with yours on the softest pillow. How  
Many lies must I confess, before I die.

[*Aside.*

DUKE. Indeed, you'll sleep pretty soundly. See, her scorn  
To me makes death a pleasure to her.  
My lord, give order that she may be brought  
Immediately to her trial; in the meantime,  
Jailor, take them into your custody;  
Lay 'em in shackles both. Cousin, many thanks  
To you for this timely discovery.  
I must leave you awhile.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

ORT. Duke, you shall have  
Less to thank me for, else I am deceiv'd.  
I've found out he loves Amphelia still,  
So she does him. Now will I go possess  
Arbatus of this, and tell him how the duke  
Intends to fool his sister. He has the  
Character of so strict a brother, and so brave  
A spirit, that his soul will never digest  
This injury without the duke's blood.  
Will join with him, and tell him how  
The business may be done.  
By this, one of these three things shall I have  
Either a mistress, dukedom, or a grave.

*Enter ARBATUS and ARTABELLA.*

See, here comes Arbatus and his sister  
Artabella; they talk very earnestly.

ARB. Sister, I do not like it; the duke will  
Fool ye.

ART. Indeed, brother, I am amaz'd  
At this delay.

ARB. How does he carry himself  
To you?

ART. With all respect imaginable.

ARB. Then there must be something more in't,

That he defers his marriage thus.

ORT. There is  
So, sir.

ARB. My lord, heark'ning's but a base office;  
But if you have heard it, 'tis no treason.

ORT. No, sir, but it is falseness in the duke,  
To use your worthy sister thus. I came  
To tell you upon my knowledge, he never  
Intended to marry her.

ARB. My lord, though I believe it, you must pardon  
Me, if I wonder at this information  
From your lordship, that is his near cousin.

ORT. Sir, you have the character of so brave  
A gentleman, conscience and honour  
Bids me discover this to you and your sister:  
Think of a way of being reveng'd, and here's  
My hand and heart to help you.

ARB. Pardon  
Me, that I cannot thank you truly, because  
I needs must doubt this offer from your lordship.

ORT. What can I say to confirm you? will the  
Word and honour of a gentleman do't?

ARB. To me those are things of great value.

ORT. Then here  
I give them both.

ARB. But what to do, my lord?

ORT. What you will.

ARB. Perhaps you think I'd have you  
Ask some place about the court for me, in  
Recompense of this injury to my sister?

ORT. No, sir, had you been such a person, I  
Should not have trusted you thus far with what  
I have said. I say [it] again, I am  
Your friend; if you doubt it, you wrong my honour.

ARB. Why then, my lord, to be short, nothing will  
Satisfy me, but the duke's---

ORT. What?

ARB. Blood.

ORT. Why,  
Thou shalt have it all, if I can help thee  
To't; this night will I convey you privately  
Into his bed-chamber. Come along with me,  
And I will tell you all.

[Exit.

ARB. My lord, I follow you.  
Sister, go to your chamber.

ART. O brother!  
Heaven preserve you in this danger.

ARB. Now  
It comes into my head, I need not doubt  
This lord's truth; he is next heir to the dukedom,  
If the duke die without issue.  
'Tis base in him the duke's life to pursue,  
His blood is only to my sister due.

[Exit.

ART. False duke, thou justly hast deserv'd thy death;  
To cheat the innocent is a double crime;  
I had no cunning guard about this heart  
To keep it safe from a seducing tongue.

I have lost my heart, which he by falseness won;  
How soon is truth and innocence undone!

[*Exit.*

*Enter* PHILIDOR.

PHIL. Pray remember the poor prisoners, pray  
Remember the prisoners. Well, had I  
Not taken this course with the regiment  
Of women that I have promis'd to marry,  
I should have been devour'd by 'em by this  
Time. They came just now into my chamber,  
One by one, hoping to have found me alone,  
To have preach'd matrimony to me; but,  
To my blest deliverance, no sooner  
One was there, but another came; so I  
Persuaded them one by one, to slip up  
Into a garret: so still as one knock'd  
At the door, the t'other ascended; there  
Have I secur'd them with this key, and there  
Must I keep them till I have made  
Conditions with them.

*Enter* MIRIDA.

O, here comes Mirida.  
Pray remember the poor prisoners, pray  
Remember the poor prisoners.

MIR. Who the devil's that, Philidor?

PHIL. The very same, my mettled female.

MIR. Why,  
What mad prank art thou playing now?

PHIL. Alack-  
A-day, I have great cares upon me; I  
Must provide meat for half-a-dozen ladies,  
That shou'd have been my spouses. Look up yonder;  
In that very garret, for aught I know, they  
Must dine and sup at my charge as long as  
They live; and thus must I be their cook every  
Day, and beg their first and second course.

MIR. I am sorry to hear this, because 'tis  
A wilder trick than I have done lately  
To any of my lovers. Prythee, let's  
Go under the window, and call to them.

PHIL. Come away, you shall hear what vollies we shall  
Have from the castle. Most excellent  
Amazonian ladies, look out, and behold  
Your labouring purveyor, what pains he  
Takes to victual your castle,  
Because he knows you must be long there.

[*Women look out.*

1ST LADY. Rogue!

2D LADY. Rascal!

3D LADY. Villain!

4TH LADY. Dog!

5TH LADY. Slave!

6TH LADY. Hell-hound!

PHIL. Methinks you represent the hemisphere,  
Because you are entron'd so high; your eyes  
Appear like stars to us poor mortals here  
Below.

1ST LADY. Villain, if we had thee here, thou  
Should'st find it hell.

MIR. Pray, ladies, what makes you  
So angry? Methinks the gentleman is

Your friend, and has holpt you nearer heaven  
Than perhaps e'er a one of you would ever  
Have been.

2D LADY. What's that you say, little piss-a-bed?

MIR. Sweet angels, will never a one of you  
Please to descend?

3D LADY. Thou little devil,  
If we had thee here, we'd throw thee down again  
With such a swing, we'd knock that rascal's brains  
Out with thy fall.

MIR. Then, angry ladies, I  
Shall stay here—see, has not that lady  
A very fair nose at this distance?

PHIL. Has  
Not t'other there a mouth, that when she opens it  
To scold, looks like a giant's cave?

4TH LADY. S'life, we'll  
Not be abus'd thus; here's a Hercules' statue,  
Let's throw it down upon their heads.

[MIRIDA *runs away, and meets* PINGUISTER *and stops.*

*Enter* PINGUISTER *and* DOCTOR.

MIR. Hold, Philidor, we shall have some new sport  
Of my making now; here comes my fat lover,  
Let us stand close and hear a little.

PING. Doctor,  
Pray, how many stools may I happily have  
This morning by this purgation, already  
Taken by me?

DOCTOR. Doubtless, one hundred, sir.

PING. Save me, 'twill swinge my bum-gut then: but how  
Much fat may it bring away?

DOCTOR. Peradventure,  
Half-a-dozen pounds.

PING. Love! what dost thou make  
Me do? But, worthy doctor, from what parts of  
My continual purg'd body is this store  
Of fat extracted?

DOCTOR. Chiefly from your waist  
And calves of your legs.

PING. And how many purges  
May make my waist and legs' calves, alias, calves  
Of my legs, delightful to her eye, sir?

DOCTOR. Sir, some ten purges: that is to say, you  
Must have a thousand stools to drain your treasure  
Of fat *totaliter* from ye.

PING. O love!  
O Mirida, for thee I daily purge:  
For thee I daily stink. I find  
I must keep company with the bears, that I  
May be able to endure my own stink the better.

DOCTOR. Come, sir, I think you had best begin to run  
Your heats.

PING. O me! nothing cou'd e'er a made  
A footman of me but love. Well, I must  
Put on my pumps.

PHIL. By this light, this is the  
Pleasantest scene as e'er I saw.

PING. Nay, doctor,  
If you mean I should run, lend me your hand  
To help me up.  
Now, in the name of love,  
I most unwillingly start.

*[Puts on nightcaps.*

PHIL. S'death! he runs  
Like a duke.

*[He runs round, and  
sometimes goes out to  
untruss.*

MIR. His stools come very quickly upon  
Him, one after another.

PING. I must run  
With my breeches in my hand, my purge visits  
My bum-gut so intolerably often.

DOCTOR. Now, sir, for a cheerful loose.

PING. By my heart,  
Master Doctor, I wonder at your cruelty,  
To ask a cheerful loose of me; am not  
I loos'd sufficiently by  
Your furious purgations?

*Enter LEAN-MAN and his TAILOR.*

MIR. O, here comes  
My lean lover.

LEAN. Tailor, do I look gross  
Enough now?

TAILOR. Yes, I'll assure you, you seem  
Very corpulent.

LEAN. Well, I am sure if thou  
Hast not made me large enough, thou wilt thy bill.  
Now have at Mistress Mirida! sure, my  
Person will take her. Why, how now, cousin,  
What makes you running a heat?

*[To PING.*

PING. I must not stop  
To speak with you, but come run by me,  
And I will tell you. Why, I see  
You know nothing. Mistress Mirida has a  
Great kindness for me, but cannot marry me  
Before I am leaner.

LEAN. She fools him; her kindness is for me,  
And bids me make myself fatter, before  
We marry.

*[Aside.*

PING. But pray, coz, what makes you stuff yourself so  
To appear big?

LEAN. Yes, I do it to please  
Mistress Mirida's eye; she bid me.

PING. So she makes  
An ass of him.

*[Aside.*

LEAN. Well, I won't hinder you  
In your exercise,  
Farewell. Now I'll to Mistress Mirida.

*[Exit.*

PING. Good bye, good bye.  
God's fish, my purge again! O, O!

*Enter CLOWN with a cudgel, and beats him in again.*

CLOWN. A nasty rogue, when a man's asleep,  
To come and do it just in his mouth! I'll swinge ye.

PING. O, hold, good sir, 'twas the violence of my physic;  
Would my paunch were out, if I saw you!

PHIL. Hold,  
What do ye mean to beat a



Gentleman thus?

CLOWN. Let  
Him learn more manners, then, against next time.

PING. O Mistress Mirida, I have been purg'd  
And beaten most extremely for your sake;  
Sure, I'm lean enough now to marry you.

MIR. That I cannot tell; but I have the measure  
In my pocket of what compass you were  
About when you first were in love with me,  
And also the measure to that you must  
Fall before I marry you. Here was your full  
Bigness, which was three yards about: let me see;  
You are fallen a yard.

PING. Well, and won't you marry me then?

MIR. That you'll see presently; for here's the measure  
Must compass you about before I do.  
This wants a yard yet.

PING. Well, and d'ye think it's possible  
For me ever to become such a grig  
As that measure will meet about me?  
Why, to do that you must embowel me, and then  
Shave the remaining rolls of fat off from  
My melting sides.

DOCTOR. Here, pray, sir, throw this blanket  
About you; you will catch your death.

PING. Look you,  
Unreasonable mistress, thus am I  
Fain to do every day, because I would  
Melt myself into a husband for you:  
You may hear my guts at this time boiling  
Within me; I am confident they will  
Have the same fat as a kettle full of  
Black puddings that are over-boiled, and so  
Broken.

DOCTOR. Come, sir, you must needs go to bed.

PING. That is to say, I must go swim; for that  
I do constantly in a sea of sweat.

MIR. Ay, pray, sir, I wou'd not for all the world  
You should miscarry.

PING. Indeed, I look as  
If I were with child. Lady, if you have  
Any thoughts of going to heaven, have  
Mercy on me.

MIR. Farewell, garbage.

PING. O heat! O fat! O love! what will you  
Do with me?

[*Exit with DOCTOR.*]

PHIL. Was there ever such sport as we have seen?

MIR. Heaven send thee and I many a fair  
Year to be mad together in.

PHIL. Ay, as  
You say, give us but time enough, and when  
We grow tame, let the bell toll for us.  
But stay, let us return  
Back to my virgins, that I may  
Make my conditions with 'em,  
Before they get out of prison.

*Enter all the LADIES and bind them.*

S'death! they  
Are all got out already.

1ST LADY. O, have we  
Met with you now, ye pair of devils? we'll lay  
You fast enough. So good night to you, lie  
There till we come again.

[*Exit* LADIES.]

PHIL. Pox on't, was there  
Ever such luck as this? There was a trap-  
Door in the garret, which they found and got  
Out at.

MIR. What think ye now of this day's sport  
Philidor?

PHIL. Plague on it, well enough; if  
They had not bound us back to back together,  
We might have pass'd away the time.  
Malicious jades! no way of bridling us  
But this? Pr'ythee turn about thy head, and let  
Us try if we can kiss one another  
A little.

MIR. No, no, we won't  
Try for fear you should put your neck out of  
Joint with turning it too much of one side.

PHIL. Well, fortune should be more careful  
Of accidents of this nature, and not  
Contrive them so cross.

*Enter* BOY.

PHIL. O, here comes a boy. Here, sirrah, come hither.

BOY. What say you, master?

PHIL. Here, prythee, unbind us, I'll give thee a  
Shilling.

BOY. Why, sir, can't you unbind yourselves?

PHIL. Simple boy, thou seest we can't.

BOY. And have ye a mind to be unbound?

PHIL. Yes, yes, we are in great torments  
To lie thus.

BOY. Then, sir, you shall give me a piece,  
And your hat, because I have never  
A one, or else farewell.

PHIL. Well, stay, here take it out of my pockets.

BOY. Yes, that I will do, before I unbind you,  
And your hat too.

[*Exit.*]

PHIL. The rogue's too nimble for me.

MIR. Well, Philidor, farewell, I must  
Go put  
On a clean handkerchief.

PHIL. And I  
Must go see if I can find a believing  
Haberdasher, else I shall be very  
Ceremonious to every one I meet.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* FIDDLER.

MIR. A fiddle! nay, then I am made again;  
I'd have a dance, if I had nothing but my  
Smock on. Fiddler, strike up, and play my jig,  
Call'd, *I care not a pin for any man.*

FID. Indeed I can't stay: I am going to  
Play to some gentlemen.

MIR. Nay, thou shalt stay

But a little.

FID. Give me half-a-crown then.

MIR. I have no money about me. But here, take  
My handkerchief.

*[Dance and Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

*Enter ORTELLUS and ARBATUS, as going into the DUKE's bed-chamber, and the DUKE in bed.*

ORT. So, I will keep the door, whilst you  
Dispatch him.

ARB. My lord,  
I find you truly noble. Why, duke; why, duke! I say.  
Methinks my voice should wake his guilty soul,  
Nothing but innocence can sleep secure;  
Then why, good heaven, does he take  
Such rest?  
Awake, thou drowsy devil! Duke, my sister's  
Wrongs do call thee from thy sleep; methinks  
The sound of those should pierce thy ears. Why, duke!

DUKE. What bold voice is that?

ARB. One that will be more  
Bold with you.

DUKE. Who is't so impudent as  
To break my sleep?

ARB. 'Tis I, Arbatus, that  
Will put thee into a wonder.

DUKE. Ha! what means  
That dagger in thy hands?

ARB. Canst thou ask that  
Question? it is to tickle thy false heart.

DUKE. Ha, ha, ha! you jest, you jest.

ARB. What,  
Does the conceit on't make you laugh already?  
I was resolved to wake thee, before  
I sent thee to hell, because thou may'st know  
Of whose errand thou goest.

DUKE. Come, come, leave  
Your foolery, lest you heat my blood.

ARB. If  
I do, I will let it out all, and that  
Will quickly cool it. I would give thee time  
To say thy prayers now, but that I know  
Thy sin to be so great, that heaven will  
Not pardon thee.

*Enter ARTABELLA.*

ORT. Who's that?

ART. 'Tis I, my lord:  
Artabella. Let me in quickly, that I  
May have one stab at his false heart, before  
My brother has put him past feeling.

ORT. And so thou shalt, brave girl.

ARB. Now, duke, good night to you, and the devil  
Send you good rest.

ART. Hold, brother.

ARB. Who's that?

ART. 'Tis I thy injur'd sister, come to make  
The first hole in that base duke's heart; it is  
My right.

ARB. Begin, begin then, that I may

Make an end.

ART. Stay, brother, not too fast,  
Has he said his prayers?

ARB. His pray'rs! why none  
But the devil will hear them. Come, come, sister,  
Give me the dagger again; you waste time.

ART. And so I will, the duke shan't die.

ARB. How, not die?

ART. Not die, I say.

ARB. Then you are his whore all this while, and wou'd  
Have him live, that you may be so still.

ART. Brother,  
Another word so foul, I'll strike this dagger  
Through your heart,  
Therefore hear me speak. Know then,  
'Tis I that cannot love the duke, which he  
Would never tell you, knowing 'twould make you angry  
With me.

ARB. Nay then I'll kill you for fooling  
A brother and your reputation thus.

DUKE. Hold, Arbatus, she says it but to save  
My life. 'Tis I have fooled you both, therefore  
Strike here.

ARB. And so I will, then.

ART. Hold, brother;  
Pull not a load of sins upon your head;  
'Tis I have been to blame, indeed I have,  
With loving him too much.

ARB. Then thou shalt die.

DUKE. Hold, sir, heaven will frown on you for ever,  
If you shed one drop of that pure blood; upon  
My word, 'tis I.

ARB. Keep not my tortur'd soul  
Thus in suspense. One of you tell me true,  
And that quickly too, else I will destroy  
You both, and that's the surest way not  
To mistake.

DUKE. Then be assur'd 'tis I.

ART. Brother,  
'Tis not, 'tis I.

ARB. Heyday! heyday! I know  
Not what to do or say.

*[Throws down his sword and  
goes away.]*

ORT. So, he is dead,  
I hope.

ARB. No more than you are.

ORT. How so?

ARB. Come,  
My lord, as you go, I'll tell you.

*[Exeunt ARBATUS and ORTELLUS.]*

DUKE. O Artabella, why didst take my sin  
Upon thyself, hiding thy innocence  
With a face of guilt? My death had been not  
Punishment enough, because I have wrong'd  
So fair a life as yours. Which way to ask  
Forgiveness, I can't tell; there are no pardons for

Such sins as mine; the only way to do  
Thee right, is this.

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

ART. Hold, sir, my life  
Shall follow yours, if you strike.

DUKE. Why would'st thou  
Have me live?

ART. Because I love you, sir.

DUKE. And that's the only reason I would die.

ART. Why, would it be kindly done to show  
My eyes your blood?

DUKE. Yes, far more kind than live, and show  
Thy heart no love. O Artabella, that thou wert  
My sister!  
Nothing but brother's love were then  
Thy due; and I could richly pay thee in  
That coin, a million more than ever brother did.

ART. Wou'd nature then had made me so, or else  
Had given me never a heart.

DUKE. What wou'dst  
Thou have me do, poor Artabella?

ART. Nothing  
But love me, sir.

DUKE. See, what thou doest ask  
A man, a god wou'd do; and yet I can't;  
'Tis not thy want of beauty, but my fate.  
Angels themselves, to look upon thy face,  
Wou'd take a journey twice a day from heaven.

ART. If you would come, though far a shorter way,  
You shou'd be much more welcome.

DUKE. Sweet tongue, lie still, offer no more such love,  
As gods themselves to have wou'd think a bliss,  
Since all thy kindness does but wound my heart,  
To see thine shipwreck'd in a sea of love,  
And cannot give it harbour in my breast.

ART. Sir, let me beg one thing of you then.

DUKE. With all my soul, be it my dukedom, and  
'Tis thine.

ART. 'Tis no such great request;  
'Tis only when you meet me, say: I hate  
Thee, Artabella.

DUKE. Why, could that word please thee?

ART. No; but to hear it said by you, would bring  
My death, then I wou'd thank you for my rest.  
Would you not come unto my grave, sir?

DUKE. O yes, and make thy coffin float with a sea  
Of tears.

ART. Fair sir, of what?

DUKE. Of grief.

ART. O me!  
A sea of tears, and yet not one of love!  
Waste not such precious drops upon my grave, it will  
Not satisfy my hovering soul to see  
Your eyes drop pity without love. Farewell, sir.  
O for a grave, that were a resting place;  
Good heart, be kind, and break apace!

[*Exit.*]

DUKE. Heaven love thee for me! Base Amphelia,

Thou art the author of my horrid sin.

[Exit.]

*Enter PHILIDOR and MIRIDA.*

PHIL. Thou talk'st of sport, Mirida; if all the  
Sport we have had already with our lovers,  
Come not short of this, hang me. You say you have  
Invited them already to my funeral.

MIR. Yes, yes.

[PHILIDOR *is laid out like a  
corpse.*

PHIL. So, so, methinks my body lies  
In great state, to see the tribe that will come  
By-and-by; here will be half a dozen  
Chief mourners, which should have been my wives, and  
Some three or four sons and heirs, besides three  
Or four hopeful daughters; these, with  
The congregation of nurses, will howl me  
A pleasant dirge. Mirida, you being my  
Executrix, must carry yourself very gravely;  
Here's my will, which you must read to 'em; I'll be  
The priest myself. Hark, somebody knocks  
At the gate.

[Knocks within.]

*Enter BOY.*

BOY. Sir, they are all  
Come.

PHIL. Let 'em in.—Now, Mirida, manage  
Your business well.

MIR. Let me alone, I'll warrant ye.

*Enter LADIES and NURSE.*

ALL LADIES. Ah! my poor dear, dear.

ALL NURSES. Ah! my poor dear master! ah, child,  
Cry for thy poor dad.

[Kiss the hearse.]

PHIL. What a dog-kennel's here! how they howl!

[Aside.]

MIR. When  
The passions of your grief are over, pray  
Hear me speak, because it concerns you all.

PHIL. Pox of thy gravity, Mirida.

[Aside.]

MIR. Nay, hold your tongue; if  
You set me once a laughing, I shall spoil  
Your funeral.

[Aside.]

*Enter PINGUISTER and LEAN-MAN.*

So here comes my fat lover and my  
Lean one! Welcome, gentlemen, I  
Was afraid I shou'd not have had your company.

PING. Really, sweet lady, I have taken a purge  
To-day (as I do constantly, for love  
Of you) which has retarded me,  
By reason of its operation, neither can  
I say it has yet finished.

MIR. Sir, please you  
To sit down, and you,  
Master Pinguister.

PING. Lady, I shall embrace your offer, and shall  
Press your chair. By my heart, madam, this chair  
Was fitter for a jackdaw than [for] me.

[Sits down and breaks the chair.]

Nay, they make such chairs now-a-days, that had I  
A grudge to an upholsterer, I would  
Desire no greater revenge than to sit

Down upon every chair in his shop.

MIR. Truly,  
Sir, I am sorry for your fall.  
Ladies and gentlewomen, pray give your  
Attention to my dear deceas'd cousin's  
Will. Poor young man! he was kill'd yesterday  
By a duel:  
He liv'd but two hours after he was hurt,  
Which time he made use of, to settle something  
On all you here, his worthy friends.

OMNES. A good young man.

MIR. Imprimis, I bequeath my soul, as other  
People use to do, and so my body.

Item, I give to Mistress Mary, for a reason that she knows, £500. Item, £500  
to Mistress Margaret, for a reason she knows. Item, £500 to Mistress Sarah,  
for a reason she knows. Item, £500 to Mistress Martha, for a reason she  
knows. Item, £500 to Mistress Alice, for a reason she knows. Item, £500 to  
Mistress Eleanor, for a reason she knows. And so to all the rest. Item, To my  
nurses, I leave each of them £20 a year apiece for their lives, besides their  
arrears due to them for nursing. These sums [*speaks low*] of money and  
legacies I leave to be rais'd and paid out of my manor of Constantinople, in  
which the Great Turk is now tenant for life.

If they should hear how their legacies  
Are to be paid, how they'd fall a-drumming on  
His coffin!

[*Laughs aside.*]

Item, I leave to Master Pinguister,  
A very fat man.—

PING. I am so.

MIR. An infallible  
Receipt to make him lean.

PING. So I hope the  
Dead may do what the living cannot.

MIR. I leave to a certain lean gentleman,  
Whom I have seen in my cousin Mirida's  
Company, a sure receipt to make him fat.

LEAN. I find he knew I was to marry his cousin.

MIR. I desire my body to be carried to the  
Grave by the six aforesaid gentlewomen.—  
So, ladies, now you have heard his will,  
Be pleased to take up the body: nurses,  
You are to follow next; now which o' you  
Will lead me?

PING. I will, madam.

LEAN. By my bones, but you shan't.

PING. By my fat, but I will, sir.

MIR. Nay, gentlemen, pray, fall not out. Well, one  
Of you lead me one half of the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

PING. Agreed,  
Sir, take you her hand first,  
A very timely proposition, for my purge  
Works again. Save me!  
Whereabouts is the closet?  
What a loose must I run to overtake them  
Now! else I shall not lead my mistress the last  
Half-way. Deliver me from love and purges!

[*Goes out, and comes in  
again.*]

*Enter all again with a coffin; PHILIDOR and MIRIDA shut them  
into the vault.*

PHIL. So, there let 'em converse with the dead a  
While; I would rather have 'em there than above



Ground: here will I keep 'em till they have  
All quitted me under their hands and seals.

MIR. O, the sport that we shall have by-and-by!  
Well, but I must go home a little, my  
Father will miss me: where shall we meet  
Again?

PHIL. Just here.

MIR. I will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter AMARISSA just arrived.*

AMA. I'm come too late, and yet too soon am here,  
Since dear Zoranzo's death is now so near.  
On the same block with him I'll lay my head,  
That our two bodies may have but one bed.  
Thus are our nuptial joys decreed by fate,  
Our wedding and our burial bear one date.  
Sure, I'm the first of maids that ever gave  
Her body to her lover in a grave.  
Alas! in cold embraces we must meet,  
With icy kisses in a winding-sheet.  
Yet though this life denies us time to love,  
The other life will not so cruel prove;  
Our souls so fast in lovers' knots we'll tie,  
That when the headsman strikes, they both shall fly,  
Twined in one another through the air,  
And be at rest, whilst other souls despair.

*Enter JAILOR.*

This is the prison,  
And here's the jailor, I believe. Pray, sir,  
Do you belong unto the prison?

JAILOR. Belong!  
Yes, I am the keeper of it.

AMA. Is not  
Here one Zoranzo a prisoner?

JAILOR. Yes,  
But he won't be here long, for he is  
To die anon.

AMA. Ah me! sir, I am his  
Sister; pray help me to him, that I may speak  
With him before that cruel hour; I love  
Him so, that I must needs die with him; I'll  
Petition the duke that I may; sure, he'll not  
Deny me that request.

JAILOR. I can tell you a way that you may be sure  
To have that favour granted.

AMA. Tell it me, and I'll thank ye.

JAILOR. Why, if you'll try to convey him out of prison,  
As another lady has already, you may  
Bear them company too.

AMA. Why, has there any lady endeavour'd it?

JAILOR. Yes, one that is his mistress, and they are  
Both to die together.

AMA. Ha! what is't I hear? his mistress, say you?

JAILOR. Yes, mistress; they both lie as contentedly  
By one another, as if they were not two.

AMA. Curse him, good heaven, ye cannot throw too many  
Curses on him. Here, jailor, take this,  
And let me speak with the prisoner.

JAILOR. Madam,

You shall.

*Enter ZORANZO and AMPHELIA as in prison, in chains.*

ZOR. Amarissa! are my eyes false, or is it  
Truly she?

AMA. Your eyes are true; but 'tis your heart that's false.

ZOR. I am deceiv'd! that cannot be her tongue.

AMA. Should it speak otherwise to thee, I'd tear  
It out, devil, Zoranzo; cursed pair  
Of vipers, that in chains of death can practise  
Lust, as if no end were nigh. Do not  
My wrongs startle thy guilty soul, to think  
Of all the torments it must have, that could  
With so much falseness murder love? When thou  
Art gone to hell, as go thou must, 'twill be  
A task for all the devils there,  
To torture thee enough. Thy sin is such,  
Were I thy headsman, when thou com'st to die,  
I'd be a week a-cutting off thy head,  
'Twixt every stroke I'd stop; and then I'd hollow  
Amarissa in thy ears; thy guilt would be  
An echo to my wrongs, and answer to  
My cry: wrong'd Amarissa;  
Which injur'd name repeated to thy ears,  
Would make thy soul think hell not half such pain.  
Farewell, Zoranzo, I'll come to see your  
Head struck off, and your lady's.

ZOR. Base Amarissa, that can conclude me  
False, because she saw this lady lie in  
Chains by me, and could not ask me how we  
Came together. Thus to revile me, and  
Not know the truth: I'll scorn to tell her now!

*Enter DUKE.*

AMA. O sir, be pleas'd to hear a maid's petition,  
Though a stranger to you.

DUKE. Fair maid, what is't?

AMA. Zoranzo that's condemn'd to die, may—

DUKE. Not  
Live; if that be your request, pray do not  
Ask; I shan't grant it.

AMA. No, sir, 'tis that he  
May have a thousand deaths, instead of one;  
Or one that has more pain than thousands.

DUKE. What makes you thus incens'd against him?

AMA. Heaven knows I have too much cause, sir. I have  
Lov'd him long, and the day he was your prisoner,  
Should have been our wedding. News being brought  
To me in my own country, that he was  
To die, in flying haste I took this tedious  
Journey; with sorrow and with joy I here  
Arrived; tears in my eyes for his approaching  
Death, smiles on my cheeks to think of dying  
With him; but when I came unto the prison gate  
I met the jailor, and he told me all,  
Then let me in, and to  
Rejoice my eyes, I saw two devils lie  
In chains together, and not half so fast  
As chain'd in love.  
All my intended kisses then I chang'd  
Into as many curses on his heart,  
Which with my eyes I spoke as well as tongue.

DUKE. Alas! poor injur'd maid, we must be one  
Another's

Petitioners; thy fate is mine;  
That woman which you saw with him has prov'd  
As false to me, as he to you.

AMA. For heaven's  
Sake, sir, let 'em die both; no sight would please  
Us like their blood; the jailor  
Told me they lie as close together all day  
As if they were not two.

DUKE. O, curse on 'em!

AMA. O, the devil take 'em! pray, sir, give order  
That they may be brought immediately  
To execution.

DUKE. I will.

AMA. I'll go call the jailor, sir.

*[Steps to the prison.]*

*Enter* JAILOR.

DUKE. Jailor, let the prisoners be brought to  
Execution straight, I'll be there myself.

AMA. And I too, sir.

DUKE. You shall; we'll go together.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* ALL LADIES, NURSES, PINGUISTER, *and* LEAN-MAN, *as in the vault*; PHILIDOR *as a Crier*.

PHIL. *O yes, O yes, O yes! did any man hear tale*  
Or tidings of three nurses, called Three Flanders  
Mares, with three sucking colts?—

ALL NURSES. Hark, we are cried  
In the streets.

PHIL. And also six maiden ladies, that should  
Have been married to a certain  
Promising gentleman?—

ALL LADIES. Devil! we are  
Cried too.

PHIL. Also a very lean gentleman,  
That must be fatter before he's married?—

LEAN-MAN. Hark, that is I?

PHIL. And the hugest loss of  
All is one Master Pinguister, a lovely  
Fat gentleman, whom all that knew him, doubt him  
To be dead upon some privy-house; because  
He purged every day for love, by reason  
Mistress Mirida would not marry him till  
A certain measure that she<sup>[75]</sup> has will come  
About his waist—

*Enter* MIRIDA.

PING. Crier, I am here, I am here.

PHIL. If any can bring news of the six aforesaid  
Virgin ladies, or of the three Flanders nurses  
And colts, to one Master Philidor, a very  
Conscientious young man—

OMNES. A pox take him!

PHIL. They shall be extremely paid for their pains.  
Again, if any can bring tidings of this  
Master Pinguister to Mistress Mirida,  
She will be very bountiful in her  
Reward: the poor soul weeps most bitterly  
For him.

PING. Does she so, poor wretch? [*Cries aloud.*] Prythee, good  
Crier, go tell her I am not dead, though  
I have been buried a great while in the  
Vault.  
Mercy of my bum-gut, my purge again?

OMNES. You nasty rogue, turn your breech out of the  
Gate then.

[*Goes to do so, PHILIDOR kicks him down, he roars out.*]

MIR. Philidor, I have broke a vein  
With laughing, to hear thy rogueries. I'll call  
To Pinguister. Master Pinguister? My  
Love, my dear, sure, I hear thy voice?

PING. Who's that,  
My dear female?

MIR. The same, fat love.

PING. O, prythee raise me from the dead.

PHIL. Well, ladies and gentlewomen, how d'ye  
Like your crier now?

OMNES. The devil take thee, was it you?

PHIL. The very same.

2D LADY. Well, won't you let us out? pray howsoever,  
Take away this fat gentleman from us;  
For he has such a coming looseness, and  
'Tis so dark here, that he has  
Shit upon every one of us.

OMNES. Well, but won't you let us out?

PHIL. Yes, if you ladies would set your hands  
To this paper, to quit me as to all promises,  
I will; and also, my reverend nurses,  
You must set your hands to this discharge,  
To quit me from all arrears of nursing:  
Else farewell t'ye—

OMNES. Well, well, stay; we will.

[*Set their hands.*]

PHIL. So, now you may go take the air  
Again; there's the key to let yourselves out.

OMNES. A cheating rogue!

PHIL. Come, Mirida, let's run away, for if  
They catch us, murder is the best we can  
Hope for.

[*Exit, with MIRIDA.*]

1ST NURSE. They went this way; let's run after  
Them, some one way and some t'other.

[*Exeunt WOMEN.*]

PING. So you may, but if I run away, then  
Hang me; I am glad of my resurrection  
Howsoever. On my conscience, no green  
Carcase ever stunk as I did; to my best  
Remembrance I went to stool some  
Threescore times in the vault, *ergo*  
I was beaten threescore times; the  
Unmerciful nurses, with their huge  
Palm'd hands, every time I went to't,  
Play'd at hot-cockles<sup>[76]</sup> all the while upon  
My buttocks. Well, I hope I shall ne'er be  
Buried again whilst I live, and so with  
That prayer I'll go to bed.

*Enter MIRIDA.*

MIR. My dear fat love, little dost thou think how many  
Tears I have shed for all thy sufferings; that rogue  
Philidor put a trick upon us all.

PING. Well, and has physic, heats, burial,  
Nor resurrection, made me yet lean  
Enough to be thy husband? why, I have  
Lost as much grease as would furnish  
A whole city with candles for a twelvemonth  
And all for the love of thee, sweet Mirida.

[*Cries and sobs.*]

MIR. Dear love, come sit thee in my lap,  
And let me try if I can enclose thy world  
Of fat and love within these arms:  
See, I cannot nigh encompass my  
Desires by a mile.

PING. How is my fat a rival to my joys!  
Sure, I shall weep it all away.

[*Cries.*]

MIR. Lie still, my babe, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to see thee weep:  
Wer't thou but leaner, I were glad;  
Thy fatness makes thy dear love sad.  
What a lump of love have I in my arms!

PING. Nay, if I had not taken all these courses  
To dissolve myself into thy embraces,

One would think my looking on thee  
Were enough; for I never see thee but  
I am like a fat piece of beef roasting  
At the fire, continually drop, drop, drop.  
There's ne'er a feature in thy face, or  
Part about thee, but has cost me many  
A pint of fat, with thinking on thee;  
And yet not to be lean enough for  
Thy husband—O fate! O fate!  
O fat!

[*She lets him fall.*]

MIR. O Lord, sir, I have let you fall,  
How shall I do to get you up again!

PING. Nay, that is more than all the world can tell.

MIR. I'll e'en lie down by thee then.

PING. Nay,  
But prythee lie near me; thou hadst  
As good lie a league off, as that distance.

MIR. Were I thy wife, fat love, I would.

*SHE sings.*

*My lodging upon the cold floor is,  
And wonderful hard is my fare,  
But that which troubles me more, is  
The fatness of my dear.  
Yet still I do cry, O, melt, love,  
And I prythee now melt apace;  
For thou art the man I should long for,  
If 'twere not for thy grease.*

*PINGUISTER sings.*

*Then prythee don't burden thy heart still,  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan;  
Since I do endure the smart still,  
And for my fat do groan;  
Then prythee now turn, my dear love,  
And I prythee now turn to me;  
For, alas! I am too fat still  
To roll so far to thee.*

MIR. That were not modesty in me to turn  
To you; but if you can roll to me within  
This hour, I'll marry you in spite of all  
Your fat.

PING. Agreed, then I shall gain thee yet;  
You must lie still then.

MIR. Yes, yes.

PING. Sure, I am  
Sysiphus's stone, for as fast as I turn  
Over, I think I turn back again, else I  
Must needs have been come to my journey's end

[*He rolls to her, and she rolls from him.*]

By this time; for I am of such a breadth,  
That every roll I give I pass over  
An acre at least. Thou liest still, my love,  
Dost thou not?

MIR. Yes, I long to have thee here.

PING. I doubt I shan't be with thee, though,  
This two hours.

MIR. Then my heart will break.

PING. I'm sure mine will before I get to thee.  
O woman, O woman, O woman!  
They talk of woman in travail, I'm

Sure I know a man in travail at  
This time, in more pain by half.

[*She rises and laughs at him.*]

MIR. Why, my most extreme fat ass, dost  
Thou not find that I have fool'd thee  
All this while?

PING. Why, hast thou?

MIR. Yes, indeed have I.

PING. O thou woman! may'st thou grow  
Fat, that thy breast and belly may  
Meet together, so that all the fat  
Hostesses in Christendom may appear  
But eels to thee.

MIR. Farewell, my lowly love.

PING. Why, wilt thou not help me up, before  
You go?

MIR. What to do? to run heats again for love?

PING. No, to fight with thee.

MIR. Fight with me? by this light, would we  
Had two swords. I'd have one pass  
At all thy tripes.

*Enter CUTLER with two swords.*

Faith, and yonder's a fellow with two swords:  
Friend, lend me but thy swords one minute.

CUT. I am going to carry them to two gentlemen.

MIR. O, this will not hinder thee; thou shalt  
See rare sport. Go, help that gentleman  
Up that lies yonder, and give that sword  
Into his hand. Come, are ye ready, sir?

PING. Why, you dare fight then, it seems?  
Though thou art so ungodly a chit, as  
To say no prayers, before thou beginn'st,  
I will, I assure thee.  
Good—I pray and desire ye, if I  
Do miscarry in this duel, that I may  
Meet with no woman in the other  
World. Now, thou worst of females,  
Have at thee.

MIR. Come, I'll let out all your fat and love at  
One thrust.  
Now ask thy life, and confess thou art an ass.

[*Fight, and she disarms him.*]

PING. I am an ass, and ask my life.

MIR. Then I, thy conquering Cæsar, take my leave  
With this conclusion: *veni, vidi, vici.*  
And so farewell. O fate, O love, O fat!

[*Exit.*]

PING. After all my miseries, would I were  
Up again, else the next man that comes  
Will make a roller of me, for to roll  
Bowling-greens.

[*Makes several attempts to rise, and at last gets up.*]

So, now I have a mile home at least,  
And every toilsome step I take, I will  
Curse women.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ZORANZO and AMPHELIA lying upon straw together.*

ZOR. Most bless'd of women, I must tell you truth;  
And yet I fear that truth will—

AMPH. Will what? I doubt he loves me—  
Speak it, sir, nothing from you can  
Be unwelcome.

[*Aside.*]

ZOR. O yes, it will.

AMPH. I'll warrant you; out with it, sir.

ZOR. Then know, I——'Twill come no farther.

AMPH. Unhappy man! 'tis so, he loves me.  
O sir, I have sadder truth to tell to you  
Than yours can be to me—I dare not  
Speak it.

[*Aside.*]

ZOR. My fears are true; she loves me.  
Pray tell me, what it is?

[*Aside.*]

AMPH. Tell yours first, sir.

ZOR. Alas! you saw I tried, but could not get  
It past my lips.

AMPH. If I should try, mine would not come so far.

ZOR. Would I knew yours, I could tell it for you.

AMPH. So could I yours, [and] yet I can't my own.

ZOR. Alas! she loves me.

[*Aside.*]

AMPH. Poor Zoranzo! I see he loves me.  
But, sir, consider we are going to die;  
Let us die undeceiv'd in one another.

[*Aside.*]

ZOR. O, that some one that knows each of our hearts,  
Would hearken to our griefs, and bid  
An angel come and speak for both!

*Enter* JAILOR.

JAILOR. Come, have you done your discourse? you must go  
To execution.

ZOR. A little patience, jailor: [*To her*] see, we are  
Called unto our deaths, pray tell me, what  
You mean.

AMPH. I cannot; first do you begin.

ZOR. Nor I.

AMPH. Let us tell both together then, that one  
May not blame the other.

ZOR. Agreed: are you ready now to speak!

AMPH. Yes—O no, I am not—well, now I am—  
Are you?

ZOR. Yes, I am; begin—O, stay, I cannot yet.

JAILOR. Come, come, I can give you no longer time.

AMPH. Nay, then we must tell.

ZOR. Poor Amphelia! 'tis Amarissa that  
I love.

AMPH. O Zoranzo, I love the duke!

ZOR. Then I am joy'd, I was afraid 'twas me  
You lov'd.

AMPH. And so was I that you lov'd me.  
Now we shall both die happy, never was  
Two such friends as you and I.

JAILOR. Come, come.



AMPH. Good jailor, we go most willingly now.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter as on a scaffold, DUKE, AMARISSA, ORTELLUS, ZORANZO,  
AMPHELIA, JAILOR, and EXECUTIONER.*

AMA. Jailor, why didst thou let them stay so long?

JAILOR. They had so much to say to one another,  
That still they begged one minute, and then  
Another.

AMA. D'ye hear, sir? pray let the jailor  
Be turn'd out of his place, for letting them speak to  
One another.

AMPH. See, Zoranzo, where they sit  
In triumph o'er our deaths.

AMA. S'life, sir, they are  
Whispering, d'ye see  
Yonder? Executioner, why don't you  
Strike off their heads, and let them whisper then.  
Sir, you're melancholy.

DUKE. I am indeed.

ZOR. Now, Amphelia, to heaven and you I truly  
Vow, my love is still the same to cruel Amarissa.

AMPH. Heaven and you witness the same for me:  
My heart is still that undeserving duke's.

EXEC. Come, which of you will die first?

ZOR. Hast thou not  
Skill enough to strike our heads off together?

AMA. Executioner, let them not have that  
Satisfaction; pray, sir, let that woman  
Die first, that damned Zoranzo may have  
Two deaths; it will be one to him to see  
Her die; shall it be so, sir?

DUKE. What you please.

EXEC. Come, lady, you must lay down your head  
First, the duke says.

AMPH. That word's the sharpest axe  
That I shall feel.

EXEC. Have you said all?

[*Both kneel as at prayers.*]

AMPH. To earth I have,  
But not to heaven.  
Farewell, dear friend, for one short minute.

ZOR. My soul  
Shall hasten after yours.

AMA. S'life! jailor, will you  
Let them speak to one another again?

AMPH. Executioner, now I am ready.

DUKE. Hold,  
The prisoner shall die first.

ZOR. With all my  
Heart, I am ready.

DUKE. Nay, it is not you  
I mean, sir; rise; 'tis I that am the prisoner,  
I will make you a present, take your life,  
Your love; nay, and my dukedom too: and to  
Oblige you most of all, executioner,  
Strike off my head, for I am weary of it.

AMPH. Not for ten thousand worlds, sir,  
Whate'er you mean.

DUKE. Know then, I have lov'd you  
All this while, but seeing your hate so great to me,  
I have dissembled scorn to you.  
Why dost thou swoon, Amphelia?

[*She swoons.*]

AMPH. Did not I hear some voice just now,  
That said the duke does love me still?

DUKE. Thou didst; 'twas he himself that said so.

AMPH. If 'twere from heaven, good heaven, say it again!

DUKE. 'Twas I myself, I tell thee—and I will  
Ne'er speak another word, if that displease thee.

AMPH. O, I am in heaven then, it seems, and 'tis  
Some god that is telling me how the duke  
Loved me still.

DUKE. Dear Amphelia, 'tis I  
That loves thee, tells thee so.

AMPH. Hark, now there is a god that says he loves  
Me too; blest god, I'm sorry if you do.  
Since I have heard the duke does love me still,  
He must be your rival, indeed I cannot  
Help it. O, let me fly down to the earth  
Again, only to hear him say he loves me.  
I cannot promise when I shall return:  
That very word from him would keep me there.

DUKE. I must answer her no more: they say  
'Twill keep 'em longer in a trance.

[*He rubs her.*]

ORT. I am but in a scurvy condition now, if  
She comes to life again, for they will  
Examine one another, how the mistake  
Came between them, and then I am  
Sure it must come to light.

[*Aside.*]

AMPH. Who's that,—duke Archimedes?

DUKE. The same, sweet angel.

AMPH. O sir, I am come from heaven to see you,  
Since there I heard you love me still.

DUKE. Dear Amphelia, thou hast dream'd all this while;  
Heaven, 'tis true, is where thou art, but 'twas  
My voice that said I love thee.

AMPH. Was not my head struck off just now?

DUKE. Canst thou ask that, while I have  
A head and heart?

AMPH. Why, have you lov'd me still?

DUKE. With as much truth as ever lover did.

AMPH. So have I you with equal constancy.

AMA. Well, sir, now you are satisfied, pray let  
Me be so too, and let Zoranzo's head  
Be struck off quickly,  
I see he's mean as well as false, to quit  
Me for a woman that does not love him.

AMPH. Hold, Amarissa, hear me speak, before  
Zoranzo dies; and be assur'd he loves  
You still.

AMA. Would you deceive me too?

AMPH. Indeed I don't; when we were going to die,

You may remember that we whispered,  
Then we called heaven and ourselves to witness,  
That both our loves were true,  
Mine to Archimedes, and his to you.

AMA. You can forgive me, sir?

[*Kneels.*]

ZOR. I cannot answer yet;  
Thy civility has took away my speech.

DUKE. Dear Amphelia, how came this sad mistake  
'Twixt you and I?

AMPH. I'll tell you, sir, in part;  
When you were in this last war, my woman  
Receiv'd a letter from one of the gentlemen  
Of your chamber, wherein he did assure  
Her that you had a new mistress in that  
Country, and therefore bid her tell me  
Of it, that I might by degrees wean my  
Affections from so false a man as you.

DUKE. Here has been some foul play; for this very man  
You spoke of, receiv'd a letter from your woman,  
Wherein she bid him assure me, that you  
Were prov'd false in my absence, and lov'd my  
Cousin Ortellus. Guard, go fetch them both  
Hither immediately; they shall die  
Without mercy.

ORT. Nay, then, I had as good  
Discover, 'twill fall th' heavier on me else.  
Sir, let the guard stay,  
And I will tell you all.  
'Tis I have sow'd the seeds of this mistake.  
I long have lov'd Amphelia, for which cause  
I tried this way to draw her heart from you.  
I knew this gentleman of your bed-chamber  
Was in love with Amphelia's woman,  
Therefore I brib'd her to write to him,  
To assure the duke that Amphelia lov'd me,  
And that she should also charge him, to write  
Another letter to her, wherein he  
Should complain of the duke's falling in love  
With another woman in that country.  
I knew your spirits both to be so great that  
Neither of you would stoop to one another,  
When you were both possess'd of either's falseness:  
And so it prov'd.  
For when the duke heard you lov'd me, he brought  
A fair new mistress over with him, to  
Let you see he did contemn you; and so  
Amphelia, sir, when she heard you lov'd  
Another, assur'd me then that she lov'd me,  
Which now I see was only to make you  
Think how much she scorn'd you, though still her heart  
Was true, and so was yours. Now, sir,  
I humbly beg your pardon.

DUKE. 'Twill be in vain, my lord; I cannot grant it.  
O Amphelia, how many hours of joy  
We two have lost!

AMPH. Base lord!

*Enter ARTABELLA.*

ART. O sir, I heard that people were to die  
To-day; let me be one, I pray.

AMPH. Not for  
The world, sweet innocent.

ART. O madam, you are she  
The duke loves. Pray spare your pity, sir; can  
You have the heart to let me live, and see

You married to another?

AMPH. Have patience,  
Sweet young maid, I will not marry him; you won't  
Blame me, if I love him, though?

ART. No;  
For then I should condemn my fault in you.

DUKE. But sure, Amphelia, you did but jest,  
In telling her you would not marry me?

AMPH. Indeed, sir, I am in earnest; consider  
It is but justice; she loves you as well  
As I: her heart was quiet till you troubled  
It.

DUKE. All this is true; but how will your  
Love show, if you refuse to marry me?

AMPH. Not less at all, but make my pity more.

DUKE. If I would marry her, I can't believe,  
That she would be thus kind to you.

AMPH. Yes, I dare say she would; ask her and try.

DUKE. Well, Artabella, will you marry me?

ART. You never hated me till now; can you  
Believe I'd wrong so blest a woman as  
Amphelia?

AMPH. See, sir, would it be justice now in me?  
She will not wound my heart; should I kill hers?

DUKE. But consider, 'tis you I love, not her.

AMPH. That's her misfortune, sir, yet she deserves.  
As much as I: I can but love you, so  
Does she.

DUKE. Dear Amphelia, marry me.

AMPH. I cannot  
Out of pity, sir.

DUKE. Talk not of pity, if  
Thou wilt show me none.

AMPH. My pity is her due:  
My love is yours.

DUKE. O Amphelia, this was  
A cruel way to make me happy. Thou'st  
Better still have kept my joys unknown, than let  
The knowing of it be my death. Once more,  
My dear Amphelia, marry me.

AMPH. Do not  
Petition her; you may command in any  
Thing but this.

DUKE. Monster of villains, thou hast caus'd  
All this! Executioner, immediately strike  
Off his head.

ORT. I'm sure you will not let me die.

DUKE. Impudent villain, dispatch him straight.

ORT. Hold, sir, 'tis only I can make you  
Three happy, which if you do not confess,  
When you have heard me speak, then let me die.

DUKE. Well, let's hear it.

ORT. Promise me my life  
First, if I do.

DUKE. Well, you shall have it.

ORT. Then know, the lady Artabella is  
Your sister.

DUKE. Ha!

ORT. I say, your sister;  
You do remember that you had one once?

DUKE. Yes, I do, but she was lost at three years old.

ORT. 'Tis true it was thought so; but thus it is:—  
When 'twas reported you were slain in th' battle,  
I straight convey'd away this lady, then  
A child, because she should not stand 'twixt me  
And the dukedom. I being then acquainted  
With the mother to Arbatus, I brought  
This lady, and gave her a sum of money,  
T' adopt her for her child. With willingness  
My offer she embrac'd, the more, because  
Her son Arbatus had been lost about  
Seven years, thought to have been cast away  
At sea, though afterwards returned home:  
I had enjoin'd her secrecy, which she  
Kept, therefore she told Arbatus 'twas his  
Sister.

*Enter ARBATUS.*

DUKE. And is she then my sister? O  
Arbatus, welcome, welcome! I've a crowd  
Of joys about my heart to tell thee.

ARB. What! that you have broken my sister's heart?

DUKE. Thou hast no sister; 'tis I [that] possess that  
Blessing; Artabella is my sister.  
How blest a sound is *sister* to my ears!  
I'll give command no other word but *sister*  
Shall be spoke throughout my dukedom; I'll have it  
Taught to infants; so that when nature lends  
Their sucking tongues a means to speak one word,  
They shall all babble *sister*, 'stead of *nurse*.  
I'll have the name engrav'd in gold [up]on  
Every post and pillar in the streets, and passers-  
By shall worship it.

ARB. I am amazed.

*Enter PHILIDOR and MIRIDA.*

DUKE. Welcome, Philidor.

PHIL. I am glad  
To see joy in your looks again, sir;  
The time is long since I have seen you smile.

DUKE. Philidor, all that is joy I have within  
This breast; it overflows  
And runs into my eyes. This is my sister!  
(O, what a word is sister!) and this my dear  
And true Amphelia.  
Come, Mirida shall be thine to-day too.

[*To PHILIDOR.*]

MIR. Hold, sir, I forbid that banns.

PHIL. Troth, so do I too; you always  
Take the words out of my mouth.  
You and I marry, quotha!

MIR. No, faith, we'll be hang'd first. I'd  
Rather hear a long sermon, than  
Hear a parson ask me: *Mirida*,  
*Will you have this man for your*  
*Wedded husband, to have and to hold,*

*From this day forward, and so forth.*

PHIL. Right, *for better for worse, in Sickness or in health.*

MIR. Ay, and perhaps after we have been Married half a year, one's Husband falls into a deep consumption, And will not do one the favour to Die neither, then we must be Ever feeding him with caudles. O, from a husband in a consumption Deliver me!

PHIL. And think how weary I should be Of thee, Mirida, when once we were Chain'd together: the very name of Wife would be a vomit to me: then Nothing but, *where's my wife? call My wife to dinner, call my wife to supper,* And then at night, *come, wife, will you Go to bed?*

MIR. Ay, and that would be so troublesome To be call'd by one's husband every night To go to bed. O, that dull, dull Name of husband!

DUKE. Indeed you two are well met, The world has not two more such, I am confident.

MIR. The more the pity, sir.

PHIL. No, sir, if you please, never propose Marrying to us, till both of us have Committed such faults as are death By the law; then instead of Hanging us, marry us.

MIR. And then you shall hear how Earnestly we shall petition your Highness to be hang'd rather than Married.

DUKE. No man can judge which is the Wildest of these two. Now, brave Arbatus, in all my dukedom There is but one gift worthy thy Receiving, and that's my sister; Here, sir, take her as freely as heaven Gave her me.

ARB. D'ye forgive me, sir?

DUKE. Or not myself, Arbatus. This day Hymen shall light his torch for all.

PHIL. With your pardon, sir, not for me And my female?

MIR. No, faith, I'll blow it out, If he does.

ART. Sir, though in my own desires I should have chose the man that you have given me, Yet I beg we may not marry yet; we have Call'd brother and sister so long, that yet We needs must think we are so still.

ARB. Pray, madam, Let's think so as little a while as we can, That fancy may not keep my joy in prison.

DUKE. Let's to the temple now, and there thank Heaven for these unexpected joys. Each day the gods shall lend me in this life,

I'll thank them for a sister and a wife.

[*Exeunt.*

**FOOTNOTES:**

[75] [Old copy, *he.*]

[76] [See Thoms' "Anecdotes and Traditions," 1839, p. 95.]

---

# HISTORIA HISTRIONICA.



## **EDITION.**

*Historia Histrionica. An Historical Account of the English-Stage; showing the Ancient Uses, Improvement, and Perfection of Dramatic Representations, in this Nation. In a Dialogue, of Plays and Players.—Olim meminisse juvabit. London. Printed by G. Croom, for William Haws, at the Rose in Ludgate-Street. 1699. 8<sup>o</sup>.*

This tract is said to have been the production of James Wright of New Inn, afterwards of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, who was the son of Abraham Wright, a well-known miscellaneous writer (1645-70). The former was the author of "The Antiquities of Rutlandshire," and some poems; particularly (1) "An Essay on the Present Ruins of St Paul's Cathedral." To which is annexed, "The Misfortunes of St Paul's Cathedral," in heroic verse, 4<sup>o</sup>. 1668; reprinted with two other poems under the title of (2) "Three poems of St Paul's Cathedral; viz., The Ruins, The Rebuilding, The Choire,<sup>[77]</sup> Fo. 1697," and (3) "Phœnix Paulina, a Poem on St Paul's Cathedral, 4<sup>o</sup>. 1709."<sup>[78]</sup> He was alive in 1710, being mentioned by Mr Hearne in his preface to Leland's "Itinerary," in this manner; "I could have supply'd more Lacunæ, and in all likelihood have render'd this performance more perfect, if I had had the use of a very good transcript of Mr Leland's 'Itinerary,' taken about the time of Queen Elizabeth (before the originals took wet, as is suppos'd) and was formerly in possession of James Wright, of the Middle Temple, Esq., the worthy author of the 'Antiquities of Rutlandshire;' but this, with a multitude of other valuable curiosities, was unhappily burned in the fire at the Middle Temple, in the year 1698, as Mr Wright has been pleased to inform me." Anthony Wood says, he wrote an elegy on the death of Mr John Goad, Master of Merchant Taylor's School, who died 1689. (See Wood's "Athenæ," vol. i. p. 839.)

### **FOOTNOTES:**

[77] British Topography, vol. 1. p. 610.

[78] Catalogue of pamphlets in the Harleian Library, p. 140.

---

## THE PREFACE. [79]

Much has been writ of late *pro* and *con* about the stage, yet the subject admits of more, and that which has not been hitherto touched upon; not only what that is, but what it was, about which some people have made such a bustle. What it is we see, and I think it has been sufficiently displayed in Mr Collier's book; what it was in former ages, and how used in this kingdom, so far back as one may collect any memorials, is the subject of the following dialogue. Old plays will be always read by the curious, if it were only to discover the manners and behaviour of several ages, and how they altered. For plays are exactly like portraits, drawn in the garb and fashion of the time when painted. You see one habit in the time of Charles I., another quite different from that, both for men and women, in Queen Elizabeth's time; another under Henry VIII. different from both; and so backward, all various. And in the several fashions of behaviour and conversation there is as much mutability as in that of clothes. Religion and religious matters were once as much the mode in public entertainments as the contrary has been in some times since. This appears in the different plays of several ages: and to evince this the following sheets are an essay or specimen.

Some may think the subject of this discourse trivial, and the persons herein mentioned not worth remembering. But besides that I could name some things contested of late with great heat, of as little or less consequence, the reader may know that the profession of players is not so totally scandalous, nor all of them so reprobate, but that there has been found under that name a canonised saint in the primitive church, as may be seen in the "Roman Martyrology" on the 29th March: his name *Masculas*, a master of interludes (the Latin is *Archimimus*, and the French translation *un Maître comedien*) who, under the persecution of the Vandals in Africa by Geisericus the Aryan king, having endured many and grievous torments and reproaches for the confession of the truth, finished the course of this glorious combat, saith the said "Martyrology."

It appears from this and some further instances in the following discourse, that there have been players of worthy principles as to religion, loyalty, and other virtues; and if the major part of them fall under a different character, it is the general unhappiness of mankind, that the *most* are the *worst*.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [79] This preface was omitted by Mr Reed, probably because his copy was not perfect. It is reprinted from the first edition in 1699, which the former editor had not been able to procure.—*Collier*.

---

## A DIALOGUE, &c.

LOVEWIT, TRUEMAN.

LOVE. Honest old cavalier, well met! faith, I'm glad to see thee.

TRUE. Have a care what you call me: old is a word of disgrace among the ladies; to be honest is to be poor and foolish (as some think); and cavalier is a word as much out of fashion as any of 'em.

LOVE. The more's the pity. But what said the fortune-teller in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Gipsies," to the then Lord Privy Seal?—

*Honest and old!  
In those the good part of a fortune is told.*

TRUE. Ben Jonson! how dare you name Ben Jonson in these times, when we have such a crowd of poets of a quite different genius, the least of which thinks himself as well able to correct Ben Jonson as he could a country schoolmistress that taught to spell!

LOVE. We have, indeed, poets of a different genius, so are the plays; but, in my opinion, they are all of 'em (some few excepted) as much inferior to those of former times, as the actors now in being (generally speaking) are, compared to Hart, Mohun, Burt, Lacy, Clun, and Shatterel; for I can reach no farther backward.

TRUE. I can, and dare assure you, if my fancy and memory are not partial (for men of my age are apt to be over-indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days), I say the actors that I have seen before the wars—Lowin, Taylor, Pollard, and some others—were almost as far beyond Hart and his company as those were beyond these now in being.

LOVE. I am willing to believe it, but cannot readily; because I have been told that those whom I mentioned were bred up under the others of your acquaintance, and followed their manner of action, which is now lost: so far that, when the question has been asked why these players do not revive the "Silent Woman" and some other of Jonson's plays (once of highest esteem), they have answered, "Truly, because there are none now living who can rightly humour those parts; for all who related to the Blackfriars (where they were acted in perfection) are now dead and almost forgotten."

TRUE. 'Tis very true, Hart and Clun were bred up boys at the Blackfriars, and acted women's parts. Hart was Robinson's boy or apprentice; he acted the Duchess in the tragedy of the "Cardinal," which was the first part that gave him reputation. Cartwright and Wintershal belonged to the Private House in Salisbury Court; Burt was a boy, first under Shank at the Blackfriars, then under Beeston at the Cockpit; and Mohun and Shatterel were in the same condition with him at the last place. There Burt used to play the principal women's parts, in particular Clariana, in "Love's Cruelty;" and at the same time Mohun acted Bellamonte, which part he retained after the Restoration.

LOVE. That I have seen, and can well remember. I wish they had printed in the last age (so I call the times before the Rebellion) the actors' names over against the parts they acted, as they have done since the Restoration, and thus one might have guessed at the action of the men by the parts which we now read in the old plays.

TRUE. It was not the custom and usage of those days, as it hath been since. Yet some few old plays there are that have the names set against the parts, as "The Duchess of Malfy," "The Picture," "The Roman Actor," "The Deserving Favourite," "The Wild-Goose Chase" (at the Blackfriars), "The Wedding," "The Renegado," "The Fair Maid of the West," "Hannibal and Scipio," "King John and Matilda" (at the Cockpit), and "Holland's Leaguer" (at Salisbury Court).

LOVE. These are but few indeed. But pray, sir, what master-parts can you remember the old Blackfriar's men to act in Jonson, Shakespeare, and Fletcher's plays?

TRUE. What I can at present recollect, I'll tell you. Shakespeare (who, as I have heard, was a much better poet than player), Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the older sort, were dead before I knew the town; but in my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act with mighty applause Falstaff, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon in the "Alchymist," Melantius in the "Maid's Tragedy;" and at the same time Amyntor was played by Stephen Hammerton (who was at first a most noted and beautiful woman-actor, but afterwards he acted with equal grace and applause a young lover's part); Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably

well; Jago, Truewit in the "Silent Woman," and Face in the "Alchymist." Swanston used to play Othello. Pollard and Robinson were comedians; so was Shank, who used to act Sir Roger in the "Scornful Lady:" these were of Blackfriars. Those of principal note at the Cockpit were Perkins, Michael Bowyer, Sumner, William Allan, and Bird, eminent actors, and Robins, a comedian. Of the other companies I took little notice.

LOVE. Were there so many companies?

TRUE. Before the wars there were in being all these play-houses at the same time. The Blackfriars and Globe on the Bank-side, a winter and summer house, belonging to the same company, called the King's Servants; the Cockpit or Phoenix, in Drury Lane, called the Queen's Servants; the Private House, in Salisbury Court, called the Prince's Servants; the Fortune, near Whitecross Street;<sup>[80]</sup> and the Red Bull, at the upper end of St John's Street: the two last were mostly frequented by citizens and the meaner sort of people. All these companies got money, and lived in reputation, especially those of the Blackfriars, who were men of grave and sober behaviour.

LOVE. Which I admire at; that the town, much less than at present, could then maintain five companies, and yet now two can hardly subsist.

TRUE. Do not wonder, but consider that, though the town was then, perhaps, not much more than half so populous as now, yet then the prices were small (there being no scenes), and better order kept among the company that came; which made very good people think a play an innocent diversion for an idle hour or two, the plays themselves being then, for the most part, more instructive and moral. Whereas, of late, the play-houses are so extremely pestered with vizard-masks and their trade (occasioning continual quarrels and abuses), that many of the more civilised part of the town are uneasy in the company, and shun the theatre as they would a house of scandal. It is an argument of the worth of the plays and actors of the last age, and easily inferred, that they were much beyond ours in this, to consider that they could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter, and goodness of the action, without scenes and machines; whereas the present plays, with all that show, can hardly draw an audience, unless there be the additional invitation of a Signer Fedeli, a Monsieur l'Abbé, or some such foreign regale expressed in the bottom of the bill.

LOVE. To waive this digression, I have read of one Edward Alleyn, a man so famed for excellent action, that among Ben Jonson's epigrams I find one directed to him, full of encomium, and concluding thus—

*Wear this renown; 'tis just that who did give  
So many poets life, by one should live.*

Was he one of the Blackfriars?

TRUE. Never as I have heard (for he was dead before my time). He was master of a company of his own, for whom he built the Fortune Playhouse from the ground, a large round brick building. This is he that grew so rich, that he purchased a great estate in Surrey and elsewhere; and having no issue, he built and largely endowed Dulwich College in the year 1619<sup>[81]</sup>, for a master, a warden, four fellows, twelve aged poor people, and twelve poor boys, &c. A noble charity!

LOVE. What kind of play-houses had they before the wars?

TRUE. The Blackfriars, Cockpit, and Salisbury Court were called private houses, and were very small to what we see now. The Cockpit was standing since the Restoration, and Rhodes's company acted there for some time.

LOVE. I have seen that.

TRUE. Then you have seen the other two in effect, for they were all three built almost exactly alike for form and bigness. Here they had pits for the gentry, and acted by candlelight. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by daylight.

LOVE. But prythee, Trueman, what became of these players when the stage was put down, and the Rebellion raised?

TRUE. Most of them, except Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard (who were superannuated) went into the king's army, and, like good men and true, served their old master, though in a different, yet more honourable capacity. Robinson was killed at the taking of a place (I think Basing House) by Harrison, he that was after hanged at Charing Cross, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms; abusing Scripture at the same time in saying, *Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently*. Mohun was a captain, and (after the wars were ended here) served in Flanders, where he received pay as a major. Hart was a lieutenant

of horse under Sir Thomas Dallison, in Prince Rupert's regiment; Burt was cornet in the same troop, and Shatterel quartermaster. Allen of the Cockpit was a major, and quartermaster-general at Oxford. I have not heard of one of these players; of any note that sided with the other party, but only Swanston; and he professed himself a Presbyterian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and lived in Aldermanbury, within the territory of Father Calamy. The rest either lost or exposed their lives for their king. When the wars were over, and the Royalists totally subdued, most of 'em who were left alive gathered to London, and for a subsistence endeavoured to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of all the scattered members of several; and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act some plays, with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cockpit. They continued undisturbed for three or four days; but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of the "Bloody Brother" (in which Lowin acted Aubery: Taylor, Rollo; Pollard, the Cook; Burt, Latorch; and, I think, Hart, Otto), a party of foot-soldiers beset the house, surprised 'em about the middle of the play,<sup>[82]</sup> and carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to shift, to Hatton House, then a prison, where, having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes, and let 'em loose again. Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they used to act privately, three or four miles, or more, out of town, now here, now there: sometimes in noblemen's houses, in particular, Holland House at Kensington, where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a sum for them, each giving a broad piece, or the like. And Alexander Goffe, the woman-actor at Blackfriars (who had made himself known to persons of quality), used to be the jackal, and give notice of time and place. At Christmas and Bartholomew Fair, they used to bribe the officer who commanded the guard at Whitehall, and were thereupon connived at to act for a few days at the Red Bull,<sup>[83]</sup> but were sometimes, notwithstanding, disturbed by soldiers. Some picked up a little money by publishing the copies of plays never before printed, but kept up in manuscript. For instance, in the year 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wild-Goose Chase" was printed in folio, for the public use of all the ingenious, as the title-page says, and private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, servants to his late majesty; and by them dedicated to the honoured few lovers of dramatic poesy, wherein they modestly intimate their wants, and that with sufficient cause; for whatever they were before the wars, they were after reduced to a necessitous condition. Lowin, in his latter days, kept an inn, the Three Pigeons at Brentford, where he died very old, for he was an actor of eminent note in the reign of King James I.; and his poverty was as great as his age. Taylor died at Richmond, and was there buried. Pollard, who lived single, and had a competent estate, retired to some relations he had in the country, and there ended his life. Perkins and Sumner of the Cockpit kept house together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried. These all died some years before the Restoration; what followed after, I need not tell you; you can easily remember.

LOVE. Yes; presently after the Restoration, the king's players acted publicly at the Red Bull for some time, and then removed to a new-built play-house in Vere Street, by Clare Market. There they continued for a year or two, and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where they first made use of scenes, which had been a little before introduced upon the public stage by Sir William Davenant, at the Duke's Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but afterwards very much improved, with the addition of curious machines, by Mr Betterton, at the New Theatre in Dorset Garden, to the great expense and continual charge of the players. This much impaired their profit o'er what it was before; for I have been informed by one of 'em, that for several years next after the Restoration every whole sharer in Mr Hart's company got £1000 *per ann.* About the same time that scenes first entered upon the stage at London, women were taught to act their own parts; since when we have seen at both houses several actresses, justly famed, as well for beauty as perfect good action. And some plays, in particular the "Parson's Wedding," have been presented all by women, as formerly all by men. Thus it continued for about twenty years, when Mr Hart, and some of the old men, began to grow weary, and were minded to leave off. Then the two companies thought fit to unite; but of late, you see, they have thought it no less fit to divide again, though both companies keep the same name of His Majesty's Servants. All this while the play-house music improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it. Yet for all these advantages, the reputation of the stage and people's affection to it are much decayed. Some were lately severe against it, and would hardly allow stage-plays fit to be longer permitted. Have you seen Mr Collier's book?

TRUE. Yes, and his opposers'.

LOVE. And what think you?

TRUE. In my mind, Mr Collier's reflections are pertinent, and true in the main; the book ingeniously wrote, and well intended; but he has overshot himself in some places, and his respondents perhaps in more. My affection inclines me not to engage on either side, but rather mediate. If there be abuses relating to the stage—which, I think, is too apparent—let the abuse be reformed, and not the use, for that reason only, abolished. 'Twas an old saying, when I was a boy—

*Absit abusus, non desit totaliter usus.*

I shall not run through Mr Collier's book; I will only touch a little on two or three general notions, in which, I think, he may be mistaken. What he urges out of the primitive councils and fathers of the Church seems to me to be directed against the heathen plays, which were a sort of religious worship with them, to the honour of Ceres, Flora, or some of their false deities. They had always a little altar on their stages, as appears plain enough from some places in Plautus. And Mr Collier himself, p. 235, tells us out of Livy that plays were brought in, upon the score of religion, to pacify the gods. No wonder, then, they forbid Christians to be present at them, for it was almost the same as to be present at their sacrifices. We must also observe that this was in the infancy of Christianity, when the Church was under severe and almost continual persecutions, and when all its true members were of most strict and exemplary lives, not knowing when they should be called to the stake, or thrown to wild beasts. They communicated daily, and expected death hourly; as their thoughts were intent upon the next world, they abstained almost wholly from all diversions and pleasures (though lawful and innocent) in this. Afterwards, when persecution ceased, and the Church flourished, Christians, being then freed from their former terrors, allowed themselves, at proper times, the lawful recreations of conversations, and among other, no doubt, this of shows and representations. After this time, the censures of the Church indeed might be continued or revived upon occasion against plays and players; though, in my opinion, it cannot be understood generally, but only against such players who were of vicious and licentious lives, and represented profane subjects, inconsistent with the morals and probity of manners requisite to Christians, and frequented chiefly by such loose and debauched people as were much more apt to corrupt than divert those who associated with them. I say, I cannot think the canons and censures of the fathers can be applied to all players, *quatenus* players; for if so, how could plays be continued among the Christians, as they were, of divine subjects and scriptural stories? A late French author, speaking of the Hotel de Bourgogne, a play-house in Paris, says that the ancient dukes of that name gave it to the Brotherhood of the Passion, established in the church of Trinity Hospital, in the Rue St Denis, on condition that they should represent here interludes of devotion; and adds, that there have been public shows in this place six hundred years ago. The Spanish and Portuguese continue still to have, for the most part, such ecclesiastical stories for the subject of their plays; and if we may believe Gage, they are acted in their churches in Mexico and the Spanish West Indies.

LOVE. That's a great way off, Trueman; I had rather you would come nearer home, and confine your discourse to Old England.

TRUE. So I intend. The same has been done here in England; for otherwise, how comes it to be prohibited in the 88th Canon, among those passed in convocation, 1603? Certain it is that our ancient plays were of religious subjects, and had for their actors, if not priests, yet men relating to the Church.

LOVE. How does that appear?

TRUE. Nothing clearer. Stow, in his "Survey of London," has one chapter *Of the Sports and Pastimes of old time used in this City*; and there he tells us, that in the year 1391, which was 15 Richard II., a stage-play was played by the parish clerks of London, at the Skinner's Well beside Smithfield, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles of the realm being present. And another was played in the year 1409, 11 Henry IV., which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world, whereat were present most part of the nobility and gentry of England. Sir William Dugdale, in his "Antiquities of Warwickshire," p. 116, speaking of the Grayfriars or Franciscans at Coventry, says: "Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants that were played therein upon Corpus-Christi Day; which pageants, being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theatres for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators, and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rhyme." An ancient manuscript of the same is now to be seen in the Cottonian Library, *Sub Effig. Vesp. D. 8*. Since the Reformation, in Queen Elizabeth's time, plays were

frequently acted by quiristers and singing-boys; and several of our old comedies have printed in the title-page, "acted by the children of Paul's" (not the school, but the church); others, "by the children of her majesty's chapel:" in particular, "Cynthia's Revels" and "The Poetaster" were played by them, who were at that time famous for good action. Among Ben Jonson's epigrams you may find an epitaph on S. P. (*Sal. Pavy*), one of the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, part of which runs thus—

*Years he counted scarce thirteen,  
When fates turn'd cruel,  
Yet three fill'd zodiacs he had been  
The stage's jewel;  
And did act (what now we moan)  
Old men so duly,  
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,  
He play'd so truly.*

Some of these chapel-boys, when they grew men, became actors at the Blackfriars; such were Nathan. Field<sup>[84]</sup> and John Underwood. Now I can hardly imagine that such plays and players as these are included in the severe censure of the councils and fathers; but such only who are truly within the character given by Didacus de Tapia, cited by Mr Collier, p. 276, viz., *The infamous playhouse; a place of contradiction to the strictness and sobriety of religion; a place hated by God, and haunted by the devil.* And for such I have as great an abhorrence as any man.

LOVE. Can you guess of what antiquity the representing of religious matters on the stage hath been in England?

TRUE. How long before the Conquest, I know not, but that it was used in London not long after, appears by Fitz-Stephen, an author who wrote in the reign of King Henry the Second.<sup>[85]</sup> His words are, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu repræsentationes passionum quibus claruit constantia martyrum.* Of this the manuscript which I lately mentioned, in the Cottonian library, is a notable instance. Sir William Dugdale cites this manuscript by the title of *Ludus Coventriæ*; but in the printed Catalogue of that library, p. 113, it is named thus, *A Collection of Plays in Old English Metre; h. e. Dramata sacra, in quibus exhibentur historiæ Veteris et N. Testamenti, introductis quasi in scenam personis illic memoratis, quas secum invicem colloquentes pro ingenio fingit poeta. Videntur olim coram populo, sive ad instruendum, sive ad placendum, a fratribus mendicantibus repræsentata.* It appears by the latter end of the prologue, that these plays or interludes were not only played at Coventry, but in the other towns and places upon occasion. And possibly this may be the same play which Stow tells us was played in the reign of King Henry IV., which lasted for eight days. The book seems by the character and language to be at least 300 years old. It begins with a general prologue, giving the arguments of 40 pageants or gesticulations (which were as so many several acts or scenes) representing all the histories of both testaments, from the creation to the choosing of St *Matthias* to be an apostle. The stories of the New Testament are more largely expressed, viz., the Annunciation, Nativity, Visitation; but more especially all matters relating to the Passion, very particularly, the Resurrection, Ascension, the Choice of St *Matthias*. After which is also represented the Assumption, and Last Judgment. All these things were treated of in a very homely style, as we now think, infinitely below the dignity of the subject; but it seems the *gout* of that age was not so nice and delicate in these matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors being prepared with favour, and taking everything by the right and easiest handle. For example, in the scene relating to the Visitation:

Maria.<sup>[86]</sup> *But, husband, of oo thyng I pray you most mekely,  
I have knowing that our cosyn Elizabeth with childe is,  
That it please yow to go to her hastily,  
If ought we myth comfort her, it were to me blys.*

Joseph. *A Gods sake, is she with child, sche?  
Than will her husband Zachary be mery.  
In Montana they dwelle, fer hence, so mot y<sup>[87]</sup> the,  
In the city of Juda, I know it verily;  
It is hence, I trowe, myles two a fifty,  
We ar like to be wery, or we come at that same,  
I wole with a good will, blessyd wyff Mary;  
Now go we forth then in Goddys name, &c.*

A little before the Resurrection:—*Nunc dormient milites, et veniet anima*

*Christi de inferno, cum Adam et Eva, Abraham, John Baptist, et aliis.*

*Anima Christi. Come forth, Adam, and Eve with the,  
And all my fryndes that herein be,  
In paradys come forth with me  
In blysse for to dwelle.  
The fende of hell that is your foo  
He shall be wrappyd and woundyn in woo:  
Fro wo to welth now shall ye go,  
With myrth evyrmore to melle.  
Adam. I thank the, Lord, of thy grete grace  
That now is forgiven my gret trespace,  
Now shall we dwellyn in blyssful place, &c.*

The last scene or pageant, which represents the day of judgment, begins thus:  
[88]

*Michael. Surgite, All men aryse,  
Venite ad iudicium,  
For now is set the High Justice,  
And hath assignyd the day of dome:  
Rape you redyly to this grett assyse.  
Both gret and small, all and sum,  
And of yowr answer you now avise,  
What you shall say, when that yow com, &c.*

These and such like were the plays, which in former ages were presented publicly. Whether they had any settled and constant houses for that purpose, does not appear; I suppose not. But it is notorious that in former times there was hardly ever any solemn reception of princes or noble persons, but pageants, that is, stages erected in the open street, were part of the entertainment: on which there were speeches by one or more persons, in the nature of scenes; and be sure one of the speakers must be some saint of the same name with the party to whom the honour is intended. For instance, there is an ancient manuscript at Coventry, called the "Old Leet Book," wherein is set down in a very particular manner, p. 168, the reception of Queen Margaret, wife of Henry VI. who came to Coventry; and, I think, with her young son, Prince Edward, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 35 Hen. VI. 1456. Many pageants and speeches were made for her welcome; out of all which I shall observe but two or three in the old English, as it is recorded:—

*St. Edward. Moder of mekenes, dame Margarete, princes most excellent,  
I king Edward wellcome you with affection cordial,  
Testefying to your highnes mekely myn entent.  
For the wele of the king and you hertily pray I shall,  
And for prince Edward my gostly chylde, who I love principal,  
Praying the, John Evangelist, my help therein to be,  
On that condition right humbly I give this ring to the.*

*John Evangelist. Holy Edward, crowned king, brother in verginity,  
My power plainly I will prefer thy will to amplefy.  
Most excellent princes of wymen mortal, your bedeman will I be.  
I know your life so vertuous that God is pleased thereby.  
The birth of you unto this reme shall cause great melody:  
The vertuous voice of prince Edward shall dayly well encrease,  
St Edward his Godfader, and I shall prey therefore doubtlese.*

*St. Margaret. Most notabul princes of wymen earthle,  
Dame Margarete, the chefe myrth of this empyre,  
Ye be hertely welcome to this cyte.  
To the plesure of your highnesse I will set my desyre;  
Both nature and gentlenesse doth me require,  
Seth we be both of one name, to shew you kindnesse;  
Wherefore by my power ye shall have no distresse.*

*I shall pray to the prince that is endlese  
To socour you with solas of his high grace;  
He will here my petition, this is doubtlesse,  
For I wrought all my life that his will wace.  
Therefore, lady, when you be in any dredfull case,  
Call on me boldly, therof I pray you,  
And trust in me feythfully, I will do that may pay you.*

In the next reign, as appears in the same book, fol. 221, another Prince Edward, son of King Edward IV., came to Coventry on the 28th of April, 14



Edward IV. 1474, and was entertained with many pageants and speeches, among which I shall observe only two; one was of St Edward again, who was then made to speak thus:—

*Noble Prince Edward, my cousin and my knight,  
And very prince of our line com yn dissent,  
I St Edward have pursued for your faders imperial right,  
Whereof he was excluded by full furious intent.  
Unto this your chamber, as prince full excellent,  
Ye be right welcome. Thanked be Crist of his sonde,  
For that that was ours is now in your faders honde.*

The other speech was from St George, and thus saith the book:—

"— Also upon the condite in the Croscheping was St George armed, and a king's daughter kneeling afore him with a lamb, and the fader and the moder being in a towre aboven beholding St George saving their daughter from the dragon, and the condite renning wine in four places, and minstralcye of organ playing, and St George having this speech underwritten"—

*O mighty God, our all succour celestiall,  
Which this royme hast given in dower  
To thi moder, and to me George protection perpetuall:  
It to defend from enimys fer and nere,  
And as this mayden defended was here  
By that grace from this dragons devour,  
So, Lord, preserve this noble prince and ever be his socour.*

LOVE. I perceive these holy matters consisted very much of praying; but I pity poor St Edward the Confessor who, in the compass of a few years, was made to promise his favour and assistance to two young princes, of the same name indeed, but of as different and opposite interests as the two poles. I know not how he could perform to both.

TRUE. Alas! they were both unhappy, notwithstanding these fine shows and seeming caresses of fortune; being both murdered, one by the hand, the other by the procurement, of Richard, Duke of Gloucester. I will produce but one example more of this sort of action or representations; and that is of later time, and an instance of much higher nature than any yet mentioned; it was at the marriage of Prince Arthur, eldest son of King Henry VII., to the Princess Catherine of Spain, ann. 1501. Her passage through London was very magnificent, as I have read it described in old MS. chronicle of that time.

[89] The pageants and speeches were many; the persons represented, St Catherine, St Ursula, a senator, noblesse, virtue, an angel, King Alphonse, Job, Boetius, &c. Among others, one is thus described:—"When this spech was ended, she held on her way tyll she came unto the standard in Chepe, where was ordeyned the fifth paygend made like an hevyn, theryn syttyng a personage representing the fader of hevyn, beyng all formyd of gold, and brennyng beffor his trone vii candylis of wax standyng in vii candylstykis of gold, the said personage beyng environed with sundry hyrarchies off angelis, and syttyng in a cope of most rich cloth of tyssu, garnishyd wyth stoon and perle in most sumptuous wyse. Foragain which said pagend upon the sowth syde of the strete stood at that tyme, in a hows wheryn that tyme dwellyd William Geffrey habyrdasher, the king, the queene, my lady the kingys moder, my lord of Oxyntford, wyth many other lordys and ladys, and perys of this realm, wyth also certayn ambassadors of France lately sent from the French king: and so passyng the said estatys, eyther guyving to other due and conveyent saluts and countenancs, so sone as hyr grace was approachid unto the sayd pagend, the fadyr began his spech as folowyth"

Hunc veneram locum, septeno lumine septum.  
Dignumque Arthuri totidem astra micant.

*I am begynyng and ende, that made ech creature.  
My sylfe, and for my sylfe, but man especially  
Both male and female, made aftyr myne aun fygure,  
Whom I joyned togydyr in matrimony,  
And that in paradyse, declaring opynly  
That men shall weddyng in my chyrch solempnize,  
Fygurid and signified by the ertly paradyze.*

*In thys my chyrch I am allway recydent  
As my chyeff tabernacle, and most chosyn place,  
Among these goldyn condylstikkis, which represent  
My catholyk chyrch shynyng affor my face,  
With lyght of feyth, wisdom, doctryne, and grace,  
And mervelously eke enflamyd toward me*

*Wyth the [un]jextyngwible fyre of charyte.*

*Wherefore, my welbelovid dowthyr Katharyn,  
Syth I have made yow to myne awn semblance  
In my chyrch to be maried, and your noble childryn  
To regn in this land as in their enherytance,  
Se that ye have me in speciall remembrance:  
Love me and my chyrch yowr spiritual modyr.  
For ye, dyspysing that oon, dyspyse that othyr.*

*Look that ye walk in my precepts, and obey them well:  
And here I give you the same blyssyng, that I  
Gave my well beloved chylder of Israell;  
Blyssyd be the fruyt of your bely;  
Yower substance and frutys I shall encrease and multiply;  
Yower rebellious enimyys I shall put in yowr hand,  
Encreasing in honour both yow and your land.*

LOVE. This would be censured now-a-days as profane to the highest degree.

TRUE. No doubt on't: yet you see there was a time, when people were not so nicely censorious in these matters, but were willing to take things in the best sense; and then this was thought a noble entertainment for the greatest king in Europe (such I esteem king Henry VII. at that time) and proper for that day of mighty joy and triumph. And I must farther observe out of Lord Bacon's "History of Henry VII." that the chief man who had the care of that day's proceedings was Bishop Fox, a grave counsellor for war or peace, and also a good surveyor of works, and a good master of ceremonies; and it seems he approv'd it. The said Lord Bacon tells us farther that, whosoever had those toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical.

LOVE. These things, however, are far from that which we understand by the name of a play.

TRUE. It may be so; but these were the plays of those times. Afterwards, in the reign of King Henry VIII., both the subject and form of these plays began to alter, and have since varied more and more. I have by me a thing called "A Merry Play between the Pardoner and the Friar, the Curate and Neighbour Pratt." Printed the 5th of April 1533, which was 24 Henry VIII. (a few years before the dissolution of monasteries.) The design of this play was to ridicule Friars and Pardoners. Of which I'll give you a taste. To begin it, the Friar enters with these words:<sup>[90]</sup>

*Deus hic; the holy trynyte  
Preserve all that now here be.*

*Dere bretherne, yf ye will consyder  
The cause why I am com hyder,  
Ye wolde be glad to knowe my entent:  
For I com not hyther for mony nor for rent,  
I com not hyther for meat nor for meale,  
But I com hyther for your soules heale, &c.*

After a long preamble he addresses himself to preach, when the Pardoner enters with these words:

*God and St Leonarde send ye all his grace,  
As many as ben assembled in this place, &c.*

and makes a long speech, showing his bulls and his reliques, in order to sell his pardons, for the raising some money towards the rebuilding

*Of the holy chappell of sweet saynt Leonarde,  
Which late by fyre was destroyed and marde.*

Both these speaking together with continual interruption, at last they fall together by the ears. Here the curate enters (for you must know the scene lies in the church):

*Hold your hands; a vengeance on ye both two,  
That ever ye came hyther to make this ado,  
To polute my chyrche, &c.*

*Friar. Mayster Parson, I marvayll ye will give lycence  
To this false knave in this audience  
To publish his ragman rolles with lyes.  
I desyred hym ywys more than ones or twyse  
To hold his peas tyll that I had done,*

*But he would here no more than the man in the mone.*

Pard. *Why sholde I suffre the, more than thou me?  
Mayster Parson gave me lycence before the.  
And I wolde thou knowest it I have relykes here,  
Other maner stufte than thou dost bere:  
I wyll edefy more with the syght of it,  
Than with all thy pratyng of holy wryt;  
For that except that the precher himselfe lyve well,  
His predycacyon wyll helpe never a dell, &c.*

Par. *No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch:  
I shrewe yowr hertys bothe for this lurch.  
Is there any blood shed here between these knaves?  
Thanked be God they had no stavys,  
Nor egotoles, for then it had ben wronge,  
Well, ye shall synge another songe.*

Here he calls his neighbour Prat, the constable, with design to apprehend 'em, and set 'em in the stocks. But the Friar and Pardoner prove sturdy, and will not be stocked, but fall upon the poor Parson and Constable, and bang them both so well-favouredly, that at last they are glad to let 'em go at liberty: and so the farce ends with a drawn battle. Such as this were the plays of that age, acted in gentlemen's halls at Christmas or such like festival times by the servants of the family or strollers who went about, and made it a trade. It is not unlikely that the<sup>[91]</sup> lords in those days and persons of eminent quality had their several gangs of players, as some have now of fiddlers, to whom they give cloaks and badges. The first comedy that I have seen, that looks like regular, is "Gammer Gurton's Needle," writ,<sup>[92]</sup> I think, in the reign of King Edward VI. This is composed of five acts, the scenes unbroken, and the unities of time and place duly observed. It was acted at Christ's College in Cambridge, there not being as yet any settled and public theatres.

LOVE. I observe, Trueman, from what you have said, that plays in England had a beginning much like those of Greece; the Monologues and Pageants, drawn from place to place on wheels, answer exactly to the cart of Thespis, and the improvements have been by such little steps and degrees as among the ancients, till at last, to use the words of Sir George Buck (in his "Third University of England"), "Dramatic poesy is so lively express'd and represented upon the public stages and theatres of this city, as Rome in the auge (the highest pitch) of her pomp and glory, never saw it better performed, I mean (says he) in respect of the action and art, and not of the cost and sumptuousness." This he writ about the year 1631. But can you inform me, Trueman, when the public theatres were first erected for this purpose in London?

TRUE. Not certainly; but I presume about the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. For Stow, in his "Survey of London" (which book was first printed in the year 1598), says—"Of late years, in place of these stage-plays (*i.e.*, those of religious matters) have been used comedies, tragedies, interludes, and histories, both true and feigned: for the acting whereof certain public places, as the Theatre, the Curtine, &c., have been erected." And the continuator of "Stow's Annals," p. 1004, says that in sixty years before the publication of that book (which was Ann. Dom. 1529), no less than seventeen public stages, or common playhouses, had been built in and about London. In which number he reckons five inns or common hostelries to have been in his time turned into playhouses—one Cockpit, Saint Paul's Singing-school, one in the Blackfriars, one in the Whitefriars, and one in former time at Newington Butts. And adds: Before the space of sixty years past, I never knew, heard, or read of any such theatres, stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory.

LOVE. After all, I have been told that stage-plays are inconsistent with the laws of this kingdom, and players made rogues by statute.

TRUE. He that told you so strained a point of truth. I never met with any law wholly to suppress them: sometimes, indeed, they have been prohibited for a season; as in times of Lent, general mourning, or public calamities, or upon other occasions, when the government saw fit. Thus, by proclamation 7th of April, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, plays and interludes were forbid until All-hallow-tide next following. Hollinshed, p. 1184.<sup>[93]</sup> Some statutes have been made for their regulation or information, not general suppression. By the stat. 39 Eliz. cap. 4<sup>[94]</sup> (which was made for the suppression of rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars) it is enacted "*That all persons that be, or utter themselves to be, proctors, procurers, patent gatherers, or collectors for goals, prisons, or hospitals, or fencers, bearwards, common players of*

*interludes and minstrels, wandering abroad (other than players of interludes belonging to any baron of this realm, or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authoris'd to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage) all juglers, tinkers, pedlars, and petty chapmen, wand'ring abroad, all wand'ring persons, &c., able in body, using loytering, and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as is commonly given, &c. These shall be adjudged and deemed rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and punished as such."*

LOVE. But this privilege of authorising or licensing is taken away by the stat. Jac. I., ch. 7, s. 1., and therefore all of them, as Mr Collier says, p. 242, are expressly brought under the aforesaid penalty without distinction.

TRUE. If he means all players, without distinction, 'tis a great mistake. For the force of the queen's statute extends only to wandering players, and not to such as are the king or queen's servants, and established in settled houses by royal authority. On such the ill character of vagrant players (or, as they are now called, strollers) can cast no more aspersion, than the wandering proctors, in the same statute mentioned, on those of Doctors'-Commons. By a stat. made 3 Jac. I.<sup>[95]</sup> ch. 21, it was enacted, "*That if any person shall, in any stage-play, interlude, shew, may-game or pageant, jestingly or prophanely speak or use the holy name of God, Christ Jesus, or of the Trinity, he shall forfeit for every such offence 10l.*" The stat. 1 Charles I. ch. 1,<sup>[96]</sup> enacts, "*That no meetings, assemblies, or concourse of people shall be out of their own parishes, on the Lord's day, for any sports or pastime whatsoever, nor any bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, common-plays, or other unlawful exercises and pastimes used by any person or persons within their own, parishes.*" These are all the statutes that I can think of, relating to the stage and players; but nothing to suppress them totally, till the two ordinances of the Long Parliament, one of the 22d of October 1647, the other of the 11th [9th] of Feb. 1647;<sup>[97]</sup> by which all stage-plays and interludes are absolutely forbid; the stages, seats, galleries, &c., to be pulled down; all players, tho' calling themselves the king or queen's servants, if convicted of acting within two months before such conviction, to be punished as rogues according to law; the money received by them to go to the poor of the parish; and every spectator to pay five shillings to the use of the poor. Also cock-fighting was prohibited by one of Oliver's Acts of 31st March 1654. But I suppose nobody pretends these things to be laws. I could say more on this subject, but I must break off here and leave you, Lovewit; my occasions require it.

LOVE. Farewell, old Cavalier.

TRUE. 'Tis properly said; we are almost all of us now gone and forgotten.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[80] This is afterwards said to be a large round brick building. Mr Steevens supposes, from the extent of it, that all the actors resided within its precincts. It was pulled down about the time of the Restoration, soon after the appearance of the following advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, Tuesday, Feb. 14, to Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1661. "The Fortune Playhouse, situate between Whitecross Street and Golding Square, in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, with the ground thereunto belonging, is to be let to be built upon; where twenty-three tenements may be erected, with gardens; and a street may be cut through for the better accommodation of the buildings." (See edition of Shakespeare, 1778, i. 267.) From the following passage of "The English Traveller," by Heywood, 1633, sig. I 3, we find there was a picture or statue of Fortune before the building.

"I'll rather stand here  
Like a statue in the forefront of your house  
For ever; like the picture of Dame Fortune  
Before the Fortune Play-house."

[81] The Letters Patent under the Great Seal bear date the 21st June 1619.

[82] This is confirmed by Kirkman who, in his preface to "The Wits; or, Sport upon Sport," 1672, says, The small compositions of which his work was made up, being scenes and parts of plays, were at this period "liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the actors to represent, there being little cost in cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seized by the then soldiers; who, as the poet sayes, *Enter the red coat, exit hat and cloak*, was very true, not only in the audience but the actors too, who were commonly not only stripp'd, but many times imprisoned, till they paid such ransom as the souldiers would impose upon them: so that it was hazardous to act any thing that required any good cloaths: instead of which painted cloath many times served the turn to represent rich habits."

[83] "When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest: and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with, were these humours and pieces of plays which, passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow, called "Bottom the Weaver," "Simpleton the Smith," "John

Swabber," or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the auditors; and these small things were as profitable and as great get-pennies to the actors as any of our late famed plays. I have seen *the Red Bull Playhouse*, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and as meanly as you may now think of these drols, they were then acted by the best comedians then and now in being; and I may say by some that then exceeded all now living, by name, the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces.—Kirkman's Preface to "The Wits, or Sport upon Sport," 1672.

- [84] [Concerning Field the actor and dramatist, see introduction to his "Woman is a Weathercock," &c., xi. 3-6, 89-91, and Collier's "Memoirs of Actors," p. 206, *et seq.*]

Nathaniel Field, on the authority of Roberts the player (see his answer to Mr Pope's preface to Shakespeare), has been considered as the author of two plays: "A Woman is a Weathercock," 1612, and "Amends for Ladies," 1618. He is also supposed to be the same person who assisted Massinger in "The Fatal Dowry." I suspect that Roberts was mistaken in these assertions, as I do not find any contemporary writer speak of Field as an author; nor is it mentioned by Langbaine, who would have noticed it, had he known the fact. It seems more probable that the writer of these plays was Nathaniel Field, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford, who wrote some Latin verses, printed in "Oxoniensis Academiæ Parentalia, 1625," and who, being of the same university with Massinger, might join with him, while there, in the composition of the play ascribed to them. Nathaniel Field above mentioned was celebrated in the part of "Bussy D'Ambois," first printed in 1607. On the republication of that play in 1641, he is thus spoken of in the Prologue:—

"Field is gone,  
Whose action first did give it name, and one,  
Who came the neerest to him, is denide  
By his gray beard to shew the height and pride  
Of D'Ambois youth and braverie; yet to hold  
Our title still a foot, and not grow cold  
By giving it o're, a third man with his best  
Of care and paines defends our interest;  
As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,  
In personating Dambois, hee'le appeare  
To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent  
As heretofore give him encouragement."

- [85] P. 73, 4<sup>o</sup>. Edit. 1772.
- [86] [This and the other quotations were not correctly printed. See Halliwell's "Ludus Coventriæ," 1841, p. 121.]
- [87] [*Ibid.*, p. 343.]
- [88] [See Halliwell's "Ludus Coventriæ," 1841, p. 401.]
- [89] [See a description of the espousals in Stow's "Chronicle," ed. 1615, fol. 483-4.]
- [90] [Compare vol. i. pp. 199, 201, &c.]
- [91] Till the twenty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth, the queen had not any players; but in that year twelve of the best of all those who belonged to several lords were chosen, and sworn her servants.—*Stow's Annals*, p. 698.
- [92] [An error. This play, which has been long known not to be the first regular comedy, was probably performed about 1566.]
- [93] [See "English Drama and Stage," edit. Hazlitt, p. 19.]
- [94] [*Ibid.*, p. 37.]
- [95] ["English Dramas and Stage," p. 42.]
- [96] [*Ibid.*, pp. 59, 60.]
- [97] [But see *Ibid.*, pp. 63-70.]

## ERRATA

VOL. I.	Page	62, for <i>goodness</i>	read <i>goddess</i> .
VOL. II.	...	135, ... <i>knotted</i>	... <i>notted</i> . <sup>[98]</sup>
	...	216, ... <i>nobody</i>	... <i>nobody</i> .
VOL. III.	...	58, <sup>[99]</sup> ... <i>oppose</i>	... <i>appose</i> .
	...	59, ... <i>maketh</i>	... <i>keepeth</i> .
	...	71, ... <i>fault</i>	... <i>faults</i> .
	...	82, ... <i>so sore</i>	... <i>to fore</i> .
	...	<i>ib.</i> ... <i>be fed</i>	... <i>to be fed</i> .
	...	83, l. The correspondent thinks this line belongs to <i>Omnes</i>	
	...	17. <i>Famulæ</i> .	
	...	88, for <i>had chid</i>	read <i>chid</i> .
	...	95, ... <i>I ever</i>	... <i>ever I</i> .
	...	97, ... <i>wage-pasty</i>	... <i>way-pasty</i> . <sup>[100]</sup>
	...	99, ... <i>he</i>	... <i>ye</i> .
	...	<i>ib.</i> ... <i>ield</i>	... <i>yelde</i> .
	...	105, ... <i>to please</i>	... <i>it please</i> .
	...	108, ... <i>a master</i>	... <i>an M</i> .
	...	117, ... <i>as much</i>	... <i>so much</i> .
	...	118, ... <i>make a</i>	... <i>make me a</i> .
	...	121, ... <i>another than</i>	... <i>another but</i> .
	...	<i>ib.</i> ... <i>readiness</i>	... <i>a readiness</i> .
	...	122, ... <i>other's</i>	... <i>others'</i> .
	...	<i>ib.</i> ... <i>point whereof</i>	... <i>point wherefore</i> .
	...	125, ... <i>draw ye</i>	... <i>draw we</i> .
	...	128, ... <i>thou goose</i>	... <i>you goose</i> .
	...	139, ... <i>Not if all the</i>	... <i>Nor if all the</i> .
	...	140, ... <i>where or how</i>	... <i>where nor how</i> .
	...	158, ... <i>all men</i>	... <i>of all men</i> .
	...	178, ... <i>halse-aker</i>	... <i>half-acre</i> . <sup>[101]</sup>
VOL. V.	...	115, ... <i>Alvearic</i>	... <i>Alvearie</i> .
	...	285, ... <i>Got</i>	... <i>Get</i> .
Vol. IX.	...	98, ... <i>collection</i>	... <i>collation</i> .
	...	<i>ib.</i> ...	...
	...	332, ... <i>molash</i>	... <i>molash</i> .
	...	205, ... <i>Amoretta</i>	... <i>Amoretto</i> .
VOL. X.	...	274, ... <i>Foresaw</i>	... <i>Foreseen</i> .
VOL. XI.	...	436, ... <i>Sir Thomas</i>	... <i>St. Thomas</i> .

### FOOTNOTES:

[98] See Nares. ed. 1859, v. Nott. We still have the vulgarism *nut* for the head; but it more properly means a head with the hair cut close.

[99] These errors in "Ralph Roister Doister" have been pointed out by a correspondent, who states that he has detected them on a personal collation of the original copy at Eton College. But many of the variations noticed by this gentleman have been intentional corrections of the old copy.

[100] Yet in "Jack Juggler" (ii. 141), *wage-pasty* occurs.

[101] So in "Appius and Virginia" (iv. 136)—  
"Hard by Hodge's half-acre, at Gaffer Miller's stile."

## INDEX TO NOTES.

- Abominable, ii. 69  
Abraham-men, iii. 171  
Absolutions, tariff for, xi. 465  
Accoutenance, i. 79  
Accombred, i. 299  
Accomplished Woman, 1656, xiv. 483  
Acquaince, i. 105  
Actors' Remonstrance, x. 348  
Addison, Joseph, ix. 490  
Address, xiv. 326  
Adonai, i. 109  
Adultery, punishment for, xiv. 475-6  
Adventures of Five Hours, a play, xv. [185-320](#)  
Adventures or insurances, xi. 137  
A friend in court is worth a penny in purse, prov. i. 178  
After kissing comes greater kindness, prov. xiii. 114  
Agnes' Eve, St, xii. 21  
Aim, to cry, v. 225  
Ajax Oïleus, x. 132  
Albricias, xv. [292](#)  
Albumazar, a play, xi. 294-421  
Alcazar, battle of, xi. 213  
Alder speed, i. 135  
Alimony, Lady, a play, xiv. 273-367  
Ale, i. 161, 185  
    — Derby, xi. 234  
Ales, church and other, xiii. 503  
Alestake, i. 191  
Alexander and Lodwick, a play, xi. 239  
Algates, i. 237  
Almond for a parrot, an, x. 534  
Alva, Duke of, xv. [231](#)  
Amadis of Gaul, xv. [91](#)  
Amain, xiv. 182  
Ambergris, xiii. 490  
Ambree, Mary, xi. 111  
Amends for Ladies, a play, xi. 88-172  
America, viii. 406;  
    xii. 135  
Amias [Emaas], i. 333  
Amphitruo of Plautus, xi. 314  
Anagrams, xiv. 483  
Ancients, xiii. 291  
Andromana, a play, xiv. 194-271  
Angoulême, Earl of, viii. 251  
Antiquary, the, a play, xiii. 411-523  
Apollo Shroving, a play, xi. 196  
Apollonius of Tyana, xi. 310  
Appaireth, i. 101  
Appius and Virginia, a play, 1575, iv. 100-55  
Apple-squires, xiii. 125  
Appoline, St, vi. 74  
Apricocks, xiv. 344  
Arcadia, Sydney's, xiii. 468  
Aretine's pictures, xiii. 309  
Argiers, xiv. 327  
Argosies, xii. 100  
Aristippus, iv. 15 *et seq.*, v. 286  
Aristophanes, ix. 376  
Armada, the Spanish, vi. 447  
Arrayed (or rayed), i. 78, 178  
Arride, xiii. 445  
Artemisia (or southernwood), xii. 144  
Arthur, King, iv. 255 *et seq.*  
Arundel, xi. 70  
As brisk as a body-louse, prov. iii. 209  
Asinigo, xiii. 519  
Assoil, vii. 169;

As soon goeth to market the lamb's fell as the sheep's, prov. i. 78

Astræa, D'Urfe's, xiii. 468

Astrology, xi. 301-2 *et seq.*

As true as the skin between thy brows, prov., iii. 244

Athelwold, vi. 27

At nale, i. 166

Audience, direct allusions to, from the stage, vi. 288, 327;  
viii. 456

Aums ace, ii. 35;

xii. 243

Aunt, xiii. 70, 160;

xiv. 448

Autolycus, xiii. 486

Automatons, xiii. 230

Avoutry, i. 175;

iii. 151, &c.

Away the mare, i. 57

A young man's darling, an old man's warling, prov., x. 303

Babylon, i. 162

Backare, quod Mortimer to his sow, iii. 65

Backrag (or Baccarach), xiii. 216

Bacon, Francis, iv. 251;

xiii. 462

Bacon, Friar, vii. 357;

xi. 84, 252

Baker, Henry, an actor, viii. 78

Bale, John, i. 278 *et seq.*

Bale or pair of dice, xi. 221

Bales, Peter, viii. 41

Ball, John, xiv. 488

Balloon, a game, vii. 50

Banbury, xii. 248

Bandello, M., x. 115

Bands, starched, xi. 328-9

Bankes's horse, xiv. 508-9

Barbary, xi. 213, 215

Barclay, Alexander, viii. 47

Barkley (or Barclay), Sir R., xii. 538

— Sir W., xii. 538-627

Barrey, Lodowick, x. 266-380

Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton, prov., iv. 77

Batteries, xiii. 218

Bayard, xiii. 94

Bay-window, xiv. 403

Bear and Ragged Staff, viii. 174

Bear in hand, to, x. 303

Beau Disconu, Le, a romance, i. 401

Beaumont and Fletcher, xii. 19;

xiv. 194

Bedlams, iii. 170-1

Beer, broken, xii. 228

— four and six shilling, xiii. 12, 43

Beggars, frauds of, xii. 108

Beggars'-bush, vii. 335

Behight, i. 248

Behu, Mrs, ix. 469;

xiii. 178

Bell, book, and candle, x. 309

Bells, to ring the, backwards, xiii. 230

Belsavage, the, a sign, viii. 116

Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses, 1600, ix. 111

Benchers, xiii. 290-1

Benefit of clergy, viii. 244

Benlowes, E., xiv. 11

Berew, i. 246

Bergen-op-Zoom, ix. 293

Bermondsey, i. 335

Bermudas, the, xi. 137;

xiv. 333

Bestial, i. 12, 13

Betso, xiii. 460

Betterton, Tho., xv. [196](#)

Bevis of Hampton, xi. 70

Beyond Learning of Learning, xv. 95



beyond Lawrence of Lancashire, prov., xi. 85  
 Bias, xiv. 454  
 Biggon, xiii. 288  
 Bilboa blades, x. 218  
 Bill of the plague, xiv. 449  
 Bills, x. 342;  
     xi. 469  
 Birdbolt, xi. 200  
 Black, note on the word, xii. 245  
 Blackfriars, xi. 111  
 Black's her eye, prov., ix. 78  
 Blank, the, ii. 35  
 Ble, i. 251  
 Blind eats many a fly, the, prov., x. 503  
 Blind [men] can judge no colour, prov., v. 293  
 Blowpoint, xiii. 435  
 Blue coats or badges, x. 349  
 Boccaccio, Gio. xiii. 105  
 Bodenham, John, ix. 112  
 Booker, John, xiv. 396-7  
 Book-holder, viii. 17, 87  
 Boot, the Scotch, xi. 66  
 Bold, v., i. 182  
 Bonduca, a play, xii. 19  
 Bonerly, i. 243  
 Bongrace, Master, ii. 113  
 Bonner, Bp. iv. 244  
 Borachio, xv. [215](#)  
 Bordella's blouses, xiv. 344  
 Boston, our Lady of, i. 337  
 Bothwell, Lord, xi. 224  
 Botolph, St, i. 334  
 Boulogne, our Lady of, iii. 199-200  
 Bourbonne-les-Bains, xiv. 52  
 Bowyer, Mich., xiii. 102  
 Brach, i. 185  
 Brai, the story of the physician of, vi. 207  
 Brandt, Sebastian, viii. 47  
 Brathwaite, R., xii. 23  
 Brennus, xii. 449 *et seq.*  
 Brewen (or Bruin), Alderman, xii. 91, *et seq.*  
 Brigand harness, i. 251  
 Bright, Dr Timothy, viii. 41  
 Brimstone, quick, i. 179  
 Bristol, George Digby, Earl of, xv. [1](#)-107, 187  
 Britain, ancient divisions of, xii. 516  
 Brome, Richard, xiv. 480  
 Bromfield, Mr, xiii. 209  
 Broom, i. 65  
     —, "A new broom sweeps clean," prov., iv. 21  
 Brothers of the blade, xiv. 330  
 Browne, Robert, xiii. 227  
 Buck, Paul, vi. 13  
 Buckets, fire, names inscribed on, xiii. 230  
 Buckingham, Duke of, v. 15, 37  
 Burbage, R., xi. 5  
 Burport—"taw halts of Burport," i. 158  
 Butcher (or Boucher), Richard, xiii. 413  
 Butler, S., xiii. 329  
 Butler's box, the, ix. 103;  
     x. 299  
 Buxton, i. 334  
 Buzzardism, xiv. 357  
 Bye and main, xiv. 427  
 By the lock, a phrase, xiii. 168  
  
 Cacus, xii. 516  
 Calderon, Pedro, xv. [187](#), [193](#)-4  
 Calisto and Meliboea, i. 52 *et seq.*  
 Calvary, Mount, i. 332  
 Calvinists, exiled, xiii. 295  
 Camoëns, Lois de, x. 468  
 Camomile, xiii. 138  
 Candles, holy, iii. 188  
 Cannon Street, x. 547  
 Cane, i. 162

Cape, i. 102  
 Caperhay, vii. 421  
 Cap of maintenance, xii. 109  
 Caracts, xiv. 325  
 Carew, Thomas, xi. 510;  
     xiv. 372  
 Carfax, vii. 333  
 Carouches, x. 336; xi. 202  
 Carpet-knight, viii. 173  
 Carry-coals, a phrase, viii. 417  
*Carta blanca*, xv. [72](#)  
 Cartwright, W., xii. 204-318;  
     xiii. 203  
 Cary, Henry, Viscount Falkland, xv. [111](#)  
 Case, Thomas, xiv. 516  
 Cassandra, x. 132  
 Castara [Lady Lucia Herbert], xiii. 324  
 Casti, Luigi, xiv. 480  
 Cat in pan, to turn, a phrase, iv. 41  
 Cats, gibbed or gib, xiii. 31  
 Catwade, i. 341  
 Cauls, xv. [90-1](#)  
 Caveare, xii. 236  
 Cervantes, xiii. 105  
 Chadders, xiii. 231  
 Chains of gold worn by persons of quality, xi. 324-5  
 Chalk, to sin in, xiii. 287;  
     xiv. 331  
 Challenges, etiquette of, xi. 224, 389  
 Chamberlain, Robert, xiv. 3, 9  
 Chanticleers, the London, a play, xii. 320-60  
 Charles I., xii. 206  
     — II., xv. [194](#)  
 Charmers, xii. 505  
 Chase, the, vii. 41  
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, xii. 240-2, 286  
 Chelsea College, xii. 277-8  
 Cherry-pit, i. 246  
 Chess, game of, ix. 387  
 Cheston [Cheshunt] nunnery, x. 215  
 Chettle, Henry, viii. 95-6, 200-327  
 Chopines, x. 367  
 Christ-cross, ix. 42  
 Christmas, xiii. 20-1  
 Chrysome, xiii. 280  
 Churchyard, T., ix. 118  
 Cicero's treatise, "De Republica," xiii. 476  
 Citizenship, xii. 136  
 City Match, a play, xiii. 200-320  
 City Nightcap, the, a play, xiii. 99-197  
 Clerkenwell Green, xi. 98  
 Cloak for every rain, to have a, prov., xiii. 56  
 Clocks, German, xii. 231  
 Cloth, flinching of, xii. 259  
 Cloth-dealers in Watling Street, iv. 243  
 Clouds, the, by Aristophanes, ix. 376  
 Clown, the, in plays, iv. 160  
 Coaches, x. 336-7  
 Cob's pound, xv. [32](#)  
 Cockatrice, xiii. 499-500  
 Cock-sure, vi. 67  
 Cole, old, vii. 476  
 Coll my dog, iii. 8, 9  
 Cologne, three kings of, iii. 200  
 Combat, laws of, x. 129  
 Complaisant Companion, the, a jest-book, x. 115  
*Comptes du Monde aventureux*, xiv. 480  
 Conduits, speeches delivered from, xiii. 243  
 Constable, Henry, ix. 113-14  
 Content—"To go look content," a phrase, xiii. 141  
 Contention between Liberality and Prodigality, a play, viii. 330-83  
 Convey, i. 159  
 Cooke, John, xi. 174-289  
 Cooke, Joshua, ix. 2  
 Cool his heels, to, a phrase, xiii. 52  
 Cooling card, xiii. 505

Coomb House, xiii. 14, 16  
Cooper's "*Thesaurus*" referred to, x. 218  
Copernicus, i. 38  
Copesmate, xiii. 30  
Copland, Robert, viii. 19  
Corbet, Bp., xii. 248  
Cornelia, a play, v. 176-252  
Cornelys, St, i. 336; vi. 74  
Corner-cap, iii. 11  
Corney, Bolton, ix. 100;  
    xiii. 203  
Coryat, Thomas, iii. 200;  
    xi. 313; xii. 227  
Costermongers, xiii. 125  
Cotswold or Cotsol, iii. 137  
Cotterel, Sir Clement, i. xv.  
Counters, the London, x. 344;  
    xiii. 41  
Coventry Mysteries, the, i. 374  
Cow-cross, xi. 98  
Cowley, Abr., xv. [199](#)  
Coxcomb Park, xiii. 14  
Crabbed age and youth, &c., a song, quoted, xiii. 89  
Cramp-rings, xii. 255-6  
Crane, Sir Francis, xiii. 233  
Cranes in the Vintry, the three, iv. 87;  
    vii. 357  
Creature, i. 123  
Creeping to the cross, x. 236;  
    xii. 255-6  
Cries of London, xi. 436  
Crofts, Cecilia, xiv. 372  
Crome, i. 341  
Cromwell, Oliver, ix. 334, 348;  
    xii. 316;  
    xiv. 475-6  
Cross, red, houses marked with a, xiv. 405  
Crotchets, xiii. 15  
Crowned cups, xii. 39  
Croydon sanguine, iv. 80  
Crystals, pair of [the eyes], xiii. 55  
Cucking-stool, xii. 127  
Cue, xi. 225  
Cuerpo, xiii. 278  
Cupboard-beds, xv. [216](#)  
Cupid's arrows, fable of, xii. 31  
Cupid's Revenge, a play, xiv. 194  
Curfew-bell, the, x. 251  
Curtains at theatres, xiv. 97  
Curtal, iii. 211  
Cushion, beside the, x. 237  
Custom, xiv. 74  
Cut, xiii. 85  
Cut and long tail, xiii. 84-5  
Cutpurse, Moll, xi. 90  
Cutter, xiii. 16, 17  
  
Dagenham, i. 336  
Daisy, to leap at a, iii. 251  
Danes, red-haired, v. 121  
Daniel, S., ix. 114;  
    xi. 449;  
    xiii. 438  
Danter, John, ix. 120  
Darby's bands, ii. 362  
Darius' doleful strain, King, iv. 159  
Daubing—"There is craft in daubing," prov., i. 159  
Davenant, Sir W., xi. 504;  
    xv. [199](#)  
Davenport, Robert, xiii. 99-197;  
    xiv. 7  
David's, St, i. 339  
Davies, Sir John, ix. 115  
Daw, a fool, i. 8  
Day, John, ix. 100

Daylight, to burn, prov., v. 115  
 Day's-man, iii. 14  
 Death, to die the, i. 291-2  
 Deboshed, xiii. 195  
 Dedekindus, viii. 73  
 Deep Ditch, xii. 127  
 Dejanira, ix. 169  
 Delayed, i. 81;  
     xiii. 114  
 Demains, xiv. 346  
 Denham, Sir John, xiv. 245  
 Denis, St, i. 339  
 Derby ale, xi. 234  
 Deuce-ace, ii. 35  
 Devil, the, as a character in plays, ii. 307;  
     iii. 205  
     —, "The devil is in the horologe," prov., iii. 101  
     —, "Who dips with the devil hath need of a long spoon," prov., iv. 118  
     —, a tavern so called, xiii. 22;  
     xiv. 454  
     —, "The devil is dead," prov., xiii. 141  
 Dewes, Sir Simonds, xiii. 21  
 Dice, bale or pair of, xi. 221  
 Digby, Sir Kenelm, xii. 245, 362;  
     xv. [4](#)  
     — George, Earl of Bristol, xv. [1-107](#), 187  
     — Lady Venetia, xii. 362  
 Dionysius of Syracuse, iv. 29  
 Dismissed, xiv. 350  
 Divining-rod, the, v. 402  
 Doccy, i. 188  
 Dod, John xii. 299  
 Dod's blessing, xii. 299  
 Dodsley, R., i., xv., *et alibi*;  
     xi. 360-1  
 Dodsley's Plays, note on the edit. of 1825-8, vi. 4  
 Dogberry, Shakespeare's, xiv. 333.  
 Dole, xi. 208-9  
 Dolent, i. 82  
 Dormer, Sir Clement, i., xv.  
 Dottrel, the, iv. 68  
 Dovercourt in Essex, viii. 399  
 Downton, Thomas, viii. 19  
 Drake, Sir F., xiii. 256  
 Drawers at taverns, xiii. 19  
 Dreaming of husbands on St Agnes' Eve, xii. 21  
 Drolleries and interludes, xv. [410](#)  
 Drought, great, of 1592, viii. 37  
 Drunkenness, statute against, x. 335, 354  
     —, excess of, xi. 251, 345  
 Dryden, John, vii. 7-8, 78  
 Ducarel, Dr, xiii. 419  
 Ducie family, xiv. 4  
 Ducking, xii. 127  
 Duels in England, xi. 390  
 Dulwich College, xv. [408](#)  
 Dumb Knight, the, a play, x. 108-200  
 Duns Scotus, x. 57  
 Dunstan, St, viii. 391 *et seq.*  
 Duppa, Brian, xiii. 201  
 Duretta, xiii. 222  
 D'Urfé, Honoré, xiii. 468  
 Dutch, the, iii. 325  
 Dyer, Sir Edward, viii. 73;  
     ix. 455  
  
 Eagles, young, v. 319  
 Earle's Microcosmography, xiii. 475  
 Early up, and never the near, prov., xi. 146  
 Echineis, the, xiii. 525  
 Echo poetry, vii. 148; xi. 477  
 Ecstasy, xiii. 511  
 Edmondsbury, St, i. 337  
 Edmund Ironside, xii. 287  
 Edward I., xii. 309

Edward VI., i. 431  
 Edwards, Richard (the elder), iv. 3-104;  
     viii. 387  
 Eggs for money, xiii. 92  
 Elements, Interlude of the Four, i. 4-50  
 Elfrid, vi. 27  
 Elfrida, vi. 27  
 Elinor, Queen, xii. 309  
 Elizabeth, Q., viii. 22; ix. 161;  
     x. 487;  
     xv. [427](#)-30  
 Elms, the, in Smithfield, iii. 324  
 Eltham, Sir John, viii. 105  
 Elvira, a play, xv. [1](#)-107  
 Embalming, i. 60  
 England—"If England to itself," &c., xii. 468  
 Englishmen for my Money, a play, x. 470-564  
 Ennewed, i. 62  
 Erastus and Perseda, v. 255  
 Erragon, i. 162  
 Eschewed, i. 77  
 Essex man, an, xiv. 467  
 Eterne, i. 11  
 Eudoxus of Cnidus, xiii. 452  
 Eulenspiegel, vii. 358  
 Euphorbium, i. 178  
 Euripides, the "Hecuba" of, iv. 263  
*Euripus Euboicus*, vii. 37  
 Evans, Dr, xii. 20  
 Evelyn, John, xi. 251;  
     xv. [199](#)  
 Everichone, i. 138  
 Every Man, the Summoning of, an interlude, i. 94-142  
 Exchange, the Royal, x. 487  
 Eyes, kissing the, xi. 396  
     —, eloquence of the, xiii. 438  
  
 Fabell, Peter, x. 207  
 Faces about, xiv. 380  
 Fagaries, xiv. 289  
 Fair Quarrel, A, a play, xi. 139  
 Fair words maketh fools fain, prov., i. 117  
 Falantado (or Falanta), viii. 22  
 Falkland, Henry, Viscount, xv. [111](#)-184  
 Fall, v., i. 285  
 Falstaff originally called *Oldcastle*, xi. 152  
 Farewell, forty pence, prov., x. 526  
 Far fetched and dear bought is good for ladies, prov., iii. 223  
 Fast and loose, xiii. 174  
 Faustus, xii. 490  
 Favell, i. 164  
 Fere, i. 188  
 Fescennine poetry, xii. 312  
 Field, Nathaniel, xi. 2-172;  
     xv. [416](#)  
 Fifteens, x. 299-300  
 Firedrakes, ix. 572  
 Fisher, Jasper, xii. 446-536  
 Fishes, strange, xiii. 248, 259, 267  
 Fit, i. 246;  
     ii. 48  
 Fitz-geoffrey, Charles, x. 110  
 Flageolet, the, viii. 31  
 Flemings, iii. 325  
 Fletchers' Company, iv. 19;  
     xiii. 40  
 Fliegen, Eve, story of, xiii. 236-7  
 Floods, notices of, viii. 38  
 Floralia, xiii. 435  
 Flout, xiv. 190  
 Flower, Francis, iv. 251  
 Flowers, language of, xii. 144  
 Flute, the, viii. 31  
 Fodes, i. 243, 247  
 Foist, xiv. 385

Fool, i. 71  
 Fools—Begging for a fool, xiii. 246  
     — bauble, xi. 57  
     — coat, xiii. 30  
 Fools have fortune, xiv. 474  
 Fordoth, i. 68  
 Fortune theatre, xi. 136, 434;  
     xv. [406](#)  
 Foster, Sir Stephen, xii. 90, *et seq.*  
 Found, i. 244  
 Fountain, the, a tavern, xiii. 14  
 Fox, a sword, xiv. 387  
 Fox, intoxicate, xiii. 28  
 Free jug or bottle, the, xii. 336  
 French, broken, &c., put into the mouths of speakers (often improperly), vi. 200;  
     vii. 139, 162  
     — pedlars, vi. 202;  
     viii. 169  
 Friar Fox and Gillian of Brentford, a play, viii. 19  
 Friars-Limiters, i. 216  
 Fuimus Troes: the True Trojans, a play, xii. 446-536  
 Fulbeck, W. iv. 251  
 Fullam, xii. 124  
 Fulwell, Ulpian, iii. 304-59;  
     ix. 367  
 Funeral customs, xiii. 81-2  
 Funeral of Richard Cordelion, a play, viii. 206  
  
 Galaor, Sir, xv. [91](#)  
 Gale, Samuel, xiii. 419  
 Galileo, xi. 317  
 Gallant, treatise of a, i. 174  
 Gallo-belgicus, xi. 513  
 Games, statute against unlawful, iii. 9  
     — noticed, ix. 387-8;  
     xii. 120-1;  
     xiii. 238-9  
 Gaming at Christmas, xiii. 20-1  
 Gammer Gurton's Needle, a comedy, iii. 164-256;  
     x. 427  
 Garden-houses, xii. 119  
 Garlands, xiii. 37  
 Garlic, supposed to be a play or ballad, xi. 434  
 Gamier, Robert, v. 178 *et seq.*  
 Gazet, xiii. 477  
 George, the, at Waltham, xiv. 405  
 George-a-Green, viii. 151  
 Gerbier, Charles, xiv. 7  
 Gillivors, xii. 144  
 Girdle—"May my girdle break," a phrase, xiii. 10  
 Give a thing, and take a thing, xiv. 463  
 Glass House, the, xiv. 449  
 Glaucus and Seilla, x. 507  
 Gleek, a game, xiv. 396  
 Goad, Dr John, xv. [400](#)  
 God, i. 100  
     — is a good man, ii. 73  
     — refuse me, xiii. 5  
 God's sonties, an oath, xiv. 145  
 Godfrey of Boulogne, xii. 137  
 Golding Square, xv. [406](#)  
 Gold used in medicine, xii. 116  
 Gomersall, Robert, xiv. 488  
 Good, i. 152  
 Goodman, Nicholas, xiii. 414  
 Goshawk, haggard, xiii. 161  
 Got—"be got," i. 107  
 Gough, John, x. 384;  
     xiv. 10  
     —, Robert, x. 384  
 Grandmother, to see one's, xiii. 33  
 Grange, Laird of, xi. 224  
 Gredaline petticoat, xiv. 418  
 Green gowns, to give, a phrase, viii. 25-6  
 Greene, Robert, viii. 5, 8, 10-11;  
     vi. 510, viii. 105

xi. 519; xiii. 103  
 —, Thomas, actor, xi. 176 *et seq.*  
 "Green's Tu Quoque," a play, xi. 174-289  
 Gresham, Sir T., x. 487  
 — family, xi. 503  
 Grim the Collier of Croydon, a play, viii. 386-470  
 Groom, i. 252;  
     iv. 283  
 Groom-porter or box-keeper, xii. 121  
 Grotius, Hugo, xiii. 254  
 Guardon, i. 206  
 Guilpin, Edward, vi. 15  
 Gwendoline, xii. 521  
 Gypsies, xiii. 174  
  
 Habington, Thomas, xiii. 323  
     —, W., xiii. 321-409  
 Hair, combing the, on the stage, xiv. 394  
 Haled, xiv. 479  
 Hales, blood of, i. 338  
 Half-moon, xiv. 456  
 Hall, Old, viii. 24  
 Hampden, John, xii. 316  
 Handsel, vi. 403  
 Happily, xiii. 362  
 Happy man, happy dole, prov., iv. 21  
 Harbinger, xi. 307  
 Harlot, i. 253  
 Harlotry, viii. 351  
 Haro, clameur de, xii. 253  
 Harold Harefoot, viii. 233  
 Harpocrates, xii. 469  
 Harry groats, xiii. 232, 256  
 Harvey, Gabriel, viii. 3, 4 *et seq.* 10, 11  
 Haslewood, Joseph, i. 391-3  
 Hats worn by women, x. 16  
 Hatton, Sir Chr., vii. 75  
 Haught, xiv. 442  
 Haughton, W., x. 470-564  
 Hawkins, Sir Richard, xiii. 256  
     —, W., xi. 196  
 Haxter, xiv. 282, 322  
 Hay, the, a dance, xii. 341  
 Haydige, xii. 507  
 Hazard, a game, ii. 34  
 Hazlitt, W., x. 205  
 Heal, i. 212  
 Health-drinking, practices at, xiii. 441  
 Hearne, Thomas, xv. [400](#)  
 Heart of grace, xii. 212  
 Hector, xi. 447  
 Heildom, xiii. 43  
 Heir, the, a play, xi. 502-84  
 Heirlooms, xi. 354  
 Hele, i. 129  
 Helmets plumed with ostrich feathers, xiv. 45  
 Hend, i. 250  
 Hengistus, xii. 287  
 Henslowe, P., xi. 4, 55  
 Herbs and flowers strewed at weddings, x. 366  
 Hercules and Lychas, xiii. 515  
 Hercules, x. 169; xii. 516  
 He who sups with the devil has need of a long spoon, prov., viii. 460-1  
 Heywood, John, i. 196-238, 325 *et seq.*  
     —, Thomas, i. 329;  
         iv. 348;  
         xi. 177, 179;  
         xii. 95  
 Hickscorner, an interlude, i. 143-95  
 Hieronimo, part of, iv. 361  
     — . See *Jeronymo*  
 Highgate, viii. 380  
 High men and low men, xii. 244  
 Hight (or hyght), i. 129  
 Highwayman, xiv. 382  
 Hill. Aaron. vi. 27

Historia Histrionica, xv. [400-31](#)  
 Histrionastix, Prynne's, xiii. 226  
 Hobby-horse, viii. 24; xi. 267  
     —, "The hobby-horse is forgot," xi. 267  
 Hofman, Goody, xiii. 228  
 Hogsnorton, ii. 31  
 Holland's Leaguer, xiii. 414  
 Holt, i. 148  
 Homer, xi. 303  
 Hoodman-blind, x. 221  
 Horse-stealing, viii. 27  
 Hot-cockles, ix. 102;  
     xv. [381](#)  
 How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad, a play, ix. 2-96  
 Howard, Mr Henry, xv. [189-90](#)  
 How can that be? xiv. 458  
 Howleglass, Tyl, vii. 358  
 Hudson, Thomas, ix. 116  
 Huggermugger, x. 90  
 Hughes, Thomas, iv. 251  
 Humorous, xiv. 296  
 Humphrey, to dine with Duke, vi. 553;  
     xiii. 31, 264  
 Hundred Merry Tales, A, a story-book, i. 25  
 Hungarians, x. 227, 244  
 Huntley, Dick, viii. 17  
 Hussey, xiv. 331  
 Hymen's Triumph, a masque, xi. 449  
  
 I am sorry for thee, but I cannot weep, prov., vi. 319  
 Iceland (or Isling) dogs, x. 321  
 If you know not me, you know nobody, prov., vii. 213  
 Image of Idleness, viii. 72  
 In danger, iii. 62  
 Indies, West, xi. 213  
 In dock, out nettle, prov. iii. 90  
 Ingelend, Thomas, ii. 266-320  
 Ingenious and ingenuous, xiii. 53;  
     xiv. 281  
 Inkhorn phrases, viii. 70  
 Ink in the pen, ii. 92  
 Ink-pot terms, viii. 70  
 Inns of Court, Christmas at the, xiii. 20-1  
 Intellection, i. 124  
 Intreat, i. 237  
 Ireland, xi. 187  
 Irish, ii. 34  
 Irish earth, properties of, xii. 486  
 Irish footmen, xi. 121  
 Irus, xi. 548  
 Isle of Dogs, a play, viii. 6-8  
 Italian poets, study of the, viii. 5, 29, 72  
  
 Jack, the, at bowls, xii. 165  
 Jack Drum's Entertainment, prov., vi. 324  
 Jack Juggler, an interlude, ii. 104-57  
 Jack o' Lent, xi. 262  
 Jack Straw, a play, vi. 376-414  
 Jack will be a gentleman, prov., xii. 156  
 Jacob and Esau, an interlude, ii. 186-264  
 Jacques, Holy, xiv. 65  
 James I., ix. 114;  
     xi. 328-9  
 James in Gales, St, i. 336  
 Janty, xiv. 401  
 Jehosaphat, i. 332  
 Jeronimo, a play in two parts, iv. 346-96;  
     v. 3-173;  
     xiv. 82  
     —, go by, go by, v. 109  
 Jet, i. 69  
 Jews furnished with large noses on the stage, x. 481  
 Jis (for Jesus), iii. 225  
 John, King, Shakespeare's play of, xiv. 136  
 John, Sir, ii. 25;



x. 224-5  
 Jonson, Ben. iv. 361;  
   v. 3, 4, 56, 70, 103, 147;  
   viii. 97;  
   ix. 393;  
   xi. 504  
 Jordan, Thomas, xiv. 9  
 Judas colour, v. 121  
 Julian (or Jyl) of Brentford, viii. 19  
 Jumped, xiv. 248  
 Jump out, to, xiii. 62-3  
  
*Ka kob*, jackdaw's, ii. 215  
 Kempe, W., viii. 4, 7;  
   ix. 194  
 Kest, i. 179  
 Killigrew, Anne, xiv. 375  
   —, Henry, xiv. 375  
   —, Sir Robert, xiv. 371  
   —, Thomas, xiv. 370-535  
   —, Sir Will., xiv. 375  
 Kind-heart, a dentist, xii. 139  
 Kind will creep, &c., prov. i. 113  
 King and queen chosen on Twelfth Day, xii. 132  
 King's-evil, xii. 256  
 Kirkman, Francis, xv. [410-11](#)  
 Kirksley, Prioress of, viii. 248  
 Knack, a, to Know a Knave, a play, vi. 504-91  
 Knight, J., xiv. 13  
 Knight of the Bath, creation of a, iv. 349  
   — Post, vi. 533  
   — Sun, x. 322;  
   xii. 12;  
   xiii. 42;  
   xiv. 478  
 Knights, King James I.'s, x. 272;  
   xi. 59  
 Knowles, Sir Robert, xii. 193  
 Knox, John, xii. 300;  
   xiii. 228  
 Kyd, Thomas, iv. 346-96;  
   v. 3 *et seq.*;  
   xiv. 82  
  
 Ladies' garden, xiv. 343  
 Lamb, Charles, x. 87  
 Lame, to do, i. 252  
 Lamphire, John, xiii. 203  
 Lance-prisado, xiv. 328  
 Lapis lasuli, viii. 239  
 Latten, i. 183;  
   ix. 393  
 Lattice, the red, viii. 241;  
   ix. 510  
 Laud, i. 131  
 Laundress, x. 275, 317;  
   xiii. 231  
 Lawrence of Lancashire, xi. 85  
 Lay the country, to, xiii. 253  
 Lead apes in hell, to, prov. x. 518  
 Leather, to cut thongs out of other people's, xiv. 315  
 Le Brun, Hugh, Earl of March, viii. 251  
 Legs, to make, viii. 81;  
   xiv. 443  
 Leicester, Earl of, viii. 174  
 Leman, xiii. 499  
 Leme, i. 64  
 Lesing, i. 159, 246  
 Lest, i. 80, 247  
 Let the cat wink, prov. i. 265  
 Levite's Revenge, the, xiv. 488  
 Lewt, i. 255  
 Libbards, xiii. 282;  
   xiv. 325  
 Lieger, xiii. 271  
 Lightning before death, the, viii. 266

Lightning before death, the, viii. 200  
 Like lettuce, like lips, prov., iii. 23  
 Lincolnshire bagpipes, vi. 393  
 Lind, i. 255  
 Lindabrides, xiv. 478  
 Lingua, a play, ix. 332-463  
 Liripup, iii. 322  
 Litchfield, Rich, *pseud.* viii. 67  
 Lithgow, W., xii. 226  
 Little John, viii. 106, *et seq.*  
 Loave-ears, xiv. 321  
 Lob's pound, xv. [32](#)  
 Locrine, a play, xii. 484  
 Lodge, Thomas, vii. 98, *et seq.*;  
     ix. 114  
 Lok (or Lock), Henry, ix. 116  
 Lombards, i. 266  
 London Bridge, the building of, on wool-packs, xii. 341  
 Longeth, i. 254  
 Long Meg, a play, xi. 115, 434  
 Look about you, a play, vii. 386-506  
 Lost Lady, the, a play, xii. 538-627  
 Love me little, and love me long, prov., viii. 83  
 Loves, for all the, iii. 254  
 Lucan, v. 244  
 Ludgate prison, xii. 127, 192-3  
 Ludus Coventriæ, xv. [418](#)  
*Lues Venerea*, x. 10;  
     xii. 296  
 Lug, i. 231  
 Lust's Dominion, a play, xiii. 178;  
     xiv. 93-192  
 Lute-strings and grey paper, viii. 26  
 Luxur, x. 8  
 Lye, xiii. 38  
 Lyly (or Lily), John, viii. 45  
  
 Machiavelli, N., viii. 72, 391  
 Machin, Lewis, x. 108-200  
 Macke, the, a play, ix. 388  
 Macquerellas, xiv. 296  
 Magisterium, i. 359  
 Mahomet and the mountain, vi. 410  
 Mahometans, xi. 318  
 Maids say nay and take, prov., viii. 308;  
     x. 140  
 Maked, i. 252  
 Malacoton, xii. 236  
 Mandevile, Sir John, xii. 227  
 Mandubratius, xii. 508  
 Man of war, i. 185  
 Mantichora (or Mandragora), ix. 559  
 Mantle, Sir Thomas, viii. 105  
 Mapes, Walter, xii. 240  
 Marchpanes, xii. 235  
*Mare Liberum* and *Mare Clausum*, xiii. 254  
 Marian, Maid, viii. 113 *et seq.*  
 Marius and Sylla, Wars of, vii. 105 *et seq.*  
 Markham, Gervase, x. 108-200  
     —, Robert, x. 111  
 Mark's at Venice, St, i. 340  
 Marlowe, Chr., viii. 8;  
     ix. 117;  
     xiv. 93-6  
 Marmion, Shakerly, xiii. 411-523  
 Marriage customs, xiii. 81-2  
 Marriage Night, the, a play, xv. [111](#)-184  
 Marriage of Wit and Science, an interlude, ii. 322-94  
 Marshall, Mrs, an actress, xiv. 377  
     —, Stephen, xiv. 516  
 Massinger, Philip, xi. 3  
 Marston, John, ix. 116  
 Master of the game, xiv. 441  
 Match at Midnight, a play, xiii. 1-98  
 Matron, i. 72  
 Maw a game, x. 539

Maw, a game, x. 333  
 Maw, the, a play, ix. 388  
 May, Richard, xi. 503  
     —, Sir Thomas, xi. 503  
     —, Thomas, xi. 502-84;  
     xii. 2-83  
 Mayfield Place, Sussex, xi. 503  
 Mayne, Jasper, xiii. 200-320  
 Mayor of London, Lord, his inauguration sermon, xiii. 214  
     — show, xiii. 214  
 Mean, i. 62  
 Medoro, a hero of romance, xiv. 62  
 Meet with one, to, xiii. 62  
 Meg of Westminster, Long, iii. 215;  
     xi. 111  
 Merchant, i. 69; ii. 255;  
     xiii. 97, &c.  
 Merchants' marks, xii. 100  
 Mercuries (early newspapers so called), xi. 513  
 Meriell, John, xiv. 13  
 Merlins or Marlins, iv. 70-1  
 Mermaid, the, a tavern, xiii. 263  
 Merry Devil of Edmonton, a play, x. 202-64  
 Meve, i. 244  
 Microcosmos, ix. 336  
 Middleton, T., xii. 89, 94-5  
 Mightly, i. 248  
 Milton, John, iv. 273;  
     xiii. 193  
 Mirror of Knighthood, x. 322;  
     xi. 70;  
     xiii. 42  
 Miseries of Enforced Marriage, a play, ix. 466-576  
 Miss, i. 186  
 Mistress, the, at bowls, xii. 165  
 Mistrust, i. 203  
 Misusing, i. 193  
 Mitre tavern in Bread Street, x. 313;  
     two taverns of this name, xiii. 48  
 Mole, the French, x. 10  
 Mons, siege of, xv. [231](#)  
 Monsieur Mingo, a song, viii. 55  
 Montague, the Hon. Walter, xiv. 413  
 Moorgate Prison, xii. 127, 192-3  
 Mooting and Reading Days, xii. 276  
 More, Sir Thomas, a play, ii. 269  
 Morglay, xi. 70;  
     xii. 286  
 Mortlake, xiii. 233  
 Morvidus, xii. 520  
 Motions, xiii. 420  
 Mouchatoes, xiv. 305  
 Mount-saint, a game, x. 186  
 Mow, i. 246; x. 493  
 Mucedorus, a play, vii. 200-60;  
     xi. 164  
 Much in my nock, Nichols, prov., vi. 242  
 Mulmutius Dunwallo, a play, xii. 484, 495  
 Mumblecrust, Jack, iii. 69  
 Munday, Anthony, viii. 94-327  
 M. under your girdle, to have an, x. 531  
 Mundungo, xiv. 291  
 Muscadel, xi. 491  
 Music between the acts of plays, iii. 211  
 Musicians, itinerant, x. 347-8  
 Muswell, i. 341  
  
 Naked, i. 44;  
     xiv. 334, 511  
 Nash, Thomas, viii. 3-92;  
     ix. 119  
 Neale, Richard, Bp. of London, i. 342  
 Need maketh the old wife trot, prov. iii. 43  
 Needlework, xiii. 227  
 Nemesis, xiv. 188  
 Nessary, i. 253

Nessus, xiv. 533  
 Nevile, Henry, xi. 503  
 Newcastle, xiv. 446  
 New Custom, an interlude, iii. 2-52  
 New England, xii. 316;  
     xiii. 228  
 New-found-island (or Newfoundland), i. 162;  
     xii. 165  
 New guise, the, ii. 260  
 Newington theatre, xi. 55, 115, 434  
 New Queen Street, iv. 87  
 Next, i. 194  
 Nice Wanton, an interlude, ii. 160-84  
 Niggler, iv. 313  
 Nineveh, the sight of, a show, ix. 406  
 Nipitaty, viii. 60  
 Noble—"To bring a noble to ninepence," prov. iii. 344  
 Noel (or Nowell), Henry, vii. 50  
 Noise of fiddlers, xii. 281  
 Nonsense verses, i. 49, 50  
 Novem (or Novum), a game, xi. 219  
 Nowl, hairy, iii. 23  
 Nuddled, xiv. 62  
 Nuns, change of name by, x. 240

Oaths, viii. 304-5, 307  
 Odd holes, xiii. 224  
 Oldcastle the original name of Falstaff, xi. 152  
 Old Couple, the, a play, xii. 2-83  
 Old fish and young flesh, xiii. 432  
 Olived, a term of cookery, xii. 239  
 Olivet, Mount, i. 332  
 One-and-thirty, a game, ii. 34  
 Onions—"Who'll buy my rope of onions?" a cry, xi. 436  
 Orange, Prince of, xv. [231](#)  
 Ordinary, the, a play, xii. 204-318  
 Orlando, a phrase, xiv. 62  
 Ostend, siege of, ix. 170  
 Our Lady in the Oak, i. 342  
     — of Boston, i. 337  
     — of Boulogne, iii. 199-200  
 Outcry, xiv. 445  
 Out of his danger, i. 54, 132. *Compare* iii. 62  
 Out of his peril, i. 132  
 Overbury, Sir Thomas, xi. 328-9  
 Owe, i. 202  
 Oyster, a cant term, xiv. 463

Palermo, razors of, iv. 80;  
     vii. 190  
 Palmer, i. 331  
 Palmerin of England, viii. 99  
 Pancridge (Pancras), viii. 380  
 Pancridge parson, xi. 33  
 Pantofle, iv. 67;  
     xv. [105](#)  
 Pardoner, i. 343  
 Paris (or Parish) Garden, viii. 124  
 Parismus, xii. 12  
 Parson's Wedding, the, a play, xiv. 370-535  
 Part, i. 243  
 Pasquil, x. 163  
 Passage, a game, i. 266;  
     xi. 431  
 Passing measures pavin, ix. 408  
 Passions (love-poems), xi. 200  
 Pastance, i. 79;  
     iii. 88  
 Patch, iii. 186-7;  
     x. 493  
 Patrick's Purgatory, St, i. 337  
 Paul's, St, x. 341;  
     xi. 313, 407;  
     xiii. 264;  
     xv. [400](#)

Pee-dee, xiv. 289  
Pembroke, William, Earl of, xiii. 326, 329  
Peele, George, xii. 309  
Pennycuicke, Andrew, xiii. 101  
Pericles, a play, ix. 467;  
    xi. 239, 428  
Pepper in the nose, to take, xiii. 166  
Perplexities, the, a play, xv. [199](#)  
Petticoat, to have on the, a phrase, ii. 252  
Phantasia of Memphis, xi. 303  
Pheer (or Fere), xiii. 425  
Phlegm, vii. 193.  
Pickthatch, xi. 19, 119  
Pigeon-holes, a game, xii. 101  
Pight, i. 249  
Pilgrim, i. 331  
Pimlico, xi. 233;  
    xiii. 243-4  
Pin of the wheel, xiv. 65  
Pinder (or Pinner), of Wakefield, viii. 151  
Pintas, a game, xv. [265](#)  
Pinion, ii. 35  
Pink, ii. 35  
Piot, Lazarus, pseud., viii. 99  
Pirates, execution of, xi. 188  
Pirate, the, a play, xiii. 101  
Pissing-while, a, iii. 224  
Pitiful, i. 81  
Plagues, notices of, viii. 90;  
    x. 342;  
    xiv. 487  
Plantain-leaf, xi. 399  
Platform, xiii. 336  
Platonists, xiv. 441  
Plautus, xi. 314  
Plays, Latin, performed at Cambridge, xi. 295, 299  
    —, old, corrupt texts of, xii. 192  
Plutarch's Lives, North's translation of, a Shakespeare book, vii. 105  
Point-device, i. 44  
Poking (or poting) sticks, viii. 161  
Polydorus, xiii. 512  
Pomanders, ix. 419  
Pompey the Great, a play, xv. [188](#)  
Pope, Alex., xii. 19, 42  
Porta, Battista, xi. 301  
Porter, Henry, vii. 262-383  
Portous, ii. 74;  
    iii. 24;  
    viii. 393  
Poser, ix. 139  
Possems, xiv. 296  
Possess (inform), ix. 483;  
    xiii. 144  
Post, a game, ii. 35  
Posts, i. 75  
    — set up at the sheriffs' doors, xii. 107  
Powis, William, Lord, xiii. 324  
Prague, Battle of, xiii. 45  
Praty, i. 71  
Prayers at the end of plays, iii. 51-2, 157-8;  
    vi. 11.  
Prefe, i. 179  
Preston, Tho., ii. 158-248  
Prest, i. 248  
Prevent, xiii. 473  
Primerro, a game, xi. 363  
Print well, i. 16  
Prior, M., xii. 19;  
    xiv. 421;  
    xv. [204](#)  
Prisons, divisions of the old, ix. 514  
Privy Seals, xiii. 267  
Progresses, royal, customs at, xi. 330  
Pro in my purse, to put, a phrase, iv. 60  
Prologues, speakers of, xiii. 299-300

Promise is debt, prov. i. 13/  
 Prompter (or book-holder), viii. 17, 87  
 Properties, theatrical, xi. 360;  
     xiii. 274-5  
 Property, xiv. 78  
 Propriety, xiv. 364  
 Provand, xiv. 385  
 Proverbs on concealment of love, xi. 73  
 Prynne, W., xiii. 226  
 Ptolemy the geographer, xii. 226-7  
 Pudder, xiv. 444  
 Pudding—"You may draw me about the town with a pudding," ii. 78  
     —, "In pudding-time," prov., iii. 319  
     —, St Stephen's, xii. 235  
 Pudding, white, xi. 20  
     —, "Everything hath an end," &c., xv. [61](#)  
 Puddle Dock, xiii. 69  
 Puff (or Face), Captain, a character, x. 268  
*Pueriles confabulatiunculæ*, a school-book, viii. 444.  
 Pugle, i. 162  
 Punto, xiv. 284  
 Purganti, Paulo, xiv. 421  
 Puritans, xi. 111;  
     xii. 248, 316;  
     xiii. 14  
  
 Q, ix. 195;  
     x. 298  
 Quadragesimal wits, xii. 268  
 Quarry, xiv. 379  
 Quatre and trey, terms at dice, xii. 122  
 Quaver, xiii. 15  
 Queen of Arragon, the, a play, xiii. 321-409  
 Queen's-game, the, ii. 34  
 Quit, i. 132  
  
 Ragman-rolls, i. 234, 241-2  
 Ram-Alley, a play, x. 266-380  
     —, a place so called, x. 271  
 Randolph, T., v. 54  
 Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune, a play, vi. 144-243  
 Ravenscroft, E., vi. 27  
 Rawlins, T., xiv. 1-92  
 Readers at Inns-of-Court, xiii. 290-1.  
 Reason, to do one, xv. [214](#)  
 Rebellion, the, a play, xiv. 1-92  
 Recorder, the, an instrument, viii. 31  
 Red Bull theatre, xi. 175  
 Redburn, i. 338  
 Reed, i. 179  
 Refuse me! an oath, xiii. 5  
 Regent, the, a ship, i. 371  
 Rehearsal, the, a play, v. 15, 37  
 Return from Parnassus, a play, viii. 8;  
     ix. 98-217;  
     x. 267  
 Revenger's Tragedy, the, a play, x. 3-105  
 Richards, Nath., xiv. 6  
 Reynard the Fox, xiii. 58  
 Ridley, Samuel, viii. 19  
 Ring Irish, vii. 497  
 Rings, wedding, xiv. 417  
 Ris, i. 252  
 Roaring boys, xi. 125, 135;  
     xii. 102  
 Robert of Sicily, King, i. 255  
 Robin Goodfellow, viii. 442 *et seq.*  
 Robin Hood, plays upon the history of, viii. 95-327  
 Robinson, Richard, an actor, x. 451;  
     xiii. 102  
 Rock, i. 65  
 Rock (or Roch), St, i. 342;  
     vi. 74  
 Roger de Coverley, Sir, ix. 490  
 Rogues, vagabonds, &c., statutes against, iii. 195  
 Rome—"To go to Rome with a mortar on one's head " prov. iii. 80

Rome — To go to Rome with a mortar on one's head, prov., iii. 60  
 Rood of Dovercourt, the, viii. 399  
 Rosamond, Fair, ballad of, xiii. 50  
 Rosemary, x. 342;  
     xiii. 81-2, 296  
 Rose royals, xiii. 232  
 Roses of Poestum, x. 186  
 Rowena, xi. 487  
 Rowley, Ralph, xii. 87-8  
     —, S., xii. 87  
     —, W., ix. 467;  
     xi. 139, 178;  
     xii. 86-202;  
     xiii. 1-98  
 Rub, rub! an exclamation in bowling, xi. 54  
 Ruddock, iv. 72  
 Ruffs, long story about, xi. 192-3  
 Rumbelow, i. 162  
 Rush, Friar, iii. 213  
 Rushes, viii. 87;  
     x. 213  
 Rutter, Joseph, xii. 362-444  
  
 Sack with sugar, ix. 516-17  
 Sacring-bell, x. 235  
 Sadness, i. 187  
 Saints, list of unregistered, vi. 74  
 Sale, i. 243  
 Salisbury Plain, iii. 326  
 Salt-cellars, xi. 403  
 Samers, i. 251  
 Sasarara, x. 76  
 Saunce-bell, x. 422  
 Saw, old, xiii. 8  
 Scaledrake, xiv. 290  
 Scathlock, viii. 151 *et seq.*  
 Schemers, the, 1755, xiii. 209  
 Scholastic discipline, early, ii. 270-4  
 Scogin, vi. 340;  
     viii. 16, 462  
 Scolds, punishment of, xii. 127  
 Sconce, xiii. 47  
 Se, i. 244  
 Second Maiden's Tragedy, x. 383-468  
 Selden, John, xiii. 254  
 Sellenger's round, ix. 195, 409;  
     xiii. 492  
 Seller, i. 157  
 Seneca, the "Thyestes" of, iv. 263, 291  
 Servant, xiv. 407  
 Set a beggar on horseback, &c., prov., x. 17  
 Seymour, Queen Jane, i. 431  
 Shakespeare, W., note on his "Measure for Measure," iv. 174  
     —, v. 54, 109, 139;  
     ix. 101, 202, 393, 467;  
     x. 158-9;  
     xi. 246;  
     xii. 88, 626;  
     xiii. 89  
 Shaking of the sheets, a dance, x. 365;  
     xiii. 59  
 Sheldon, Will., xiii. 233  
 Shepherds' Holiday, a play, xii. 362-444  
 Ship, the, a play, xi. 115  
 Shirley (or Sherley) Brothers, the, xi. 213  
     — James, xiv. 194  
 Shit, i. 183  
 Shoe, flinging an old, xiv. 501  
 Shoemaker of Bradford, the, viii. 151  
 Shoes, xiii. 217  
 Shooter's Hill, i. 185.  
 Shope, i. 163  
 Shoreditch, xii. 195  
 Shorn at Canterbury, Master John, i. 340  
 Shrove-Tuesday, xi. 195-6, 436-7  
 Sick man's salve, the, x. 153-4

Sickness, the, xiv. 486  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, viii. 63;  
     ix. 114;  
     xiv. 194  
 Siesta, xv. [22](#)  
 Sims's, a house of entertainment, xiv. 453  
 Sin, i. 76, 175  
 Skelton, Merry Tales of, a story-book, i. 33;  
     viii. 39, 105, *et seq.*  
 Skeltonical verse, viii. 110  
 Sleepers, the Seven, i. 362  
 Slot, xiv. 520  
 Smith, Wentworth, xi. 425  
 Soft fire makes sweet malt, prov., iii. 70  
 Soldiers, sham or swaggering, viii. 69;  
     xi. 68  
 Solf, i. 71  
 Solyman and Perseda, a play, v. 254-374  
 Songs in old plays, iii. 70, 72, 189, 339, 358;  
     xi. 146;  
     xiv. 328-31;  
     346-7  
 Sons, literary, xi. 9  
 Sooner named, sooner come, prov., vi. 66  
 Sophy, the, a tragedy, xiv. 245  
 South, Robert, xiii. 203  
 Southwell, our Lady of, i. 341  
 Spain, xi. 213  
 Spanish Lady's Love, the, a ballad, xiii. 92  
 Spanish Tragedy, the, a play, v. 3-173;  
     ix. 196;  
     x. 370;  
     xi. 12, 29, 248, 331, 386  
 Speck (or spick) and span, xi. 334;  
     xiv. 433  
 Spectatrix, xiii. 513  
 Spere, i. 321  
 Sports, Book of, xii. 212, 316  
 Springal, xiii. 159.  
 Spring Garden, xiv. 350  
 Spurs, iii. 207  
     — gilt, ix. 469  
 Stafford, Robert, xii. 226  
 Stage, construction of the, ix. 540  
 Staniel, xiv. 284, 357  
 Stanielry, xiv. 351  
 Starch, yellow, xi. 328-9  
 Statist, xiii. 421  
 Stench, xiv. 329  
 Still, John, iii. 164-256;  
     xv. [427](#)  
 Stilo novo, xiii. 478  
 Stirling, W. Alexander, Earl of, xi. 477  
 Stirrups, i. 184  
 Stitchel, xiv. 357  
 St Nicholas' clerks, xiii. 15  
 Stowe, John, xiii. 209  
 Stra, i. 255  
 Strabo, xii. 226  
 Strain'd, xiii. 9  
 Strange (coy), xiii. 61  
 Strene, i. 55  
 Strow, xiv. 311  
 Stubbes, Katherine, xii. 272  
     —, Philip, xii. 272  
 Studs, Andalusian, xiv. 342  
 Stukeley, Captain, xi. 213, 215  
 Successive, xiv. 325  
 Suckling, Sir John, xii. 4;  
     xiii. 414;  
     xv. [4](#)  
 Summer's Last Will and Testament, viii. 15-92  
 Summers (or Sommers), Will., viii. 15 *et seq.*;  
     xi. 535;  
     xiv. 473



Super naculum, viii. 58  
 Surplices, xiii. 14  
 Sussex, Countess of, v. 179  
 Sutcliffe, Dr Matthew, xii. 277  
 Swearing, form of, borrowed from the Old Testament, vii. 92  
 Sweat, the, an epidemic, iv. 119  
 Swetnam, Joseph, xiv. 278  
 Swinnerton, Sir John, xi. 425

Tag, rag, and bobtail, xiii. 84-5  
 Tailor, Robert, xi. 424-599  
 Tailors, Italian, xi. 21  
 Talc, xiii. 225  
 Tallies, xii. 138  
 Tampion, i. 370  
 Tancred and Gismunda, vii. 27 *et seq.*  
 Tane, i. 254  
 Tapestry, ancient, v. 121;  
     xiii. 233  
 Tappes, my Lord, ix. 421  
 Tappis, xiv. 322  
 Tarlton, Richard, his "Jig of the Horseload of Fools," vi. 12  
     —, vi. 396-8;  
     viii. 16  
 Tatham, John, xiv. 12  
 Taverns, list of, vii. 286;  
     xiv. 342  
 Tax of the Roman Chancery, xi. 565  
 Taylor, John, the water-poet, xi. 6  
     —, Joseph, xiv. 505  
 Tene, i. 251  
 Terence, versions of, viii. 263  
     — referred to, xv. [199](#)  
 Termagant, x. 322-3  
 Terrent, Mr, xii. 205  
 Tester, xii. 125  
 That would I see, quod blind Hew, prov., i. 232  
 The, v, i. 155  
 Theatres, closing of the, xv. [410-11](#)  
 The devil is good when he is pleased, prov., viii. 425  
 Theon, ix. 205  
 There are more maids than Malkin, prov., viii. 266  
 There are more ways to the wood than one, prov., ix. 352;  
     xv. [142](#)  
 There goes the hare away, prov., v. 108;  
     xiv. 321  
 Thersites, an interlude, i. 389-431;  
     iii. 145;  
     iv. 176  
 Thing of nothing, iii. 22  
 This seven year, i. 47  
 Thomas of Kent, St, i. 249  
 Thornton, Roger, xiv. 446  
 Threatened men live long, prov., vii. 495  
 Three Ladies of London, a play, vi. 246-370  
 Three Lords and Three Ladies of London, a play, vi. 372-502  
 Three men's songs, viii. 48  
 Three merry men, and three merry men, &c., x. 298  
 Thrist, i. 138  
 Thule, xii. 459  
 Tice, i. 116  
 Tide, i. 249  
 Tiresias, x. 283  
 'Tis better to be a shrew than a sheep, prov., viii. 425  
 Titles of old plays hung up, v. 157  
 Toad, the, xi. 399  
 Tobacco, xiii. 441  
 Toll-book, x. 44  
 Tom Essence, a play, xiv. 3  
 Tomkis, John, xi. 294-421  
     —, Thomas, musician, xi. 295  
 Tom Titivile, iii. 58  
 To-morrow is a new day, prov., i. 86;  
     xv. [41](#)  
 Tooth-drawers, xii. 139

Top, William, xii. 205  
 Torture, instruments of, xi. 66, 97  
 Tourneur, Cyril, x. 3-105  
 Toy, supposed to be an actor, viii. 59  
 Tracy, Little, viii. 105 *et seq.*  
 Tray-trip, a game, xiii. 238-9  
 Treatment, xiv. 350  
 Trencher-analects, xii. 269  
 Trenchmore, x. 316  
 Trentals, xiv. 170  
 Treygobet, ii. 34  
 Trinobantes, &c., xii. 516  
 Trial of Treasure, an interlude, iii. 258-301  
 Trithemius, Johannes, xii. 218-19  
 Triumph (or Trump), ii. 34;  
     iii. 199  
 Trott, Nicholas, iv. 251 *et seq.*  
 Trouchman, xiii. 344  
 Trow, i. 62  
 Trump, iii. 199  
 Trumpets sounded at theatres and shows, xiii. 250  
 Trumpington, ii. 30  
 Trundletail, xii. 121  
 Trunnion, St, i. 334  
 Tuck, Friar, viii. 105 *et seq.*  
 Tuke, Sir Samuel, xv. [4](#), [184](#)  
 Turberville, George, iv. 9  
 Turnbull (or Turnmill) Street, xi. 98  
 Turner, Mrs, xi. 328-9  
 Twelfth-Day, xii. 132  
 Twin, i. 244  
  
 Udall, Nicholas, ii. 274;  
     iii. 54-161  
 Uncumber, St, i. 334  
 Undeserved, i. 71  
 Unfortunate Jack, History of, xii. 329  
 Unhappily, xiv. 243  
 Unicorn, i. 81  
 Unready, xiii. 79  
 Upse, xiv. 471  
 Up-se-frieze, viii. 58  
 Usurers, practices of, viii. 26  
 Utopian trunks, xiii. 86  
  
 Vanbrugh, Sir J., xii. 20  
 Venue (or Veney), xiii. 169-70  
 Verse, blank, vi. 20  
 Vice, the, ii. 307;  
     iv. 160;  
     vii. 386  
 Villiers, Colonel George, xii. 19  
 Vine-dee, xiii. 272  
 Vinegar used to represent blood, iv. 217;  
     ix. 106  
 Virginia, xi. 187  
 Vortigern, xi. 487  
 Vox Piscis, or the Book-Fish, 1627, xii. 90  
  
 Wage, to take, i. 247  
 Waggons and other carriages impressed, xi. 330  
 Wait, i. 248  
 Waking Man's Fortune, a story, iv. 8  
 Walsingham, our Lady of, i. 335  
 Waltham, cross at, i. 335  
 Wanion, xiii. 158-9  
 Wapping, xi. 188  
 Warning for Fair Women, a play, v. 123  
 Wase, Chr., xv. [199](#)  
 Wassail, xi. 487;  
     xii. 285  
 Watch and ward, v. 75  
 Watching-candle, xi. 352  
 Watling Street, iv. 243;  
     xi. 207  
 Watson Thomas v 36-7.

Watson, Thomas, v. 307,  
     ix. 114  
 Wat Tyler, v. 376 *et seq.*  
 Wax, to bite the, xii. 256  
 Weakest goeth to the wall, prov., x. 124  
 Wealth, i. 73  
 Webbe, W., vii. 7, 13  
 Webster, John, xii. 89  
 Wed, i. 165  
 Weeping-Cross, vii. 337  
 Wenefrid (or Winifred), St, i. 337  
 Went, i. 119  
 Werewolf, the, ix. 351  
 Wever, R., ii. 42-102  
 Whales in maps, xiii. 267  
 Wheels laid for pike, xiii. 267  
 Whe'r for whether, xiii. 47  
 Whetstone, to throw the, a phrase, viii. 28  
 Whiffler, xiii. 244  
 White, to hit the, xiii. 177-8;  
     xiv. 144  
 Whitecross Street, xv. [406](#)  
 Whittington and his cat, xiv. 446  
 Who can sing so merry a note, &c., a ballad, viii. 28  
 Widow's phrase, the, x. 306;  
     xi. 142  
 Wild, i. 245  
 Wildness, i. 149  
 Wilkins, George (the elder), ix. 466-576  
 Willesden, i. 341  
 Willowby, Lady (the rod), ix. 27  
 Wilmot, Robert, vii. 3 *et seq.*  
 Wilson, Robert, vi. 246-502  
 Wilson's "Art of Rhetoric," passage from "Ralph Roister Doister," cited in, iii. 112  
 Wily Beguiled, a play, ix 220-330  
 Wind—"Let the world wind," i. 20  
 Wine at marriages, xiii. 82  
 Wines, xi. 194;  
     xiii. 82, 93, 216, 441, 500  
 Wisdom, Robert, xii. 271  
 Wished, xiii. 65  
 Wisp, xii. 127  
 Witch, the term applied to both sexes, xiii 259  
 Witched, xiii. 453  
 Witches, viii. 65  
 With a wet finger, prov., vi. 180  
 Wits, the Five, i. 130  
 Wizard, xiv. 358  
 Wizzel, xiii. 271  
 Woman, a, is a Weathercock, a play, xi. 2-86  
 Woman Never Vexed, a play, xii. 86-202  
 Women, note on the occupations, &c., of, *temp* Eliz. ix. 538  
 Women are forgetful, &c., prov., xii. 200  
 Wondersly, i. 16  
 Wood, i. 351  
 Woodes, Nath. vi. 4-9, 30 *et seq.*  
 Woodman, Richard, iii. 35  
 Wood Street counter, xii. 179  
 Woollen manufacture, xiii. 295  
 World and the Child, the, an interlude, i. 241-75  
 World, it is a, a phrase, i. 35  
 Worthies, the Nine, xi. 447  
 Wrapped in his mother's smock, xiii. 74  
 Wreaths, oaken, xiii. 459  
 Wright, Abraham, xv. [400](#)  
     —, James, xv. [400-431](#)  
 Wrought, i. 249  
  
 Yellow, to wear the, vii. 474  
 Yeomen of the collar, i. 157  
 Ying, i. 245  
 Young, Edward, xiii. 178  
 Youth, Interlude of, ii. 5-40

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX,  
BY RICHARD MORRIS, LL.D.

- A, *in*, i. 49;  
xv. [217](#);  
viii, 313;  
*of*, viii. 369;  
*he*, iii. 241;  
vi. 183  
Abashed, *downcast*, i. 88  
Abide, *to remain*, xi. 456;  
*to endure*, i. 308  
Abide, }  
Abi, Aby, } *to atone for*, xi. 38;  
i. 406;  
iii. 95  
Abiden, *endured*, ix. 425  
Abject, *an abject creature*, vi. 95  
Aboard, *coming to the coast(?)*, v. 265  
About, *round*, i. 19  
Aboven, *above*, xv. [422](#)  
Abroach, *on broach*, xiii. 93  
Abusion, *abuse*, ii. 89  
Accointance, *acquaintance*, i. 79  
Accompt, *account*, xv. [119](#)  
Accomptant, *accountant*, xiv. 325  
Accord, *to agree*, i. 229  
Accumber, *to destroy*, i. 299  
Accumbred, *troubled*, iii. 133  
Acold, *cold*, iii. 189  
Acquaince, *acquaintance*, i. 105  
Acquittance, *quittance*, i. 127  
Acrook, *crookedly*, iii. 125  
Adamant, *a magnet, loadstone*, v. 300  
Adauntrely (= *avauntlay*), *a hunting term*, ix. 149  
A doors, "forth a doors" = *out of doors*, x. 561  
Adrabbing, *a-wenching*, vii. 348  
Adreamed, *dreamed*, x. 241;  
xiii. 169  
Adry, *dry*, vi. 568  
Advenient, *coming, future*, vii. 158  
Advertise, *to warn*, xv. [23](#)  
Advertisement, *counsel*, i. 293  
Advisement, *advice*, i. 106;  
vii. 109;  
*consideration*, i. 292  
Advoutress, *adultrous*, iii. 151  
Advoutry, *adultery*, xii. 301  
Af, *of*, vi. 73  
Afeard, *afraid*, i. 110  
Affect, *to love*, xi. 141, 453;  
xiv. 303  
Affected, *well disposed*, xi. 454, 518  
Affiance, *trust*, i. 107  
Affine, *lastly*, iii. 246;  
*lastly*, i. 266  
Affright, *frightened*, v. 213  
Affront, *to face, to meet face to face*, v. 211;  
xi. 265;  
xii. 469  
Agate, *agoing, on the road*, ii. 25, 306;  
ix. 400  
Aggress, *to approach*, iv. 172  
Aggrievance, *grievance*, xiv. 309  
Aggrieves, *grievances*, xiv. 309  
Aglet, *point of a tag*, v. 113  
Ago, *gone by*, i. 107, 167, 168  
Agone, *ago*, i. 28  
Agood, *goodly*, iii. 116  
Agooding, *agadding(?)*, iii. 317  
Abuse, *abuse*, ii. 89

Anungry, *nungry*, vi. 290  
 Akenning, *being discerned*, v. 354  
 A las pintas, *note*, xv. [265](#)  
 Alate, *late, lately*, ii. 114;  
     ix. 164;  
     x. 444.  
 Alchochoden, *an astronomical term*, xi. 345  
 Alder of all, i. 135  
 Ale, *to heel*, i. 161, 185  
 Alestake, *sign of an alehouse*, i. 191  
 Alfridaria, *a term used in astronomy*, xi. 344  
 Algate, }  
 Algates, } *always*, i. 237;  
     xii. 288  
 Alimonial, *pertaining to alimony*, xiv. 314  
 Almicantarath, *astronomical term, note*, xi. 326  
 Almighty, *Almighty*, i. 147  
 Alms, *a charity*, i. 72;  
     ii. 285  
 Almuten, *astronomical term, note*, xi. 345  
 Alonely, *only*, i. 67  
 Along on, *on account of*, ix. 101  
 Alouten, *utterly*, xii. 241  
 Aloyse, iv. 79  
 Altogether (for), *once for all*, iii. 135  
 Alum-plumb, i. 178  
 Aly, *holy (?)*, but see note, iii. 66  
 Amain, *fast*, vii. 281  
 Amate, *to daunt, confound*, vii. 79, 137  
 Amaze, *amazement*, x. 133  
 Ambassadors, xv. [208](#)  
 Ambassage, *embassy*, vi. 463  
 Ambages, *ambiguous, equivocal sayings*, v. 30;  
     ix. 265  
 Ambergrease, xi. 341;  
     xiii. 490  
 Ambitiousness, *ambition*, xv. [161](#)  
 Ambrosiac, xiv. 316  
 Ambry, *pantry*, vi. 412.  
 Amebly, *trotting(?)*, xii. 284  
 Amend, *to mend*, iii. 176  
 Ames ace, *note*, xii. 243;  
     xiii. 118  
 Ameved, *moved*, iii. 240  
 Amiss, *fault*, vi. 525  
 Among, *now and then, at intervals*, i. 71  
 Amorist, *a lover*, xiii. 376  
 Amort, *melancholy*, viii. 198;  
     ix. 305;  
     x. 310  
 Amuse, *musings*, x. 175  
 An, and, *if*, i. 142;  
     xii. 259;  
     xiii. 80;  
     xv. [128](#);  
     *on*, ii. 193  
 Ancient, *ensign*, viii. 174; xiii. 58  
 Anent, *along*, iv. 313  
 Angerly, *angrily*, iv. 136  
 Annoy, *annoyance*, iv. 317;  
     xv. [120](#)  
 Antiphon, *alternate singing*, xii. 503  
 Apace, *quickly*, i. 88  
 Apaid, *pleased*, i. 175;  
     iii. 18  
 Apluck, *in pluck, lustily*, i. 146;  
     ii. 368  
 Apoplex, *apoplexy*, x. 182  
 Appair, *to impair*, i. 100  
 Appealed, *accused*, i. 70  
 Appetite, *desire*, ii. 47  
 Apply, *to apply one's self*, ii. 284  
 Appointed, *accoutred, equipped*, i. 376;  
     xii. 213  
 Apprehensive, *perceptive*, xii. 505  
 Apprehete, *approved*, i. 7

Approbate, *approved*, i. /  
 Approve, *to prove*, x. 117  
 Arayed, {  
 Arrayed, { *defiled, soiled, disfigured*, i. 78, 178;  
     iii. 175;  
     *disconcerted*, ii. 119  
 Areadiness, *readiness*, iv. 234  
 Arear, *back*, i. 166  
 Argosies, *merchant ships*, xii. 100  
 Armipotent, *powerful in arms*, iii. 282  
 Aroom, *abroad*, i. 154  
 A-row, *in succession*, xv. [91](#)  
 Arre, *to snarl*, viii. 44  
 Arride, *to please*, xiii. 445  
 Arsyversy, xii. 137  
 Articulated, *put down as articles of a treaty*, v. 67  
 Ascendant, *note*, xi. 309  
 Ashen, *ashes*, xii. 240  
 Asinigo, *a fool*, xiii. 519  
 Aslake, *to assuage*, i. 400  
 Aspect (of planets), vii. 185  
 Aspy, *to spy*, i. 156  
 Assail, *to essay*, ii. 241  
 Assay, *to essay, try*, i. 19; ii. 389  
 Assoil, *to remove doubts, explain*, i. 70, 75, 179;  
     vii. 169;  
     xv. [253](#)  
 Assurance, security, xii. 153  
 Assure, *to make sure of*, x. 139  
 Astonied, *thunderstruck*, vii. 80;  
     ix. 570  
 At, *with*, x. 123  
 At odds, *at variance*, ix. 457  
 At one (with), *to reconcile to*, iii. 139  
 Atrust, *on trust*, x. 308  
 Attach, *to seize*, vii. 24, xii. 503  
 Attournment, x. 218  
 Aunt, *a bawd*, xiii. 70;  
     xiv. 448  
 Autocousticon, *note*, xi. 314  
 Ayenst, *against*, i. 149  
 Azimuth, *note*, xi. 326

Bab, *babe*, vi. 73  
 Babble, *to talk like a child, to prate*, i. 8  
 Babbling, *chattering*, i. 19  
 Baberlipped, *thick-lipped*, ix. 404  
 Bable, *bauble*, vii. 359  
 Backside, *backyard*, x. 341;  
     xi. 233;  
     *a house in the rear of another*, x. 341  
 Backster, *a female baker*, i. 424  
 Baconpig, v. 104  
 Bade, *an abode*, iv. 307  
 Badst, *invitedst*, viii. 290  
 Baffle, xii. 174;  
     xiv. 305  
 Balance, (*pair of*) *scales*, viii. 408  
 Bale (of dice), *pair*, xi. 221;  
     xii. 121  
 Balk, *beam of a house*, iii. 173  
 Balladising, *ballad-making*, viii. 258  
 Ban, *to curse*, iii. 181  
 Band, *bound*, ix. 569;  
     *bond*, iii. 361  
 Banding, *bandied*, vii. 116  
 Bandoliers, xii. 229  
 Bandy, *game at tennis*, ix. 381  
 Bane, *death*, v. 262  
 Banket, *a banquet*, i. 44;  
     ii. 82  
 Bankrout, *bankrupt*, x. 361  
 Bannerets, v. 213  
 Bannings, *curses*, viii. 315  
 Bare, *did bear*, i. 165  
 Barm *yeast* xii 269

Barm, *yeast*, iii. 200  
 Barmuthes, *Bermudas*, xi. 137  
 Barmy, *yeasty*, ix. 110  
 Barnacles, *spectacles*, iv. 81  
 Barren (of), *devoid of*, vii. 288  
 Barricado, *to barricade*, x. 260  
 Barrow gutlings, *a pig's guts*, x. 347  
 Base (at), *game of base*, viii. 400  
 Baseful, *low*, ix. 176  
 Bashaw, *pashaw*, v. 150  
 Basilisk, *a piece of ordnance*, x. 325  
 Bass, *to kiss*, i. 74, 181  
 Baste, *to beat*, xiv. 305  
 Bat, { *to abate, decline in courage*, x. 33;  
 Bate, { *to flutter*, xi. 353  
 Bate, *to debate*, xii. 524  
 Batteries, xiii. 218, *note*  
 Battoon, *a staff*, xii. 238  
 Bawson, *badger*, ix. 452  
 Bayard, *a bay horse*; "blind as bayard," iv. 118  
 Bay, *by*, vi. 71  
 Be, *been*, i. 413  
 Bead, *prayer*, x. 234;  
     viii. 393  
 Bead-folk, *pensioners*, i. 85  
 Bead-roll, *a list of persons to be prayed for*, v. 197  
 Bear in hand, x. 303  
 Beastly, *like a beast*, i. 30  
 Bebang, *to bang*, vii. 309  
 Beck, *a beckoning (with the hand)*, xi. 262, 307;  
     *a nod*, viii. 88;  
     *salutation*, i. 373  
 Bedlam, *a madman*, iii. 245;  
     *mad*, ii. 131  
 Bedstaff, xi. 337; xiii. 35  
 Bedward, *bed-time*, xi. 333  
 Beetle-browed, *having overhanging brows*, ix. 404  
 Beforne, *before*, i. 273  
 Behete, *to promise*, i. 258  
 Behyht, *promised*, i. 248  
 Being, *existence, state, welfare*, xi. 454, 464  
 Being that, *since*, x. 262  
 Beknave, i. 430  
 Beldam, *old*, xi. 247  
 Belike, *perhaps*, xi. 245  
 Belith, *belongs*, i. 258  
 Believe, *quickly*, viii. 158;  
     xii. 507  
 Bemonster, *to make a monster of*, x. 157  
 Benedicite, i. 54  
 Benison, *blessing*, ii. 230  
 Bent, *biassed*, x. 118  
 Benters, *coal-sacks*, iv. 77  
 Beray, *to dirt, mess*, iii. 197, 329  
 Berew, *by row, a-row*, i. 246  
 Beseem, *to suit*, xii. 505  
 Beshrew, *to curse*, i. 20  
 Beside herself, *out of her wits*, i. 66  
 Beslaver, *to slobber over*, ix. 121  
 Besnow, *cover with snow*, xii. 457  
 Bestial, *animal*, i. 12  
 Bet, *beaten*, iii. 237;  
     *do better*, ii. 127;  
     *better*, xii. 257  
 Betruss'd, *hanged*, viii. 199  
 Bever, *luncheon*, ix. 366  
 Bevy, i. 20;  
     *a bevy*, vii. 322  
 Bewray, *to betray*, ii. 241;  
     xi. 239  
 Beyond, *over*, i. 152  
 Bias, *term in game of bowls*, vii. 283  
 Bib, *to drink*, x. 335  
 Bickering, *fighting*, iii. 217  
 Bid, *did abide*, vii. 296  
 Bidden, *refrained*, ii. 218

Bidding prayer, viii. 393  
 Bide, *to endure*, iv. 185;  
     *to suffer*, vi. 588;  
     *to abide, stay*, i. 137  
 Bidene, *forthwith, together*, i. 268  
 Biggon, *see note*, xiii. 288  
 Bilbo, *sword*, xiii. 35  
 Bill, *a petition*, viii. 378  
 Birdbolt, *an arrow*, xi. 200  
 Birdsnie, *term of endearment*, xiii. 124  
 Bis, *fine silk*, i. 252  
 Bitched (ale), i. 254  
 Bitter, *a bittern*, i. 424  
 Bi wi ye, (*good*) *bye*, vii. 312  
 Blackguard, iii. 323  
 Blackjack, viii. 57;  
     ix. 471;  
     xi. 470  
 Blank, *white of a target*, ii. 35  
 Blather, *a bladder*, vi. 114  
 Ble, *complexion*, i. 251  
 Blea, *to bleat like a kid*, ii. 237, 239  
 Blest, iii. 243  
 Blin, *to cease*, i. 248, 424;  
     viii. 320  
 Blive, *quick*, xii. 311;  
     *to be quick*, xii. 507  
 Bloat, *a bloater (herring)*, xiii. 5  
 Blot, *a term used in card-playing*, vii. 276  
 Blot, *to defile* iii. 202;  
     *defame*, iv. 143  
 Bluebottle, *a liveried servant*, ix. 471  
 Bluster, *to blow*, xii. 219  
 Bob, *a blow*, iv. 81;  
     vii. 168;  
     *to strike*, iv. 121;  
     vii. 456, 490;  
     *taunt*, iv. 81;  
     vii. 309;  
     *to send away empty*, xi. 435.  
 Bob (for eels), xii. 166  
 Bobb'd, *beaten, baffled*, x. 358;  
     *tricked*, xiii. 129  
 Bode, *to portend*, viii. 47  
 Bodkin, *a dagger*, vii. 335  
 Body politic, xii. 230  
 Bold, *to encourage*, i. 182  
 Boll, *bowl*, i. 179  
 Bombard, *a drinking-vessel*, xi. 24;  
     *a piece of ordnance*, i. 370  
 Bomfay, *by my faith*, iii. 272  
 Bonable, *abominable*, iii. 212  
 Bona robas, *note*, ix. 530  
 Bone, "a bone in your hood," ii. 169, 170  
 Bonerly, bonnerly, *debonairly, mannerly*, i. 243, 250  
 Bones, *dice*, xiii. 124;  
     "make no bones," *make no delay*, i. 398  
 Bongrace, }  
 Boongrace, } *a bonnet, hood*, i. 203;  
     vi. 466  
 Boon, *good*, ix. 147  
 Boon sparks, *fine fellows*, xii. 270  
 Boot, *remedy, medicine*, i. 84  
 Boots, *avails*, xi. 81  
 Bord, *jest, game*, iii. 78  
 Borrels, *peasants*, xii. 567  
 Borrow, *to preserve, save, secure*, i. 269; ii. 120  
 Botkin, *a dagger*, ii. 301  
 Bots, *worms*, ii. 300;  
     x. 491;  
     *venereal disease*, vi. 257  
 Bottle, *a bundle*, xi. 22;  
     vi. 176;  
     vii. 208;  
     "bite bread out of a bottle." i. 411



Bottom, *a vale*, i. 371;  
     x. 247;  
     *foundation*, i. 17  
 Bonget, *cask, bucket*, iv. 72  
 Bought, *redeemed*, i. 141  
 Bounce, *to beat*, iii. 218;  
     *bang*, ix. 263  
 Bound, *boon*, iv. 143  
 Bounty, *goodness*, i. 248  
 Bountyhood, *bounty*, viii. 36  
 Bow, *to bend*, i. 77  
 Bowr, "ball and bowr," i. 247  
 Bowyer, *a maker of bows*, viii. 152;  
     xiii. 60  
 Box, *note*, xii. 121  
 Boying, *playing the boy*, ii. 211  
 Brachs, *shelves, shoals*, i. 185  
 Brachygraphy, *shorthand*, viii. 41  
 Brag, *fine*, ii. 108, 336;  
     iii. 209;  
     vi. 394  
 Brainpan, *skull*, vii. 309  
 Brangled, *encumbered*, x. 228  
 Brast, *burst*, i. 148, 252  
 Brave, *fine, well dressed*, iii. 28;  
     iv. 81;  
     x. 125  
 Bravely, *finely*, xiii. 129  
 Bravery, *finery*, ix. 17;  
     x. 125  
 Brawl (=broll), *brat, child*, iii. 201  
 Brawn, *muscle*, ii. 209  
 Brawnfallen, *chapfallen*, v. 207  
 Bray'd, *pounded*, xi. 333  
 Break up, *to open*, vii. 132  
 Breast, *breath, voice*, i. 353;  
     iii. 61  
 Breech, *to flog, whip*, viii. 21;  
     x. 282;  
     xi. 148  
 Bren, *to burn*, i. 12, 54, 58, 211  
 Breviates, *briefs*, x. 166  
 Brewis, *broth*, vii. 218;  
     x. 478  
 Brigand (harness), i. 251  
 Briggen (irons), i. 402  
 Brims, *top of a hill*, i. 371;  
     *fierce*, iii. 138  
 Brocket, *a hart of two years*, ix. 148  
 Broderd, *embroidered*, iv. 243  
 Broideries, *embroideries*, x. 199  
 Brokage, xiv. 314  
 Broke (=broken), *spoken with*, iv. 483  
 Broken beer, xii. 228  
 Broken-bellied, *ruptured*, xii. 215  
 Brook, *to endure*, xi. 456  
 Broom, *rushes, twigs of broom*, i. 65  
 Brothel, *a wicked woman, whore, a wretch*, i. 82, 255  
 Brunt, *burnt*, vi. 76  
 Brusten, *burst*, iii. 197  
 Budge, *to stir*, ix. 525  
 Buffling, *foolish*, x. 370  
 Bug, *a goblin*, iv. 72;  
     v. 172  
 Bugle-gown, x. 347  
 Bugle-horn, viii. 47  
 Buke, *a book*, vi. 73  
 Bulchin, *a bull calf*, viii. 369  
 Bulk, *body*, iv. 357;  
     xi. 356  
 Bullbeggar, *a boggy, goblin*, xii. 122  
 Bully, *a term of endearment*, x. 260;  
     *fellow*, ix. 494, 515;  
     *friend*, xii. 120  
 Bum, *bv mv*, iv. 62;

viii. 364;  
 (?) *to brand*, vii. 466;  
 (?) *bumping*, iv. 122  
 Bumbard, *a cannon*, xi. 263  
 Bumbast, *to fill out*, xii. 181  
 Bumbasting, *stuffing out*, x. 357  
 Bumfay, }  
 Bumvay, } *by my faith*, ii. 375;  
           iv. 219  
 Bumming, *drinking*, xiii. 8  
 Bunny, *a term of endearment*, ix. 252  
 Bur, *by our*, viii. 338  
 Burbolt(= bird-bolt), *an arrow*, iii. 101.  
 Burden (of a song), i. 49  
 Burgh, *a town*, i. 338  
 Bursemen, xii. 120  
 Bursting, *breaking*, iii. 180  
 Burtherous, *burdensome*, vi. 108  
 Busk, *fine, trim*, x. 235;  
     *a bush*, iii. 81;  
     *part of a dress*, ix. 17, *note*;  
     ix. 368;  
     xiii. 334  
 Buskle, *to buckle*, v. 242  
 Buss, *to kiss*, iv. 233;  
     ix. 244;  
     xii. 308;  
     *voice* (?), iv. 81  
 But, *without*, x. 187  
 Buzzes, *gossamers*, xi. 37  
 Buzzing, *spreading about rumours*, iv. 366  
 B' w' y', *be with you*, vi. 532;  
     *God be with you, good-bye*, xii. 297  
 By (=aby), *atone for, pay for*, iii. 139  
 Bye and main, *on all sides*, xiv. 427  
 By kind, *naturally*, vii. 294  
 By-word, *a proverb*, vi. 47  
  
 Caitiff, *vile*, xii. 10  
 Calf, *a fool*, ii. 288, 305  
 Caliver, xiii. 345  
 Callet, *a drab*, iii. 209, 215, 217;  
     xiii. 499;  
     x. 501;  
     *craven*, iii. 219  
 Calverd (salmon), xiv. 450  
 Camerade, *comrade*, xv. [213](#), [215](#)  
 Camp, *to wrangle, nag*, ix. 251.  
 Can, *knows*, i. 7;  
     *to acknowledge*, i. 147, 364  
 Can (thanks) *to acknowledge*, iii. 66  
 Can of Catowe, *Khan of Cathay*, i. 32  
 Canicular, xiv. 336  
 Cannibal, *the venereal disease*, xi. 247.  
 Canst, *knowest*, i. 261;  
     v. 129  
 Cant, *to sing*, xiv. 356  
 Capric (wine), i. 24  
 Caracts, *ships*, xiv. 325  
 Carantoman, xiv. 300  
 Caraways, *caraway comfits*, ii. 300  
 Carbonadoe, vii. 505  
 Carcanet, *necklace, bracelet*, v. 261  
 Card (to cool), *note*, xiii. 505  
 Care, *sorrow*, i. 120, 250  
 Carefully, *sorrowfully*, ii. 318  
 Cargo, *courage*, ix. 533  
 Cargohai, *note*, xi. 421  
 Cark, *care*, i. 225  
 Carl, *a churl*, viii. 50;  
     ix. 215  
 Carlshness, *churlishness*, xii. 311  
 Carouch, }  
 Caroch, } *a coach*, x. 336;  
     xi. 202

Carping, *talking*, i. 267  
 Carriage, *behaviour*, xi. 117  
 Carriages, *deeds*, xiv. 202  
 Carta blanca, *a fool*, xv. [72](#)  
 Cartel, xv. [92](#)  
 Cartiff, *wretch*, i. 29, 106  
 Case, "if case," *if it be*, iv. 123  
 Casques, *helmets*, v. 243  
 Cassock, *a riding-coat*, ix. 372  
 Cassy, *Cassia*, i. 366  
 Cast, *sleight*, ii. 113;  
     *to vomit*, vii. 303;  
     *to contrive*, x. 312;  
     *suppose*, iii. 68, 90;  
     *cast off*, x. 341  
 Casten, *cast*, xiv. 290  
 Casting, *spitting, expectoration*, xi. 43  
 Casting-bottle, *note*, xi. 339.  
 Cataclysm, *deluge*, xii. 468  
 Cat-a-mountain, *a panther*, xi. 67  
 Catch, *a song*, xv. [119](#)  
 Catchpole, *thief-catcher*, i. 156;  
     *a policeman*, x. 330  
 Catchpole-bribed = *bribed to be a catchpole*, viii. 118  
 Cater, *caterer*, xii. 122  
 Cates, *dainties*, xi. 486;  
     xii. 25  
 Cat in the pan, iv. 41  
 Caul, xv. [90](#), *note*  
 Cautelous, *cautious*, xi. 15  
 Cautelously, *cautiously*, xv. [280](#)  
 Cautility, *deceit*, iii. 284  
 Caveary, xii. 236  
 Caviare, ix. 366  
 Cazimi, *the sun's centre*, xi. 344  
 Cees, *note*, iv. 367  
 Censing, *incensing*, iii. 11  
 Censings, *incensings*, ii. 66  
 Ceremonious, *religious*, xi. 449  
 Certain, *for certain, certainly*, i. 32, 129  
 Certify, *to assure*, xiii. 81  
 Cha, *I have*, iii. 179  
 Chad, *I had*, iii. 75;  
     viii. 362  
 Chafe, *a chafing, anger*, iv. 382;  
     viii. 412  
 Chafen, *to chafe*, iii. 39  
 Chalk, "sin in chalk," xiii. 287  
 Chall, *I will*, iii. 182  
 Challenge, *to claim*, xi. 34  
 Cham, *I am*, iii. 175;  
     viii. 338  
 Champion, *a level field*, vii. 282  
 Champion-haxter, xiv. 322  
 Channot, *I cannot*, iii. 195  
 Chap, *jaw*, iv. 353;  
     vi. 389  
 Chapfallen gums, x. 339  
 Chapman, *a dealer, merchant*, xi. 183;  
     xii. 158;  
     xiv. 427  
 Char, *business, job, turn of work*, ii. 375  
 Char'd, *done*, iii. 375  
 Chargeable, *expensive*, xii. 101  
 Charger, *a dish*, xi. 339  
 Charity, St., i. 112  
 Charmer, *enchanter*, xii. 505  
 Chat, *jaw, jangling*, iii. 243  
 Chave, *I have*, iii. 178  
 Chawbon, *jawbone*, i. 424  
 Che, *I*, viii. 388  
 Cheap, *bargain*, i. 184  
 Cheapen, *to buy*, xi. 183, 190  
 Cheaping, *market*, i. 260  
 Cheard, *I heard*, iii. 205

Cheatee, *one cheated*, xi. 404  
 Check, *to cheek, abuse*, ii. 315, 347  
 Checks, *reproofs*, vii. 156  
 Cheerly, *cheerfully*, xi. 72  
 Cherry-pit, i. 246  
 Chests, *chess*, ix. 387  
 Chieve, *to achieve*, iii. 74  
 Chill, *I will*, iii. 184;  
     iv. 219  
 Chirurgeon, *surgeon*, xi. 363  
 Chitterlings, iii. 310  
 Chittyface, *having face like a chit*, viii. 188.  
 Choose, *to help*, xi. 251  
 Chop logic, x. 126.  
 Chope, *I hope*, iii. 205  
 Chopines, *high shoes*, x. 367  
 Choploge, *chop logic*, iii. 101  
 Chops, *jaws*, xi. 67  
 Chrisom clothes, *chrisom clothes*, vi. 72  
 Christcross row, *alphabet*, vii. 324  
 Christen'd, *baptized*, i. 148  
 Chrysome, *note*, xiii. 280  
 Chuck (= chick), *a term of endearment*, ix. 499;  
     xii. 214  
 Chud, *I would*, viii. 347  
 Chuff, *a churl*, viii. 367  
 Churchman, *a parson*, xii. 110  
 Chwas, *I was*, iii. 75; iv. 73  
 Chwere, *I were*, iii. 179  
 Chwine, *I ween*, iii. 75  
 Chwould, *I would*, iii. 177  
 Cinque, *term in dancing*, ii. 91  
 Cinque-pace, *name of a dance*, xi. 478  
 Clang, *withered*, i. 269  
 Clap dish, }  
 Clapperjaw, } *a chatterer*, viii. 446;  
     xi. 274  
 Clap hands, xi. 42  
 Cary (wine), i. 24  
 Clave, *did cleave*, i. 147  
 Claw, *to scratch*, x. 122  
 Clean, *quite, altogether*, i. 25, 213  
 Clear, *quit*, v. 379;  
     *clearness*, vii. 118  
 Clenchpoop, *a fool*, vi. 256  
 Clepe, *to call*, i. 245  
 Cleped, *called*, i. 200;  
     viii. 347, 394  
 Clept, *called*, vi. 515  
 Clerk, *a scholar*, i. 6, 7;  
     iii. 190;  
     *a parson*, xii. 112  
 Clerkish, *learned*, ii. 9  
 Clerks (St Nicholas'), *thieves*, xiii. 15  
 Cling, *to embrace*, xvi. 22;  
     (?), x. 22.  
 Clip, *to embrace*, ii. 180;  
     ix. 254;  
     x. 173;  
     xiii. 182  
 Clock, *to cluck*, ix. 480  
 Cloister, *to imprison*, xiv. 190  
 Close, *secret*, viii. 64;  
     xi. 61  
 Closely, *secretly*, viii. 62;  
     xi. 306  
 Closeness, *secrecy*, xiv. 213  
 Clotter'd, *clotted*, vii. 82  
 Cloudy, *gloomy*, xi. 485  
 Clout, *to patch*, i. 183;  
     *a patch*, iii. 181;  
     *centre of a target*, xi. 249;  
     *used contemptuously of clothes*, xv. [114](#)  
 Clouted, *clothed*, xi. 197  
 Clownical, *clownish*, xi. 237

Clubbish, *blockish*, ii. 192  
 Clutchfist, *a miser*, xii. 238  
 Clyppen, *to call*, xii. 241  
 Coals (to carry), *to bear injury*, viii. 417  
 Coat, *escutcheon*, viii. 296  
 Cobblestones, *pebblestones*, iii. 210  
 Cock, *God*, iii. 71  
 Cock and pie (by), *an oath*, v. 274  
 Cock's, *God's*, i. 155  
 Cockatrice, xiii. 500, *note*  
 Cocker'd, *pampered*, xi. 254  
 Cockerill, *a little cock, a term of contempt*, iv. 68  
 Cockering, *indulgence*, iii. 8  
 Cocking, *cock-fighting*, xi. 364  
 Cockle, vi. 46  
 Cockney, i. 403;  
     *a pet*, viii. 360  
 Cocksure, x. 309  
 Cod's, *God's*, iv. 221  
 Coddled, xv. [216](#)  
 Cog, *to cheat*, vi. 257;  
     viii. 416;  
     x. 497;  
     *to flatter, deceive*, viii. 157;  
     *falsity*, viii. 134  
 Cogfoist, *a cheat*, ix. 239  
 Cogging, *cheating*, ix. 238  
 Coggled, *swallowed (?)*, ii. 215  
 Coifs, xi. 181  
 Coil, *cuff*, iii. 130;  
     *noise*, iii. 124;  
     x. 123  
 Coil'd, *torn*, iv. 232  
 Coistrell, viii. 339  
 Coll, *name of a dog*, iii. 8  
 Collar, "yeoman of the collar," *prisoners' chains*, i. 157  
 Collaud, *to praise*, xi. 235  
 Collet, *part of a ring in which a stone is set*, x. 18  
 Colloge, *to talk*, xi. 256  
 Collop, *a slice*, v. 334  
 Colphise, *to beat, buffet*, iv. 60  
 Come off, *to pay dearly for*, ix. 185  
 Comen, *come*, i. 202  
 Commandment, *committal*, vi. 488  
 Commendadore, xiii. 521  
 Commerce, *intercourse*, xiv. 198  
 Commix, *to mix*, i. 11, 12  
 Commodious (to), *according (to)*, ii. 271;  
     *fit, proper*, ii. 318  
 Commodity, *interest*, iii. 52  
 Common, *to commune*, vi. 33  
 Commutative, *exchangeable*, xv. [240](#)  
 Compact, *compacted*, viii. 76  
 Companion, *equal, fellow*, vi. 179;  
     x. 119  
 Compare, *comparison*, vii. 72;  
     x. 119  
 Comparisons are odious, xiv. 147  
 Compass, *to achieve, comprehend*, xi. 435, 553;  
     xv. [12](#)  
 Compeer, *equal*, ii. 13  
 Complement, *requisite*, ix. 367  
 Complet, *crown*, vii. 241  
 Complexion, *nature*, i. 287;  
     xv. [281](#)  
 Complice, *an accomplice*, xiv. 305  
 Complot, *a plot*, x. 519  
 Comport, *to bear, behave*, xv. [25](#)  
 Comportment, *behaviour*, xv. [89](#)  
 Composition, *terms, agreement*, x. 208;  
     xv. [226](#)  
 Compound, *compounded*, i. 12  
 Con, *to acknowledge*, iii. 198;  
     ix. 257  
 Conceit, *thought, imagination*, i. 7, 10;

v. 409;  
 x. 178  
 Conceive, *to understand*, xi. 562;  
*think, conceive*, viii. 82;  
 xii. 101  
 Concent, *adherent*, iv. 147  
 Concerner, xiii. 210  
 Concernment, *concern*, xv. [10](#), [40](#), [45](#);  
*importance*, xiv. 217  
 Concertation, *a meeting*, i. 409  
 Concordance, *agreement*, xiii. 119  
 Concurrents, xv. [29](#)  
 Conditions, *terms*, xv. [52](#)  
 Conduct, *a guide*, xiv. 337  
 Conduyter, *conductor*, i. 126  
 Coney, *a rabbit, a term of endearment*, ii. 286;  
 iii. 150  
 Coney-catching, xii. 125  
 Coneygreen, *a rabbit-burrow*, vii. 336  
 Congies, *good-byes*, x. 121  
 Congruence, i. 285  
 Conjoin, *to unite*, xii. 114.  
 Conjuraton, *adjuration*, xiv. 240  
 Connant, *covenant*, i. 265  
 Conserve, *to preserve*, vii. 56.  
 Conserver, *preserver*, xiv. 135  
 Consiliadory, xiii. 108  
 Consort, *concert*, xii. 355  
 Content, *contentment*, xi. 452, 459  
 Contentation, *contentment*, iii. 290;  
 xi. 526  
 Continent, *chaste*, x. 141  
 Contrivement, *contrivance*, xii. 214  
 Controlment, *control*, vii. 69  
 Controversy, *litigation*, xi. 467  
 Conveniency, *convenience*, xiv. 395, 506  
 Convenient, *fit*, ii. 302  
 Conversation, *life*, iii. 270  
 Converse, *conversation*, xi. 484  
 Convey, *to put, place*, xi. 484;  
*steal*, i. 159  
 Conveyance, *theft*, iii. 135, 136  
 Convince, *to conquer*, iii. 267;  
 iv. 174  
 Convinced, *convicted*, vi. 94  
 Cope, *to exchange* vi. 331  
 Copesmate, *companion*, vi. 395;  
 vii. 449;  
 xiii. 30  
 Corner-cap, iii. 11  
 Cornute, *a cuckold*, x. 173  
 Corporal, *corporeal*, i. 12  
 Corregidor, xv. [203](#)  
 Correspondent (to), *according (to)*, iv. 12.  
 Corrigidor, v. 125  
 Corrival, *a rival*, xi. 100  
 Corse, *body*, iv. 341;  
*corpse*, i. 408  
 Corsive, *corrosive*, ix. 558  
 Coscinomancy, xi. 338  
 Cosenage, *cheating*, x. 276;  
 xi. 80, 547  
 Cosener, *a cheat*, xi. 582  
 Cosmography, *geography*, i. 7, 10, 27  
 Cost, "do cost," i. 156;  
 "not worth a cost" (*cost = coss = curs*), *not worth a cress*, i. 259  
 Costard, *apple*, ii. 119;  
*pate, head*, i. 168:  
 iii. 121;  
 vii. 167;  
 x. 552;  
 xiv. 164  
 Costermonger, *an applemonger*, xii. 340;  
 xiii. 125  
 Costomable, *usual*, i. 312

Costreling, iii. 82  
 Cot, *cottage*, i. 30  
 Coted, ix. 149  
 Cothurnal, xiv. 183  
 Cotswold lion, *sheep*, iii. 137  
 Cotton, *to agree*, iv. 215;  
     *succeed*, xi. 204  
 Couch, *to crouch in fear*, i. 84;  
     *to collocate*, xi. 303  
 Couch-quarl, *a game*, i. 396  
 Counsel, *secresy*, iii. 199  
 Count, *a reckoning*, i. 103  
 Countenance, *pretence*, i. 65  
 Counter, *a term in hunting*, ix. 454.  
 Counter-check, *to oppose*, v. 45, 329;  
     xiv. 115  
 Counter-checking, *reproving*, vii. 203  
 Counterfeit, *likeness*, iv. 376;  
     vi. 565;  
     vii. 466;  
     xi. 562;  
     *to imitate*, xiii. 127  
 Counterly, iv. 233  
 Counter-match, xi. 320  
 Counter-mine, xiv. 167  
 Counter-puff, *a return blow*, v. 243  
 Counter-scarp, ix. 362  
 Counter-vail, *to make up for, balance*, vi. 96;  
     viii. 30;  
     xii. 8, 41  
 Counterview, vi. 464  
 Counting-book, i. 105  
 County, *count*, vii. 23  
 Courage, *devotion*, i. 27  
 Court-martialist, xiii. 158  
 Coutelace, *cutlass*, v. 240  
 Covent, *convent*, i. 252;  
     viii. 240  
 Coverture, *covering*;  
     viii. 77;  
     x. 178  
 Covet, *to desire*, i. 257  
 Covetise, *covetousness*, i. 100, 206;  
     v. 184;  
     viii. 77  
 Covin, *deceit*, xii. 284  
 Cowardish, *cowardly*, i. 401  
 Cowr, *to bend, crouch*, iii. 177  
 Cox, *a coxcomb*, iii. 250  
 Coy, *to act coy*, v. 47  
 Crack'd, *bankrupt*, xii. 167  
 Crackrope, *a term of contempt*, iv. 63  
 Crane, *boast*, i. 410, 430;  
     ii. 385  
 Craker, *a boaster*, iv. 67  
 Cramping, xii. 255, *note*  
 Crazy, *broken*, iv. 337  
 Cream (holy), ii. 65  
 Create, *created*, i. 12, 54  
 Creature, *Creator*, i. 123, 263  
 Credit, *to believe*, x. 123  
 Creke, *see crik*, iv. 222  
 Cresset-light, vi. 450  
 Crevis, *crawfish*, iv. 118  
 Crik, "to cry crik," *to be afraid, to desist*, i. 399  
 Crinkled, *shrunk*, x. 339  
 Crishcross, *alphabet*, ix. 42  
 Crismatory, vi. 71.  
 Crispy, *rippled*, v. 229  
 Croak, *a croaking*, xii. 160  
 Croch, iii. 280  
 Crock, *a pot*, xii. 351  
 Crone, *an old woman*, xi. 105  
 Crotchets, *devices*, x. 366  
 Crouch-cross, ii. 65  
 Crouching, *to crouch*, iii. 224

Crowded, *crowed*, iii. 201  
 Crown'd cup, *a bumper*, xii. 39  
 Cruel (garters), (*garters*) of *fine worsted*, vii. 286  
 Crust, *curst, ill-tempered, cross*, ii. 179;  
     *crushed*, iii. 242;  
     *a term of abuse*, vi. 539  
 Crusty, *angry*, iv. 184  
 Cry aim, *to consent*, v. 225  
 Crystals, *eyes*, xiii. 55  
 Cuckally, *cuckoldy*, vi. 200  
 Cucking-stool, xii. 127, *note*  
 Cuckold, *to make a cuckold of one*, xi. 119  
 Cuckoldy, *like a cuckold*, xi. 110  
 Cuerpo, xiii. 278  
 Cues, *note*, iv. 367  
 Cullies, *fine broths*, ix. 366  
 Culling, *thrashing, beating*, iv. 120  
 Cullion, *a base fellow*, iii. 239  
 Cullon, *cullion*, ii. 305  
 Culm, *top*, iv. 313  
 Culver, *a dove*, x. 153  
 Culverings, x. 325  
 Cumber'd, *troubled*, i. 54, 101  
 Cumbrance, *encumbrance*, i. 256  
 Cunning, *knowledge, learning*, i. 7, 10;  
     *learned*, i. 7  
 Cunningly, *learnedly*, i. 37  
 Curchy, *to crouch, bend*, iii. 272  
 Cure, *care*, i. 13, 294  
 Curmudgeonly, vi. 380  
 Curst, *ill-tempered, angry*, iii. 278;  
     vii. 474  
 Cursy, *courtesy*, viii. 339  
 Curtain lectures, xiv. 303  
 Curtal horse, *a short-tailed horse*, iii. 210;  
     viii. 124  
 Cusp, *see note*, xi. 344  
 Customage, *freight*, xii. 99  
 Cut, *a short-tailed horse, a term of abuse*, iii. 216;  
     x. 224;  
     xi. 69  
 Cut and long-tail, xiii. 84  
 Cuts, *lots*, xv. [130](#)  
 Cutter, *swaggerer*, xiii. 16  
  
 Dad, *father*, x. 359  
 Daintrels, *dainties*, iii. 192  
 Dainty, *rare*, i. 365  
 Dalliance, *gossip*, i. 293, 355;  
     iii. 167;  
     xii. 240  
 Dally, *vb. trs.*, vii. 134  
 Dallying, *toying*, xi. 58  
 Dam and brat, *mother and child*, viii. 284  
 Damn, "a damn-me," *a swearer* xi. 139  
 Dandiprat, *dwarf*, ix. 390  
 Danger, *control*, i. 54;  
     *power*, iii. 62  
 Dangerous, *suspicious*, iii. 309  
 Dapper, *spruce, smart*, iv. 84;  
     ix. 229  
 Darby's bands, ii. 362  
 Dare net, *a net for frightening birds into*, x. 149  
 Darkling, *in the dark*, iii. 105;  
     vii. 339, 358  
 Daster, *a dastard*, i. 395  
 Date, *end or term of life*, vii. 90;  
     viii. 465  
 Daubing, *deceit*, i. 159  
 Daw, *a fool*, i. 8;  
     ii. 285  
 Dawcock, *a fool*, iv. 119  
 Day's eyes, *daisies*, viii. 31, 33  
 Daysman, *an umpire*, iii. 14  
 Dazzle, *a dazzling array*, xv. [116](#)  
 Dealt, *distributed*, xi. 470



Debat, *disputed*, xi. 470  
 Debate, *strife*, i. 411;  
     vi. 178  
 Deboshed, *debauched*, xiii. 195;  
     *spoilt*, xii. 512  
 Decard, *to throw away a card*, x. 187  
 Decay, *ruin*, i. 293  
 Deepness, *depth*, i. 18;  
     ii. 263  
 Defail, *to fail*, x. 128  
 Defame, *defamation*, vii. 56, 376;  
     x. 311;  
     xii. 104  
 Defend, *to forbid*, iv. 143  
 Defendam, xv. [143](#)  
 Deft, *handy, dexterous*, ix. 394  
 Defy, *to deny*, in. 228;  
     *refuse*, viii. 199  
 Degenerous, *degenerate*, xii. 507  
 Deject, *dejected*, i. 101  
 Delayed, *checked*, i. 81;  
     *diluted*, xiii. 114  
 Dele, *whit*, xii. 284;  
     xv. [426](#)  
 Delibate, *to taste of*, xiii. 468  
 Delicates, *delicacies*, ii. 220  
 Delices, *delicacies*, ix. 171  
 Deliver, *active*, viii. 197  
 Dell, *deal, bit, part*, i. 235  
 Delve, *to dig*, iii. 183  
 Demand, *to ask, question*, i. 85;  
     vi. 80  
 Demanding, *a request*, i. 84  
 Demean, *to behave*, vii. 290  
 Demeaning, *behaviour*, i. 84  
 Demesnes, *estates*, ix. 473  
 Demi-assignation, xv. [61](#)  
 Demi-culverings, x. 325  
 Demi-deity, *demi-god*, xiv. 74  
 Denay, *to deny, refuse*, i. 257;  
     vii. 52, 330  
 Dent, *dint*, iv. 215  
 Deny, *to refuse*, vii. 298  
 Depardieu, *by God*, xii. 240  
 Depart, *to separate, part*, i. 129, 404;  
     ii. 6;  
     viii. 134;  
     ix. 479  
 Deprave, *to depreciate, defame*, i. 32;  
     iv. 257;  
     viii. 64;  
     xi. 119;  
     xiii. 172  
 Dere, *to injure*, i. 252  
 Dern, *secret*, xii. 284, 311  
 Derogate, *to detract from*, xi. 479  
 Derogation, *detraction, depreciation*, xi. 499  
 Descant, *a musical term*, v. 218;  
     ix. 407  
 Descried, *discovered*, vii. 344  
 Describe, *to describe*, i. 32  
 Desertful, *meritorious*, viii. 186  
 Desertfully, *meritoriously*, viii. 132  
 Designments, *designs*, xiv. 147  
 Desperateness, *despair*, x. 149  
 Despite, "in despite of," *in spite of*, i. 132;  
     vii. 153;  
     *to treat cruelly*, vi. 150;  
     *spite, cruelty*, xi. 478  
 Despiteful, *cruel, spiteful*, v. 22  
 Devoir, *duty*, ii. 231;  
     x. 128  
 Dice, *to lose by dice*, xi. 94  
 Dicker, *ten, "a dicker of hides"*, vii. 303;  
     *name of a coin*, xv. [131](#)  
 Dict a saying i. 54

Dight, *prepared, arrayed*, i. 24, 227, 252, 409;  
     *arraign (?)*, i. 274  
 Dighter, *preparer*, i. 422  
 Digne, *worthy*, xii. 242  
 Diligence, *a spy*, xv. [58](#)  
 Ding'd, *struck*, v. 26  
 Dis, *Pluto*, x. 349  
 Disaster, *disastrous*, vii. 481  
 Disbowed, *disembowelled*, vii. 83  
 Disburse, *disbursement*, x. 199  
 Discern'd, *distinguished*, xi. 481  
 Discommend, *to dispraise*, i. 343  
 Disconsonancy, *unfitness(?)*, xv. [125](#)  
 Discurtain, xiv. 280  
 Disdain, *to treat disdainfully*, ii. 167  
 Disease, *distress, trouble*, i. 87;  
     *to trouble, disturb*, i. 203;  
     ii. 191  
 Disfeature, *to deform*, xiv. 291  
 Disgest, *digest*, vii. 310  
 Dishonest, *to disgrace*, ix. 258  
 Dishonourate, *dishonourable*, viii. 297  
 Dismissed, *dispersed*, xiv. 350  
 Disobediency, *disobedience*, xi. 464  
 Dispilled, *spilled*, i. 251  
 Disport, *sport*, i. 45;  
     ii. 111  
 Dispose, *disposal*, vi. 556  
 Dispossess, *to disinherit*, xiv. 190  
 Disquietness, *unrest*, vii. 304  
 Disrank, *to disarray*, xi. 264  
 Disrelish, *dislike*, xiv. 314, 352  
 Dissard, }  
 Dizard, } *a fool*, ii. 304;  
     ix. 383  
 Dissemblance, *a dissembling*, ix. 285  
 Distain'd, *stained*, vii. 111, 1791  
 Distaste, *displeasure*, xi. 454;  
     xiv. 242  
 Distemper, *to disturb*, vii. 64, 123;  
     *ill-temper*, xi. 197;  
     xiv. 206  
 Distemperature, *distemper*, ix. 453;  
     x. 116  
 Distemper'd, *unreasonable*, x. 209  
 Distempering, viii. 113  
 Distinctiveness, *power of distinguishing*, xv. [22](#)  
 Distraught, *distracted*, v. 113  
 Distressful, *distressed*, v. 68  
 Diversely, *differently*, i. 14  
 Divinity, *divine institution*, i. 133  
 Do, *done*, i. 156  
 Doat, *to rave, be mad*, iii. 211;  
     *to act the fool*, xiv. 185  
 Doccy, *doxy, a loose wench*, i. 188  
 Dock, *tail*, i. 247, 425  
 Documents, *teachings*, ii. 50  
 Doff (= do off), *a put-off, the cold shoulder (?)*, ix. 276  
 Dog's, *God's, an oath*, ii. 84  
 Dole, *lot*, iv. 21;  
     *allowance to poor*, xi. 208;  
     *grief*, vii. 205  
 Dolent, *invalid, sufferer*, i. 82  
 Doll, *mistress, sweetheart*, ii. 169  
 Dolour, *pain, grief*, i. 55, 119;  
     ii. 314  
 Dolt, *a fool*, iii. 343  
 Dolted, *acted-like a dolt*, iii. 19  
 Doltish, *foolish*, ix. 440  
 Don, *a lord*, xiv. 285  
 Done, *to do*, xii. 257  
 Doom, *judgment, "day of doom,"* i. 111  
 Dop, *to dip*, i. 318  
 Dossers, *panniers*, x. 224;  
     *a basket* vi. 43

Dotard, *a fool*, xii. 190  
 Dottrel, }  
 Dotterel, } *a fool*, xiii. 43;  
           xiv. 300, 319  
 Doubt, *fear*, i. 252, 256, 257;  
           vii. 400  
 Doughty, *doughtily*, i. 252  
 Dowdy, *a slattern*, vii. 475  
 Down, *a hill*, i. 250  
 Down-flat, *plain*, xv. [140](#)  
 Doxy, *a whore, a loose wench*, xiv. 281, 286, 291;  
           xv. [68](#)  
 Drab, *a loose woman, a term of abuse*, iii. 202  
 Draff, *dregs, rubbish*, i. 25  
 Drawlatch, *a thief*, ii. 222;  
           xi. 249  
 Dreariment, *dreariness*, vii. 152  
 Drench, *potion, drink*, vii. 303  
 Drifts, *devices*, xii. 52  
 Drivel, *slave, wretch, fool*, i. 222;  
           iv. 119  
 Drolling, *droll (?)*, xiv. 278, 356  
 Dronel, *a drone*, iv. 151  
 Drumble, *a sleepyhead*, iv. 118  
 Drumsler, *a drummer*, v. 303  
 Drunk as a mouse, ii. 300  
 Duck, *to make a salutation by bending the head*, iii. 78;  
           xiv. 125  
 Ducks and drakes, xi. 212;  
           xii. 150  
 Dudgeon, *a dagger*, v. 271  
 Duello, *a duel*, xi. 44  
 Dulcet, *sweet*, iv. 143  
 Dulsome, *sweet*, ii. 297  
 Dump, *the dumps*, iii. 180  
 Dumps, iii. 87;  
           xii. 214  
 Duns, *writings of Duns Scotus*, iii. 19;  
           *one versed in writings of*, iii. 20;  
           *Duns Scotus*, x. 57  
 Dup, *to do up*, iv. 69  
 Durance, *a kind of cloth*, vi. 344  
 Duretta, *a kind of cloth*, xiii. 222  
 Dust, *a broil*. "a doughty dust," ii. 390  
 Duteous, *dutiful*, vii. 400;  
           xi. 452  
  
 Eachwhere, *everywhere*, vi. 88  
 Eanlings, *lambs*, ix. 480  
 Earst, *first*, iv. 12  
 Eaths, *easily*, v. 209  
 Ecstasy, xiii. 511, *note*  
 Eftsoons, *soon again, forthwith*, i. 11;  
           ii. 246;  
           vi. 47;  
           ix. 355  
 Egg, *to urge on*, iv. 67  
 Eighths, *octaves*, xii. 507  
 Eild, *to requite*, iii. 240  
 Eke, *also*, i. 203;  
           iv. 11  
 Eld, *age*, vii. 121  
 Eldeth, *troubleth*, i. 414  
 Elect, *elected*, i. 101  
 Election, *choice*, x. 131  
 Elemental, *elementary*, i. 11  
 Elfish, *elf-like*, i. 399  
 Embalming, *using cosmetics*, i. 60  
 Embas'd, *dishonoured*, v. 210  
 Embossed, *a hunting term*, xi. 406  
 Embowelled, *embedded*, vii. 275  
 Embracement, *embrace*, v. 208  
 Empery, *empire, rule*, v. 191, 233;  
           xii. 520;  
           xiv. 105

Enamoret, xi. 289  
 Endamage, *to damage*, viii. 76  
 Endark, *to cause to be dark*, i. 62  
 Endeavour, *to try to bring about*, x. 156  
 Endentus (=entendu), *understood*, iii. 263  
 Ends, "no ends of," xi. 547  
 Ene, *one*, vi. 72  
 Enfeoff, *to endow*, ix. 256  
 Enforcement, *compulsion*, ix. 506  
 Engeuder'd, *produced*, i. 11  
 Enginer, *engineer*, xi. 63  
 Engorged, *disgorged*, ix. 211  
 Engraven, *engraved*, iv. 296  
 Enlumine, *to illumine*, i. 126  
 Ennewed, *painted*, i. 62  
 Ensample, *example*, i. 70  
 Ensconced, *hidden*, xiii. 47, *note*  
 Ensuing, *following*, in. 264  
 Ensure, *to assure*, i. 62  
 Ensured, *plighted, affianced*, iii. 90  
 Enthronised, *enthroned*, xi. 485  
 Entitled, *entitled*, ii. 10  
 Entreat, *entreaty*, viii. 140  
 Entreative, ix. 341  
 Environ, *all round*, i. 6  
 Envy, *hatred*, x. 58;  
     xiii. 355  
 Ephemeris, xi. 320  
 Epitaph, *to write an epitaph*, xii. 506  
 Epitheton, *epithet*, v. 266  
 Epythite, *a beggar*, ix. 527  
 Equivalence, *an equivalent*, vi. 96  
 Ere, *before*, i. 31  
 Eremite, *a hermit*, xii. 231  
 Erewhile, *previously, formerly*, i. 32;  
     vii. 211  
 Errant, *arrant*, xi. 57  
 Erst, *before*, iv. 125  
 Eschew, *to avoid*, i. 89;  
     xii. 24  
 Eschieved, *achieved, gained*, i. 77  
 Espied, *discerned*, i. 78  
 Essay, *to try*, i. 181  
 Essex man, *a fool*, xiv. 361, 467  
 Estate, *state*, i. 7  
 Estridge, *an ostrich*, xiv. 41  
 Eterne, *eternal*, i. 11  
 Eternised, *made eternal*, v. 234  
 Evenness, *indifference, impartiality*, xiv. 200  
 Ever-each, *every*, v. 242  
 Everichone, {  
 Everychone, { *every one*, i. 38, 163 (*the note is wrong*)  
 Every deal, *every whit*, i. 33  
 Excuse, *defence*, ix. 494  
 Exigent, *exigency*, vi. 546;  
     xiv. 325;  
     xv. [78](#)  
 Expectance, *expectation*, xi. 95;  
     xiv. 365  
 Explicate, *to explain*, iv. 236  
 Expound, *expounded*, i. 37  
 Express, *expression*, xv. [332](#)  
 Expression, *a proverb*, xii. 262  
 Expulsed, *expelled*, i. 59  
 Extinct, *put out*, i. 375  
 Extirp, *to extirpate*, v. 226  
 Extromers, *astronomers*, i. 78  
 Exulcerate, *to form an ulcer*, xiv. 362  
 Eyen, }  
 Eyne, } *eyes*, i. 254;  
     iii. 217;  
     xii. 311  
 FABLE, *lie*, i. 224;  
     *to lie*, i. 29;

*cajole*, i. 68;  
*deceive*, i. 199  
 Fabler, *liar*, x. 47  
 Fablyng, *lying*, i. 78  
 Face, *pretence*, iii. 17  
 Face-physick, *a cosmetic*, xi. 133  
 Faces about, *changes*, xiii. 463  
 Facts, *deeds*, in. 66;  
     iv. 167  
 Fader, *a father*, xii. 99  
 Fadge, *to go, proceed, succeed*, vii. 418;  
     x. 230;  
     *do, suit*, x. 481  
 Fadock, *faggot*, vi. 77  
 Fagaries, *vagaries*, xiv. 289  
 Fair, *beauty*, viii. 255  
 Fairings, viii. 225  
 Fall, *to come, fall out*, i. 852;  
     *cadence*, ix. 406  
 Fall (the French), x. 122  
 Famine, *hunger*, vii. 64  
 Famish (to), ii. 217  
 Famishment, *death by starving*, viii. 319  
 Fand, *found*, ii. 15  
 Fantastic show, *fancy* (?), xii. 81  
 Fantasy, *fancy*, i. 7, 312  
 Far, *for*, vi. 71  
 Farcing, *stuffing*, ii. 236  
 Fardingale, ix. 426  
 Fare, *to go*, i. 251;  
     "fare fore," *to go before*, xiii. 154;  
     *to play*, ii. 115  
 Farfet, *farfetched*, xi. 401  
 Farforth, *far*, i. 207  
 Far-forth day, *late in the day*, ii. 312  
 Faring, *playing at dice*, ii. 115  
 Fat, *to fatten*, xii. 451;  
     "to feed fat" = *to fatten*, xi. 515  
 Fattening, *fattening*, ix. 516  
 Faulted, *faulty*, x. 157  
 Favelle, *flattery*, i. 164  
 Favour, *look, appearance*, i. 78;  
     x. 340  
 Favoured (ill), *looking*, xi. 520  
 Fay, *faith*, i. 111, 133;  
     iii. 113  
 Faynd, *find*, vi. 74  
 Fear, *to terrify*  
 Feard, *terrified*, i. 83  
 Feat, *neat*, i. 62  
 Featly, *neatly*, i. 266;  
     ii. 375  
 Fea'ty, *fealty, fidelity*, i. 54, 173  
 Feebled, *enfeebled*, x. 117  
 Fegary, *vagary, trick*, x. 366  
 Fell, *cruel, fierce*, i. 252;  
     v. 36;  
     xi. 556;  
     *skin* i. 78  
 Fellness, *fierceness*, iv. 323  
 Felt, *felt hats*, xi. 268  
 Feofee, xii. 33  
 Ferdegew, iii. 92  
 Fere, "in fere," *in company*, i. 247  
 Feres, *a-do*, i. 168  
 Ferk, *to urge on, hasten*, x. 254  
 Fescennine, *note*, xii. 312  
 Festination, *haste*, iv. 216  
 Fet, *to perform* (?), ii. 384;  
     *to fetch*, i. 43, 83;  
     *fetch*, i. 381;  
     vii. 165  
 Fetch, *a trick*, ii. 309;  
     xii. 79  
 Fete, *feet*, i. 31

Fetting, *fetching*, ii. 234  
 Feutred, *equipped*, i. 376  
 Fewl, *foul*, xii. 507  
 Fib, *a liar*, ii. 254  
 Fierse, *verse*, vii. 190  
 Fifteens, x. 299  
 Figary, *vagary*, xiii. 166  
 File, *to defile*, ii. 216;  
     iv. 110;  
     ix. 511  
 Filed, *flattering*, iv. 102  
 Filth, *a term of abuse*, iii. 244  
 Finden, *to find*, ix. 119  
 Fined, *refined*, iii. 363  
 Fines, *defines*, ii. 80  
 Fire-drake, viii. 168;  
     *will-o'-the-wisp*, ix. 572  
 Firk, *to cheat, trick*, xiv. 391;  
     x. 291, 292, 328  
 Firk'd, *beaten*, iv. 64  
 Firker, *a cheat*, xii. 165  
 Firmable, *firm*, vi. 282  
 Fisher, *a fisherman*, iv. 164;  
     xii. 115  
 Fish-hooks, ii. 378  
 Fit, *air (in music)*, i. 246;  
     song, iii. 92;  
     *to suit*, xi. 456  
 Fivepence, "as fine as fivepence," iv. 118  
 Flags, *a term used in falconry*, xi. 341  
 Flanting, *flaunting*, xiii. 150  
 Flap-dragon, xiii. 44  
 Flashy, *fiery*, iv. 149  
 Flat, *plain, plainly*, iii. 19, 20;  
     xi. 304;  
     xiv. 398, 399  
 Flatcap, *a term of abuse*, xi. 152  
 Flative, *flatulent*, ix. 454  
 Flaw, *a blast*, vii. 149  
 Flayn, *flayed*, i. 416  
 Flecken, *spotted*, xii. 241  
 Fleet, *to skim*, viii. 443  
 Flet (=fleeth), *flee ye*, xii. 287  
 Fletcher, *an arrow-maker*, xiii. 40  
 Flicker, *to flutter*, xii. 477  
 Flim-flam, *a flam*, ii. 335  
 Flinch, *to shrink*, xii. 259  
 Flincher, *a coward*, xi. 470, 491  
 Flit, *to depart*, iv. 336;  
     ix. 124  
 Flout, *to scoff, mock*, iv. 119;  
     xi. 39;  
     xii. 313;  
     xiv. 190;  
     *a scoff, mock*, x. 523  
 Flush, ii. 78  
 Fly-flops, xii. 331  
 Fode, *person*, i. 243, 247  
 Foggy, *flabby*, viii. 371  
 Foil (of a jewel), vii. 288;  
     *a defeat*, iv. 322;  
     *to defeat*, iv. 332  
 Foils, *set-offs*, xiii. 148  
 Foin, *thrust, push*, ii. 389, 392;  
     *to fence*, xii. 285  
 Foist, *to cheat*, xi. 67;  
     *a cheat, deception*, vi. 257;  
     xiv. 359  
 Fold, *bend*, i. 135  
 Folt, *a fool*, ii. 304  
 Fond, *foolish*, iv. 125;  
     x. 192;  
     xi. 129  
 Fondly, *foolish*, vii. 63  
 Fondness, *folly*, iv. 55;

xii. 8  
 Fong, *to take*, i. 257, 259  
 Fool, *a term of endearment*, i. 71, 72  
 For, *by*, i. 85;  
     *from*, i. 135  
 Forbode, *prohibition*, "God's forebode" = *God forbid*, i. 68;  
     *forbidden*, i. 212, 226;  
     *forbad*, i. 285  
 Force, *to care*, i. 34;  
     iii. 39;  
     *matter, worth*, i. 8, 47;  
     iii. 129;  
     "of force," *necessarily*, iii. 255;  
     iv. 19;  
     vii. 503  
 Forceth, *it matters*, i. 214  
 Fordoth, *ruins*, i. 68  
 Fordull, *very dull*, ii. 368  
 Fore, *before*, i. 343  
 Foredulled, *very dull*, vii. 32  
 Forefend, *to defend*, iv. 377;  
     *to forbid*, vii. 18  
 Foreflow, xiv. 287  
 Forepassed, *overpassed*, ii. 386;  
     xi. 475  
 Forespoken, *bewitched*, vii. 465  
 Forethink, *to repent*, ii. 6  
 Foretop, *forelock*, xiv. 311  
 Foreween, *to think of beforehand*, iv. 302  
 Forfeit, *forfeited*, x. 196  
 Forfend, *to forbid*, vii. 168, 411;  
     x. 255  
 Forge, *to frame, mould*, i. 84  
 Forged, *fabricated*, iv. 102  
 Forked crest, xiv. 140  
 Forlet, *to stop*, iv. 152  
 Forlore, }  
 Forlorn, } *ruined, lost*, i. 147, 172, 269  
 Formosity, *beauty*, iv. 111  
 Forne, *before*, ix. 104  
 Forsworn, *perjured*, xiii. 148  
 Forth, *out, from*, ix. 564;  
     xii. 174;  
     xi. 485  
 Fortitude, *an astrological term*, xi. 319  
 Fortunates, *an astrological term*, xi. 319  
 Fortune, *to happen*, ii. 111  
 Foster, *fosterer*, iv. 143  
 Foulter, *to falter*, iv. 314, 327  
 Found, *kept, supported*, i. 244  
 Fox, *a sword*, vii. 318;  
     xiv. 387;  
     *to intoxicate*, xiii. 28  
 Foxed, *drunk*, xi. 448, 524  
 Foyson, *plenty*, xi. 380  
 Frame, *to put*, iii. 21;  
     *to turn out will*, iii. 70;  
     *to try*, iv. 190;  
     xi. 12;  
     *the gallows*, i. 158  
 Franion, *a loose fellow*, iv. 60;  
     vi. 179  
 Frappet, *a pet*, ix. 548  
 Fraudful, *fraudulent*, v. 363  
 Fraught, *laden*, xi. 471  
 Fraughtage, *freight*, xii. 141  
 Fraughted, *freighted*, xiv. 353;  
     *laden*, viii. 337  
 Fray, *affray, fight*, i. 41;  
     *to terrify*, iii. 131;  
     vii. 313;  
     *to scare*, x. 412  
 Frayd, *terrified*, v. 201  
 Frea, *from*, vi. 71  
 Free, *destitute of money*, iii. 347

Freedom, *generosity*, i. 84  
 Freely, *nobly*, i. 244  
 Fremman, *a stranger*, ii. 210  
 French hood, iii. 28  
 Frere, *friar*, i. 155, 200;  
     *brother*, i. 188  
 Fright, *to frighten*, viii. 389  
 Friscols, *friskings*, ii. 367, 384  
 Friskas, *friskings*, i. 44  
 Friskin, *friskingly*, xiv. 125  
 Fro, *from*, i. 185  
 Frolic (to) v. 15;  
     viii. 158  
 Frolicsome, vii. 173  
 Front, *face*, xiv. 42  
 Frontisterion, *entrance to a house*, xi. 310  
 Frontless, xiv. 284  
 Froulet, *forehead*, i. 350  
 Frowned, iv. 321  
 Frumping, *frumpy*, xi. 104  
 Fucus, xiv. 290;  
     *paint used as a cosmetic*, x. 274  
 Fullam, *note*, xii. 124  
 Fume, *passion*, xii. 423  
 Fumishness, *anger*, i. 400  
 Furbish, *to clean clothes*, ix. 553  
 Furmenty, *frumenty*, ix. 155  
 Furnycard, ii. 78  
 Furth, *forth*, ii. 46  
 Fustigation, xv. [32](#)

Ga, *gave*, iii. 193  
 Gaberdine, *a long frock*, xiv. 125  
 Gaffer, *godfather*, vi. 399  
 Gage, *pledge*, iii. 233;  
     vi. 311  
 Gaged, *gauged*, i. 148  
 Gagtooth, *a large tooth*, viii. 119  
 Gainful, *advantageous*, viii. 35;  
     xi. 547;  
     *meritorious*, xiv. 117  
 Gallant, *to act the gallant*, x. 125  
 Galley-foist, *a pleasure-boat*, xiv. 385  
 Galliard, *a dance*, ii. 117, 372  
 Gallon, *gallant*, viii. 344  
 Gallow-tree, *the gallows*, ii. 15;  
     viii. 189  
 Gallymawfries, *cowards (properly a dish of remnants)*, xii. 166  
 Gambawds, *gambols*, i. 44  
 Gan, *did*, xii. 242  
 Gang, *to go*, xii. 257  
 Gape, *to desire*, iv. 353;  
     ix. 519  
 Gar, *to cause, mate*, vi. 70;  
     xii. 507;  
     *to force*, x. 363  
 Gard, *welt*, vii. 213  
 Garded, *laced*, xi. 366  
 Garden-house, x. 135  
 Garden-plot, v. 155  
 Gardings, *trimmings of a dress*, x. 121  
 Garish, *gay, fine*, x. 199  
 Gash, *tear in a garment*, iii. 176  
 Gauding, *toying*, iii. 109  
 Gaudish, *gaudy*, i. 286  
 Gaurdon, *reward, recompense*, i. 206  
 Gauds, *gauderies*, x. 175;  
     *gaudy toys*, iv. 130  
 Gazet, *name of a coin*, xv. [128](#)  
 Gear, *matter, business*, ii. 302;  
     xi. 204;  
     *costume*, iii. 28  
 Geason, *scarce*, ii. 319;  
     iv. 138;  
     vii. 130  
 Gelt, *golded*, viii. 206



Geit, *geiaea*, xiv. 390  
 Generate, *generated*, i. 13  
 Genman, *a gentleman*, iii. 160  
 Gentle, *gentle hearer*, iv. 396;  
     *noble*, i. 81, 147  
 Gergon, *jargon, talk*, xii. 241  
 German clock, xii. 231  
 Gewgaw, xiv. 291  
 Gib, *a term of contempt*, iii. 215  
 Gibb'd, *castrated*, xiii. 31  
 Gibe, *to taunt*, iv. 330;  
     *to mock*, viii. 365  
 Gibridge, *gibberish*, viii. 75  
 Gif, *if*, vi. 75;  
     xii. 507  
 Gimmel, *a ring*, ix. 372  
 Gin, *a snare*, xii. 232;  
     *a trick*, xii. 242;  
     *a wire trap*, xi. 134;  
     *contrivance*, i. 246  
 Gin, *to begin*, x. 338;  
     *do*, xii. 507  
 Ging, *a gang*, viii. 145  
 Gingerly, *delicately*, i. 147;  
     *mincingly*, ii. 22.  
 Gi'r (= give her), iii. 217  
 Gird, "at a gird," *in a trice*, ii. 331;  
     *to strike*, i. 429  
 Girl, *a roebuck two years old*, ix. 148  
 Gis, *Jesus*, ii. 129;  
     iii. 225  
 Gittern, iii. 87;  
     ix. 444;  
     xv. [114](#)  
 Give aim, *to incite*, x. 85  
 Glad, *to gladden*, xi. 516  
 Glassing (= glassen), *of glass*, i. 62  
 Glave, x. 358;  
     *a sword*, ix. 362;  
     xii. 477  
 Glay, *a dirty wench*, iii. 176  
 Gleek, *three*, xi. 217, 364;  
     *a term used in card-playing*, xi. 395  
 Gleering, *leering*, ix. 191  
 Glister, *to glitter, to shine*, i. 252;  
     xi. 432, 485;  
     x. 218  
 Gloming, *lowering*, iii. 59  
 Glooming, *sultriness*, iii. 220  
 Glorify, *to boast*, i. 68  
 Glose, *to flatter*, i. 7;  
     *gloss*, iii. 12  
 Gloser, *a flatterer*, iii. 224;  
     *liar*, iii. 43  
 Glosing, *flattering*, vii. 165  
 Gloss, *to glose*, i. 199  
 Glossing, *commenting*, iii. 198  
 Glustering, *glistering*, xii. 351  
 Go-by, "a go-by," xv. [17](#)  
 Go forth, *to proceed*, i. 17  
 Go prig, x. 288  
 Gob, *mouthful*, x. 273  
 God-a-marsy, *God of mercy*, iii. 313  
 God-a-mercy, xi. 452  
 God Mary mother, *marry!* vii. 405, 489  
 God's dear holy bread, viii. 267  
 God's Mary, *marry!* vii. 472  
 God's nigs, *an oath*, xiv. 422  
 God's so (= God's sonties), *God's sanctities*, xiv. 145  
 Gog, "on gog," *agog*, iv. 302  
 Gog's, *God's*, i. 20, 42  
 Gog's nails, *an oath*, i. 41  
 Gold the nerves of war, xii. 61  
 Goliardis, *a buffoon*;  
     *note*, xii. 240  
 Goll hand fast, x. 257

Goll, *hand, list*, x. 92, 551  
 Golpol, *a term of endearment*, ii. 260  
 Good, *goods*, i. 152  
 Goodden, *good even*, x. 544  
 Gooseling, *a gosling*, xiv. 356  
 Gorbelly, *a glutton*, ix. 434  
 Gorboil, *turmoil*, x. 287  
 Goreblood, *gore*, ii. 273  
 Gorget, xiv. 464  
 Gorse, *furze*, v. 190  
 Goss, i. 232, 233; iii. 113  
 Gostly, *spiritual*, xv. [420](#)  
 Got, *begotten*, i. 107  
 Governance, *control*, i. 150, 164  
 Government, *control*, x. 122  
 Gracious, *graceful*, ix. 342  
 Graff, *graft*, ii. 173;  
     *to graft*, iii. 58  
 Gramercy, *great thanks*, i. 250;  
     ix. 192  
 Grandsire, *great (?)*, iv. 130  
 Grannam, ix. 251; *grandmother, grand-dame*, xii. 329  
 Grate, viii. 241  
 Graved, *troubled (?)*, iv. 143;  
     *buried*, ix. 124  
 Gravel, *to sand*, x. 21  
 Gravelled, xiv. 204  
 Gredaline, *pucker'd*, xiv. 418  
 Greedy, *greed*, iv. 193;  
     "greedy fates," iv. 302  
 Grenning, *gnashing*, iv. 323  
 Grief, *ill-will, grievance*, iii. 153  
 Gripe, *to grasp*, iii. 273;  
     *vulture*, vii. 60;  
     *to pinch*, xi. 63  
 Griping, *a grasp*, xii. 231  
 Grisly, *dreadful*, i. 252;  
     iv. 302;  
     *horrible*, xii. 25, 502  
 Gristless, *without muscle*, viii. 278  
 Gromaly-seed, *gromuiell seed*, i. 422  
 Groom, *man*, i. 252;  
     iv. 283;  
     ix. 128  
 Grope, *to search*, iii. 184, iv. 176, 216  
 Gross, *coarse*, ii. 212  
 Ground, *a musical term*, ix. 338  
 Grutch, *to grudge, murmur, to grumble*, i. 63;  
     iii. 133  
 Gude, *good*, vi. 71  
 Guerdon, *a reward*, iv. 337;  
     vii. 122;  
     ix. 448;  
     xii. 311, 476  
 Guerdonless, *rewardless*, viii. 343  
 Guess, *to deem*, i. 57;  
     *a guest*, viii. 180  
 Guid, *guide*, iv. 137  
 Guider, *a guide*, i. 172  
 Guise, *mode, way, fashion*, i. 73;  
     ii. 260, 312  
 Gulch, *a pool*, ix. 452  
 Gumm'd, *dimmed*, v. 132  
 Gush, *to weep*, xi. 30  
 Guzzle, *throat*, xii. 349  
 Gyre, *a circle*, ix. 358  
 Gyve, *a fetter*, i. 170, 171;  
     vii. 79  
 Gyved, *fettered*, i. 156  
  
 Habergeon, }  
 Habergin, } *a small coat-of-mail*, i. 149, 399, 400  
 Hadiwist, *had I known, vain after regret*, vi. 457;  
     vii. 356  
 Haggard, *a wild hawk*, v. 36;  
     ix. 379.

xiii. 161;  
 xiv. 344  
 Halcyon, *favourable*, ii. 99  
 Hale, *to drag*, iv. 139;  
 xiv. 479  
 Half-acre (*not halse acre*), iii. 178  
 Half-god, *a demi-god*, x. 127  
 Halidom, *an oath; properly sacred relics, the sacrament*, vii. 467  
 Hally, *holy*, vi. 71  
 Halse, *neck*, iii. 240  
 Han, *have*, vi. 71  
 Handkercher, *handkerchief*, iv. 140  
 Handle, *to treat*, iv. 63  
 Handling, *treatment*, i. 2 7  
 Handsel, *earnest-money*, xii. 335;  
*to handsel*, viii. 426  
 Handwork, *handiwork*, i. 250  
 Handy, *hand to hand*, v. 13  
 Hanker, *to hang*, ix. 379  
 Hap, *to happen*, i. 81;  
 v. 111;  
 x. 183;  
 xi. 456;  
*fortune*, ii. 393  
 Happiless, *unhappy*, xi. 144  
 Happily, *perhaps*, xiii. 362  
 Harborough, {  
 Harborow, { *harbour*, i. 228;  
 vii. 85  
 Hardness, *hardship*, i. 298  
 Harecop, *a hair-brained fellow*, iv. 73  
 Harlot, *a (low) fellow*, i. 253  
 Harlotry, *obscene*, viii. 351  
 Harness, *armour*, iv. 329  
 Harnessed, *equipped*, i. 395;  
 iv. 176  
 Harri'd, *abused*, x. 27  
 Harrow, *note*, xii. 253  
 Hasp, *a fastening*, ii. 338;  
*to embrace*, x. 66  
 Hatch, *a wicket-gate*, vi. 535  
 Haught, *haughty*, v. 230;  
 viii. 132;  
 xiv. 442  
 Haunt, *to frequent*, i. 134;  
*practise*, i. 249  
 Hauster, *note*, viii. 444  
 Haviour, *behaviour*, x. 35;  
 xi. 452  
 Haxter, xiv. 282  
 Hay, *hedge*, i. 401;  
*a net for catching rabbits*, vii. 341  
 Haydegyve, *a kind of dance*, xii. 507  
 Hazard, *risk*, xv. [225](#);  
*game*, ii. 34;  
*plot of a tennis-court*, ix. 381  
 Haze, *note*, iii. 110  
 He, *one*, iv. 357  
 He and she, *man and woman*, xiv. 443  
 Heal, *salvation*, i. 199, 212  
 Heale, xv. [425](#)  
 Heart of grace, *courage*, xii. 212  
 Heats, "ride his heats," xv. [129](#)  
 Hedgecreeper, *a term of contempt*, ii. 251  
 Heightening, *aggravation*, xv. [92](#)  
 Heildom, *properly "health," but here seems a corruption of "hilding," a caitiff, slave*, xiii. 43  
 Heir, *an heiress*, ix. 535  
 Hele, *health, salvation*, i. 129  
 Helic, *a term in astrology*, xi. 336  
 Helm, *helmet*, i. 149  
 Helter-skelter, *to waste*, vii. 436  
 Hem, *to clear the throat*, iv. 69;  
*talkative*, i. 74  
 Hemuse, *a roebuck of three years old*, ix. 148  
 Hend. *courteous*, i. 250

Heng, *to hang*, i. 134  
 Hent, *to seize*, xii. 311  
 Herber, *arbour*, ii. 46  
 Heritor, *inheritor*, ii. 8  
 Herme, *harm*, xii. 311  
 Heronsew, ii. 282  
 Herry, *to harry*, i. 30  
 Hest, *behest, command*, vii., 18;  
     xi. 99  
 Hey-pass, *a term in legerdemain*, x. 306  
 Hey trolly lolly, i. 20.  
 Hidder, *hither*, xii. 507  
 High, "a high," *loudly*, i. 23;  
     *aloud*, i. 33  
 Highmen and lowmen, xii. 243, *note*  
 Hight, }  
 Highteth, } *is called*, i. 56;  
     xii. 241, 253  
 Hind, *a peasant*, xii. 224  
 Hing, *to hang*, i. 274  
 Hire, *to reward*, i. 364;  
     *a reward*, vii. 59;  
     viii. 360  
 His, *its*, i. 12  
 His noun, *his own*, viii. 76  
 Ho, *bounds*, ix. 390  
 Hoart, *hurt*, xii. 253  
 Hobby (*hawk*), ix. 379  
 Hobil, *a term of abuse*, iii. 103  
 Hoddypeak, }  
 Hoddypeke, }  
 Hodypeak, }  
 Huddypeke, } *a fool, a term of contempt*, i. 42;  
     ii. 164, 211;  
     iii. 217  
 Hodmandod, *a snail, a term of abuse*, xiv. 525  
 Hoise, *to hoist*, iii. 34, 218  
 Hold, *to bet*, ii. 275  
 Hold bias, xii. 280  
 Holes (nine), iii. 9  
 Holidam. See *Halidom*, iv. 219, 244  
 Hollen, *of holly*, i. 49  
 Holp, *helped*, i. 85, 191  
 Holt, *wood, grove*, i. 148  
 Holy, *holly, wholly*, i. 359  
 Honesty, *honest people*, iii. 228  
 Honor, *credit, reputation*, iv. 98, 185  
 Hope, *to expect*, xii. 132  
 Hop-holiday, ii. 379  
 Horrid, *bristling*, xi. 527  
 Hostelity, *hospitality*, v. 398  
 Hot, *did hit*, vii. 276  
 Hotchpotch, *a pudding*, ix. 183  
 Hoten, xii. *called*, 255  
 Hough, *to hamstring*, ix. 457; xiv. 164  
 Hound-fish, *dog-fish*, xii. 241  
 Hoved, *abode*, i. 178  
 How, *who*, xiv. 458  
 Howlet, *an owl*, iii. 87  
 Hucklebone, iii. 180  
 Hud, *to hood(?)*, xi. 353  
 Huddle, *thick*, ix. 269  
 Huff, } *an exclamation*, i. 20, 188; ii. 13  
     Huffa, }  
 Huff, *anger*, vii. 311  
 Hugeously, *much*, xii. 276  
 Huggermugger, *in secret*, viii. 84; x. 91  
 Huggy, *huge*, v. 106  
 Humblesse, *humility*, viii. 166  
 Humorist, *a madman*, ix. 17  
 Humorous, *fanciful, capricious, ill tempered*, v. 31; vii. 433; xiv. 296  
 Hundreth, *a hundred*, vii. 278  
 Husbanded, *economised*, xi. 355  
 Husbandry, *economy*, iii. 16; v. 189; xi. 63  
 Hussv. *housewife*. xiv. 331

Huswife, *huzzy*, vii. 250;  
    *applied to a man*, vii. 303(?)  
Hydroptic, xiv. 288  
Hyghten, } *called*, i. 129, 275; xii. 254  
Hyght, }

Ibroken, *broken*, i. 49  
Ich, *I*, i. 73; ii. 169; iii. 175  
Icha, *I have*, iii. 227  
Ichotte, *I wot, I know*, iii. 75  
Iclipped, *called*, v. 363  
I-dight, *prepared*, i. 243  
Ield, *to reward*, iii. 75  
Ifare, *to go*, v. 395  
Ilk, *same*, i. 264;  
    *each*, vi. 71  
Ilkwhare, *everywhere*, vi. 71  
Illicentiate, *not lawfully licensed*, xiv. 283  
Ill-mutton, *a strumpet*, xi. 43  
Ill-part, *malapert(?)*, viii. 250  
Illumine, *to illuminate*, i. vi.  
Illustrate, *to make illustrious*, xv. [229](#)  
Immeriting, *undeserving*, xiv. 307  
Imp, *to graft*, xi. 346  
Impale, *to surround with pall(?)*, vii. 112  
Impal'd, *surrounded*, viii. 165  
Imp'd, xii. 530.  
Impede, *impediment*, xiv. 362  
Impoisoned, *poisoned*, viii. 38  
Impoisoning, *poisoning*, xi. 566  
Import, *importance*, vii. 471;  
    *to concern*, xv. [23](#)  
Imports, *is necessary*, xv. [102](#)  
Importune, *importunate*, i. 54;  
    *to be importunate*, xi. 109  
Impossible, *impossibility*, i. 152  
Imposthumes, *boils*, i. 66  
Impostume, *a boil*, xi. 343  
Impostur'd, *deceived*, xiv. 352  
Imprese, *impress*, xiv. 293  
Imprinted, *printed*, i. 7  
Imps, *scions*, xii. 450  
Impudency, *impudence*, ix. 191; x. 31.  
Uncertain, *uncertain*, vii. 195  
Incomposed, *indisposed*, xiv. 198  
Incontinent, *forthwith*, i. 48  
Inconveniency, *inconvenience*, xi. 442  
Indeniz'd, *one made free*, xii. 472  
Indent (to), ii. 213  
Indifferent, *impartial*, i. 415;  
    v. 405  
Indifferently, *impartially*, viii. 32  
Indite, *to compose (ballads)*, i. 7  
Indulgency, xiii. 466  
Infect, *infected*, i. 302  
Inferial, *below, mundane*, i. 9  
Influence (of the stars), i. 11;  
    vii. 63;  
    xii. 339  
Ingenious, *ingenuous*, 13, 53  
Ingeniously, *ingenuously*, xiv. 281  
Ingram, *ignorant*, vi. 397  
Inis, *I am not*, xii. 287  
Inkhorn, *pedantic*, viii. 70  
Inquisition, *inquiry*, xiii. 156  
Insame, *together*, i. 245, 247  
Insculp'd, *engraved*, xii. 202  
Insculption, *inscription*, x. 12  
Insensate, *without feeling*, i. 12  
Insensitive, *irrational*, xi. 144  
Insidiate, *to plot*, xii. 605  
Insolency, *insolence*, xiv. 200  
Insort, *to distribute*, vii. 425  
Inspire, *to breathe into*, xiv. 105  
Insufferable, *unbearable*, x. 194

Insurance, *affiance*, iii. 136  
 Insure, *to assure*, iv. 220  
 Intea, *into*, vi. 71  
 Intellection, *knowledge*, i. 124;  
     *understanding*, ii. 263  
 Intellectual, *intellectual*, i. 12  
 Intelligence, *watch, spying*, x. 174;  
     *a spy*, xi. 337  
 Intelligencer, *a spy, informer*, xi. 319, 554  
 Intelliment, *meaning*, i. 421  
 Intemperance, *lust*, viii. 303  
 Intend, *to pretend*, ii. 369  
 Intendiment, *intention*, x. 129  
 Intending, *intention*, i. 63  
 Intendment, *intention*, viii. 454  
 Intendments, *intentions*, xiv. 117  
 Intent, *intention*, xi. 455;  
     *purpose*, xi. 465  
 Intentive, *attentive*, vii. 172  
 Intermete, *intermeddle*, xii. 286  
 Inter-parley, vii. 186  
 Interrogative, *a question*, xi. 279  
 Intreat, *to treat*, i. 237  
 Invective, *abusive*, viii. 75  
 Inversation, i. 268  
 Invoke, *invoke*, xv. [210](#)  
 Inward, *intimate*, x. 38, 305, 434  
 Ipocras (wine), xi. 194  
 Ireful, *angry*, i. 81  
 Irked, *irksome*, ix. 176  
 Irremeable, *having no way of return*, xi. 567  
 Ise, *I will*, iii. 218  
 Ish, *I will*, i. 231, 232  
 Issue, *outlet*, xv. [88](#)  
 I-the, *to prosper*, i. 155  
 I-wis, *truly*, i. 42;  
     xii. 240  
 I-wiss, *truly*, i. 14  
  
 Jack, *jacket*, xi. 138  
 Jack-a-lent, xi. 262  
 Jack of beer, vii. 218  
 Jacksnipe, xiv. 450  
 Jack sprat, ii. 357  
 Jade, *a strumpet*, vi. 257  
 Jadishly, *like a jade*, xiv. 285  
 Jakes, *a privy*, x. 339  
 Jangler, *a babbler*, ix. 397;  
     *jester*, xii. 240  
 Janty, *jaunty*, xiv. 401, 506  
 Jape, *jest, trick*, iii. 245;  
     viii. 389  
 Japed, *deceived*, i. 171  
 Javel, *a fool*, iv. 150  
 Jawled, *nagged*, ix. 252  
 Jaxes, *privies*, ii. 276  
 Jealous, *suspicious*, xiii. 424  
 Jeltron, *shelter, shield*, i. 149  
 Jeopard (to), *risk*, i. 412;  
     ii. 252;  
     *to lay a bet*, iii. 309  
 Jeopardous, *hazardous*, i. 185  
 Jerted, *jerked*, viii. 52  
 Jerts, *jerks*, ii. 194  
 Jest, *deed*, vii. 186;  
     *part played in a mask*, viii. 114  
 Jet, *to go, strut*, i. 356, 384;  
     xiv. 176, 181  
 Jetter, *strutter*, i. 164, 384  
 Jetting, *strutting*, iii. 108;  
     vii. 191  
 Jis, *Jesus*, i. 168  
 Jobbed, *struck*, i. 442  
 Jobbernole, *pate (?)*, viii. 446  
 Job-nut, xiv. 306

Jockey, *Jack*, xii. 156  
 Jollity, i. 164  
 Jolly-tiraber'd, *finely-built*, vii. 145  
 Jouissance, *joy*, vii. 192, 493  
 Joust, i. 74  
 Joyen, *to rejoice*, i. 249  
 Joying, *rejoicing, joy*, ii. 297, 320  
 Jug, *a strumpet*, iv. 183;  
     *mistress*, vi. 511;  
     viii. 409;  
     *term of endearment*, xii. 115  
 Jumbler, *a strumpet*, x. 111  
 Juments, *beasts of burden*, xii. 234  
 Jump, *exactly*, iv. 366;  
     *to agree*, viii. 430;  
     x. 184;  
     *to eke*, xiii. 63  
 Jump'd, *agreed*, xiv. 248  
 Justicer, *a judge*, xiii. 462  
 Jut, *a jostle*, iii. 102  
 Jutty, *to jut*, iv. 121

Keep, *care*, i. 202; ii. 233  
 Keep touch, x. 9  
 Keisar, *emperor*, ix. 202  
 Kembeth, *combs*, xii. 242  
 Kembs, *combs*, xii. 463  
 Kempt, *combed*, i. 376  
 Ken, *to show, teach*, i. 273;  
     *to thank*, iv. 61  
 Kercher, *covering for head*, xiv. 464  
 Kerchief, *a covering for the head*, i. 429  
 Kern, *an Irish soldier*, iv. 308  
 Kest, *cast*, i. 179  
 Kestrel, *a hawk*, ix. 111  
 Kex, *hemlock*, ix. 534;  
     xiv. 309  
 Kickshaws (*for bashaw*), xii. 280  
 Kind, *nature*, i. 113;  
     iii. 312;  
     *natural*, i. 245;  
     "of kind," *naturally*, i. 246;  
     iii. 210  
 Kit, *a musical instrument*, i. 48  
 Killing, *a kitten*, x. 349  
 Kit-strings, *strings for the kit or fiddle*, xii. 220  
 Knack, *trick*, ii. 214  
 Knacking (to be), iv. 121  
 Knacks, *knick-knacks*, i. 349;  
     viii. 157  
 Knap, *blow*, i. 422;  
     *to knock*, i. 428  
 Kneve, *knave*, viii. 122  
 Knit, *bound, united*, xi. 473;  
     xiv. 153  
 Knocked bread, i. 405  
 Knotted (*read netted*), *cut*, ii. 135  
 Knottle, *knotted*, iii. 333  
 Knowing, *knowledge*, i. 249  
 Knowledge, *to acknowledge*, i. 293  
 Knowlition, *knowledge*, i. 89  
 Ko, *quote*, iii. 103  
 Kock's nowns, *God's wounds (an oath)*, iii. 79  
 Koss, *kiss*, iii. 75

Lack, *like*, vi. 71  
 Lacquey, *to act as lacquey*, xiv. 111  
 Lad, *led*, i. 160  
 Lade, *load*, i. 31  
 Ladyfied, *made a lady*, x. 321  
 Ladyware, *genital organs*, v. 345  
 Laft, *left*, i. 28, 68  
 Lag, *late*, ii. 252;  
     *to linger*, x. 48  
 Laken (=lady-kin), *the Virgin Mary*, x. 497  
 Lambak, *to beat*, vi. 204

Lamback, *to beat*, vi. 204  
 Lambak or Lamback, *to strike*, viii. 305  
 Lambswool, ix. 424  
 Lanard, ix. 379  
 Lance presado, *the leader of a half file of soldiers*, xiv. 328  
 Landskip, *landscape*, x. 178;  
     xiv. 300;  
     xv. [116](#)  
 Lang, *long*, vi. 73  
 Lap-clap, *to embrace*, ix, 252  
 Larum, *alarm*, iv. 320;  
     xiii. 110  
 Lash, *snare*, vi. 254  
 Lass, *less*, i. 256  
 Late, *lately*, i. 6  
 Lathe, *barn*, xii. 507  
 Latten, *brass*, ix. 393  
 Laud, *to praise*, i. 131;  
     *praise*, i. 54, 397  
 Laundress, *a woman employed at an Inns-of-Court*, x. 275;  
     xiii. 231  
 Lave, *long*, ix. 304  
 Laverock, *lark*, i. 425  
 Lavolta, *a dance*, ix. 408.  
 Lavoltoe, xiv. 111  
 Lawless, *illegal*, ix. 74  
 Lay (= waylay), xiii. 253  
 Layk, *like*, vi. 76  
 Lay out, "*put out to interest*" xi. 363  
 Laytell, *little*, vi. 72  
 Lazars, *lepers*, viii. 70  
 Lead, *a caldron*, iii. 231  
 Leady, *heavy*, i. 85  
 Lease, *a leash*, iii. 355  
 Leech, *surgeon*, i. 168;  
     *physician*, x. 115  
 Lefe, *dear*, xii. 288  
 Leg, *a bow*, xiv. 443.  
 Leger wafers, xii. 334  
 Leman, *a sweetheart, concubine, mistress*, ii. 20;  
     iv. 143;  
     *note*, xiii. 497;  
     xiv. 296  
 Leme, *gleam*, i. 64  
 Lemen, *laymen*, vi. 71  
 Lenger, *longer*, i. 29, 103  
 Lenity, *softness*, v. 388  
 Lese, *to lose*, i. 74, 83, 156;  
     iv. 194  
 Lesing, *leasing, falsehood*, i. 119;  
     i. 159  
 Lest, *list*, i. 247;  
     *please*, i. 80  
 Let, *hindrance*, i. 347, 351;  
     x. 150;  
     *to hinder*, ii. 7, 387;  
     iv. 93;  
     *to refrain*, i. 252  
 Leteth, *let (imperative)*, xii. 286  
 Leve, *dear*, iii. 208  
 Lewd, *foolish*, xiii. 442;  
     *ignorant*, i. 35, 36  
 Lewdness, *ignorance*, i. 270;  
     iv. 121  
 Lewt, *a lout*, i. 255  
 Libbard, *leopard*, xiv. 325  
 Libbards, *leopards*, xiii. 282  
 Liberal, *licentious*, v. 136  
 Liberally, *licentiously*, xi. 194  
 Lie, *urine*, x. 340  
 Lie at ward, *a fencing term*, viii. 149  
 Lief, *soon*, i. 20  
 Lieger, vii. 417;  
     *ledger, resident*, xiii. 271  
 Liever, *sooner*, i. 35  
 Life-vain *life's vein* i 152



Lift, *a term used in card playing*, x. 186  
 Lig, *to lie*, xii. 257  
 Ligg, *lie*, xii. 507  
 Light, *easy*, i. 25;  
     "by this light," *an oath*, i. 33;  
     x. 298  
 Light-a-love, vii. 296  
 Light-bolt, *lightning-bolt*, xi. 312  
 Lighted, *lightened*, i. 126  
 Light-fingered, ii. 167  
 Lightly, *easily*, vii. 304  
 Lightness, *levity*, ii. 318  
 Light-skirt, *a woman of light reputation*, ix. 127  
 Like, *to please*, i. 31, 137;  
     ii. 213;  
     xi. 225, 499;  
     *likely*, i. 88  
 Likelihood, *likeness*, i. 55;  
     *probability* xi. 15  
 Liking, *pleasure*, i. 80, 247, 269;  
     xii. 378  
 Lilburn, *a term of abuse*, iii. 103  
 Limber, *pliant*, x. 363  
 Lim'd, *snared*, v. 80  
 Lin, *to cease*, ii. 116;  
     viii. 447  
 Lind, *to lend*, i. 255  
 Lindabrides, *a strumpet*;  
     *note*, xiv. 478  
 Lines, *lineages*, xii. 251  
 Linger, *to prolong* (?), viii. 440  
 Linstock, *a stick with a match at the end, used by gunners*, xiv. 141  
 Lip-clip, *to kiss*, ix. 252  
 Liripup, *art, craft*, iii. 322  
 List, *pleasure*, i. 24, 29;  
     *please*, i. 79;  
     xi. 487;  
     *pleases*, iv. 15  
 Lither, *bad*, iii. 250;  
     vii. 418  
 Livelihood, *liveliness* (?), x. 185  
 Lively, *lifelike*, xi. 514  
 Livery, *to sue, to recover property*, ix. 482  
 Living-giver, *a master*, xi. 465  
 Loadam (=lodam), *a game at cards*, ix. 101  
 Loading, *laden*, xiv. 248  
 Loathful, *hateful, distasteful*, i. 111  
 Loave-ears, *long-ears*, xiv. 321  
 Lob, *term of contempt*, ii. 221;  
     *fool, lout*, iii. 272;  
     viii. 448  
 Lobbish, *blockish*, iii. 268  
 Lobcock, *a fool*, iv. 75;  
     *foolish*, ix. 241  
 Lobcocked, ix. 288  
 Lob's pound, *a snare*, xv. [32](#)  
 Lock and hasp, ii. 338  
 Lode, *leading*, i. 50  
 Lode star, *leading star*, v. 103  
 Loggerhead, *a blockhead*, x. 478  
 Loggerheaded, *blockhead*, vi. 177  
 Logheaded, *blockhead*, iv. 65  
 Lombard, *banker*, i. 266  
 Long, *to belong*, i. 255;  
     *a long time*, i. 149  
 Long coat, *a nurse*, xi. 464  
 Long of, *on account of*, ii. 300  
 Loose, *purge*, xv. [316](#)  
 Looover, *opening in the roof, sky-light*, viii. 320;  
     xi. 105  
 Lope, *to run*, vi. 70  
 Lore, *learning*, i. 60;  
     *lost*, i. 413;  
     *to teach*, xii. 241  
 Lorn *lost* i 271

Losel, *a loose, worthless fellow*, iii. 128, 218;  
     *good for nothing*, viii. 341  
 Loselled, *loesel, worthless (?)*, ix. 288  
 Losopher, *a philosopher*, i. 40  
 Losophy, *philosophy*, i. 42  
 Lout, iii. 103  
 Loud and still, *openly and secretly*, i. 269  
 Lough, *to low*, xii. 507  
 Lour, *to look sad*, ii. 290  
 Louse (to), *to pick of lice*, viii. 69  
 Louser, *a catcher of lice*, iv. 118  
 Lousious, *luscious*, iv. 73  
 Loute, *to bow*, xii. 507  
 Louted, *treated as a loutish stupid*, iii. 97  
 Loutishness, *stupidity*, iii. 117  
 Love-longing, i. 247  
 Love's dance, i. 156  
 Loving, *love*, iv. 15  
 Low, *to allow*, iii. 136  
 Loy, St, ii. 117  
 Lozel, *a worthless fellow*, vii. 155  
 Lub, *love*, iii. 67  
 Lug, *to pull, drag by the ear*, i. 231;  
     ix. 304  
 Lugs, *the ears*, ix. 215  
 Luke, *look*, vi. 73  
 Lull, *to seize by the ear (?)*, ii. 211  
 Lulling, iv. 120  
 Lumpurdy-clumperdy, iii. 92  
 Lumpish, *dull*, xii. 212  
 Lungis, *a lubber*, viii. 53  
 Lurden, *a term of reproach*, i. 76;  
     *a lout*, ix. 289  
 Lusk, *sluggard*, ix. 462  
 Luskish, *slow*, viii. 370  
 Lust, *to please*, i. 292;  
     iii. 102;  
     *to desire*, ii. 119  
 Lusty, *pleasant*, i. 48  
 Luxur, *a lecher*, x. 8  
 Lycand, *pleasing*, xii. 254  
 Lytherly, *bad*, xii. 241

Maculate, *to spot, soil*, i. 225  
 Mad, *to madden*, x. 169  
 Madding, *mad*, v. 185  
 Maddle-coddle, *foolish*, vi. 391  
 Made, "we're made," = *our fortunes are made*, xii. 211  
 Magnifico, *a grandee*, xi. 453  
 Maids, *thornbacks*, xii. 113  
 Mail, *wallet*, vi. 511  
 Maim'd, *wounded*, v. 13  
 Maintain, *to encourage*, iii. 155  
 Maintenance, *servitude*, xi. 468  
 Make ready, *to dress*, xiii. 489  
 Make, *mate*, iii. 24  
 Maked, *matched*, i. 252  
 Maker, *poet*, ii. 112  
 Making, *mating*, xi. 144  
 Malcontent, *discontented*, xiv. 107  
 Malcontented, *discontented*, x. 162  
 Malecotoon, *peach*, xii. 236  
 Malison, *curse*, iii. 181  
 Malkin, *a term of contempt*, iii. 65  
 Malvoisin, *Malmsey wine*, i. 24  
 Manchet, *white bread*, viii. 160  
 Manhood, *manliness*, xi. 459  
 Mankin, *manly, furious*, ii. 216  
 Mankind, *manlike*, vii. 319;  
     *ferocious*, viii. 439  
 Mankine, *masculine*, iii. 146  
 Mannerly, *well-behaved*, vii. 162  
 Man-of-war, *constable*, i. 185  
 Manship, vii. 417  
 Mantle-tree, *mantlepiece*, ix. 222

Marchpane, ix. 424;  
     xi. 540;  
     *note*, xii. 235  
 Mare, *nightmare*, "let pass away the mare," i. 57;  
     "two-legged mare," *the gallows*, iii. 335  
 Margarites, *pearls*, xii. 475  
 Margent, *margin*, ix. 169  
 Marish, *marshy*, x. 161  
 Marl, *marvel*, x. 504  
 Marl'd, *marvelled*, xi. 284  
 Marmoset, *monkey*, xiii. 298;  
     xiv. 285  
 Marry, *the Virgin Mary*, xi. 461  
 Marry a God, *marry, the Virgin Mary*, vii. 477  
 Marshal (of the revels), i. 45  
 Martialist, v. 9;  
     *a soldier*, viii. 440;  
     xiii. 462  
 Martyrdom, *suffering*, x. 149  
 Marybone, *marrow-bone*, ii. 79  
 Masculine, *male*, xi. 452  
 Maship, *mastership*, i. 367;  
     iii. 65  
 Massiness, *massiveness*, x. 131  
 Massy, *massive*, ii. 329;  
     xi. 339  
 Masterdom, *power*, viii. 250  
 Mastlin, *mixed metal*, ix. 411  
 Match, *rival*, ii. 349  
 Maternal (tongue), *mother (tongue)* i. 7  
 Matron, *an old crone*, i. 72  
 Matt, *the mass*, iii. 146  
 Maugre, *in spite of*, xi. 316;  
     xii. 288  
 Maukins, *note*, viii. 258  
 Maumet, *puppet*, x. 167  
 Mavors, *Mars*, xii. 451  
 Maw, *term used in card-playing*, ix. 387;  
     x. 539  
 Mayhap, *perhaps*, i. 66  
 Maze, *to amaze*, iv. 65  
 Mazzard, *pate*, xi. 47  
 Me, *expletive*, x. 280;  
     xi. 102  
 Meacock, *a milksop*, iv. 118  
 Meads, *meadows*, vii. 295  
 Mean, "a mean," i. 9;  
     "the mean season," *meantime*, i. 48;  
     "in a mean," *of a medium size, moderate*, i. 62;  
     v. 285, 293  
 Measure, *moderation*, i. 258  
 Meaze, *form of a hare*, ix. 44  
 Meditation, *mediation*, xv. [19](#)  
 Meed, *reward*, iii. 231  
 Meet with, *to serve out*, vii. 462;  
     *to be even with*, xiii. 62  
 Megrim, *megrims*, i. 160; xv. [30](#)  
 Melancholy, *madness*, i. 84  
 Melist, *it pleases me*, i. 154  
 Mell, *to meddle*, iii. 248  
 Mending, *amendment*, i. 153  
 Mends, *amends*, v. 299  
 Merce, *to amerce*, ix. 487  
 Merchant, *person, fellow, chap*, i. 69;  
     ii. 255, 383;  
     xi. 28;  
     iii. 8;  
     *rogue*, xii. 165  
 Merchantman, *merchant*, xii. 158  
 Mercurials, xi. 301  
 Mere, *pure, perfect*, vii. 270  
 Merely, *quite, absolutely*, x. 204  
 Merk, *to darken*, xii. 507  
 Meseem, *meseems*, vi. 62  
 Meseraics, xi. 303

Met, *dreamt*, xii. 242  
 Metamorphose, *to change, transmute*, xi. 488  
 Mete, *to measure out a reward*, viii. 304;  
     *to measure*, ix. 557;  
     *measured*, x. 37  
 Metely, *fitly, meetly*, i. 48  
 Meteoroscope, xi. 344  
 Metheglin, xiii. 32  
 Methink, *methinks*, i. 9  
 Mettles, vii. 146  
 Meve, *to move*, i. 244;  
     iv. 98  
 Mew'd, *confined, restrained*, i. 60  
 Meyne, *company*, i. 262  
 Mich, *much*, i. 22  
 Micher, *a truant, flincher*, i. 164;  
     viii. 57;  
     ix. 550;  
     x. 332  
 Mickle, *great, much*, i. 249;  
     iii. 86;  
     viii. 151;  
     xii. 507  
 Middles, *midst*, i. 16  
 Middle-earth, i. 250  
 Midsummer-ale, *note*, xiii. 503  
 Mightly, *mightily*, i. 248  
 Milksop, vii. 127  
 Mincing, ii. 290  
 Mind, *to intend*, iii. 45  
 Minion, *favourite, darling*, ii. 169;  
     iii. 159;  
     xi. 19;  
     xiv. 100;  
     *servant*, vii. 293  
 Minionly, *mincingly*, ii. 346  
 Minish, *to diminish*, i. 141, 417  
 Minister, *to administer*, xii. 104  
 Mischief, *misfortune*, i. 23, 234  
 Mischievous, *unfortunate*, i. 188  
 Misdemean, *to misjudge*, ii. 119  
 Miser, *wretched*, ii. 252;  
     *a wretch*, vii. 62;  
     viii. 343  
 Miserable, *compassionate*, vi. 360  
 Mislike, *to dislike*, i. 386;  
     ii. 345;  
     xi. 530;  
     *to displease*, iv. 35  
 Miss, *to be wanting to*, i. 90;  
     *to lose*, i. 215;  
     *to fail*, ii. 225;  
     iv. 54;  
     *fault, sin*, i. 147, 186, 192  
 Mister, *to serve, be needful*, i. 264;  
     *to need*, i. 347  
 Misterm, vii. 493  
 Mistress, *note*, xii. 120, 165  
 Mistrust, *mistrust*, i. 203  
 Misuse, *to abuse, commit adultery*, i. 308  
 Misusing, *abuse*, i. 193  
 Mit (=mist?), i. 356  
 Mo, *more*, i. 7, 246  
 Mockage, *mockery*, iii. 135  
 Mocking-stock, vii. 176  
 Model, *plan*, x. 65  
 Modesty, *moderation*, x. 475  
 Moiling, *toiling*, xiii. 7  
 Moilingest, *most toilsome*, x. 259  
 Molt, *molten*, x. 335  
 Moly, *note*, viii. 228  
 Mome, *a fool*, ii. 315  
 Moneth, *month*, ii. 179  
 Monethmayndes, (= month-minds), *monthly remembrances of the departed*, vi. 72  
 Moneths, *months*, iii. 183

Monition, *admonition*, i. 132;  
     ii. 270  
 Moon, *frenzy*, x. 50  
 Moot, *talk*, iv. 258;  
     *to plead*, ix. 180  
 Mooting, *discussion*, ix. 183  
 Mooting night, *note*, xii. 276  
 Moped, *moping*, xv. 521  
 Mopish, *foolish*, ii. 255  
 Moppet, *a term of endearment*, viii. 308  
 Moral, "a moral play," i. 99  
 More, *greater*, x. 118  
 Morglay, *note*, xii. 286  
 Morion, *helmet*, xii. 488  
 Morn, "to-morn," *to-morrow*, ii. 283  
 Mort, *a loose woman*, viii. 156  
 Most, *greatest*, i. 113  
 Most-part, *ad. mostly*, i. 30  
 Mot, *may*, i. 256, 257;  
     xv. [418](#)  
 Mote, *may*, ii. 255;  
     xii. 241  
 Motion, *movement*, x. 119;  
     *puppet-show*, x. 135;  
     *puppet*, *note*, xiii. 420;  
     xiv. 412  
 Motley, *a fool*, x. 525  
 Motte, *witty saying*, xi. 401  
 Mought, *might*, i. 249;  
     iv. 306  
 Mounseer, *a Frenchman*, xiv. 32  
 Mount Saint, *game of cards*, x. 186  
 Moustachio, xi. 76  
 Movings, *motions*, i. 11  
 Mow, *to make grimaces*, 1. 246;  
     *to mock*, viii. 49  
 Mowing, *making grimaces*, ii. 211;  
     *mouthng*, x. 493  
 Mowt, *might*, vi. 72  
 Much, *very*, i. 379  
 Muck, *riches*, xiii. 7  
 Mued, *moulted*, xi. 360  
 Muliebrity, *womanhood*, v. 345  
 Mum, *silent*, i. 74;  
     *silence*, iii. 352  
 Mumchance, *note*, xii. 120  
 Mummery, *masking*, v. 300  
 Mun, *must*, iii. 159;  
     vi. 74;  
     xv. [143](#)  
 Mundungo, *tobacco*, xiv. 291  
 Murlons, *merlins (hawks)*, iv. 70  
 Murnival, *a term used in card-playing*, xi. 217  
 Murrain, *plague, curse*, xiii. 160;  
     *plaguy, very*, xv. [144](#)  
 Murrainer, *worse (?)*, iii. 221  
 Murrainly, *much, exceedingly*, iii. 213  
 Murrion, *murrain*, iii. 180  
 Muscadine (wine), ix. 526  
 Muscadine, *muscadel*, xi. 491  
 Muss, *a term of abuse*, ix. 367  
 Musselden, *muscadine*, iv. 73  
 Mussers, *hiding-places*, x. 294  
 Mutin, *mutinous*, iv. 258  
 Muzzling, iv. 120  
 Mynock (myn hock), vi. 242  
  
 Naked, *without weapons*, xiv. 334;  
     *note*, 511  
 Nale, "at nale," (=atten *ale*) *at the ale-house*, i. 166;  
     *ale*, vi. 73  
 Napery, *napkin*, xv. [159](#)  
 Nat, *not*, iii. 177  
 Natural, *an idiot*, xi. 453  
 Naturate, *natural*, i. 11

Naturing, *bringing into birth*, i. 11  
 Naunt, *aunt, whore*, xiii. 161  
 Nawl, *an awl*, iii. 210  
 Nay, *denial*, iii. 38  
 Ne, *nor*, i. 226  
 Near, *nearer*, ii. 125;  
     iii. 64;  
     xi. 46  
 Nearhand, *nearly*, iii. 31  
 Neat, *finely-dressed*, vii. 286  
 Neck verse, i. 159  
 Neele, *needle*, iii. 180  
 Neighbourhood, *neighbourliness*, xii. 67  
 Nem, *take*, xii. 287  
 Nempd, *named*, xii. 242  
 Nessary, *necessary*, i. 253  
 Nething, *nothing*, vi. 72  
 New, "a new day," i. 86  
 New-joint (to), ix. 556  
 Next, *nearest*, i. 27;  
     ix. 441;  
     *nearest of kin*, x. 196;  
     *the next heir*, x. 31  
 Nice, i. 116; *foolish*, i. 235;  
     *tender, delicate*, ii. 272;  
     *coy*, xi. 531  
 Nicely, *quietly*, iii. 232  
 Niches in the wall, *note*, xv. [216](#)  
 Nick (of time), xii. 390;  
     xv. [47](#), [60](#);  
     *a term used in dicing*, ii. 171  
 Nicking, *using a beer-can with a raised bottom, hence giving short measure*, xii. 334  
 Nidiot, *idiot*, ii. 303  
 Nifling, *trifling*, xiv. 317  
 Niggers (= snigs), *an oath*, xiii. 6, 22  
 Niggersnoggers, *an oath*, xiii. 5, 10  
 Niggler, *sporter*, xiv. 313  
 Nill, *will not*, vi. 475;  
     vii. 108;  
     x. 474  
 Nim, *to take*, xiv. 350  
 Nimmer, *thief*, xi. 370  
 Ningle, *a term of endearment*, xiv. 297  
 Nipitaty, *note*, viii. 60  
 Nippitate, *note*, vii. 445  
 Niset, *a term of endearment*, ii. 22  
 Niters, *note*, xi. 430  
 Nitty-napry, xiv. 344  
 Nod, *noddy*, ii. 130  
 Noddlehead, x. 328  
 Noddy, *nobody*, iv. 17  
 Noiling, *noise (?)*, iii. 230  
 Noise, *band*, x. 263;  
     *note*, xii. 281  
 Noisome, *poisonous, noxious*, xii. 192  
 Nol, *pate*, vi. 253  
 Noly, ii. 171  
 Norice, *nurse*, xii. 241  
 Nostrils, *nostrils*, i. 376  
 Not, *nought*, i. 321  
 Notable, *well-known*, i. 69  
 Note, *mark*, ix. 427  
 Notes, *signs*, vii. 187  
 Nother, *nor*, i. 22;  
     *neither*, i. 200, 368  
 Nothing, *not at all*, i. 7  
 Noughtiness, *badness*, ii. 317  
 Noughty, *naughty, bad*, ii. 307  
 Nouns, *zounds*, x. 260  
 Nowl, *an owl*, ii. 113  
 Noy, *annoy*, ii. 109  
 Nuddled, *note*, xiv. 62  
 Nup, *a fool*, ix. 367  
 Nupson, *a fool*, ix. 458  
 Nurslings, ix. 453

Nusled, *nurtured*, in. 44

Obediency, *obedience*, xi. 486

Obeisance, *obedience*, i. 59

Obeying, *obedient to*, xii. 570

Obstination, *obstinacy*, i. 164

Occident, *west*, i. 18

Occupier, *a merchant*, x. 308

Occupy, *cohabit*, xii. 137

Occurents, *occurrences*, xi. 475

Odsnigs, *an oath*, xii. 249

Of, *by, concerning*, ii. 274

Officious, *diligent in office*, ii. 339

Oft *among, often, at intervals*, i. 7

Ointment, *unction*, i. 132

Old, *much*, ix. 381

Oliv'd, *note*, xii. 239

Olivet, xiv. 344

On, *of*, i. 59

On-begging, *a-begging*, vi. 399

One, "at one," *friendly*, vi. 57;

"in one," *at one*, vi. 148

One's, *some one's*, xi. 443

On's, *of his*, xi. 453

Oon, *one*, xv. [424](#)

Ooze, *mud*, xii. 492

Ope, *open*, x. 116;

xiii. 31

Open-arses, *medlars*, xiv. 414

Opinionated, *thought of*, viii. 139

Opportuneful, *opportune*, iv. 374

Opunctly, *opportunately*, xi. 264

Oration, *prayer*, i. 409

Orbicularly, *around, circularly*, i. 14.

Ordinately, *in order*, ii. 217

Orient, i. 296;

*east*, i. 18

Orient pearl, xi. 489

Orison, *vow*, vii. 431;

*prayer*, i. 89;

x. 121

Other, *or*, i. 409

Otherwhere, *elsewhere*, iii. 266

Outcoming, *a coming out*, i. 255

Outcry, *auction*, xiv. 445

Outgnawn, *gnawed out*, iv. 338

Outher, *either*, i. 202

Outlandish, *foreign*, xiii. 43;

v. 262

Outnick, xv. [60](#)

Outraged, *rased, scraped out*, i. 293

Outsearch, i. 102

Outsep, *except*, vi. 392

Outvoice, xi. 86

Outward, *outer*, i. 484

Overbarring, viii. 77

Overblown, *blown over*, xi. 74

Overcrow, *to overcome, subdue*, viii. 452

Overlove, vii. 23

Overpeer, ix. 404

Oversayne, *to oversay*, i. 33

Overslip, *to omit*, xi. 490

Over-year, xi. 401

Owe, *own*, i. 202;

v. 232;

ix. 471;

xi. 124

Pacifical, *peacemaking*, xii. 270

Pagend, *pageant*, xv. [423](#)

Paicture, *picture*, vi. 74

Pain, *pains*, i. 7;

*to take pains*, iv. 33

Paining, *suffering*, i. 81

Pair, *pack*, vi. 421

Paiche, *passion* iii. 130

1. *passion*, *passion*, iii. 130  
 Pall, *robe*, vii. 106  
 Palliardize, *dirty*, viii. 135  
 Palmer, *the rod, a schoolmaster* (?), ii. 275  
 Palter, *to mumble, speak indistinctly or shufflingly*, iii. 205  
 Paltry, *rubbish*, viii. 137  
 Palyes, *palace*, xii. 253  
 Pander, *panderer*, viii. 148;  
     xi. 520, 546  
 Panderise, *to act as panderer*, x. 294  
 Pantable, *pantofle, slipper*, iv. 67;  
     vii. 409;  
     xv. [105](#)  
 Pantler, *the keeper of a pantry*, iv. 491  
 Parachitoe, xiv. 289  
 Parages, *rank, lineage*, iii. 66  
 Parator, *apparitor*, ix. 307  
 Parbreak, *to vomit*, viii. 462  
 Parcel, *part*, x. 275  
 Parcels, *parts*, xii. 62  
 Pardy, }  
 Perde, } *by God*, i. 111, 154; ii. 221  
 Paril, *peril*, vi. 74  
 Parley, *to speak*, ix. 477  
 Parliament (= parament), *apparel*, vi. 312  
 Parlous, *perilous, great*, x. 77  
 Parlously, *perilously*, xiv. 395  
 Part, *to share*, i. 243  
 Partaker, *a sharer*, vii. 255  
 Parted, *shared*, i. 67  
 Partiner, *partner*, i. 126  
 Partlet, *a ruff*, i. 350  
 Parts, *parties*, iii. 248;  
     *conflicts*, vii. 401  
 Party, *person*, x. 123  
 Pash'd, *crushed*, viii. 314  
 Pass, *to care*, ii. 47;  
     *care*, ii. 171, 301;  
     *to surpass*, i. 408;  
     *exalt*, vii. 352;  
     *to exceed (belief)*, ix. 364;  
     *passage*, xi. 375  
 Passable (*pun on*), xii. 220  
 Passage, *game at dice*, i. 266;  
     xi. 431;  
     *note*, xii. 120  
 Passages, *love-passages*, x. 194;  
     *what has passed between two persons*, xi. 14, 33.  
 Passes, *surpasses*, xiii. 105  
 Passing measures, *a slow dance*, ix. 408  
 Passion, *suffering*, i. 274;  
     *a love sonnet*, xi. 327  
 Passion-a-me, *an oath*, xi. 522  
 Pastance, *pastime*, i. 23;  
     iii. 88  
 Patch, *a fool*, iii. 186;  
     iv. 220;  
     x. 493;  
     xi. 140  
 Patter, *to talk*, i. 181  
 Paunch, *to stab*, ix. 451  
 Paunch'd, *wounded in the belly*, v. 26  
 Paxes, *pax-breads* (?), iii. 11  
 Pay, *pleasure*, iv. 71  
 Paynim, *pagan*, xii. 229  
 Peach, *to impeach, accuse*, i. 157  
 Peaching, *blabbing*, xv. [29](#)  
 Peak, *to be peaky*, ii. 212  
 Peaking, *prying* (?), vii. 437  
 Peakish mome, ii. 208  
 Pearl, *note*, xiv. 424  
 Pearmains, xii. 328  
 Pease (a), iv. 224  
 Peat, *pet*, vii. 475;  
     ix. 369;  
     xiv. 321



Peccant, *sinner*, xiv. 355  
 Pectorals, xiv. 321  
 Pee-dee, *note*, xiv. 289  
 Peel, Pele, *a baker's rod or shovel*, i. 424  
 Peer, *equal*, i. 26;  
     *to look at*, iv. 353  
 Peevish, *foolish*, ii. 304  
 Pelf, *riches, wealth*, xi. 466  
 Pelican, xii. 174  
 Pelt, *a blow (?)*, ii. 391  
 Peltingly, *paltry (?)*, viii. 350  
 Pelts, *shields*, xii. 477  
 Penitency, *penitence*, xi. 458  
 Pennyfather, *miser*, vii. 300;  
     xi. 468  
 Pented, *painted*, vi. 74  
 Peppercorn, *note*, xii. 280  
 Peradventure, *hazard*, ix. 17  
 Percase, *perhaps*, i. 67; ii. 109  
 Perdue, *a soldier on a forlorn hope*, xii. 235  
 Perdurable, *everlasting*, i. 64  
 Perdy, *by God*, i. 43  
 Perfectness, *perfection*, vii. 302  
 Perfit, *perfect*, i. 7, 61, 353  
 Perfitly, *perfectly*, i. 383  
 Perilsome, *perilous*, viii. 46  
 Period, *end*, x. 170;  
     xi. 472, 563  
 Perk, *to perch*, iv. 124  
 Perpend, iv. 167, 236  
 Perry, *a squall*, vii. 482  
 Personable, iii. 32  
 Personally, *in person*, i. 28  
 Perspicil, *a telescope*, xi. 311  
 Persuase, *persuasion*, vii. 376  
 Perturb, *to disturb*, i. 217  
 Perturbation, *disturbance*, xi. 86  
 Pervart, *perverted*, ii. 58  
 Pervert, *perverted*, i. 200  
 Pes, *haunch*, iii. 181  
 Pesle-mesle, *pell-mell*, v. 246  
 Pestens, *pestilent, bad*, iv. 82  
 Pester, iii. 32  
 Pestilent, *troublesome*, iii. 11  
 Pestilently, *badly*, iii. 271  
 Pestle, *gammon, leg*, iv. 82  
 Petitory, *petitionary*, ix. 341  
 Pettifogger, *attorney*, vi. 281;  
     ix. 264  
 Pettifogging, *cheating*, ix. 238  
 Pettyfogging (groom), *a knavish lawyer*, x. 356  
 Phalange, *phalanx*, ix. 362  
 Pheer (= feer), *companion*, iv. 263;  
     xiii. 425  
 Philosophy (natural), i. 6  
 Philtres, xiv. 520  
 Phlegm, "easy phlegm," xv. [199](#)  
 Phlegmy, xv. [117](#)  
 Physnomy, *face, note*, xiv. 253, 320  
 Pick, *sharp point*, vii. 318  
 Pickadel, *part of a doublet*, xi. 17  
 Picking, *pilfering*, vii. 214  
 Pickle, *plight*, viii. 364  
 Pick-thank, xv. [29](#)  
 Piddling, *petty*, xiii. 143, 152  
 Piece, *a cup*, i. 178;  
     *a vessel*, ii. 232;  
     *creature*, xiii. 163;  
     *coin*, xiii. 8;  
     *woman*, xiv. 318, 479  
 Pigeon-holes, *note*, xii. 101, 120  
 Pight, *placed*, i. 249;  
     ix. 176;  
     *pitched*, i. 403;  
     *determined*, ii. 47

Pigsnie, *a term of endearment*, ii. 151;  
 xiii. 142  
 Pigsny, *a term of endearment*, iii. 80;  
 ix. 547  
 Pilfries, *pilferings*, xi. 303  
 Pill and poll, *to pilfer and to plunder*, x. 501  
 Pilling and polling, vi. 49  
 Pin, "a merry pin," i. 45  
 Pinch, "at a pinch," *in need*, xii. 365  
 Pinchback, viii. 76  
 Pinchgut, *miser*, xiv. 291  
 Pinder, *pinner*, viii. 232  
 Pinion, *term used in dicing*, ii. 35  
 Pink, *to gamble (?)*, ii. 35  
 Pinkany, *a term of endearment*, vii. 324  
 Pink'd, *peep'd*, xi. 117  
 Pinken eyes, *small eyes (?)*, xi. 71, 72  
 Pinky eyne, *small eyes*, vii. 167  
 Pins, *legs*, i. 181  
 Pioner, *pioneer*, x. 160  
 Pishes, *cries of pish*, xii. 298  
 Pissing, "a pissing while," iii. 224  
 Pistoles, *coins*, xv. [131](#)  
 Pistolets, *pistols*, xiv. 164;  
*coins*, xv. [126](#)  
 Piteousness, *pity*, x. 189  
 Pithily, *strongly*, i. 250  
 Pitiful, *merciful, compassionate*, i. 81, 288  
 Pittance, *a morsel of bread*, ii. 242  
 Plain, *to complain*, vi. 414  
 Plaint, *complaint*, vii. 83;  
 x. 189  
 Planch, *to patch all round*, iii. 176  
 Plantain, xv. [143](#)  
 Plantation, *colony*, xi. 467;  
 xv. [334](#)  
 Plantations, *colonies*, xiii. 274  
 Plat, *place*, ii. 297;  
 iii. 196  
 Platform, *note*, xiii. 336  
 Play fast and loose, xiii. 174  
 Pleasance, *pleasure*, i. 56  
 Pleasaunce, *pleasure*, xii. 240  
 Pleasure, *to give pleasure*, vi. 150;  
*to humour*, vi. 291;  
*to please*, viii. 299;  
 x. 134  
 Plenal, *full*, xiii. 153, 156  
 Plete, *to plead*, i. 262  
 Plight, *vow(?)*, i. 82;  
*to pledge*, i. 257;  
*a pledge, promise*, iv. 313;  
*sort, company*, iii. 173  
 Plotform, *plot, platform, note*, viii. 423  
 Pluck, *to drag, pull*, i. 72;  
 xiii. 285  
 Pluck'd, *pulled*, xi. 282  
 Pluck up heart, iv. 245  
 Plumb, *plummet*, x. 199  
 Pocky, xi. 463  
 Podstick (= pot-stick), *a staff*, ii. 114  
 Poetise, *to make poetry*, xi. 451  
 Poignant (sword), *sharp*, ii. 250  
 Poignet, *a little bodkin*, i. 351  
 Poinard, *poignard*, ix. 117  
 Point-device, *with great exactness*, i. 23, 44  
 Pointed, *appointed*, i. 33  
 Pointment, *appointment*, i. 33, 37  
 Points (untrussed), ix. 41  
 Poise, *weight*, x. 119, 146, 190  
 Poking-stick, *note*, viii. 161  
 Politicly, *craftily*, xii. 52  
 Poll, *to pill, rob*, i. 199  
 Poll'd, *having the hair cut*, iv. 81, 82  
 Polldennerv. *extortion*. ix. 229

Polling, *plunder*, iii. 118  
 Polt, *lame*, viii. 91  
 Pomander, *balls of perfume*, ix. 419  
 Ponderosity, *heaviness*, i. 14  
 Poopnoddy, *a fool*, ix. 242  
 Popinjay, *a parrot*, ii. 117  
 Porkling, *a pig*, viii. 369  
 Port, *manner, bearing, behaviour, courage*, ii. 248, 335;  
     vii. 293  
 Portace, }  
 Portass, }  
 Portesse, } *prayer-book, breviary*, iii. 24;  
     vii. 464;  
     viii. 393  
 Portraiture, *painting*, i. 62  
 Pose, *to question*, vii. 291  
 Poser, *examiner*, ix. 139  
 Posnets, *little pots*, xii. 328  
 Possems, *possets*, xiv. 296  
 Possess, *to inform*, ix. 483  
 Possessed, *acquainted, informed*, xiii. 144, 175  
 Passing, *pushing*, iii. 183  
 Post, *term used in dicing*, ii. 35;  
     *haste*, iv. 18, 19;  
     viii. 399;  
     *to haste*, v. 11;  
     vii. 203;  
     *messenger*, viii. 154;  
     x. 488;  
     "to ride post," ix. 102  
 Posting, *hastening*, xi. 488  
 Posts, *supports (?)*, i. 75  
 Pot (go to), ii. 252;  
     vi. 66;  
     vii. 302  
 Potgun, *popgun*, iii. 141  
 Pothecary, *apothecary*, i. 178;  
     i. 346  
 Potluck, viii. 87  
 Pottle, *a half-gallon*, xi. 136, 195  
 Poult-foot, *club-foot*, xiv. 308  
 Pouped, *deceived*, iii. 194  
 Powdered, *salted*, viii. 320  
 Power, *force*, iv. 260  
 Poynado, *poignard*, xii. 524  
 Poynant, *sharp*, xii. 286  
 Practic, *practical*, xi. 98  
 Practice, *treason, plotting, plot*, vii. 451;  
     xiv. 128, 149  
 Præstigiatory, *juggling*, xi. 324  
 Praise-worth, *praiseworthy*, vii. 73  
 Prancome, *a trick*, iii. 177  
 Prank, *trick*, ii. 117, 230;  
     iii. 198;  
     *to adorn*, ix. 231  
 Pranker, *finer*, ix. 431  
 Prater, *a chatterer*, ii. 255  
 Pratty, *pretty*, viii. 23  
 Praty, *pretty*, i. 71, 165  
 Preachment, *a declaration*, ix. 307  
 Preacquainted, xiii. 487  
 Prease, *crowd*, vii. 53  
 Prebends, i. 226  
 Precious thief, ii. 143  
 Preciousness, xv. [103](#)  
 Predication, *preaching*, i. 235  
 Predycacyon, *preaching*, xv. [426](#)  
 Prefe, *proof*, i. 179  
 Pregnant, *full of wit*, xii. 111  
 Pregnant wits, i. 7  
 Prenticehood, *apprenticeship*, iii. 310  
 Presence, *company*, i. 35  
 Presently, *at once*, xi. 82  
 Presentment, *representation*, xiv. 280, 281  
 Prest. *readv*. i. 82. 248

Prester-Johnian, xii. 229  
 Prestly, *readily*, i. 253  
 Pretence, *intention*, iii. 307  
 Pretend, *to intend*, vii. 178;  
     ix. 283  
 Pretended, *intended*, iii. 13  
 Pretty man, i. 19  
 Prevent, *to forestall, anticipate*, ii. 250;  
     vii. 233;  
     xii. 101;  
     *go before*, xiii. 473  
 Prey, *prize*, ii. 360  
 Price, *prize, renown*, iii. 28  
 Prick, *to ride*, iv. 92  
 Prick-eared cur, i. 87  
 Prick-eared song, i. 48  
 Pricked, *dressed*, i. 244  
 Pricket, *a young buck*, ix. 149  
 Prickle, *prick*, v. 46;  
     *to prick*, xiv. 318  
 Pricks (on a gall), i. 14  
 Prick-shafts, xiii. 39  
 Prick-song, i. 48;  
     xi. 144  
 Priesthade, *priesthood*, vi. 72  
 Prime, *spring*, ix. 231  
 Primero, *term used in card-playing*, ix. 387  
 Prims, *pretty lasses*, i. 181  
 Princock, *a dandy*, ii. 170;  
     iv. 308  
 Princocks, vii. 442  
 Princox, *coxcorn*, xi. 126;  
     xii. 524  
 Prinkox, *a fop*, ii. 260  
 Prink up, iii. 6  
 Print, *to impress*, ii. 275  
 Privity, *secrecy*, i. 34  
 Privy council, *secret council*, i. 157  
 Proface, *note*, viii. 160  
 Proine, *to prune*, x. 160  
 Promise is debt, i. 137  
 Propagation, *conception*, i. 290  
 Proper, "a proper wench," i. 26;  
     *well-behaved*, i. 426;  
     *own*, viii. 148  
 Properties, (of a theatre), xiii. 274  
 Property, (of a stage), *a scene* (?), viii. 316  
 Propriety, *property*, xiv. 364  
 Prospective, *a view*, vii. 269  
 Provand, *plain, common*, xiv. 385  
 Prune, *to pick clean, trim*, xi. 361  
 Pucelage, *maidenhead*, i. 77  
 Pudder, *pothor, disturbance*, xiv. 444  
 Pudding-time, iii. 319  
 Pugging, *pulling*, iv. 120  
 Puisne, *puny*, x. 25  
 Puissance, *power*, i. 41  
 Puissant, *powerful*, xiii. 343  
 Pullen, *poultry*, iii. 239;  
     *chicken*, ix. 491  
 Pumps, *dancing-shoes*, xv. [360](#)  
 Pums, *a term of endearment*, i. 405  
 Punk, *a prostitute*, xiv. 60  
 Punks, ix. 471  
 Punto, *note*, xiv. 284  
 Purchase, *to obtain, get*, viii. 402;  
     *robbery*, xi. 304;  
     *a prize*, xii. 232;  
     xiii. 406  
 Purchasing, *getting*, xi. 490  
 Purfled, *trimmed*, ix. 417  
 Purgation, *cleansing*, i. 213  
 Purls, *hem or fringe*, xi. 134  
 Purple, *a disease*, i. 175  
 Purporting, iv. 173

Purpose (to), *to the purpose*  
Purpur, *purple*, i. 252  
Pursy, *fat*, viii. 369  
Purvey, *to provide*, i. 25  
Putting out, *lending money at interest*, xi. 190  
Pye, ii. 22  
Pyketh, *picks*, xii. 242  
Pyrdewy, i. 156

Quadragesimal, *lenten*, xii. 268  
Quail, *to terrify*, vi. 266;  
    *to languish*, vii. 48, 204  
Quaintly, *fitly*, xiii. 158  
Quapp, *to quake*, xii. 242  
Quarled, *curdled*, x. 84  
Quarry, xi. 404;  
    *game*, xiv. 379  
Quashed, *smashed*, i. 399  
Quass, *to quaff*, iii. 327  
Quatorzain, viii. 88  
Quaver, *to sing*, ii. 117  
Quean, *woman*, ii. 346  
Queasy, *sickly*, ii. 112;  
    xiii. 45;  
    xiv. 145  
Queck, *blow* (?), ii. 8  
Queen's game, ii. 34  
Quell, *to kill, subdue*, i. 79  
Quere, *quire*, i. 194  
Quest, *jury*, ii. 176;  
    *inquiry*, xiv. 343  
Quick, *living, alive*, i. 110;  
    v. 248  
Quick brimstone, *gunpowder*, i. 179  
Quid, *the what*, x. 363  
Quiddits, *quibbles*, v. 363  
Quiddle, iv. 81  
Quillets, *quibbles*, x. 289  
Quirister, *chorister*, vii. 470  
Quiristers, *choristers*, xv. [416](#)  
Quirk, *trick*, xv. [169](#)  
Quirks, *quibbles*, x. 125, 292  
Quit, *clear, free*, i. 132, 373;  
    *to acquit*, vi. 588  
Quite, *to requite*, viii. 175  
Quittance (to), x. 200  
Quod, *said*, iii. 31  
Quod-a, *quoth he*, ii. 81  
Quodestow, *saidest thou*, iii. 23  
Quoit, "to quoit away" (?), *to quit*, xiv. 208  
Quotha, *quoth he*, i. 23

Rabblement, *rabble*, iii. 35  
Rabbling, *intriguing*, iv. 143  
Raches, *a kind of dog*, ix. 148  
Raffraff, *riffraff*, viii. 39  
Rage, *fever*, i. 85  
Ragman rolles, }  
Ragman-rolls, } *bulls*, i. 234;  
    xv. [427](#)  
Rakehell, ix. 450  
Ramp, *a romp*, iii. 95, 215  
Rampallion, *rascal*, xi. 197  
Rampier, *rampart*, xii. 521  
Rampiers, *ramparts*, iv. 309; x. 326  
Ramping, *rampant*, i. 399;  
    *romping*, iii. 94  
Rampion (wine), i. 24  
Randall, *random*, vii. 360  
Rank, *row*, ix. 440  
Rapt, *ravished*, x. 358  
Rascal, *rabble*, ix. 223  
Rascal deer, ix. 148  
Rase, *race, channel*, i. 164;  
    *to erase*, xi. 53

Raspice (wine), i. 24  
 Rather, *sooner*, i. 364;  
     *earlier*, iii. 117  
 Ratsbane, *poison for rats*, xiv. 79  
 Rattled, *rated, scolded*, xiii. 112, 138  
 Raught, *reached, gave*, iv. 302;  
     *reft*, vii. 57  
 Rave, *to talk madly*, iii. 228  
 Ray, *array*, iii. 137;  
     *to soil*, viii. 87  
 Rayed, *soiled*, ix. 241  
 Razed, *rooted out*, iv. 337  
 Reach, *aim*, vii. 123;  
     *reaching cough*, xi. 43  
 Reading, *advice*, xi. 14  
 Rear, *to raise*, xi. 489  
 Rear-banquets, xiv. 293  
 Rearward, *rear*, v. 11  
 Reason, *right*, ii. 118;  
     "I'll do you reason," *I'll pledge you*, xv. [214](#)  
 Rebato, *an ornament for the neck, a kind of ruff*, x. 122  
 Recede, *withdrawal*, xiv. 312  
 Rech, *to care*, ii. 290;  
     *care for*, xii. 288  
 Reckless, *careless, reckless*, i. 298;  
     iii. 196  
 Reck, *to care*, i. 188;  
     vii. 68  
 Recoil, ii. 368  
 Reconcilement, *reconciliation*, ix. 52;  
     xii. 275;  
     xiii. 463;  
     xv. [89](#)  
 Record, *to sing*, v. 51;  
     viii. 154  
 Recorder, *a flageolet*, iii. 87  
 Recover, *to cause to recover*, viii. 467  
 Recoverance, *recovery*, i. 287  
 Recreance, *recreation*, vi. 32  
 Recreate, *to refresh*, xi. 511  
 Recure, *to recover*, i. 369;  
     vii. 107;  
     xii. 172;  
     *recovery*, ix. 52  
 Rede, *reed, counsel*, viii. 405  
 Reduce, *to bring back*, x. 280;  
     xii. 452  
 Reed, *to advise*, i. 181;  
     *advice*, ii. 257;  
     vi. 475;  
     vii. 337  
 Re-edified, *rebuilt*, xii. 200  
 Reek, *to smoke*, xi. 275  
 Reels, vii. 303  
 Refel, *to refute*, viii. 318  
 Refranes, *proverbs*, xi. 401  
 Reft, *bereft*, viii. 159  
 Refuge, *refuse*, vii. 335  
 Refuse me, *oath*, xiii. 5  
 Regiment, *rule*, viii. 77;  
     *authority*, xii. 505  
 Rehearsing, *repeating*, i. 61  
 Reject, *rejected*, i. 213  
 Remit, *to condone*, xi. 474  
 Remorseless, *pitiless*, ix. 504  
 Ren, *to run*, ii. 253  
 Renne, *to run*, i. 181, 246, 395;  
     iii. 70  
 Renowm, *renown*, iv. 338  
 Rent, i. 199  
 Rented, *rent, distracted*, ix. 133  
 Repass, *a term used in legerdemain*, x. 306  
 Reprefe, *reproof*, i. 120  
 Resolute, vii. 487  
 Resolution, i. 12

Resolve, *to make one acquainted with the resolution of another*, vii. 45;  
     *to dissolve*, vii. 46  
 Resolved, *dissolved*, xi. 62  
 Respective, *respectful*, vii. 396;  
     x. 342  
 Respire, *to revive*, xi. 67  
 Respite, *delay*, i. 103, 106  
 Rest, *stake*, xi. 363  
 Rested, *arrested*, i. 178  
 Resty, *restive*, vi. 32  
 Retchless, *reckless*, ii. 196  
 Retire, *retirement*, xiv. 312  
 Retrograde, *recreant*, x. 95  
 Reuth, *pity*, xii. 286  
 Reve, *to rive*, ii. 271  
 Revel, *sport, fun*, i. 371  
 Reven, *to rob (?)*, i. 252  
 Revengement, *revenge*, vii. 162  
 Rever, *robber*, viii. 155  
 Reverent, *reverential*, xi. 143  
 Revert, *to turn back*, xi. 476  
 Rew, *row*, i. 262  
 Rewarding, *a reward*, i. 63  
 Rewhayre, *require*, vi. 71  
 Rheuming, *ruminating (?)*, ix. 152  
 Rib, *wife*, xii. 214  
 Ribald, *prostitute*, i. 82  
 Ribble-rabble, *nonsense*, viii. 110  
 Riches (*singular*), i. 8  
 Rid, *rode*, v. 343  
 Ridder, *deliverer*, i. 216  
 Rig, *strumpet*, iii. 215  
 Righting, *setting right*, xv. [13](#);  
     xv. [55](#)  
 Rightwiseness, *righteousness*, i. 100  
 Rim, *verge, degree*, x. 22  
 Rine, *rind, cane*, i. 246;  
     ix. 244  
 Riot, *extravagance*, xii. 101  
 Ria, *branch (of a tree)*, i. 252  
 Rise-again, *a rising again*, i. 286  
 Roarer, *a bully, swaggerer*, xi. 139;  
     xii. 102  
 Rock, *distaff*, i. 65  
 Rode, *ridden*, x. 118  
 Roguery, *wantonness*, xii. 241  
 Roil, *to roam*, iii. 91  
 Roister, *roisterer*, iii. 307;  
     viii. 340  
 Roisters, *roisterers*, iii. 307, 320  
 Roisting, *roistering*, ii. 300;  
     iii. 348;  
     viii. 360  
 Romth, *space*, iii. 207  
 Ront, *runt, a term of abuse (?)*, viii. 366  
 Rood, *cross*, i. 26, 137;  
     ii. 36  
 Rood-tree, *cross*, i. 253  
 Roomer, "to cry roomer," *a nautical term*, x. 253  
 Roper, *ropemaker*, ii. 16  
 Rosary, *a place where roses grow*, x. 186  
 Rosy, *blushing*, xi. 306  
 Rot, *to destroy*, vii. 314  
 Rotten, *a rat*, iii. 216  
 Rought (= rout), *to roar, snore*, i. 270  
 Round, *to whisper*, v. 10;  
     ix. 365, 436;  
     *to encircle*, xiii. 184  
 Rounding, *whispering*, iii. 78  
 Roundly, *plainly*, xi. 471  
 Rouse, *to praise*, iii. 59  
 Rout, *company*, i. 260;  
     *to assemble*, iii. 137  
 Rowt, *to appear (in arms?)*, i. 256  
 Rub, *a term used by bowlers*, xi. 55

rubbers, "a rubbers," *a game of whist*, vii. 212  
 Ruddock, *redbreast*, iv. 72  
 Rudeness, *fault*, i. 294  
 Ru'd, *pitied*, xii. 370  
 Ruffle, *to swagger*, i. 402;  
     *to brandish*, i. 407  
 Ruffler, *a swaggerer*, i. 395  
 Ruinate, *to destroy, to ruin*, viii. 158, 184;  
     xi. 480;  
     *ruined*, xiv. 103  
 Rumney (wine), i. 24  
 Rumble, *to play wantonly*, viii. 389  
 Runagate, *renegade*, ix. 267  
 Ruth, *pity*, i. 256;  
     vii. 30;  
     *cruelty*, xiv. 138  
 Ruthful, *piteous*, v. 127  
 Rutter, *trooper*, v. 265

Sa, *so*, xii. 507  
 Sacket, xi. 340  
 Sacrament, "by God's sacrament," iii. 34  
 Sacrament (by Gog's), iii. 180  
 Sacring, *consecrating*, x. 235  
 Sad, *adj. sober, serious*, i. 20;  
     iv. 137  
 Sadder, *slower*, iii. 132  
 Sadly, *seriously*, iii. 78;  
     vii. 39  
 Sadness, *seriousness, sobriety of conduct*, i. 187;  
     iii. 124  
 Safe-conduct, i. 375  
 Safeguard, *to protect*, ix. 565;  
     x. 212  
 Sained, *blessed*, i. 261  
 Saker, *a gun*, xi. 325  
 Salacious, xiv. 344  
 Sale, *hall*, i. 243;  
     *shall*, vi. 71  
 Sallet, *a sort of helmet*, i. 396;  
     *sallad*, i. 397  
 Same, "in same," *together*, i. 245, 247  
 Sampler, v. 259  
 Sanctimonious, *holy*, x. 128  
 Sandry, *sundry*, vi. 74  
 Sanguine, *ruddy*, iv. 80  
 Sanguineous, *ruddy*, i. 54  
 Sans, *without*, i. 26;  
     xi. 104  
 Sate, *to satisfy*, xiv. 337  
 Sauce-box, *an impudent fellow*, x. 509;  
     xi. 536;  
     xv. [68](#)  
 Saunce-bell, *a bell rung at different parts of the mass-service*, x. 422  
 Saunt, *term used in card-playing*, ix. 387  
 Savour, *smell*, i. 20;  
     *to feel, experience*, i. 294;  
     *to smack*, xi. 454  
 Saw, *proverb*, xiii. 8  
 Sawl, *soul*, vi. 77  
 Saws, *sayings*, i. 20  
 Saxes, *note*, xii. 287  
 Sayn, *to say*, xii. 242  
 Saysmatic, *schismatic*, vi. 71  
 Scab, *term of abuse*, xii. 313  
 Scale, *ladder*, x. 139  
 Scaledrake, *sheldrake*, xiv. 290  
 Scamble, *to scramble*, x. 244  
 Scant, *scarcely*, i. 78  
 Scape, *to escape*, i. 163  
 Scaped, *escaped*, i. 41  
 Scapethrift, viii. 138  
 Scarbabe, *a scarecrow*, ix. 268  
 Scath, *harm*, ii. 249  
 Scathe, *harm, to hurt, injure*, v. 327;  
     viii. 159.



viii. 152,  
 ix. 21;  
 xv. [145](#)  
 Sciotherical, *belonging to a sundial*, xi. 326  
 Sconce, *head*, x. 300;  
 xiv. 304  
 Scot and lot, xii. 251  
 Scouting (= scutting), *mucking, messing*, ix. 154  
 Scrag, *a scraggy, lean person*, xiv. 164  
 Screeking, *screeching*, ix. 341  
 Screw'd, *shrewd, supercilious (?)*, xiv. 351  
 Screwed, *shrewd*, xiv. 282  
 Scrine, *a desk*, iii. 141  
 Scrubbed, *scrubby, shaggy*, xii. 323  
 Scud, *to run away*, vii. 321;  
 viii. 292  
 Se, *seat*, i. 244  
 Sear, *a term in falconry*, xi. 341  
 Search, *try, prove*, i. 199;  
 xiii. 389  
 Secretness, *secresy*, i. 85  
 Sector, *executor*, iii. 105  
 Secure, *confident*, v. 167;  
 vii. 180  
 Seducement, *seduction*, xiii. 213  
 Seech, *to seek*, i. 268;  
 i. 406  
 Seely, *blessed*, i. 267;  
*happy*, ix. 216  
 Seeming, *apparent*, xi. 457  
 Seeth, *to boil*, ii. 171  
 Seethe, *to boil*, i. 162;  
 ix. 490;  
 xiii. 25  
 Segs, *sedyes*, v. 213  
 Seld, *seldom, rare*, iv. 302;  
 x. 86  
 Seld-seen, *seldom seen, rare*, v. 107  
 Self, *same*, vi. 376;  
 x. 139  
 Seller (= soler), *a room aloft*, i. 157  
 Sellinger, *St Leger*, ix. 409  
 Semblant, *appearance, pretence*, iii. 6  
 Sembling, *dissembling*, ii. 251  
 Sempiternal, *everlasting*, i. 286  
 Sempster, xi. 210  
 Send, *sent*, i. 64  
 Seneschalship, viii. 139  
 Sens, *since*, iii. 117  
 Sensibility, *tender feelings, sensitiveness*, xv. [207](#)  
 Sensible, *sensitive*, xi. 15  
 Sentence, *sense*, i. 10;  
*saw, saying*, iii. 264  
 Sent-Loy, *Saint-Loy*, vi. 75  
 Sepulture, *burial*, ii. 274  
 Serpently, *serpentlike*, i. 60  
 Serviceable, *willing to be of service*, ii. 339  
 Sess, *to assess*, viii. 155  
 Set-by, *to esteem, to prize*, i. 46;  
 iv. 17  
 Settles, *benches*, xi. 304  
 Sever, *to separate*, viii. 86  
 Several, *separate*, xi. 462  
 Sew, *pottage*, xii. 507  
 Sewen, *follow*, i. 248  
 Shagged, *shaggy*, iv. 279  
 Shag-hair, *shaggy-haired*, xii. 477  
 Shagrag, *a beggarly fellow*, xii. 132  
 Shake, *shaken*, iii. 88  
 Shamble, *bandy*, ix. 488  
 Shamefac'd, *modest*, xii. 295, 298  
 Shamefast, *modest*, iii. 68  
 Shapen, *made*, i. 247  
 Sharepenny, *a miser*, ix. 228  
 Shark, *to rob*, xii. 73  
 Sharn, *to sharnen* ix. 422

Shap, *to shapen*, ix. 122  
 Shase, *she has*, iii. 221  
 Shaveling, *a monk*, viii. 301  
 Shaver, ix. 116  
 She-chirurgion, xiv. 399  
 Sheen, *bright*, vii. 58  
 Sheer, *clear*, viii. 443  
 Sheerly, *quite*, ix. 120  
 Shent, *ruined*, ii. 216;  
     *injured* ii. 279;  
     *punished* (?), iii. 71  
 Shewer, *an example*, ii. 388  
 Shidder, *thither*, xii. 507  
 Shifts, viii. 138  
 Shine, *sheen, splendour*, vii. 313  
 Shit, *shut*, i. 183;  
     ii. 153  
 Shoot-anchor (= sheet-anchor?), iii. 58  
 Shope, *ordained, provided*, i. 163  
 Short, "at short and long," *the long and the short of it*, i. 25  
 Shot, *reckoning*, i. 353  
 Shot-anchor, *sheet-anchor* (?), i. 366  
 Shotlog, xi. 141  
 Show, *to appear*, x. 120  
 Shrew, *to curse* i. 33;  
     ii. 223;  
     xv. [426](#);  
     *a vicious horse* (?), viii. 425  
 Shrewd, *bad*, i. 20, 60, 401;  
     iii. 346;  
     viii. 297;  
     xi. 43;  
     xii. 142;  
     *a wicked man*, iii. 241  
 Shrewdly, *badly*, iii. 131;  
     xiv. 473  
 Shrieve, *sheriff*, viii. 146;  
     x. 344  
 Shrive, *to confess*, iii. 219  
 Shroud, *to shelter*, iv. 308;  
     xi. 484  
 Shrow, *shrew*, iv. 232;  
     viii. 302  
 Sib, *akin*, viii. 124  
 Sibber, ii. 78  
 Sickerly, *certainly*, i. 259  
 Side, *wide*, iv. 118  
 Sieged, *besieged*, x. 324  
 Siesta, *note*, xv. [22](#)  
 Sifflements, *whistlings*, ix. 340  
 Signet (= sonata), iv. 349  
 Signiorise, v. 185  
 Signiorising, *lording it*, v. 220  
 Signiory, *lordship*, v. 216  
 Sikerly, *surely, truly*, iii. 255;  
     xii. 241  
 Silder, *less often*, vii. 46  
 Simper, ix. 115  
 Simplitude, *simplicity*, i. 268  
 Sin, *since*, i. 175;  
     *since*, xii. 257;  
     *sinner*, x. 61  
 Sink and cise, *terms used in card-playing*, iii. 346  
 Sinksanker, *a cardsharper*, viii. 192  
 Sipers (= Cyprus), *a white stuff of which veils were made*, i. 350  
 Sir, *a gentleman*, xi. 463  
 Sisterne, *sisters*, xii. 242  
 Sistren, *sisters*, i. 226, 227  
 Sith, *since*, i. 13, 16, 268;  
     iii. 282;  
     x. 115  
 Sithence, *since*, iv. 336  
 Sitten, *sat*, xi. 520  
 Skald, *a term of abuse, a scabby or shabby fellow*, iii. 216, 217  
 Skein, *a knife*, x. 229  
 Skene, *a dagger* ix. 337

Skill, *knowledge*, i. 7;  
     *to help*, iii. 178;  
     *to matter*, iii. 311;  
     *matter consequence*, iv. 128  
 Skiuker, *drawer, tapster, a pourer out of wine*, viii. 426;  
     x. 252  
 Skipjack, *a dwarf*, iii. 312;  
     vi. 179  
 Skirret, x. 126  
 Slab, *to lap up*, ii. 215  
 Slack, *late*, ii. 245  
 Slake, *to assuage, to soften*, i. 202;  
     iii. 30  
 Slampambs, *craft*, iii. 39  
 Slav'd, *enslaved*, x. 116;  
     xiv. 437  
 Slaver, *to slobber*, viii. 60;  
     x. 539  
 Slavering, *slobbering*, vii. 300;  
     x. 499  
 Sle, *to slay*, i. 257;  
     ii. 251;  
     iii. 147  
 Sleight, *craft, deceit*, i. 82;  
     *prudence*, iii. 27  
 Sleightly, *slyly*, ii. 243  
 Sleights (of hand), x. 208  
 Slick, *sleek, soft*, xiv. 58  
 Slidder, *slippery*, i. 213  
 Slide, *to go astray*, ii. 100  
 Slight, *weak*, x. 73  
 'Slight (= God's light), *an oath*, xi. 125;  
     xiii. 235  
 Slim, *frail, feeble*, i. 288  
 Slip, *false coin*, x. 197  
 Slopped, *lapped up*, iii. 193  
 Slops, *breeches*, x. 345;  
     xi. 67  
 Slot, *note*, xiv. 520  
 Slouch, *a lout*, xi. 282  
 Slouches, *slutches, dirty fellows*, i. 416  
 Slough, *slew*, i. 235  
 Sloughing hot cockles, ix. 102  
 Slubber, *to obscure*, iv. 374  
 Smack, *to taste*, ii. 230  
 Small, i. 10  
 Smattering, *talking*, i. 211  
 Smick-smack, ii. 85  
 Smit, *smitten*, i. 41  
 Smock-satyr, *woman-hater*, xiv. 277  
 Smolder, *to smother*, iii. 243  
 Smug, *trim, nice, neat*, iv. 183;  
     ix. 326;  
     x. 473;  
     *to adorn*, xi. 532;  
     *pleasantly*, xii. 327  
 'Snails, *an oath*, xiii. 7, 37  
 Sneaksbill, *one who doesn't pay his score*, xii. 258  
 Sneap'd, *rebuked*, x. 428  
 Snick-up, ix. 285  
 Snigs, xii. 257, 259  
 Snip, *a snap*, x. 346  
 Snipsnap, iii. 332  
 Snudge, *a mean fellow*, iv. 314;  
     *a miser*, viii. 83  
 Snudge-snout, ix. 232  
 Snuff pepper, *to feel offended*, xiii. 166  
 Snyb, *to snub, reprove*, xii. 240  
 So, *provided*, i. 63  
 Soaker, *drinker*, xii. 334  
 Soap, "soap-ashes," i. 31  
 Soar, *a young hawk*, xi. 360  
 Sod, *boiled*, i. 25  
 Sodden, *boiled*, i. 34  
 Sodometry. *Sodomv.* ii. 65

Soldan, *sultan*, i. 31  
 Solf, *to call over the notes of a tune*, i. 71  
 Solicitancy, *solicitation*, xiv. 291  
 Somedeale, *somewhat*, xii. 241  
 Sometime among, *sometimes, at intervals*, i. 7  
 Sonde, *message*, xv. [421](#)  
 Sooth, *true*, i. 20, 66;  
     *to flatter, soften*, iii. 59;  
     viii. 455,  
     *to prove*, iv. 258;  
     *truth*, vii. 287;  
     ix. 569;  
     xii. 256  
 Sophy, *philosophy*, iii. 261  
 Sops, i. 79  
 Sorel, *a buck of the third year*, ix. 149  
 Sort, *set, lot, company*, i. 405;  
     ii. 309;  
     viii. 118, 291;  
     xiii. 430;  
     *choose*, v. 164;  
     *to turn out*, viii. 411;  
     xiv. 129;  
     *condition, rank*, x. 343  
 Sossing, *sousing* (?), iii. 183  
 Sot, *fool*, ii. 378;  
     xi. 525  
 Sothery, *sweet*, i. 376  
 Sotting, *getting drunk*, xiii. 437  
 Sound, *to part, sunder*, i. 244;  
     *swoon*, iii. 107;  
     vii. 323, 383;  
     *true*, x. 49  
 Souse, *soused fish, pickled fish*, i. 418;  
     iii. 356;  
     *a blow*, ii. 126;  
     *to beat*, iii. 218;  
     (a dish of), vi. 291;  
     ix. 240  
 Souterly, *snobbish*, iii. 321  
 Span-counter, xiv. 306  
 Sparkify, *to make a spark (gallant) of*, xv. [47](#)  
 Sparkles, *sparks*, xii. 514  
 Speck-and-span new, xi. 334  
 Spectatrix, xiii. 513  
 Spectrum, *a looking-glass*, ix. 221  
 Speculation, *sight*, xii. 563  
 Speed, *to prosper*, i. 70;  
     *to despatch*, xiv. 176;  
     *success*, i. 135  
 Spells, x. 207  
 Spence, *pantry*, i. 35  
 Spent, *spend*, i. 407  
 Spere, *to ask*, i. 321  
 Spettle, iii. 11  
 Spial, *espial*, vi. 409;  
     *spy*, viii. 274  
 Spice, *species*, i. 58  
 Spill, *to destroy*, i. 119, 270;  
     iii. 118  
 Spindleshanks, *legs*, ii. 336  
 Spital-house, *hospital*, iii. 193  
 Spitchcock, xii. 236  
 Spitchcock'd, xii. 239  
 Spite, *to anger*, ii. 289  
 Spittle-house, *hospital*, viii. 70  
 Splayed, *displayed*, i. 147  
 Splendent, *resplendent*, ix. 310  
 Spokes, *saws, sayings*, vii. 300  
 Spongeous, *spongy*, ix. 422  
 Spot, *to defame*, x. 155  
 Spousail, *marriage*, xii. 241  
 Spousal, viii. 117  
 Spreet, *spirit*, iii. 177  
 Srent. *sprinkled*, i. 425:

vii. 83;  
 ix. 267  
 Spright, *spirit*, vii. 474  
 Spring, *dance*, viii. 348  
 Springal, *a young fellow, youth*, ix. 271;  
 x. 366;  
 xiii. 159  
 Springe, *a trap, snare*, xi. 69  
 Springed, *ensnared*, xiii. 47  
 Springes, *traps*, xiv. 352  
 Sprite, *spirit*, iii. 49  
 Spriteful, *sprightly*, xi. 126  
 Sprites, *spirits*, i. 46  
 Spruce, *finely dressed*, vii. 286  
 Spun, *to burst out*, ii. 273  
 Spurt, ii. 291  
 Spyal, *spy*, viii. 397  
 Squall, *a squalid thing*, ii. 387;  
*a little insignificant fellow*, vi. 199, 200;  
*one who squalls*, xiv. 102  
 Squalms, i. 68  
 Square, *to adjust*, xi. 564  
 Squich, *to skip*, ii. 387  
 Squich'd, *winc'd*, v. 343  
 Squirrility, *scurrility*, iv. 62  
 Squitter-book, viii. 74  
 Stab (? slab), *to eat up*, ii. 215  
 Stacker, *to stagger*, i. 270  
 Stager (= an old stager), *not a newcomer*, xv. [19](#)  
 Stale, *stole*, i. 171  
 Stales, *baits, allurements*, vii. 137;  
 viii. 260  
 Stall, *stole*, i. 160;  
*to forestall*, xii. 45  
 Stalworthy, *brave*, i. 251  
 Stamel, *a kind of fine worsted*, ix. 164  
 Stammer, *to stop*, i. 250  
 Stand in paint, xi. 133  
 Standish, xii. 270  
 Stang, *did sting*, i. 363;  
*stung*, v. 348  
 Staniel, *coward, note*, xiv. 284  
 Stanielry, *weakness*, xiv. 357  
 Star Chamber, *to bring before the Star Chamber*, x. 378  
 Star-cross'd, x. 182  
 Stark, *great*, i. 65;  
*strong*, ii. 33;  
*quite*, iii. 69  
 Starcken, *stark*, v. 403  
 Starker, *greater*, i. 68  
 Start, *started*, i. 49  
 States, *note*, xiv. 470  
 Statist, *note*, xiii. 421  
 Stead, "in the stead of," i. 30  
 Steely, *like steel*, xiv. 240  
 Steep-fall (hill), *precipitous*, vii. 210, 223  
 Stellified, *made a star*, xii. 114  
 Stench, *staunch*, xiv. 329  
 Stere, *to stir, move* i. 293  
 Stern, *tail*, xiv. 365  
 Sterve, *to die*, vi. 51  
 Stick, *to hesitate*, iii. 285;  
 xiv. 241  
 Stickled, *acted the umpire*, xii. 275  
 Stickler, *umpire*, xii. 121  
 Sticklers, *umpires*, xii. 450  
 Stigmatic, *branded*, viii. 300  
 Stilling, *distilling*, iv. 236  
 Stinkard, *a stinking fellow*, x. 339;  
 xiv. 145  
 Stint, *stop*, iv. 268;  
 vii. 46  
 Stinted, *stopped*, x. 56  
 Stirrups, *fetters*, i. 184  
 Stir stumps, xv. [41](#)

Stitch (in side), xv. [182](#)  
Stichel, *a term of abuse*, xiv. 357  
Stock, rapier, ix. 119  
Stomach, *bravery, pluck*, iii. 138;  
    *indignation*, viii. 324  
Stomach'd, *disliked, resented*, iii. 125  
Stone priest, viii. 461  
Stoon, *stone*, xv. [423](#)  
Stoop, *post*, vii. 66;  
    xi. 364, 400  
Stound, *interval, time*, i. 183;  
    ii. 213;  
    iii. 117;  
    *a blow*, vii. 64  
Stout, *brave*, iii. 137  
Stoutly, *bravely*, ii. 359  
Stra, *straw*, i. 255  
Straight, *straightways*, xi. 488  
Strained, *distressed*, xiii. 9  
Strait, *strict*, i. 109  
Straitest, *strictest*, x. 188  
Straitly, *strictly*, i. 73  
Strakegrouud, *struck, foundered*, i. 163  
Straking, *stretching*, i. 88  
Strands, i. 243  
Strange, "to make strange," *to be shy*, i. 83;  
    *shy, coy*, xiii. 61  
Strawed, *strewed*, iv. 120  
Streck, vi. 31  
Strene, *strain (note is wrong)*, i. 55  
Stricken, *struck*, iv. 218  
Strike up, *to play*, i. 74  
Stroke, *struck*, i. 49  
Stroken, *struck*, i. 407;  
    iv. 53;  
    vi. 200  
Strow, *scattered*, xiv. 311  
Studious, *musings, thoughtful*, i. 88  
Studs, *mares*, xiv. 342  
Stung, *bitten*, i. 202  
Stutter, *stutterer*, iv. 137  
Sublime, *sublimate*, i. 366  
Submiss, *submissive*, iv. 256  
Subordination, *gradation of higher and lower orders*, xiii. 373  
Subscribe, *to agree*, xiv. 148  
Subsizer, ix. 181  
Suburb-garden, *note*, xii. 119  
Successive, *successful*, xiv. 325  
Suckets, xiv. 337  
Sufferance, *suffering, endurance*, x. 149;  
    xiii. 300;  
    *permission*, xi. 287  
Suffisance, *sufficiency*, ii. 242  
Suffrages, *sufferings*, x. 169  
Sugarloaf-hat, v. 330  
Sullenwood, *southernwood*, xii. 144  
Sulpbury, *sulphurous*, xi. 486;  
    xiv. 126  
Summersault, xv. [69](#)  
Sumner, *summoner*, ix. 397;  
    x. 356;  
    xi. 537;  
    xiii. 88  
Supernaculum, viii. 58  
Supernal, *above*, i. 396  
Supportance, *support*, xiv. 319  
Supportation, *support*, i. 6, 201  
Suppose, *conjecture*, viii. 423  
Suppository, viii. 370  
Surcease, *to stop*, iv. 327  
Surcloy'd, *surfeited*, v. 190  
Surquedry, *pride*, v. 312  
Suspect, *suspected*, ii. 167;  
    vii. 56, 377;  
    viii. 427;

xi. 73;  
*suspicion*, i. 57;  
 xi. 108, 490  
 Sustenance, *support*, xi. 472  
 Sustentation, *sustenance*, xi. 481  
 Swabber, *one who swabs*, xii. 219  
 Swabbers, xv. [216](#)  
 Swad, *a bumpkin(?)*, vi. 256;  
*fellow*, vi. 380;  
 ix. 109  
 Swain, *servant*, ii. 247  
 Swap, *to drink up*, iv. 73  
 Swash, *swaggerer*, vi. 254  
 Swath-bands, *rolls of cloth in which infants were swathed or swaddled*, i. 350  
 Swearing, "of swearing," *a-swearing*, iii. 186  
 Sweat, "the sweat," *the plague*, iv. 119  
 Sweetening, *darling*, i. 417;  
 ii. 286;  
 viii. 364;  
*a sweet apple*, viii. 91;  
*sweetheart*, x. 551  
 Swelt, *to swelter*, vi. 291;  
*die*, xii. 253  
 Swerd, *sword*, i. 151  
 Sweven, *dream*, xii. 242  
 Swill, xii. 232  
 Swinepox, *measles*, xii. 337  
 Swinge, *to beat*, iv. 224  
 Swing'd, *beaten (?)*, iii. 95, 246  
 Swink, *toil*, iii. 192  
 Swoons, }  
 Swounds } (= *God's wounds*), *an oath*, vii. 344, 352  
 Swythe, *quickly*, iii. 182

Taberet, i. 48  
 Table-book, xi. 345  
 Tables (to play at), vii. 271  
 Tacklings, *tackle*, xii. 345  
 Tacon, vi. 197  
 Taffata, xi. 113  
 Taint with, *to accuse of*, xiv. 211  
 Taker, "the king's taker," i. 24  
 Taking, *temper, condition*, ii. 376;  
 x. 226  
 Talc (oil of), *note*, xiii. 225  
 Tale of a tub, ii. 335  
 Tall, *adj., valiant, brave*, i. 41;  
 iii. 147;  
 vii. 318;  
 x. 294  
 Tallies, *note*, xii. 137  
 Talter, *to hang, swing*, i. 428  
 Tampion, *a plug*, i. 370  
 Tane, *taken*, i. 255  
 Tango mongoes, x. 521  
 Tapester, *a female drawer (of wine)*, i. 263  
 Tapper, *a male drawer*, i. 425  
 Tappis, *to lie*, xiv. 322  
 Taratink, xii. 327  
 Tare, *tore*, i. 148  
 Tarmagons, *termagants*, xiv. 286  
 Tarry, *to delay*, i. 14  
 Tartarian, *a thief*, x. 242  
 Task, v. 379;  
*to rate, scold*, xi. 225  
 Tatterdemalion, xii. 128  
 Tavern-bushes, xii. 130  
 Taverner, *innkeeper*, i. 23  
 Tawdry, *towardly (?)*, v. 403  
 Tawrhals (= tawed halters?), i. 158  
 Taym, *time*, vi. 75  
 Taythes, *tithes*, vi. 71  
 Te, *to*, vi. 71  
 Tee-hee, wee-hee! x. 231  
 Teen, *sorrow, vexation*, vii. 87;

*anger*, ix. 123;  
*grief*, xii. 507  
*Teg, a young deer*, ii. 193, 220  
*Temper, to mix*, xiii. 107  
*Templars*, xi. 496  
*Tend, to go to*, i. 12;  
*to attend*, ix. 292  
*Tender, to regard*, xi. 454  
*Tene, to anger, annoy*, i. 251  
*Tensures, exertions*, x. 380  
*Tent, to probe*, iii. 311  
*Tenting, tempting*, vi. 74  
*Tenure, tenor*, vi. 69  
*Term, "term of thy life,"* i. 34  
*Termagant, a violent fellow*, x. 322  
*Testament, will*, i. 132  
*Tester, note*, xii. 125;  
*bed-head*, xiii. 35  
*Testern, a coin*, xi. 210  
*Tewell, bore, hole*, i. 370  
*Thacked, thatched*, ix. 164  
*Than, then*, vi. 74  
*Thankworthy*, ii. 112  
*The, to thrive, prosper*, i. 257, 259;  
viii. 163;  
xv. [418](#)  
*Thea, thou*, vi. 74  
*Theatral, theatrical*, xiv. 281, 293  
*Thedom, success*, i. 261  
*Then, than*, xv. [57](#)  
*There, where*, i. 132, 249  
*Thiles, roofs (?)*, xii. 489  
*Thilk, that same*, i. 200;  
*that*, iv. 74  
*Thills, shafts*, xii. 136  
*Thinks, things*, ii. 287  
*Tho, then*, i. 244;  
iv. 338  
*Thone, the one*, ii. 211  
*Thorough, to go through with*, xv. [78](#)  
*Thother, the other*, ii. 211, 260  
*Thratty, thirty*, vi. 72  
*Thrist, thrust*, i. 138;  
*thirst*, ii. 165  
*Throes, pains*, xii. 481  
*Throst, starved*, ii. 210  
*Throughgirt, pierced through*, v. 164  
*Thrumming, threading (?)*, xi. 249  
*Thrusteen, thirteen*, i. 405  
*Thwacks, blows*, iv. 320  
*Thwart, cross, unlucky*, xi. 42  
*Thylke, that same*, xii. 242  
*Tibiard, shin*, viii. 139  
*Tice, to entice*, i. 115  
*Tick-tack*, ii. 85  
*Tick (upon), credit*, xv. [336](#)  
*Tickle, ticklish*, v. 82;  
*unsteady, uncertain*, v. 194; v  
ii. 128;  
xii. 241  
*Tickle our catastrophe*, x. 225  
*Tiddle, to pet, spoil*, ii. 173, 174  
*Tide, time*, i. 12, 249  
*Tidlings, pets*, ii. 164  
*Tie-dog, bandog*, viii. 261  
*Till soon farewell, à bientôt*, xi. 577  
*Timpany*, viii. 370  
*Tink, to tinker*, i. 261  
*Tire, attire*, ii. 377;  
*to prey on*, v. 248;  
viii. 278  
*Tires, attires*, xi. 201  
*Tirl*, i. 20  
*Tisty-toisty*, iii. 332  
*Tite, soon, directly*, iii. 182



Tithing, *tidings*, i. 151  
 Titivile, iii. 58  
 Tittifills, *knaves*, i. 424  
 Tittle-tattles, viii. 418  
 Titubate, *to stumble*, viii. 139  
 To, *compared with*, ix. 154;  
     *in addition to*, xiii. 234  
 Toast (in wine), i. 79  
 Tobacco man, xi. 127  
 To friend, "for a friend," xv. [14](#)  
 Toiled, *wearied*, x. 208  
 Tollage, *toll*, xii. 111  
 Tomboy, iii. 94  
 Tone, *the one*, vii. 378  
 Tongue-wralling, *tongue-jangling*, iv. 120  
 Toohing, *blowing of a horn*, ii. 195  
 Too-too, *very much, very*, i. 423;  
     vi. 68, 236;  
     xi. 32;  
     xi. 119  
 To pose, *to puzzle*, xv. [59](#)  
 Topple, *to wrestle (?)*, ii. 210  
 To-rent, *rend asunder*, i. 408  
 Torpedo, *electric eel*, xii. 426  
 Torrup, *to interrupt*, iv. 74  
 Tossing, *sharp (?)*, iii. 207  
 Toteth, *peeps*, i. 42  
 Tother, *second*, vii. 292;  
     *the other*, vii. 371  
 To-torn, *torn to pieces*, i. 424  
 Totter, *to swing (on the gallows)*, i. 158;  
     xi. 274  
 Touch, "to flee touch," i. 156;  
     *feeling*, x. 117;  
     *trick (?)*, i. 262, 429;  
     *touchstone*, iii. 89  
 Tourney, *tournament*, i. 74  
 Touse, *to trouble, tease*, iv. 323;  
     *to pull, drag*, ix. 215  
 Towardly, *good*, xii. 120  
 Towards, *about to come, coming, future*, vii. 473;  
     xi. 522  
 To-yere, *this year*, iv. 118  
 Trace, "to lead a trace," i. 47  
 Train, *to allure*, xiv. 116  
 Traitress, i. 83  
 Tralilly, *term of endearment*, ix. 326  
 Tralucient, *clear*, ix. 232;  
     xii. 290  
 Translate, *translated*, i. 7  
 Transmue, *to change*, xii. 308  
 Transmued, *transformed*, xii. 242  
 Transportment, *transport*, xv. [70](#), [93](#), [103](#)  
 Trans-shape, *transform*, xiv. 320  
 Trattling, *talkative*, ii. 211  
 Travail, *pain, labour*, viii. 312  
 Tread, *a path*, i. 293;  
     *business*, ii. 235  
 Treatment, *entertainment*, xiv. 350  
 Tredging, *trudging*, ii. 126  
 Trencher-analects, *note*, xii. 269  
 Trencher-salt, xi. 403  
 Trentals, *note*, xiv. 170  
 Treygobet (= Hey-go-bet?), *a game*, ii. 34  
 Treytrip, *note*, xiii. 238  
 Triacle, *medicine*, i. 365  
 Triacles, *medicines*, viii. 46  
 Trick, *neat, proper*, ii. 233;  
     iii. 92;  
     *to trim*, vii. 254  
 Tricker, *one who is neat*, iii. 281  
 Tricky, *neat, trim*, ii. 281  
 Trick up, *to adorn*, x. 175  
 Tricotee, xiv. 280  
 Trill (the bones), ii. 92

Trim, *proper, fine*, ii. 346;  
     xiv. 357;  
     *adornment*, xv. [116](#)  
 Trimly, *neatly*, ii. 344  
 Trimmer, iii. 251  
 Trim-tram, ii. 66  
 Trine, *astronomical term*, xi. 336  
 Trink'd, *adorned*, xi. 363  
 Trip, *a tripping*, ii. 253  
 Triumph, *trump*, ii. 34  
 Trot, *an old woman*, i. 427;  
     iii. 72  
 Trote, (?), vii. 155  
 Troth, "of troth," *truly*, iv. 16  
 Trothing, *belief, troth*, vi. 73  
 Trothless, *truthless*, vii. 137;  
     viii. 119  
 Troth-plight, *pledged*, viii. 109, 111  
 Troublous, *troublesome*, i. 287  
 Trouchman, *interpreter*, vi. 463  
 Trounce, ii. 221  
 Trowl the bowl, *troll (pass) the cup*, iii. 180  
 Truchman, *note*, xiii. 344  
 Truckers, xiv. 350  
 Trudge, *to pack off, to trot*, iii. 24, 43  
 Trug, *a wench*, vi. 512  
 Trull, *loose wench*, i. 44;  
     xiv. 317;  
     *term of endearment*, ii. 290  
 Trump, *game at cards*, iii. 199;  
     *triumph*, iv. 144, 145;  
     *a trumpet*, xi. 486  
 Truncheon, *a headless spear*, iv. 328  
 Trundletail, *note*, xii. 121  
 Trunk-hose, xii. 238  
 Trup up, *pack up*, x. 539  
 Trussed, *packed*, i. 117  
 Trust, *fidelity*, xi. 540  
 Truth, "of truth," *of a truth*, i. 67  
 Tuck, *sword*, xiv. 284  
 Tucket, *a set of notes on the trumpet*, iv. 380  
 Tune, *voice*, ii. 284  
 Turchis, *turquois*, ix. 422  
 Turmoil, *to disturb*, iv. 149;  
     viii. 360;  
     *to trouble*, x. 139  
 Tutress, *a female tutor*, vii. 499  
 Twain, *two*, i. 48  
 Twatter, *to talk, chat*, ix. 270  
 Twattox, viii. 369  
 Tway, *two*, ii. 376  
 Tweche, *touch*, ii. 47  
 Twichbox, *touchbox*, iv. 67  
 Twin, *to separate*, i. 244  
 Twist, *twisted*, i. 158;  
     *fork*, xii. 553  
 Twitting, *chattering*, xii. 294  
 Tyrannious, *tyrannical*, iv. 217  
 Tyre (wine), i. 24  
 Tyren, *to tear*, xii. 254  
  
 Ud's, *God's, an oath*, xi. 101;  
     xiv. 289  
 Ugly, *horrible*, v. 191  
 Umbrageous, xv. [9](#)  
 Unaware, "at unaware," *unawares*, ix. 43  
 Unbaptized, *heathenish*, xii. 287  
 Unbiassed (bowl), ix. 539  
 Unbowelled, *disembowelled*, vii. 24  
 Uncharm, *to take off the spell*, xi. 563  
 Uncivilise, *to cease to act civilly*, xiii. 78  
 Unclear, *unshriven, impenitent*, x. 46  
 Uncompanied, *having no fellow or equal*, x. 119  
 Unconceiving, *thoughtless*, xi. 463  
 Unconcernedness, *unconcern*, xv. [102](#)  
 Unconcernedness, *unconcern*, xv. [102](#)  
 Unconcernedness, *unconcern*, xv. [102](#)

Uncouth, *unknown*, vi. 1 / 1;  
*harsh, unkind, strange*, xi. 124;  
 xii. 214  
 Uncreate, *uncreated*, x. 173  
 Uncuriously, xv. [24](#)  
 Undecency, *indecenty*, xiii. 78  
 Undelved, *undigged*, v. 118  
 Underlaid, *soled (of boots)*, i. 183  
 Undermine, *to supplant*, ii. 250  
 Undeserved, *undeserving*, i. 71  
 Undo, *to ruin*, i. 75  
 Undoing, *ruin*, xi. 478  
 Unfailibly, *infallibly*, viii. 66  
 Unfoil'd, *untroubled, unvanquished*, iv. 330  
 Ungotten, i. 59  
 Unhappy, *unlucky, unfortunate*, ix. 566;  
 xiv. 303  
 Unhappily, *wickedly*, xiv. 243  
 Unhelm, *to take off the helmet*, iv. 333  
 Uning, *uniting*, i. 302  
 Unkind, *ungrateful*, i. 100  
 Unlaced, ix. 180  
 Unladified, *having lost the position of a lady*, xi. 79  
 Unmaiden'd, *deflowerd*, xiv. 224  
 Unmannerly, *wanting in courtesy*, xi. 516  
 Unneath, *scarcely, with difficulty*, xii. 507  
 Unneth, *scarcely*, i. 7;  
 iii. 117  
 Unperfect, *imperfect*, ix. 432  
 Unperfit, *imperfect*, ii. 329  
 Unplume, *to take off the plume or crest*, x. 134  
 Unquietness, *disease*, i. 311  
 Unready, "to make unready," *to undress*, xiii. 79  
 Unrest, *disquietness*, i. 56;  
*disquiet*, v. 97  
 Unrestful, *unquiet*, vii. 389  
 Unrevocable, *irrevocable*, x. 154  
 Unroosted, *uprisen, out of bed*, xi. 281  
 Unseized, *unloosed*, xv. [210](#)  
 Unshamefacedness, *immodesty*, i. 60  
 Unshamefast, *shameless, immodest*, ii. 270;  
 vi. 161  
 Unsufferable, *intolerable*, x. 194  
 Unthrif, *extravagant, lavish*, viii. 26;  
 xi. 274;  
*an extravagant person*, viii. 29;  
*a rogue*, x. 183  
 Unthriftiness, *folly*, i. 91  
 Until, *unto*, i. 269  
 Untractable, *unyielding*, ii. 203  
 Untrimmed, *dishevelled*, vii. 87  
 Untruss, xi. 471  
 Unuseful, *useless*, xiii. 396  
 Unwenned (=unwemmed), *pure*, xii. 241  
 Unwieldy, *without control*, iv. 266  
 Unwitting (of), *ignorant of*, xi. 31  
 Unwitty, *unwise*, viii. 336  
 Unwreaken, *unrevenged*, vii. 86  
 Upbraid, *a reproach*, vii. 192  
 Upbringing, *nurture*, i. 91  
 Upbrought, *nurtured*, i. 92  
 Upholster, *an upholsterer*, xi. 247  
 Upland, *the uplands*, i. 262  
 Uplandish, *foreigner*, vi. 221  
 Upsey, *note*, xiv. 470  
 Up-trained, *trained up, brought up*, iv. 209  
 Urchen, *hedgehog*, ix. 382  
 Urchin, *child, term of endearment*, i. 72  
 Ure, *use, practice*, i. 378;  
*to practise*, i. 153;  
*interest*, xiv. 314  
 Utter, *outside*, i. 260

Vacabone, *vagabond*, iv. 63

Vade, *to go*, i. 424;

viii. 30,  
*to fade, go away*, vi. 557  
 Vail, *to doff*, ix. 371;  
     *to lower*, xi. 55  
 Vailing, *bending*, xiv. 105  
 Vain, *fain*, iv. 79  
 Vair, *fair*, viii. 339  
 Valiancy, *valour, bravery*, v. 37;  
     viii. 322  
 Valter, *to falter*, iv. 219, 220  
 Valuation, *value*, iii. 264  
 Vantage, *advantage*, iii. 35  
 Vara, *very*, vi. 76  
 Vardingale, *farthingale*, vi. 434  
 Vast, *fast*, iii. 182;  
     iv. 218  
 Vat, *fat*, iv. 220  
 Vatten, *to fatten*, vi. 177  
 Vaulting-house, *a brothel*, vii. 436  
 Vaut, *fault*, iii. 313  
 Vay, *faith*, viii. 364  
 Vear, *fear*, viii. 339, 362  
 Veget, *lively*, xii. 293  
 Venereous, *unchaste*, xiv. 191  
 Veneys, *note*, xiii. 169  
 Vengeance, *terribly, very*, i. 405;  
     iv. 64  
 Venom, *venomous*, i. 297  
 Venter, *to venture*, i. 121:  
     iv. 57  
 Verament, *truly*, i. 421;  
     ii. 110  
 Verdit, *verdict*, ii. 177  
 Verity, *truth*, iii. 319  
 Vetch, *note*, xii. 132  
 Via, *away!* x. 217  
 Viand, *sing*, i. 21  
 Vild, *vile*, v. 85;  
     vii. 296  
 Vill, *to fill*, viii. 338  
 Vilthy, *filthy*, iii. 176  
 Vired, *fired*, viii. 338  
 Virginal jacks, x. 346  
 Virtually, *powerfully*, xiv. 311  
 Visitants, *visitors*, xv. [61](#)  
 Visitation, *visit*, xi. 13;  
     *plague*, xv. [327](#)  
 Visnomy, x. 323  
 Vizarded, *concealed*, xiv. 256  
 Vlat, *flat*, viii. 344  
 Vocation, *trade*, xv. [132](#)  
 Voider, *avoider*, i. 125;  
     *a basket for clearing the table*, xii. 112  
 Voiding knife, *note*, ix. 447  
 Voiding of, *avoiding of*, i. 34  
 Vool, *a fool*, iv. 219  
 Voolish, *foolish*, iv. 219  
 Vor, *for*, viii. 338  
 Vorbod (of God), *prohibition*, "God forbid," iv. 219  
 Vorty, *forty*, viii. 338  
 Vound, *found*, iv. 219  
 Vox, *fox*, iv. 75  
 Vriend, *friend*, iii. 313  
 Vull, *full*, viii. 344  
  
 Wade, *to go*, i. 67  
 Waesheal, *note*, xii. 285  
 Wage, *hire*, i. 247  
 Wage-pasty, *a term of abuse*, ii. 141  
 Wain-man, *waggoner*, v. 206  
 Wait, *to watch, be on guard*, i. 248  
 Waking, *watchful*, xi. 528  
 Walter, *to feel sick*, i. 365  
 Waltering, iv. 313  
 Wan, *won*, i. 385;  
     *did win*, xi. 472

Wanderers, *planets*, xi. 302  
 Wane, *waning*, xv. 46  
 Wanion, *curse*, vi. 196;  
     xiii. 158  
 Wannion, *curse*, iv. 121  
 Want, *to do without*, v. 350  
 Ward, *award*, vi. 166;  
     "lie at ward," *a term in fencing*, viii. 149  
 Wards, *spies*, xiii. 183  
 Ware, *be aware*, i. 169:  
     x. 8  
 Wark, *work*, i. 202;  
     ii. 195;  
     *to work*, i. 253  
 Warks, *works*, i. 7  
 Warling, *a slave*, x. 303  
 Warrantise, *warranty, guarantee*, iii. 139;  
     vii. 126;  
     *to warrant*, viii. 44, 301  
 Washen, *washed*, ii. 122  
 Washical, *what-do-you-call-it*, iii. 243  
 Wassail, *note*, xi. 487  
 Waste-good, *a spendthrift*, xii. 102  
 Watching-candle, xi. 352  
 Waterstairs, x. 124  
 Wawd, *would*, vi. 71  
 Wawl, *to make a noise like cats*, ix. 211  
 Wealth, *welfare, prosperity*, i. 73;  
     iii. 122  
 Weam, *belly*, x. 366  
 Weapon'd, *armed*, vii. 417  
 Wearied, *worried*, ix. 325  
 Weary, *aware*, vi. 547  
 Weasand, *windpipe*, iii. 230  
 Wed, *a pledge*, i. 165;  
     "to wed" *for a pledge*, i. 147;  
     *wedded*, viii. 109  
 Weed, *garment*, v. 330  
 Weet, *to learn, know*, iii. 204  
 Weete, *know*, xii. 507  
 Weigh, *to care*, iii. 49  
 Welde, *wielder, ruler*, i. 268  
 Welding, *to carry*, v. 27  
 Wele, *well*, xii. 253  
 Welkin, *sky*, v. 274;  
     xii. 507  
 Wellaway, *well-a-day!* i. 173  
 Well-a-year, *cf. well-a-day*, vii. 397  
 Well-left, *having a rich inheritance*, xi. 514  
 Wend, *to go*, vii. 36;  
     x. 226;  
     *goes*, xii. 241  
 Wenest, *weenest*, i. 119  
 Went, *weened*, i. 119;  
     *equipped, well-begone (?)*, i. 244  
 Werme, *warm*, xii. 311  
 Wete, *to know*, i. 119, 262  
 Wex, *waxed*, ix. 355  
 Whadragesima, *quadragesima*, vi. 74  
 Whaiet, *quiet*, vi. 76  
 What d'ye lack, *a term of abuse*, xi. 152  
 What is he for, x. 355  
 What-not, *a term of abuse*, ix. 78  
 Whatsomever, *whatsoever*, i. 427  
 Wher, *whether*, xiii. 47, 511  
 Whiffler, *a tobacco smoker, hence a trifling fellow*, x. 303;  
     xiv. 360  
 While, *until*, vi. 65  
 Whiles, *whilst*, xii. 299;  
     "the whilst," i. 65  
 Whimling, *a weak person*, viii. 231  
 Whin-yard, *a sword*, x. 363  
 Whips-talk, *a whipstock*, v. 95  
 Whipstock, xi. 384  
 Whist, *be silent*, ix. 432

Whit, *ought*, i. 428  
 White son, iii. 329;  
     *boy, darling*, vii. 325  
 White, *centre of target*, xii. 455;  
     xiv. 144  
 White-liver'd, *coward*, xiv. 284  
 Whittle, *a dagger*, i. 168  
 Whore, *to act as a procurer or panderer*, xi. 520  
 Whot, *hot*, vii. 47  
 Whur, *to scold*, iii. 70  
 Whylk, *which*, xii. 284  
 Wight, *brave, active*, i. 252;  
     viii. 158, 221;  
     xii. 507  
 Wild, *vague, loose*, i. 245  
 Wildfire, i. 72;  
     xiv. 130  
 Wildness, *wilderness*, i. 149  
 Wilful, *voluntary*, i. 200  
 Will I nill I, viii. 302  
 Wimble, *nimble*, xii. 507  
 Wimple, *a veil*, iv. 146  
 Wimpled, *veiled*, vi. 429  
 Winch up, xii. 469  
 Wis, *know*, iv. 183  
 Wished, *desired, recommended*, xi. 449;  
     xiii. 65, 140  
 Wit, *to know*, i. 102, 202, 223;  
     *opinion*, iii. 7  
 Witch, *a wizzard*, x. 104  
 With, *withy*, vii. 176  
 Withdrawing-room, *the drawing-room*, x. 361  
 Withouten, *without*, i. 255  
 Wits, *senses*, i. 12, 130  
 Wittol, *a cuckold*, xi. 40;  
     *to make a fool of*, xiii. 107  
 Witty, *wise, clever*, ii. 316  
 Wizard, *wiseacre*, xiv. 357  
 Wizzel, *windpipe*, xiii. 271  
 Wocum (= welcome), *welcome*, viii. 362  
 Woe, *sorry*, i. 347; ix. 565  
 Woll, *will*, ii. 113  
 Womankind, *feminine*, xi. 455  
 Womanshire, *womankind*, ix. 327  
 Women be the devil's nets, i. 61  
 Wonder, *wonderfully*, i. 250  
 Wondernise, *to make wonderful*, vii. 324  
 Wonderous, *wonderfully*, ii. 180  
 Wonders, *wondrous*, i. 9  
 Wondersly, *wondrously*, i. 16  
 Wonnot, *will not*, vi. 312;  
     xiii. 80  
 Wonts, *is accustomed*, viii. 343  
 Wood, *mad*, i. 351;  
     ii. 122  
 Woodcock, *a simpleton*, ii. 295  
 Wooden walls, *ships*, xii. 514  
 Woodman, *forester*, vii. 321  
 Woot, *know*, iv. 364;  
     *will it*, x. 339;  
     *wilt*, xiii. 29;  
     xiii. 39  
 Worch, *to work*, i. 274  
 Worched, *worked(?)*, ii. 375  
 Wordly, *worldly*, ii. 329  
 Wore (= ore), i. 29, 30  
 World, "a world", i. 35;  
     ii. 291  
 Worm, *reptile*, i. 202;  
     *serpent*, x. 117  
 Wort, *herb*, i. 428  
 Worth, "of worth," *worthily*, i. 142  
 Wost, *knowest*, iv. 219  
 Wot, *know*, i. 23;  
     ii. 115;

x. 123  
 Wottest, *knowest*, i. 264  
 Wott'st, *knowest*, i. 25  
 Wounds and hearts, *an oath*, iii. 265  
 Woundyn, *wrapped*, xv. [419](#)  
 Wrabbed, *rabid* (?), i. 379;  
     ii. 211  
 Wrack, *wreck*, iii. 345;  
     xii. 186;  
     *ruin*; viii. 270;  
     *vengeance*, iv. 300, 308  
 Wrangle, *to discuss*, xi. 271  
 Wrangling, *peevish*, x. 155  
 Wreak, v. 386  
 Wrigaldry-wrag, i. 49  
 Writhen, *wrinkled*, viii. 89  
 Wrought, *done*, i. 249  
  
 Yall, *to cry*, viii. 242  
 Yalling, *yelling*, ii. 190  
 Yate, *gate*, vi. 76;  
     xii. 255  
 Yawl, *a noise made by the inside*, iii. 193  
 Yawl and jawl, *to wrangle and jangle*, ix. 284  
 Yawled, *yelled*, ix. 252  
 Ycapred, *capered*, xii. 253  
 Ycleped, *called*, ix. 176;  
     xii. 241;  
     xiii. 163  
 Yclept, *called*, xiii. 12  
 Yclipped, *called*, x. 315  
 Year of the Lord, *date of the year, a.d.*, xiv. 391  
 Yearthly, *earthly*, i. 55  
 Yeasty, *frothy*, vii. 300  
 Yede, *went*; i. 179;  
     iii. 227;  
     *walk*, xii. 507  
 Yeft, *gift*, xii. 288  
 Yeke, *eke*, xii. 242  
 Yell, *to resound*, ix. 279  
 Yellows, *jaundice*, x. 259  
 Yeoman of the collar, *prisoner in chains*, i. 158  
 Yerk, *to jerk*, iv. 74  
 Yert-point, xiv. 306  
 Yesternight, i. 34  
 Yfeel, *to feel*, xii. 253  
 Yferre, *afar*, xii. 311  
 Yfound, *found*, i. 252  
 Yfrounced, *adorned*, xii. 311  
 Ying, *young*, i. 245  
 Ylaft, *left*, xii. 240  
 Ylike, *like*, xii. 241  
 Yon, *yonder*, xi. 113  
 Yond, *yonder*, iii. 78  
 Yore, *of yore*, i. 262  
 Your, *yours*, i. 374  
 Yoush, *you shall*, iii. 187  
 Y-proved, *true*, i. 250  
 Yreken, *raked*, xii. 240  
 Ystept, *advanced*, xii. 241  
  
 Zacks, *sacks*, iii. 313  
 Zay, *say*, iv. 219  
 Zee, *see*, iii. 313  
 Zell, *to sell*, iv. 219  
 Zembletee, *appearance*, iii. 82  
 Zennight, *a week*, iv. 219  
 Zest, *sayest*, viii. 339  
 Zet, *set*, viii. 347  
 Zhrode, *shrewd*, iv. 219  
 Zold, *sold*, iii. 313  
 Zome, *some*, iv. 219  
 Zon, *son*, viii. 338  
 Zoons, *zounds*, xi. 65  
 Zow, *sow*, viii. 347  
 Zow, *sow*, viii. 347

Zuch, *such*, iv. 221  
Zure, *sure*, viii. 344  
Zwap, *swap*, *blow*, iv. 222



---

# A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH PLAYS. CONTENTS.

## VOL. I.

Interlude of the Four Elements.  
The Tragic-Comedy of Calisto and Melibæa.  
Everyman: A Moral Play.  
Hickscorner.  
The Pardoner and the Friar.  
The World and the Child.  
God's Promises.  
The Four P.P.  
A New Interlude, called Thersites.

## VOL. II.

Interlude of Youth.  
Lusty Juventus.  
Jack Juggler.  
Nice Wanton.  
History of Jacob and Esau.  
Disobedient Child.  
Marriage of Wit and Science.

## VOL. III.

New Custom.  
Ralph Roister Doister.  
Gammer Gurton's Needle.  
The Trial of Treasure.  
Like Will to Like.

## VOL. IV.

Damon and Pithias.  
Appius and Virginia.  
Cambyses.  
The Misfortunes of Arthur.  
Jeronimo.

## VOL. V.

The Spanish Tragedy.  
Cornelia.  
Soliman and Perseda.  
Life and Death of Jack Straw.

## VOL. VI.

The Conflict of Conscience.  
Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune.  
The Three Ladies of London.  
Three Lords and Three Ladies of London.  
A Knack to Know a Knave.

## VOL. VII.

Tancred and Gismunda.  
Wounds of Civil War.  
Mucedorus.  
The Two Angry Women of Abington.  
Look about you.

### **VOL. VIII.**

Summer's Last Will and Testament.  
Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.  
Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.  
Contention between Liberality and Prodigality.  
Grim the Collier of Croydon.

### **VOL. IX.**

How to Choose a Good Wife from a Bad.  
The Return from Parnassus.  
Wily Beguiled.  
Lingua.  
Miseries of Enforced Marriage.

### **VOL. X.**

The Revenger's Tragedy.  
The Dumb Knight.  
The Merry Devil of Edmonton.  
Ram-Alley.  
The Second Maiden's Tragedy.  
Englishmen for My Money.

### **VOL. XI.**

A Woman is a Weathercock.  
Amends for Ladies.  
Green's Tu Quoque.  
Albumazar.  
The Hog hath Lost his Pearl.  
The Heir.

### **VOL. XII.**

The Old Couple.  
A Woman Never Vexed.  
The Ordinary.  
The London Chanticleers.  
The Shepherd's Holiday.  
The True Trojans.  
The Lost Lady.

### **VOL. XIII.**

A Match at Midnight.  
The City Nightcap.  
The City Match.  
The Queen of Arragon.  
The Antiquary.

### **VOL. XIV.**

The Rebellion.  
Lust's Dominion; or, The Lascivious Queen.  
Andromana.  
Lady Alimony.  
The Parson's Wedding.

**VOL. XV.**

Elvira; or, The Worst not always True.  
The Marriage Night.  
The Adventures of Five Hours.  
All Mistaken; or, The Mad Couple.  
Historia Histrionica.

INDEX AND GLOSSARY.

## TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

Added table of contents.

The volume number of the entry "Moped, *moping*, xv. 521" on p. [489](#) is incorrect.

Silently corrected simple spelling, grammar, and typographical errors.

Retained anachronistic and non-standard spellings as printed.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH  
PLAYS, VOLUME 15 \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

### START: FULL LICENSE THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

#### **Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

#### 1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.