

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN FORD:

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.



IN preparing these volumes of Ford for the public, the same excellent guide has been followed, to whom the reader has been so largely indebted in our previous labours upon Massinger; and indeed a more admirable commentator on the old English dramatists than Mr. Gifford could not easily be found. The extreme vigour and acuteness of his intellects, his unwearied industry and research, and the peculiarity of his personal fortunes, which made him as well acquainted with the phraseology and modes of thinking in common life, as he was conversant with all the courtesies of higher stations, excellently fitted him for seizing and fixing their several texts, and illustrating the usages and customs to which they referred; while the finer faculties of his mind enabled him to appreciate the higher beauties of their style and thoughts, and to catch every shade of feeling, and discriminate every variety of character, which could be found embodied in those noble works of the older time. That high religious feeling, which formed so marked a trait in Mr. Gifford's character, and which

seems indeed almost a necessary accompaniment of genius in its highest sense, was here peculiarly in place; enabling him, as it did, to walk through the occasional impurities and even profanities of our earlier stage, unpolluted himself, and ever watchful to keep contamination from others. This is not the place to dilate on higher claims, which Mr. Gifford possesses to the reverence of every one, who bears and prides himself in the name of Englishman. When it is recollected, however, that these editions of the old dramatists were with him merely a source of recreation from higher duties and severer studies; when it is considered how many years and with what ability he presided over a department of literature, requiring not only very extensive scholarship, but a general acquaintance with almost every art and occupation of life; when we call to mind the uncompromising zeal and earnest devotion, with which, in times of peculiar difficulty and danger, he upheld the old institutions as well as the old literature of his country, we shall be excused for saying that, though men of higher genius might be named in an age extraordinarily prolific of such persons, few will be found with higher claims on the respect and gratitude of posterity than him of whose labours we are now about to avail ourselves, in such manner, and to such extent, as the peculiar nature of our undertaking may best seem to require.

It is incidentally observed by Dr. Farmer in his *Essay on Shakspeare*, "that play-writing in that poet's days was scarcely thought a creditable employ;" and it would seem as if the Dramatic Poets themselves entertained some such idea as Farmer

mentions; for, either from mortification or humility, they commonly abstain from dwelling, or even entering, upon their personal history. Though frequent in dedications, they are seldom explicit; and even their prefaces fail to convey any information except of their wants, or their grievances from evils which are rarely specified.

The stock of the FORDS, however, is known to have been highly respectable: they appear to have settled at an early period in the north-west of Devonshire, and to have possessed considerable property in the contiguous parishes of Ashburton, Ilsington, &c.

From an extract of the Baptismal Register of Ilsington, it appears that John (our author) was baptized there on the 17th April, 1586; and as he became a member of the Middle Temple, November 16, 1602, he could scarcely have spent more than a term or two (if any) at either of the Universities: there was, however, more than one Grammar School in the immediate vicinity of his birth-place, fully competent to convey all the classical learning which he ever possessed, and of which, to say the truth, he was sufficiently ostentatious in his earliest work, though he became more reserved when age and experience had enabled him to compare his attainments with those of his contemporaries.

It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*,* that the father of our poet was in the commission of the peace. Whether this honourable situation was procured for him by the interest of his wife's father, the famous Lord Chief Justice Popham, cannot be

* Tome xviii. p. 575.

told; it may however be reasonably surmised, that his connection with one of the first law officers of the crown led to the course of studies subsequently pursued by both branches of the family. Popham was made Attorney-General in 1581; and in 1592 he was advanced to the rank of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which he held for many years; so that his patronage, which must have been considerable, (as he appears to have been in some favour both with Elizabeth and her successor,) probably afforded many facilities to his young relatives in the progress of their studies, and opened advantages of various kinds.

Our poet had been preceded in his legal studies by his cousin John Ford, son of an elder brother of his father's family, to whom he appears to have looked up with much respect, and to have borne an almost fraternal affection: this gentleman was entered at Gray's Inn; but Popham seems to have taken his young relation more immediately under his own care, and placed him at the Middle Temple, of which he had been appointed Treasurer in 1581.

It is probable that Ford was not inattentive to his studies; but we hear nothing of him till 1606, (four years after his admission,) when he published "Fame's Memorial, or the *Earl of Devonshire

* As one of Ben Jonson's beautiful and magnificent Masques has in some degree connected the names of this ill-fated pair with our dramatic history, a short account of them, for which the reader is indebted to the former editor of Ford, will not be misplaced.

Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy, was a man of great eminence, and while a commoner (for he did not succeed to the title till 1594) followed the profession of arms with

deceased." &c. an elegiac poem, in 4to. which he dedicated to the Countess, his widow. Why he

honour, and held a command in the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada. His extraordinary merits did not escape the quick eye of Elizabeth, who gave him various tokens of her favour, and thus exposed him to the envy of Essex. In 1600, the Queen constituted him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he repulsed the Spaniards with great bravery at Kinsale. In truth, the whole of his conduct with regard to that agitated country was meritorious in the highest degree, and as such fully acknowledged by her, as well as by James, who, on his accession, conferred on him the same important office, and very shortly afterwards (July, 1603,) made him a Knight of the Garter, and created him Earl of Devonshire. "Certainly," says his secretary, Morrison, "he was beautiful in his person as well as valiant, and learned as well as wise." And Camden styles him "a person famous for conduct, and so eminent in courage and learning, that, in these respects, he had no superior, and but few equals." It is distressing to pursue his history. About two years after his prosperous career in Ireland, (Dec. 25, 1605,) he married Lady Rich, with whom, probably, he had never ceased to converse; and, by this one step, which, according to our notions, and, probably, his own, was calculated to repair, in some measure, the injury which the lady's character had sustained, ruined both her and himself. There is something in this which is not easily explained. While the Earl maintained an adulterous commerce with the lady, all went smoothly; but the instant he married her, he lost the protection of the Court, and the estimation of the public. "The King," says Sanderson, "was so much displeased thereat, as it broke the Earl's heart; for his Majesty told him that he had purchased a fair woman with a black soul." Hearts are not always broken in the way supposed; but there was more than enough to depress the lofty spirit of this great Earl in the sudden blow given to his reputation. He died a few months after his marriage, "soon and early," as Chamberlaine says, "for his years (forty-three), but late enough for himself: and happy had he been if he had gone two or three years since, before the world was weary of him, or that he had left his scandal behind him."

came forward in so inauspicious a cause, cannot now be known. He was a stranger to both par-

Penelope, Countess of Devonshire, was the daughter of Walter, first Earl of Essex, and the beloved sister of Robert, the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, and the victim of her fears and jealousies. There was a family intimacy between the Devereuxes and the Mountjoys, which seems to have facilitated the meetings of this beautiful young creature with Sir Charles Blount, and led, as in the usual mode, to a mutual attachment, and a promise of marriage. In those "blessed days," marriages among the great were not quite so easily managed as at present; the Queen regarded the state with a strange mixture of envy and spleen; and the accursed Court of Wards eternally troubled "the current of true love." Lady Penelope was forced, with a heart full of affection for Mountjoy, into the arms of Lord Rich, a man whom she appears to have regarded with peculiar aversion. Thus far she was more sinned against than sinning; but she seems to have thought her private engagement of a more binding character than her vow at the altar; and the usual consequences followed. After a few miserable years with Lord Rich, she deserted him partly or wholly, and renewed her connection with her first lover, to whom she bore several children.

There must have been something peculiar in this lady's case; perhaps the violence put upon her early affections wrought some pardon or pity for her; for she *lost no caste*, even under Elizabeth, and she was one of the first ladies selected by her council to proceed to Holyrood House, and conduct the wife of the new monarch to Whitehall. Her accomplishments were of the highest kind, and in every splendid and graceful measure she appears among the foremost. To Ann she made herself very agreeable, from her first introduction; and the Queen's partiality to her is noted with an evident tincture of displeasure by the high-born and high-spirited Lady Ann Clifford, at this period a young woman. It seems uncertain, whether Lady Rich was actually and legally divorced from her husband, or whether the separation took place in consequence of articles drawn up between themselves; but though Mountjoy returned from Ireland in 1603, he did not marry the Countess till two years afterwards, so that she appears as Lady

ties; yet he appears to bewail the death of the Earl, as if it had been attended with some failure of professional hope to himself. "Elegies" and "Memorials" were sufficiently common at that period, and indeed long after it; but the authors stedfastly looked to the surviving heir, for pay or patronage, in return for their miserable dole of consolation; and our youthful poet sets out with affirming (and he deserves the fullest credit) that his Muse was unfeed. Be this as it may, it argued no little spirit in him to advocate an unpopular cause, and step forward in the sanguine expectation of stemming the current of general opinion: not to add, that the praise which he lavishes on the Earl of Essex could scarcely fail to be ill-received by the Lord Chief Justice, who was one of those commissioned by the Queen to inquire into the purport of the military assemblage at his house, was detained there by the troops during the crazy attempt of this ill-starred nobleman to raise an insurrection, and was finally a witness against him for the forcible detention.

"Fame's Memorial" adds little or nothing to the poet's personal history. It would seem, if we might venture to understand him literally, (for he takes especial pains to keep all but those familiarly acquainted with him in complete ignorance of his story,) that he had involved himself in some unsuccessful affair of love, while at home, with a young lady, whom he at one time calls

Rich in the Masque of Blackness, and in the splendid procession from the Tower to Whitehall, where she walks, "by especial commandement," immediately after the Countess of Shrewsbury.

the *cruel Lycia*, and, at another, the *cruel subtle Lycia*. He wishes that she were less wise; and in truth she does exhibit no unfavourable symptom of good sense in "confining her thoughts to elder merits," instead of "solacing" her youthful admirer, who, at the period of first *taking the infection into his eye*, could not have reached his eighteenth year. Yet he owes something to this pursuit. He had evidently wooed the lady (herself a muse) in verse, and symptoms of wounded vanity occasionally appear at the inflexibility of this second Lyde, to whose *obstinate ears* he sang in vain: yet the attempt gave him some facility in composition; for though he evinces little of either taste or judgment, his lines flow smoothly, and it may be said of him, as it was of a greater personage,

He caught at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

In consequence of the lady's blindness or obduracy, Ford declares his intention of "travailing till some comfort reach his wretched heart forlorn." This is merely a rhetorical flourish; for the *travail* which he contemplated, appears to be the labour and pains employed, to divert the current of his thoughts, on the "lamentation for this great lord."

He found, however, better resources against ill-requited love, than "perpetual lamentation" for one who was not unwillingly forgotten by his contemporaries, in the pursuit of the law, to which he prudently adhered; a circumstance which he never forgets, nor ever suffers his patrons to forget, as if

he feared to pass with them more for a poet than a man of business.

But he had yet another resource. He had apparently contracted a strong and early passion for the Stage, to which he devoted most of his leisure hours; and, without prematurely grasping at a name, wrote, as the custom then was, in conjunction with the regular supporters of the minor theatres. That he published nothing, we are warranted to conclude from the assertion in the dedication to the "Lover's Melancholy," (given to the press in 1629,) that this was "the first" (dramatic) "piece of his that ever courted reader." But in the twenty-three years which had elapsed since the appearance of his Elegy, he had more than once courted the favour of the *spectator*,* and "stood rubrick" with others in the title-page of several plays which have come down to us, and in more, perhaps, which remain to be discovered.

Of these joint-compositions two will be found in our second volume of Ford, the "Sun's Darling," and the "Witch of Edmonton."

The first of these, in the composition of which Ford joined with Decker, is termed a "Moral Masque."—For a moral masque, however, it sets the main business of life sufficiently low: there is nothing in it worthy of a wise and good man; nothing, in short, beyond what one of the herd of Epicurus might desire—sensual pleasures and gross

* We have the authority of Singleton for the fact, who, in the lines prefixed to this very play, (the Lover's Melancholy,) says,

"Nor seek I praise for thee, when thine own pen
Hath forced a praise *long since* from knowing men."

enjoyments. The plot may be briefly despatched. "Raybright (the Sun's Darling) is roused from a pleasant dream, and informed that his great progenitor, the Sun, will descend from his sphere to gratify his wildest longings for enjoyment; accordingly, at his imperial command, he is entertained by the Four Seasons in succession, all of whom endeavour to recommend themselves to his affection, and to all of whom he vows eternal fidelity; but abruptly abandons each of them in turn, at the instigation of Humour and her attendant, Folly."

The result may be anticipated. The youth recognises his error, and determines to be very wise and virtuous for the residue of his days; when he is told, in strains not unworthy of the subject, that his days are already numbered, and that the inevitable hour is fast closing upon all his earthly prospects.

Indifferent as is the execution of this piece, it is still far superior to its conception. Passages of considerable beauty, especially in the last two acts, frequently occur; but there is nothing to redeem the absurdity of the plot. Instead of taking up an inexperienced, unsophisticated youth, and opening the world to him for the first time, for the instruction of others, the authors have inconsiderately brought forward a kind of modern Virbius; a character who had previously run through life, and its various changes, and seen and enjoyed infinitely more than is tendered to him in his new career.

The second piece, "the Witch of Edmonton," was brought out about the same period as the former, and printed in 1658, probably at the sug-

gestion of Bird, whose name appears to a few introductory lines, which he calls a Prologue.

Edmonton had already given a "Devil"* to the delighted stage, and it appears accordingly to have been thought, that a "Witch" from the same quarter would wear some attraction even in the very name. And the authors were not disappointed in their conjecture. The Sorceress of our times (for they will not be called Witches now) is a splendid character; she moves like a volcano, amidst smoke and fire, and throws heaven and earth into commotion at every step: but the witch of those days was a miserable creature, enfeebled by age, soured by poverty, and maddened by inveterate persecution and abuse. The scenic adjuncts which gave reality and life to the pranks of this august personage were, briefly, a few hereditary "properties" from the green-room of old John Heywood's days, the whole of which might *inhabit lax* in a single cloak-bag. No sweet symphonies from viewless harps, no beautiful displays of hell broke-up, and holyday devils dancing *ad libitum* through alternate scenes of terror and delight, were at our poet's command, *call for them* as he might: a black shaggy rug, in imitation of

* The "Merry Devil of Edmonton" must have been acted at least as early as the year 1604. That it was a very favourite performance (and not without reason, for there are faint touches of a Shakspearian hand in some of the humorous scenes), may be concluded from the following lines in Ben Jonson's Prologue to "The Devil is an Ass:"

" If you'll come

To see new plays, pray you afford us room ;
And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON."

a dog's-skin, into which a clever imp was thrust, and taught to walk on all fours, with permission to relieve himself occasionally by "standing on his hind-legs," and "a mask and visor for a spirit in the shape of Katherine," were all the machinery which the simplicity or poverty of the old theatre allowed him; yet even these were not regarded without considerable interest by those who knew no superstitions but the legendary ones of long ages, and "the Witch of Edmonton" appears accordingly to have been a very popular piece. It deserved indeed to be so; for whatever the absurdities and incongruities, and however much we may be disposed to smile at the "super human" parts of the story, the fable, divested of these, will be found to form a beautiful whole, and cannot but be considered as one of the most tender and affecting of our domestic tragedies.

It has been observed (p. xii.) that the poet entertained a high degree of love and respect for his cousin John Ford, of Gray's-Inn; and he took the earliest opportunity of showing it, by prefixing his name, with that of one or two others of "his honoured friends of that Noble Society," to his first acknowledged piece, the *Lover's Melancholy*. There is an affectation of modesty in the dedication, which, when the writer's age is considered, (for he was now in the full maturity of life,) might be wished away; and there is something of unsuspecting pleasantry in following up the timely hint "that printing his works might soon grow out of fashion with him," by sending *all* his subsequent ones to the press!

The "*Lover's Melancholy*" was published in 1629.

It appeared on the stage in the winter of the preceding year; and was probably written not long before, since Burton's popular work, "the Anatomie of Melancholy," on which the *comic* part (if so it must be termed) of the story is founded, and to which the title evidently refers, had not been above a year or two before the public.

Mr. Campbell observes with great justice, that the poetic portion of this play has much of the grace and sweetness which distinguish the genius of Ford. It has also somewhat more of sprightliness in the language of the secondary characters, than is commonly found in his plays; and, could we suppose that the idle buffoonery was introduced at a later period, in compliance with the taste of the age, which seems to have found a strange and unnatural delight in the exhibition of these humiliating aberrations of the human mind, we might almost be tempted to surmise, that the rest of the drama was of an earlier period than is here set down for it. The catastrophe, indeed the whole of the last act, is beautifully written, and exhibits a degree of poetical talent and feeling which few of the dramatic writers of that day surpassed.

Ford had somewhat pettishly observed in the Epilogue to this piece, that if it failed to please the audience he would not trouble them again; and in the same peevish mood he tells his cousin of Gray's-Inn, in the dedication, that offering "a play to the reader may soon grow out of fashion with him." He certainly evinced no great degree of earnestness to appear again before the public,

as the next play; "Annabella and Giovanni,"* was not given to the press till nearly four years after the former; when, as if to indemnify himself for his constrained forbearance, he published three of his dramas at short intervals. The present play has neither prologue nor epilogue; but in the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, who had openly manifested his satisfaction with the piece on its first appearance, (when the actors exerted themselves with such success as to call for a separate acknowledgement,) Ford terms it "the first fruits of his leisure." And here again, we have to lament that indistinctness which every where obscures the personal history of the poet: The *first fruits* of his leisure, the play before us could scarcely be; as (to omit all mention of those in which he joined with Decker) one of his dramas† was performed at court nearly twenty years before the date of the present, which bears besides tokens of a mind habituated to deep and solemn musings, and formed by long and severe practice to a style of composition at once ardent and impressive.

Of the poetry of this play in the more impassioned passages it is not easy to speak too favourably; it is in truth too seductive for the subject, and flings a soft and soothing light over what, in its natural state, would glare with salutary and repulsive horror.

* This title has been substituted for a much coarser one.

† It was entitled, "An ill Beginning has a good End." It has not been thought necessary to trouble the reader with the names of other dramas attributed to our poet by Chalmers and Reed.

“The Broken Heart” was given to the press in the same year as the foregoing piece, (1633.) It was brought out at the Black Friars; but the date of its appearance is not known. Ford seems to have felt some alarm at the deep tragedy which he was about to develop; and he therefore takes an early opportunity, in the Prologue, to inform the audience that the story was a borrowed one, and that “what may be thought a fiction,—

..... when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth.”

He could not be so ignorant of history as to suppose that Sparta was ever the scene of a tragedy like this; and he probably means no more than that it was extant in some French or Italian collection of tales. But whatever may be the groundwork, it must, after all, be admitted that the story derives its main claim on our affections from the poetic powers of the author himself. They are here exerted with wonderful effect: the spell is early laid, and we have scarcely stepped within the circle, when we feel the charm too effectual to resist, and abide under it, not without occasional misgivings, till all is dissolved in the awful catastrophe. Ford was not unconscious of its merits: he had, he says, “wrought the piece with the best of his art;” and it will not perhaps be denied that, with respect to the diction, and the deep inherent feeling of the more solemn and tragic scenes, many superior to it could not be found; in truth, it seems scarcely possible to turn back and review the beautiful passages which abound in the three plays which have been already mentioned, without placing the

author in a very honourable rank among the dramatic writers of his day.

The "Broken Heart" is dedicated, (not without the poet's usual glance at his professional industry,) in a style highly respectful, yet manly and independent, to the well-known Lord Craven;* a nobleman worthy of all praise, and not ill chosen for the patron of a wild, a melancholy, and romantic tale.

The year 1693 must have proved auspicious to our author's fame, for it also gave to the public "Love's Sacrifice," printed, like the former play, for Hugh Beeston. It appears to have been somewhat of a favourite; and was ushered into the world with more than the usual accompaniments of approbation. That it has many passages of singular merit, many scenes favourable to the display of the writer's powers beautifully executed, it is impossible to deny; but the plot is altogether defective; and the characters proceed from error to error, and from crime to crime, till they exhaust their own interest, and finally expire without care or pity. In the last exquisite drama, the lighter characters, though ill calculated to please, may yet be tolerated; but in this, they are gratuitously odious and repellent.

Something, perhaps, should be attributed to the country from which the poet derived his plot, (for there can be little doubt that it is taken from

* Some account of the active and chequered life of this eminent person may be found in "Collins's Peerage." He is now chiefly remembered for his romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., to whom it is generally supposed he was privately married.

an Italian novel,) and something indulged to the ill-defined manners and language of the age, which, though, strictly speaking, not licentious, were little polished by the collision of good society, which indeed could then be scarcely said to exist. Our poet, however, entertained no misgivings of this kind; he seems, on the contrary, to have been pleased with the management of the story, (which, as the title-page informs us, was generally well received,) and, as a proof of his satisfaction, dedicates it to "his truest friend and worthiest cousin," John Ford, of Gray's-Inn, in a short address highly creditable to his amiable qualities, and full of respectful gratitude and affection. The year before this was written, the indefatigable Prynne had published his ponderous "*Histriomastix*;" in which he collected and reproduced, with increased bitterness and rancour, all his former invectives against the stage: to this Ford adverts with becoming warmth. "The contempt," he says, "thrown on studies of this kind by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion herein." In this, he is supported by Shirley, who has a complimentary poem prefixed to "*Love's Sacrifice*;" in which, after reproaching Prynne with his *voluminous* ignorance and impudence,* he calls upon him to read Ford's

* Not content with this attack on that restless "paper worm," as Needham calls Prynne, Shirley took a further opportunity of showing his hatred to this sore annoyance of the stage by a mock dedication of his ingenious Comedy, entitled, "*The Bird in a Cage*."

Tragedy, and then turn to his own interminable farrago, which he had not only termed "The Actors' *Tragedie*," as if in scorn of them, but divided into Acts and Scenes.

The admirers of Ford had by this time, apparently, *supped full of horrors*. Three tragedies of the deepest kind in rapid succession were probably as many as the stage would then endure from him; and in an hour not unpropitious to his reputation, he turned his thoughts to the historical drama of his own country. "Perkin Warbeck," which appeared in 1634, and which was accompanied with more than the usual proportion of commendatory verses, is dedicated to the Earl (better known as the Duke) of Newcastle, in a strain, which shows that the Poet was fully sensible of the "worthiness," as well as the difficulty of the subject, which he had spared no pains to overcome. It is observed in a critical notice of this drama, which appeared in 1812, that "though the subject of it is such as to preclude the author from the high praise of original invention and fancy," a circumstance which he himself notices in the very opening of his dedication, "the play is so admirably conducted, so adorned with poetic sentiment and expression, so full of fine discrimination of character and affecting incidents, that we cannot (continue the critics) help regarding that audience as greatly disgraced, which, having once witnessed its representation, did not ensure its perpetuity on the English stage. If any (historic) play in the language can induce us to admit the lawfulness of a comparison with Shakspeare it is

this.* There is little to add to this commendation; and much cannot with justice be taken away from it. It may, however, be observed, that the language of this piece is temperately but uniformly raised; it neither bursts into the enthusiasm of passion, nor degenerates into uninteresting whining; but supports the calm dignity of historic action, and accords with the characters of the "graced persons" who occupy the scene.

The uncommon felicity with which Ford has sustained the part of Warbeck has been elsewhere noticed; he could scarcely believe the identity of this youth with the young prince, yet he never permits a doubt of it to escape him, and thus skilfully avoids the awkwardness of shaking the credit and diminishing the interest of his chief character; for Perkin and not Henry is the hero of the play. More will be found in the notes, on this subject; but, it may be added here, that the king was probably less indebted to his armoury, than to his craft and his coffers, for the suppression of these attempts, which occasionally assumed a very threatening aspect: even the ill-judged attack on the coast, feeble as it undoubtedly was, created a considerable degree of alarm; and it appears from a letter to Sir John Paston,† "that a mightie aid of help, and succor" was earnestly requested to secure the towns of Sandwich and Yarmouth.

Notwithstanding the warm commendations of his friends on this production, Ford did not renew his acquaintance with the Historic Muse: nor, on the other hand, did he return to the deep and im-

* Monthly Review.

† *Fenn's Letters*, vol. v. p. 427.

passioned tone of the preceding dramas. He appears to have fostered the more cheerful feeling which he had recently indulged, and to have adopted a species of serious comedy, which should admit of characters and events well fitted for the display of the particular bent of his genius. He was not in haste, however, to court the public; for nothing is heard of him till 1638, (with the single exception of a warm eulogium to the "memory of the Best of Poets Ben Jonson," who died in the preceding year,) when he published the "Fancies Chaste and Noble." The date of its first appearance on the stage is not known; but it probably did not long precede its being given to the press. The play is dedicated to the well known Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Antrim.* And here again Ford asserts, that his "courtship of greatness," never aimed at any pecuniary advantage. Granted: but he forgets that he had no need of it; and there is something in this implied triumph over his necessitous contemporaries, which, to say the best of it, is to be praised neither for its generosity nor its delicacy.

The poet takes to himself the merit of constructing this comedy with original materials:—there is nothing in it, he says, but what he knows to be his own, "without a learned theft." There must surely have been a pretty general notion of Ford's adopting the practice of the dramatic writers of his day, and founding his plots on Spanish or

* For an account of this nobleman, whose pride and vanity were as excessive as his understanding was weak and narrow, the reader is referred to the second and third volumes of *Clarendon's History*.

rather Italian fables, to render these frequent abjurations necessary. We have, indeed, a very inadequate idea of the solicitude with which the dramatic and romantic treasures of Spain and Italy were sought for and circulated in this country. The literary intercourse was then far more alive than (we had almost said,) it is at present, for there were many readers, and many translators at hand to furnish them with a succession of novelties; and, though it must be admitted, we fear, that the exchange ran grievously against us—that we imported much and sent out little—yet the bare labour of working up what we received had, as in other cases, a salutary and quickening effect. Meanwhile, it may without much hesitation be affirmed, that far the greater number of our dramas are founded on Italian novels: this would, perhaps, scarcely be a matter of debate at this time, were it not for the Fire of 1666, which destroyed, beyond hope of recovery, no inconsiderable portion of the light and fugitive literature of the preceding age. In the wide and deep vaults under St. Paul's lay thousands and ten thousands of pamphlets, novels, romances, histories, plays, printed and in manuscript; all the amusement, and all the satire, of Nash and Harvey, of Lodge and Peel, and Green, and innumerable others, which even then made up the principal part of the humble libraries of the day. Here they had been placed for security, and here, when the roof of the cathedral fell in, and the burning beams broke through the floor, they were involved in one general and dreadful conflagration.

Without appearing to deem too lightly of this

drama, it may be observed, that in the plot the poet has certainly failed; the language of the serious parts, however, is deserving of high praise, and the more prominent characters are skilfully discriminated, and powerfully sustained: but the piece has no medium; all that is not excellent is intolerably bad.

The succeeding year (1639) gave to the public the "Lady's Trial," which, it appears, had been performed in May, 1638. It is dedicated, in the spirit of true kindness, to Mr. and Mrs. Wyrley; and the poet, though now near the close of his dramatic labours, has not yet conquered his fear of misemploying his time, or rather of being suspected of it, and assures his partial friends that the piece which he has thus placed under their tuition "is the issue of some *less serious* hours." There seems but little occasion for this; his patrons must have known enough of his personal concerns to render such apologies unnecessary. At fifty-two—and Ford had now reached that age—his professional industry could surely be no subject of doubt; and it requires some little portion of forbearance in the general reader to tolerate this affected and oft-repeated depreciation of the labour to which the genius and inclination of the writer perpetually tended, and overlook the wanton abasement of his own claims to fame.

The "Lady's Trial," like the "Fancies," declines in interest towards the conclusion, in consequence of the poet's imperfect execution of his own plan: that he meditated a more impressive catastrophe for both is sufficiently apparent, but event comes huddling on event, and all is preci-

pitiation, weakness and confusion. It is curious that, in the winding up of each of these pieces, the same expedient is employed; and the honour of Adurni in the former, like that of Troylo in the latter, ultimately vindicated by an unlooked-for marriage. Feeble and imperfect, however, as the plot of the "Lady's Trial" is, and trifling as some of the characters will be found, it is not destitute of passages which the lovers of our ancient drama may contemplate with unreprieved pleasure.

There is nothing in the Dedication, or in the Prologue and Epilogue, to this play, that indicates the slightest inclination of the poet to withdraw from the stage: on the contrary, his mind seems to have attained a cheerful tone and a sprightlier language; yet this was apparently the last of his dramatic labours, and here he suddenly disappears from view.

Much as has been said of the dramatic poets of Elizabeth and James's days, full justice has never yet been rendered to their independence on one another: generally speaking, they stand insulated and alone, and draw, each in his station, from their own stores. Whether it be, that poetry in that age

"Wanton'd as in its prime, and play'd at will
Its virgin fancies"—

or that some other fruitful cause of originality was in secret and powerful operation; so it is, that every writer had his peculiar style, and was content with it. One little exception to this remark may perhaps be found in Ford. He appears

to have discovered that one of the nameless charms of Shakspeare's diction consisted in the skill with which he has occasionally vivified it, by converting his substantives into verbs; and to have aspired to imitate him. He cannot, however, be fairly complimented on his success. Ford's grammatical experiments take from the simplicity of his diction, while they afford no strength whatever to his descriptions.

With this slight exception, which, after all, may be purely visionary, the style of Ford is altogether original, and his own. Without the majestic march which distinguishes the poetry of Massinger, and with little or none of that light and playful humour which characterises the dialogue of Fletcher, or even of Shirley, he is yet elegant, and easy, and harmonious; and, though rarely sublime, yet sufficiently elevated for the most pathetic tones of that passion on whose romantic energies he chiefly delighted to dwell. It has (as has been observed) its inherent beauties and defects: among the latter of which may be set down a pedantic affectation of novelty, at one time exhibited in the composition of uncouth phrases, at another (and this is Ford's principal failure) in perplexity of language; frequently, too, after perversely labouring with a remote idea till he has confused his meaning, instead of throwing it aside, he obtrudes it upon the reader involved in inextricable obscurity.

Its excellencies, however, far outweigh its defects; but they are rather felt than understood. Few things, indeed, will be found more difficult to account for than the deep and lasting impres-

sion made by the more tragic portions of Ford's poetry. Whence does it derive that resistless power which all confess, of afflicting, it might almost be said of harassing, the better feelings? It is not from any peculiar beauty of language—for in this he is equalled by his contemporaries, and, by some of them, surpassed; nor is it from any classical or mythological allusions happily recollected and skilfully applied, for of these he seldom avails himself. It is not from any picturesque views presented to the mind; for of imaginative poetry he has little or nothing: he cannot conjure up a succession of images, whether grave or gay, to flit across the fancy, or play in the eye; yet it is hardly possible to peruse his passionate scenes without the most painful interest, the most heart-thrilling delight. This can only arise—at least, nothing else seems adequate to the excitement of such sensations—from the overwhelming efficacy of intense thought devoted to the embodying of conceptions adapted to the awful situations in which he has, imperceptibly and with matchless felicity, placed his principal characters.

Mr. Campbell observes that Ford interests us in no other passion than that of *love*; “in which he displays a peculiar depth and delicacy of romantic feeling.” Comparatively speaking, this may be admitted; but, in justice to the poet, it should be added that he was not insensible to the power of *friendship*, and, in more than one of his dramas, has delineated it with a master-hand. Had the critic forgotten the noble *Dalyell*? the generous and devoted *Malfato*?—Nor can it justly be inferred

(even setting aside the romantic feelings here alluded to) that the female characters of his second-rate pieces fail to interest us, and occasionally in a high degree, in affections and passions very distinct from those of love. Mr. Campbell, however, terms him "one of the ornaments of our ancient poetry."

In the construction of Ford's plots, or rather perhaps in the selection of his fables, it may suffice to observe here, that there is usually much to commend: like Kent, indeed, he possessed the faculty of *marring a plain tale in the telling*; but this is only saying, in other words, that he planned better than he executed. His besetting error was an unfortunate persuasion, that he was gifted with a certain degree of pleasantry with which it behoved him occasionally to favour the stage; and to this we are indebted for the intrusion of those ill-timed underplots, and those prurient snatches of language, which debase and pollute several of his best dramas. It is not pleasant to dwell on these defects; though justice requires that they should be noticed. Time has long since avenged them: for it can scarcely be doubted that somewhat of the obscurity into which the poet has fallen should be laid to their charge.

But Ford is *not all alone unhappy*. In his day, there was, in fact, no model to work after. The elements of composition, as far as regards taste and judgment, far from being established, were not even arranged; and, with the exception of Sir Philip Sidney's *Essay*, nothing can be more jejune and unsatisfactory than the few attempts at poetic criticism then before the public. Add to this, that

the scale of ethic as well as of poetic fitness seems to have had few gradations marked on it, and those at remote and uncertain distances; hence the writers suddenly drop from all that is pure in taste and exquisite in feeling, to whining imbecility; and from high-toned sentiment and ennobling action, to all that is mean and vicious, apparently unconscious of the vast interval through which they have passed, and the depth to which they have fallen. In other respects, they all seem to have acquiesced in the humble station in which prejudice had placed them,* and instead of attempting to correct the age, to have sought little more than to interest and amuse with the materials so richly provided for them by the extraordinary times on which they were cast. One man, indeed, there was, one eminent man, who sought from early life to enlist the stage on the side of learning and virtue, and called on the people to view the scene in its genuine light,—

“ Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought!—”

—but Ben Jonson (for to him we allude,) found few supporters, and no followers; and the stage went on as before; attended, but not honoured—popular, but not influential.

It is not a little mortifying to reflect, that while dramatic poetry *towered in its pride of place,*

* See p. 11.

and long sustained itself at an elevation which it will never reach again, the writers themselves possessed no sway whatever over the feelings of the people; while, at a subsequent period, when the power of the stage for good and evil was understood, it was turned wholly to the purposes of the latter; and the greatest men of the age formed themselves into factions, for trash that would not now be heard, and names that cannot be pronounced without scorn and shame, that depravity of every kind might be transmitted—from the court to the stage,—from the stage to the people, and none escape the contagion.

It has been generally assumed that our poet died almost immediately after the appearance of the *Lady's Trial*, but for what cause, except that he ceased to write, I have never, (says Mr. Gifford,) been able to conjecture. Faint traditions in the neighbourhood of his birthplace lead rather to the supposition that, having from his legal pursuits acquired a sufficient fortune, he retired to his home, to pass the remainder of his days among the youthful connections whom time had yet spared him.

Nor were there wanting powerful motives for the retirement of one of Ford's lonely and contemplative mood, who watched the signs of the times. Deep and solemn notes of preparation for a tragedy far more terrible than aught the stage could show were audible in the distance; and hollow mutterings, which could not be mistaken, told that the tempest was gathering round the metropolis with fearful acceleration. It is possible that he may have foreseen the approaching

storm, and fled from the first efforts of its violence.*

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina!

The Covenanters were already in arms, and advancing towards the borders: and, at home, the stern and uncompromising enemies of all that was graceful and delightful were rapidly ascending in the scale of power.

Of what nature Ford's chief employment at the Temple was, we have no means of ascertaining. That he was not called to the bar may be fairly surmised, as he never makes the slightest allusion to his pleadings; and his anxious disavowals to his several patrons of permitting his dramatic labours to encroach upon his proper business would almost lead to a conclusion, that he acted as a kind of auditor, or comptroller, for the landed property of the nobility, and managed the pecuniary concerns of their estates, for which his knowledge of the law afforded facility on the one side, and security on the other.

* It fell, indeed, soon after with fatal fury on the dramatic writers. The theatres were closed in 1641; and the subsequent fortunes of many of their most eminent actors may be learnt from a tract printed in 1699, and entitled "Historia Histrionica." Most of them, it appears from the writer, went into the king's army; and, "like good men and true, served their old master, though in a different, yet more honourable capacity." "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 the king."

Of his social habits there, little can be told with certainty. There is sufficient, however, to show that he lived, if not familiarly, yet friendly, with the dramatic writers of his day, and neither provoked nor felt personal enmities. He speaks, indeed, of opposition: but this is merely the language of the stage—opposition is experienced by every dramatic writer worth criticism, and has nothing in common with ordinary hostility. In truth, with the exception of an allusion to the “voluminous” and rancorous Prynne, nothing can be more general than his complaints. Yet Ford looked not much to the brighter side of life: he could, like Jaques, “suck melancholy out of a song as a weazle sucks eggs;” but he was unable, like this wonderful creation of our great poet, to extract mirth from it. When he touched a lighter string, the tones, though pleasingly modulated, were still sedate; and it must, we think, be admitted that his poetry is rather that of a placid and serene than of a happy mind: he was, in truth, an amiable ascetic amidst a busy world.

No village anecdotes are told of him, as of his countryman Herrick, nor do any memorials of his private life remain. The troubles which followed, and the confusion which frequently took place in the parish registers in consequence of the intrusion of ministers little interested in local topics, have flung a veil of obscurity over much of the domestic history of that turbulent and disastrous period. In these troubles the retreat of the Fords is known to have largely shared; and it is more than probable that the family suffered under the Usurpation. The neighbourhood was distinguished for

its loyalty; and many of the fugitives who escaped from the field after the overthrow of Lord Wentworth, at Bovey-Tracy, by Cromwell, unfortunately for the village, took refuge in Ilsington Church, whither they were pursued and again driven to flight by the victorious army.

There is no appearance of Ford's being married at the period of his retirement from the Temple, as none of his Dedications or Addresses make the slightest allusion to any circumstance of a domestic nature; but there is—or rather was—an indistinct tradition among his neighbours, that he married and had children. A person of our poet's character and fortune could not, indeed, have had far to seek for a worthy partner, and with such a one it is pleasing to hope that he spent the residue of his blameless and honourable life.

A LIST OF FORD'S PLAYS.

1. THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY, T. C. Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 24th November, 1628. Printed 1629.
2. ANNABELLA AND GIOVANNI, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phoenix.
3. THE WITCH OF EDMONTON, T. By Rowley, Dekkar, Ford, &c. Printed 1658. Probably acted soon after 1622. Acted at the Cockpit, and at Court.
4. THE SUN'S DARLING, M. Acted in March, 1623-24, at the Cockpit. Printed 1657.
5. THE BROKEN HEART, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Blackfriars.
6. LOVE'S SACRIFICE, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phoenix.
7. PERKIN WARBECK, H. T. Printed 1634. Acted at the Phoenix.
8. THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE, C. Printed 1638. Acted at the Phoenix.
9. THE LADY'S TRIAL, T. C. Acted at the Cockpit in May, 1638. Printed 1639.
10. BEAUTY IN A TRANCE, T. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9th, 1653, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
11. THE LONDON MERCHANT, C.
12. THE ROYAL COMBAT, C.
13. AN ILL BEGINNING HAS A GOOD END, C. Played at the Cockpit, 1613.
14. THE FAIRY KNIGHT. Ford and Decker.
15. A LATE MURDER OF THE SONNE UPON THE MOTHER. Ford and Webster.
16. THE BRISTOWE MERCHANT. Ford and Decker.

} Entered on the Stationer's books June 29th, 1660, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

VOL. I.

B

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.] This piece, the author tells us, was "the first of his that ever courted reader." It was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, in 1628, and brought out on the 24th of November in that year: in 1629, it was given to the press, accompanied (as the manner was) by several recommendatory poems. "The Lover's Melancholy" seems to have been favourably received. A slight analysis of the plot will, without too much forestalling that pleasure which the reader's own conjectures and anticipations might furnish, enable him more easily to encounter those difficulties which are not unfrequently to be met with in Ford's dialogue, some of them owing to the defective state of the MSS, but more originating in the author's very peculiar style of composition.

Meleander, a noble statesman of Cyprus, was the father of two daughters, Eroclea and Cleophila. A marriage between the former of these and his son, Palador, had been projected by the reigning prince of Cyprus: the appearance, however, of the beautiful Eroclea at court, awoke less friendly designs in the heart of the monarch; and it was found necessary to steal away, and convey to a distant country, the object of his violent passion. A deep melancholy seizes on Palador at the loss of his intended bride; while the still more unfortunate Meleander, accused of treason and stripped of his honours, becomes bereft of reason, and remains a prisoner to his castle, under the care of his other daughter, the tender-hearted and faithful Cleophila. The author of all this mischief shortly after dies;

but, at the time the drama commences, no intelligence had been heard of the lovely creature, whom his unhallowed desires had made a fugitive and a wanderer. The play opens with the return of Menaphon, a nephew of Meleander and a son of Sophronos, his successor in office, from his travels. These had been undertaken with a view of "disburthening himself of the discontents" which the haughty conduct of his mistress, Thamasta, a cousin of the prince, Palador, had occasioned him; and with that ill success which too often attends such attempts to heal a wounded mind.

"Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,
I found in change of airs; the fancy flatter'd
My hopes with ease, as theirs do; but the grief
Is still the same."

As a companion Menaphon brings back with him a youth, named Parthenophill, whom he had accidentally encountered in the beautiful vale of Tempe in Thessaly, and the occasion of his meeting with whom forms one of the most interesting tales to be found in the whole compass of the drama. The melancholy seclusion in which Palador lived, and his inattention to the cares of government, began at length to excite serious discontents in Cyprus. His tutor, Aretus, and his minister, Sophronos, in vain endeavour to awake him from his lethargy, and some mummeries, practised by the court-physician, Corax, for the same purpose, are attended with little better success. His cure, however, was nearer at hand than his courtiers imagined. The young stranger, Parthenophill, turns out in due course of time to be the lost Eroclea, and the discovery has, as might be expected, the double effect of restoring cheerfulness to

Palador and reason to Meleander. Cleophila, released from her pious attendance on her late distracted father, bestows her hand on Amethus, her devoted lover; and Thamasta, shamed out of her haughtiness by a misplaced affection, into which the male attire of Eroclea had betrayed her, becomes the wife of Menaphon. The minor characters will disclose themselves in the course of the drama; but none of them will be found to have much claim on the reader's attention or affection, except Rhetias, the faithful servant of the heroine of the piece.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALADOR, Prince of Cyprus.

AMETHUS, Cousin to the Prince.

MELEANDER, an old Lord.

SOPHRONOS, Brother to MELEANDER.

MENAPHON, Son of SOPHRONOS.

ARETUS, Tutor to the Prince.

CORAX, a Physician.

PELIAS, }
CUCULUS, } Two foolish Courtiers.

RHETIAS (a reduced Courtier), Servant to EROCLEA.

TROLLIO, Servant to MELEANDER.

GRILLA, a Page of CUCULUS, in Woman's dress.

THAMASTA, Sister of AMETHUS, and Cousin to the
Prince.

EROCLEA, (as PARTHENOPHILL,) }
CLEOPHILA, } Daughters of
MELEANDER.

KALA, Waiting-Maid to THAMASTA.

Officers, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE—*Famagosta in Cyprus.*

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MENAPHON and PELIAS.

Men. DANGERS! how mean you dangers? that
so courtly

You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

Pel. From travels, noble sir.

Men. These are delights;

If my experience hath not, truant-like,
Mispent the time, which I have strove to use
For bettering my mind with observation.

Pel. As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange!
But is it possible?

Men. What?

Pel. To bestride

The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,
When blustering Boreas tosseth up the deep,
And thumps a thunder-bounce!

Men. Sweet sir, 'tis nothing:
Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents
A feather-bed to waft you to the shore,
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

Pel. Indeed! is't true, I pray?

Men. I will not stretch
Your faith upon the tenters.—Prithee, Pelias,
Where didst thou learn this language?

Pel. I this language?
Alas, sir, we that study words and forms
Of compliment, must fashion all discourse
According to the nature of the subject.
But I am silent:—now appears a sun,
Whose shadow I adore.

Enter AMETHUS, SOPHRONOS, and Attendants.

Men. My honour'd father!

Soph. From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my
love,
The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much
Speak me a child.

Men. O princely sir, your hand.

Amet. Perform your duties, where you owe them
first;

I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures
Thy presence hath brought home.

Soph. Here thou still find'st
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when
Thou left'st at thy departure.

Men. Yes, I know it,
To him I owe more service—

Amet. Pray give leave—
He shall attend your entertainments soon,
Next day, and next day;—for an hour or two
I would engross him only.

Soph. Noble lord!

Amet. You are both dismiss'd.

Pel. Your creature and your servant.

[*Exeunt all but AMETHUS and MENAPHON.*

Amet. Give me thy hand. I will not say,
 Thou'rt welcome ;
 That is the common road of common friends.
 I'm glad I have thee here—Oh ! I want words
 To let thee know my heart.

Men. 'Tis pieced to mine.

Amet. Yes, 'tis ; as firmly as that holy thing
 Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,
 My Menaphon ! now all the goodly blessings,
 That can create a heaven on earth, dwell with thee !
 Twelve months we have been sundered ; but
 henceforth

We never more will part, till that sad hour,
 In which death leaves the one of us behind,
 To see the other's funerals performed.
 Let's now a while be free.—How have thy travels
 Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents ?

Men. Such cure as sick men find in changing
 beds, •
 I found in change of airs ; the fancy flatter'd
 My hopes with ease, as their's do ; but the grief
 Is still the same.

Amet. Such is my case at home.
 Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid
 Of sweetness and humility, more pities
 Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide
 Of my complaints.

Men. Thamasta, my great mistress,
 Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this
 Confirm'd* affection on some worthy choice.

Amet. Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet
 Is intermured with ice ; though by the truth

* Perhaps *conferr'd*.—GIFFORD.

Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein
 I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy,
 Thy—Come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,
 Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on [thee]—a sin
 Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery
 Is monstrous in a true friend.

Men. Does the court
 Wear the old looks too?

Amet. If thou mean'st the prince,
 It does. He's the same melancholy man
 He was at's father's death; sometimes speaks sense,
 But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;
 Will lend an ear to business, deal in none;
 Gaze upon revels, antick fopperies,
 But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse,
 Hear music; but what most he takes delight in,
 Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly,
 So sweet in his own nature, any story
 Hath seldom mention'd.

Men. Why should such as I am
 Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,
 Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun
 Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,
 Is to be but the exercise of cares
 In several shapes; as miseries do grow,
 They alter as men's forms; but how none know.

Amet. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
 In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
 Than any you have seen abroad.

Men. Than any
 I have observed abroad! all countries else
 To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
 And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
 Of admirable virtue.

Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?

Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are: to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.

Amet. Prithee do.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.*

Amet. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.

A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,

* *Vide* (Ford says) *Fami. Stradam, lib. ii. Prolus. 6. Acad. 2. Imitat. Claudian.* This story, as Mr. Lambe observes, has been paraphrased by Crashaw, Ambrose Philips, and others: none of those versions, however, can at all compare for harmony and grace with this before us.—GIFFORD.

That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good! on—

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
own;

He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, har-
mony.—

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling
throat

Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
 And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
 A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and
 cried :

“ Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it;
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end:” and in that sorrow,
 As he was pashing* it against a tree,
 I suddenly stept in.

Amet. Thou hast discours'd
 A truth of mirth and pity.†

Men. I repriev'd
 The intended execution with intreaties,
 And interruption.—But, my princely friend,
 It was not strange the music of his hand
 Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,
 Youth, carriage and discretion must, from men
 Indued with reason, ravish admiration:
 From me, they did.

* i. e. *dashing* it.

† ——— *Thou hast discours'd*

A truth of mirth and pity.]

This is evidently corrupt; but I can suggest no remedy.
 Pathetic, indeed, this most beautiful tale is, but it certainly
 contains nothing of merriment.—GIFFORD.

Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be seen ?

Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo not to make known ;
Only (for reasons to himself reserv'd)
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel : for his fortunes,
They were nor mean, nor riotous ; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure :
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.

Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus ?

Men. Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy prince,
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love
Prevail'd with him ; and I have lodg'd him privately
In Famagosta.

Amet. Now thou art doubly welcome :
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When do you intend
To visit my great-spirited sister ?

Men. May I
Without offence ?

Amet. Without offence !—Parthenophill
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.
Thou art not still a coward ?

Men. She's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.

Amet. I'll prepare
A noble welcome ; and, friend, ere we part,
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.**Enter RHETIAS, carelessly attired.*

Rhe. I will not court the madness of the times ;
 Not fawn upon the riots that embalm
 Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust
 Of their affected vanities in coffins
 Of memorable shame. When commonwealths
 Totter and reel from that nobility,
 And ancient virtue which renowns the great,
 Who steer the helm of government, while mush-
 rooms

Grow up, and make new laws to license folly ;
 Why should not I, a May-game,* scorn the weight
 Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices†
 Which rot the land, and,‡ without fear or wit,
 Be mine own antick? 'Tis a sport to live
 When life is irksome, if we will not hug
 Prosperity in others, and contemn
 Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain :
 " He that pursues his safety from the school
 " Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."
 Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce—the devil
 That damns you here on earth.—Or I will be
 Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So!

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence ; a buzz o' the court.

* *Why should not I, a May-game, &c.*] i. e. an unconsidered trifle, a jest, a piece of mirth.—GIFFORD.

† *Snarl at the vices.*] *Snarl* (as well as *girl*) is commonly made a dissyllable by our poet.—GIFFORD.

‡ i. e. boldly, desperately, without care of consequences.

Pel. Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news,
New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah,
That gull, that young old gull, is coming this way.

Rhe. And thou art his forerunner!

Pel. Prithee, hear me.

Instead of a fine guarded* page we have got him
A boy, trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion;
Persuaded him, that 'tis indeed a wench,
And he has entertain'd him; he does follow him,
Carries his sword and buckler, waits on's trencher,
Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife,
Lackeys his letters, does what service else
He would employ his man in. Being ask'd
Why he is so irregular in courtship,
His answer is, that since great ladies use
Gentlemen-ushers, to go bare before them,
He knows no reason, but he may reduce
The courtiers to have women wait on them;
And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at
Most complimentally.—Thou'lt burst to see him.

*Enter CUCULUS followed by GRILLA, both fantasti-
cally dressed.*

Look, look he comes! observe him seriously.

Cuc. Reach me my sword and buckler.

Gril. They are here, forsooth.

Cuc. How now, minx, how now! where is your
duty, your distance? Let me have service me-
thodically tendered; you are now one of us.
Your curtsy. [*GRILLA curtsies.*] Good! remem-

* *Instead of a fine guarded page.*] i. e. of a page with a
livery richly laced, or turned up.—GIFFORD.

ber that you are to practise courtship.* Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

Gril. A sounder of some such instrument, forsooth.

Cuc. Was he so?—hold up thy head. Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

Gril. That will be fine indeed.

Cuc. Thou art yet but simple.

Gril. Do you think so?

Cuc. I have a brain; I have a head-piece: o' my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court-midwife at least.

Gril. E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

Pel. (*coming forward*) Noble, accomplished Cuculus!

Rhe. Give me thy fist, innocent.

Cuc. 'Would 'twere in thy belly! there 'tis.

Pel. That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

Cuc. Who cares! We can be as blunt as he, for his life.

CORAX passes over the Stage.

Pel. Corax, the prince's chief physician! What business speeds his haste?—Are all things well, sir?

Cor. Yes, yes, yes.

Rhe. Phew! you may wheel about, man; we

* *Courtship.*] The behaviour necessary to be observed at court; the manners of a courtier.—STEEVENS.

know you are proud of your slovenry and practice; 'tis your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still.

Cor. So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

Cuc. Aha! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

Rhe. You must not go yet.

Cor. I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity.* [*Throws off his gown.*] Do what thou dar'st; I stand thee.

Rhe. Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorou† empiric.

Cuc. To't, to't! hold him to't! hold him to't! to't, to't, to't.

Cor. The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou would'st hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art, but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

Rhe. Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

Cor. I have employment for thee, and for ye

* *There lies my gravity, (throws off his gown.)*] Thus Prospero, when he throws off his mantle, exclaims,

“ Lie there, my art.”

And Fuller tells us that the great Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say,

“ Lie there, *Lord Treasurer.*”—GIFFORD.

† i. e. deceitful, cheating.

all. Tut! these are but good morrows between us. I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

Rhe. He shall fret or laugh.

Cuc. Must I make one?

Cor. Yes, and your feminine page too.

Gril. Thanks, most egregiously.

Pel. I will not slack my part.

Cuc. Wench, take my buckler.

Cor. Come all into my chamber; the project is cast; the time only we must attend.

Rhe. The melody must agree well and yield sport,

When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of THAMASTA.

Enter AMETHUS, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Amet. Does this show well?

Tha. What would you have me do?

Amet. Not like a lady of the trim, new crept
Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness,
Embroideries, and all these antick fashions,
That shape a woman monstrous; to transform
Your education, and a noble birth
Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister!
She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility.

Tha. Then you conclude me proud?

Amet. Young Menaphon,
My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly:
To witness his obedience to your scorn,

Twelve months, wrong'd gentleman, he undertook
 A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister,
 In this time of his absence, have you not
 Disposed of your affections on some monarch?
 Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king
 With fawning protestations of your graces,
 Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?
 This had been a new piece of modesty,
 Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

Tha. You are bitter;
 And, brother, by your leave, not kindly wise.*
 My freedom is my birth; I am not bound
 To fancy your improvements, but my own.
 Indeed, you are an humble youth! I hear of
 Your visits, and your loving commendation
 To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin
 Of rare excellence: What though she want
 A portion to maintain a portly greatness!
 Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend
 So low; the meekness of your pity leads you!
 She is your dear friend's sister! a good soul!
 An innocent!—

Amet. Thamasta!

Tha. I have given
 Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me;
 For his sake entertain'd Parthenophill,
 The handsome stranger, more familiarly
 Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part,
 I not repent my courtesies: but you—

Amet. No more, no more! be affable to both;
 Time may reclaim your cruelty.

* *Not kindly wise.*] i. e. your wisdom has not the *natural* tenderness of a brother in it.—GIFFORD.

Tha. I pity

The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sadness:

He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers
His tales so gracefully, that I could sit
And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep,
To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon
Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend
For pleading his true love.

Amet. Now I commend thee;
Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

Enter MENAPHON and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. I fear I shall.

[*Aside.*

Amet. Have you survey'd the garden?

Men. 'Tis a curious,
A pleasantly contriv'd delight.

Tha. Your eye, sir,
Hath in your travels often met contents
Of more variety?

Par. Not any, lady.

Men. It were impossible, since your fair presence

Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine,
More lovely than all other helps of art
Can equal.

Tha. What you mean by "helps of art,"
You know yourself best; be they as they are;
You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

Men. 'Twould argue want of manners, more
than skill,
Not to praise *praise itself*.

Tha. For your reward,

Henceforth I'll call you servant.*

Amet. Excellent sister!

Men. 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall
Lower than shame, when I neglect all service
That may confirm this favour!

Tha. Are you well, sir?

Par. Great princess, I am well. To see a league
Between an humble love, such as my friend's is,
And a commanding virtue, such as your's is,
Are sure restoratives.

Tha. You speak ingeniously.
Brother, be pleas'd to show the gallery
To this young stranger. Use the time a while,
And we will all together to the court:
I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

Par. You are all composed of fairness and true
bounty.

Amet. Come, come: we'll wait you, sister. This
beginning
Doth relish happy process.

Men. You have bless'd me.

[*Exeunt MEN. AMET. and PAR.*]

Tha. Kala! O, Kala!

Kala. Lady.

Tha. We are private;
Thou art my closet.

Kala. Lock your secrets close then:
I am not to be forced.

Tha. Never till now
Could I be sensible of being a traitor
To honour and to shame.

* Henceforth I'll call you servant.] i. e. acknowledge you as a lover.

Kala. You are in love.

Tha. I am grown base.—Parthenophill—

Kala. He's handsome,
Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,
A winning tongue.

Tha. If ever I must fall,
In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,
Resisted. Whisper in his ear, how gladly
I would steal time to talk with him one hour;
But do it honourably. Prithee, *Kala*,
Do not betray me.

Kala. Madam, I will make it
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with
him.

Tha. I hope thou art not, *Kala*.

Kala. 'Tis for your sake:
I'll tell him so; but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

Tha. Pray, use me kindly; let me not too soon
Be lost in my new follies. 'Tis a fate
That overrules our wisdoms; whilst we strive
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.
Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.*

Soph. Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more
than time

That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps
In the dull lethargy of lost security.

The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;
The court is now turn'd antick, and grows wild,
Whilst all the neighbouring nations stand at gaze,
And watch fit opportunity to wreak

Their just conceived fury on such injuries
As the late Prince, our living master's father,
Committed against laws of truth or honour.

Intelligence comes flying in on all sides;
Whilst the unsteady multitude presume

How that you, Aretus, and I engross,
Out of particular ambition,

The affairs of government; which I, for my part,
Groan under, and am weary off.

Are. Sophronos,

I am as zealous too of shaking off
My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought
Of speedy remedy; and to that end,
As I have told you, have concluded with
Corax, the prince's chief physician.—

Soph. You should have done this sooner, Aretus;
You were his tutor, and could best discern
His dispositions, to inform them rightly.

Are. Passions of violent nature, by degrees
Are easiliest reclaim'd. There's something hid
Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

Enter CORAX, RHETIAS, PELIAS, CUCULUS, and
GRILLA.

You come on just appointment. Welcome, gentlemen!

Have you won Rhetias, Corax?

Cor. Most sincerely.

Cuc. Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships take notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the newest edition, spick and span-new, without example. Do your honour, housewife!

Gril. There's a curtsy for you, and a curtsy for you.

Soph. 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion, And entertain she-waiters.

Are. 'Twill be courtly.

Cuc. I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a headpiece——

Rhe. Of woodcock, without brains in it!* Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns,† and hucksters set thee out in gingerbread.

* Of woodcock, &c.] A cant term for a simpleton. GIFFORD.

† Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that barbers' shops were furnished with some musical instruments, (commonly a cittern* or guitar,) for the amusement of such customers as chose to strum upon it while waiting for their turn to be shaved. It should be recollected that the patience of the customers, if the shop was at all popular, must, in those te-

* The cittern of Johnson's days differed little from the guitar, as to form. It was strung with wire instead of catgut, like the guitar, and seems to have been in great vogue.

Cuc. Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee now; canst let me be quiet?

Gril. You are too perstreperous, sauce-box.

Cuc. Good girl! if we begin to puff once—

Pel. Prithee, hold thy tongue; the lords are in the presence.

Rhe. Mum, butterfly!

Pel. The prince! stand and keep silence.

Cuc. O the prince! wench, thou shalt see the prince now. [*Soft Music.*]

Enter PALADOR, with a Book.

Soph. Are. Sir, gracious sir!

Pal. Why all this company?

Cor. A book! is this the early exercise I did prescribe? instead of following health, Which all men covet, you pursue disease. Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set at tennis,

Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing, Your casting of the sledge, or learning how To toss a pike? all chang'd into a sonnet! Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave The court; it does infect me with the sloth Of sleep and surfeit: in the university I have employments, which to my profession

dious days of love-locks, and beards of the most fantastic cuts, have been frequently put to very severe trials. Some kind of amusement, therefore, was necessary to beguile the time, and, as newspapers had not then descended to the lower classes, a more innocent or effectual one than an instrument, in pretty general use, could not readily be found.

The head of the cittern, like that of the harp, occasionally terminated, I suppose, in some grotesque kind of ornament. GIFFORD.

Add profit and report ; here I am lost,
 And, in your wilful dulness, held a man
 Of neither art nor honesty. You may
 Command my head :—pray, take it, do ! 'twere
 better

For me to lose it, than to lose my wits,
 And live in Bedlam ;* you will force me to't ;
 I am almost mad already.

Pal. I believe it.

Soph. Letters are come from Crete, which do
 require

A speedy restitution of such ships,
 As by your father were long since detain'd ;
 If not, defiance threaten'd.

Are. These near parts
 Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends ;
 And by intelligence we learn for certain,
 The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest
 Of tribute intermitted.

Soph. Through your land
 Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine
 More than they dare speak publicly.

Cor. And yet
 They talk but oddly of you.

Cuc. Hang 'em, mongrels !

Pal. Of me ? my subjects talk of me !

Cor. Yes, scurvily,
 And think worse, prince.

Pal. I'll borrow patience
 A little time to listen to these wrongs ;

* *And live in Bedlam.]* As there were mad folks in Fa-
 magosta, there were doubtless receptacles for them. Ford,
 however, was thinking of Moorfields.—GIFFORD.

And from the few of you, which are here present,
Conceive the general voice.

Cor. So! now he's nettled. [Aside.

Pal. By all your loves I charge you, without
fear

Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,
And how I am interpreted: speak boldly.

Soph. For my part, sir, I will be plain, and brief.
I think you are of nature mild and easy,
Not willingly provok'd, but withall headstrong
In any passion that misleads your judgment:
I think you too indulgent to such motions
As spring out of your own affections;
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit counsel from yourself, of what
Is most amiss.

Pal. So!—Tutor, your conceit?

Are. I think you doat (with pardon let me speak
it)

Too much upon your pleasures; and these pleasures

Are so wrapt up in self-love, that you covet
No other change of fortune: would be still
What your birth makes you; but are loth to toil
In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.

Cor. I think you would be by the world reputed
A man, in every point complete; but are
In manners and effect indeed a child,
A boy, a very boy.

Pel. May it please your grace,
I think you do contain within yourself
The great elixir, soul and quintessence
Of all divine perfections; are the glory
Of mankind, and the only strict example

For earthly monarchs to square out their lives by :
Time's miracle ! Fame's pride ! in knowledge, wit,
Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—

Pal. You are a courtier.

Cuc. But not of the ancient fashion, an it like
your highness. 'Tis I ; I that am the credit of
the court, noble prince ; and if thou would'st, by
proclamation or patent, create me overseer of all
the tailors in thy dominions, then, then the golden
days should appear again ! bread should be
cheaper ; fools should have more wit ; knaves
more honesty, and beggars more money.

Gri. I think now—

Cuc. Peace, you squall !

Pal. You have not spoken yet. [*To Rhetias.*

Cuc. Hang him ! he'll nothing but rail.

Gri. Most abominable ;—out upon him !

Cor. Away, Cuculus ; follow the lords.

Cuc. Close, page, close.

[*They all silently withdraw, but RHE. and PAL.*

Pal. You are somewhat long a'thinking.

Rhe. I do not think at all.

Pal. Am I not worthy of your thought ?

Rhe. My pity, you are ;—but not my reprehension.

Pal. Pity !

Rhe. Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe service,
who exchange their happiness for a misery.

Pal. Is it a misery to be a prince ?

Rhe. Princes who forget their sovereignty, and
yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—
You had a father, sir.

Pal. Your sovereign, whilst he lived :—but
what of him ?

Rhe. Nothing.

I only dared to name him,—that is all.

Pal. I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st us,

Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak : there's something

That we must know : be free ; our ears are open.

Rhe. O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the ears than stroke a lion ; the greatest danger is the last.

Pal. This is mere trifling.—Ha ! are all stol'n hence ?

We are alone—thou hast an honest look.—
Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd
With flattery : be open. Though 'tis true,
That in my younger days I oft have heard
Agenor's name, my father, more traduced,
Than I could then observe : yet I protest,
I never had a friend, a certain friend,
That would inform me thoroughly of such errors,
As oftentimes are incident to princes.

Rhe. All this may be. I have seen a man so curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against the metal I am to handle ; the one is tenderer than the other.

Pal. I see then I must court thee. Take the word

Of a just prince ; for any thing thou speakest
I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

Rhe. I will remember you of an old tale, that something concerns you. Meleander, the great but unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated with for a match between you and his

eldest daughter, the lady Eroclea: you were both near of an age,—I presume you remember a contract,—and cannot forget *her*.

Pal. She was a lovely beauty—prithee forward!

Rhe. To court was Eroclea brought; was courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as it followed, but to be made a prey to some less noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot the rest.

Pal. Good, call it back again into thy memory; Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

Rhe. You charm me.* In brief, a rape by some bad agents was attempted; by the lord Meleander, her father, rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander accused of treason, his land seized, he himself distracted and confined to the castle, where he yet lives. What had ensued, was doubtful; but your father shortly after died.

Pal. But what became of fair Eroclea?

Rhe. She never since was heard of.

Pal. No hope lives then

Of ever, ever seeing her again?

Rhe. Sir, I feared I should anger you. This was, as I said, an old tale:—I have now a new one, which may perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish.

Pal. I am prepared to hear; say what you please.

Rhe. My lord Meleander falling, (on whose favour my fortunes relied,) I furnished myself for travel, and bent my course to Athens; where a

* *You charm me.*] You overpower my reluctance to speak; and accordingly Rhetias feels no further difficulty in disclosing himself.—GIFFORD.

pretty accident, after a while, came to my knowledge.

Pal. My ear is open to thee.

Rhe. A young lady, contracted to a noble gentleman, as the lady last mentioned and your highness were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy in a merchant, from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.—

Pal. In habit of a man?

Rhe. A handsome young man—'till within these three months or less, (her sweet-heart's father dying some year before, or more,) she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

Pal. If I *did* love her, Rhetias! Yes I did.
Give me thy hand: as thou did'st serve Meleander,
And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

Rhe. My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

Pal. Forget the sadder story of my father,
And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well;
For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd
A tongue was vow'd to silence; for requital—
Open my bosom, Rhetias.

Rhe. What's your meaning?

Pal. To tie thee to an oath of secrecy—
Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly:
What find'st thou there?

Rhe. A picture in a tablet.

Pal. Look well upon't.

Rhe. I do—yes—let me observe it—
'Tis her's, the lady's.

Pal. Whose?

Rhe. Eroclea's.

Pal. Her's that was once Eroclea. For her
sake

Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm
Of government; for her sake, will restore
Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake,
Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful,
And let no politic lord work from thy bosom
My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me:
But be not too secure.

Rhe. I am your creature.

Pal. Continue still thy discontented fashion,
Humour the lords, as they would humour me;
I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discovered.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, KALA,
and PARTHENOPHILL.

Amet. Honour and health still wait upon the
prince!

Sir, I am bold with favour to present
Unto your highness Menaphon, my friend,
Return'd from travel.

Men. Humbly on my knees
I kiss your gracious hand.

Pal. It is our duty
To love the virtuous.

Men. If my prayers or service
Hold any value, they are vow'd your's ever.

Rhe. I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou art started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad? Canst tell news and swear lies with a grace like a true traveller?—What new ouzle's* this?

Tha. Your highness shall do right to your own judgment,
In taking more than common notice of
This stranger, an Athenian, named Partheno-
phill;

One, who, if mine opinion do not soothe me
Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind
Deserves a dear respect.

Pal. Your commendations,
Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

Par. All the powers
That sentinel just throntes, double their guards
About your sacred excellence!

Pal. What fortune
Led him to Cyprus?

Men. My persuasions won him.

Amet. And if your highness please to hear the
entrance
Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

Tha. It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest
accident,
That e'er delighted your attention:
I can discourse it, sir.

* *What new ouzle's this?*] Parthenophill, whom he pretends not to know. It may be briefly observed, that "ouzel is a generic term, in which the species blackbird (one among many) is contained."—GIFFORD.

Pal. Some other time.*

How is he call'd?

Tha. Parthenophill.

Pal. Parthenophill?

We shall sort time to take more notice of him.

[*Exit.*

Men. His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

Amet. I told you so.

Tha. You must not wonder at it.

Par. I do not, lady.

Amet. Shall we to the castle?

Men. We will attend you both.

Rhe. All three—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear, gallant; I'll keep the old man in chat, whilst thou gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips; not a word.

Amet. I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister, soon

Expect us; this day we will range the city.

Tha. Well, soon I shall expect you.—Kala!*

[*Aside.*

Kal. Trust me.

Rhe. Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder thou art!

[*Exeunt all but PARTHENOPHILL and KALA.*

Kal. May I not be offensive, sir?

Par. Your pleasure?

Yet, pray, be brief.

Kal. Then, briefly; good, resolve me;

Have you a mistress or a wife?

Par. I have neither.

* *Kala!*] This is a hint to her attendant to take the present opportunity of conveying her message "honourably" to Parthenophill.—GIFFORD.

Kal. Nor did you ever love in earnest any
Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own ?

Par. Not any truly.

Kal. What your friends or means are
I will not be inquisitive to know,
Nor do I care to hope for. But admit
A dowry were thrown down before your choice,
Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection,
How gladly would you entertain it ? Young man,
I do not tempt you idly.

Par. I shall thank you,
When my unsettled thoughts can make me sen-
sible

Of what 'tis to be happy ; for the present
I am your debtor ; and, fair gentlewoman,
Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,
For my weak brains conceive not what concerns
me.

Another time—(*Going.*)

Enter THAMASTA.

Tha. Do I break off your parley,
That you are parting ? Sure my woman loves you ;
Can she speak well, Parthenophill ?

Par. Yes, madam,
Discreetly chaste she can ; she hath much won
On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,
Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady,
Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment ;
'Therefore, I may be bold to make confession
Of truth : if ever I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tha. Indeed!

But say, a nobler love should interpose.

Par. Where real worth and constancy first settle
A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant
In that construction, which must give clear light
To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter
Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.
Madam, my duty waits on you. [*Exit.*

Tha. Come hither!—

“If ever henceforth I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.”—'Twas so!

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tha. These very words

Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave.
Thou woo'd'st him for thyself?

Kal. You said I should.

Tha. My name was never mentioned?

Kal. Madam, no:

We were not come to that.

Tha. Not come to that!

Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate?
Now poverty and a dishonest fame,
The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment.
False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your
carriage;*

There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen
That shall be cast [away] upon thee, Kala;
I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,
Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

* *I'll spoil your carriage!*] From the sequel of the speech it appears not improbable that the poet's word was *marriage*.
—GIFFORD.

Kal. I have not verily deserv'd this cruelty.

Tha. Parthenophill shall know, if he respect not
My birth, the danger of a fond* neglect. [*Exit.*

Kal. Are you so quick? Well, I may chance
to cross

Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant
The young man for myself, yet, if he love me,
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him;

And let her do her worst then! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at the Castle.

Enter CLEOPHILA and TROLLIO.

Cleo. Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

Trol. Ay, forsooth; but he sleeps like a hare,
with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this sullen living;
But I am not; for I take more content
In my obedience here, than all delights
The time presents elsewhere.

Mel. Oh!

Cleo. Dost hear that groan?

Trol. Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast,
young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs,
and all.

Cleo. My much-wrong'd father! let me view
his face.

[*Draws the arras, MELEANDER discovered
in a chair, sleeping.*

* *Of a fond neglect.*] i. e. the danger of slighting the love
of a lady of my rank.—GIFFORD.

Trol. Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to steal away his rough beard whilst he sleeps? In his naps he never looks in a glass—and 'tis high time, o' my conscience, for him to be trimmed; he has not been under the shaver's hand almost these four years.

Cleo. Peace, fool!

Trol. He begins to stir; he stirs. Bless us, how his eyes roll! A good year keep your lordship in your right wits, I beseech ye! [*Aside.*

Mel. Cleophila!

Cleo. Sir, I am here; how do you, sir?

Mel. The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of owls

Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd
The while, for 'twas no boot to weep. The girl
Was fresh and full of youth; but, oh! the cunning

Of tyrants, that look big! their very frowns
Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard.—
Good! what art thou? and thou?

Cleo. I am Cleophila,
Your woeful daughter.

Trol. I am Trollio,
Your honest implement.

Mel. I know you both. 'Las, why d'ye use me thus?

Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle,
That turtles in their down do feed more gall,
Than her spleen mix'd with:—yet, when winds
and storm

Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,
The purest whiteness is no such defence
Against the sullyng foulness of that fury.

So raved Agenor, that great man, mischief
 Against the girl—'twas a politic trick!
 We were too old in honour.—I am lean,
 And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly
 I have not dined these three days.

Cleo. Will you now, sir?

Trol. I beseech you heartily, sir.

Mel. Am I stark mad?

Trol. No, no, you are but a little staring—
 there's difference between staring and stark mad.
 You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted, conun-
 drummed, or so. [*Aside.*

Mel. Here's all my care; and I do often sigh
 For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded
 From all good people. But take heed; Amethus
 Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister;
 There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon
 Have not been very skilful to let all out.

Cleo. I am, alas! too griev'd to think of love;
 That must concern me least.

Mel. Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, PARTHENOPHILL, *and*
 RHETIAS.

Trol. Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise
 immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen; the more the
 merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a
 readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner
 now. [*Exit.*

Amet. My lord Meleander, Menaphon, your
 kinsman,
 Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender
 His duty to you; to you his love, fair mistress.

Men. I would I could as easily remove
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study
To do you faithful service.—My dear cousin,
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!

Cleo. One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin,
lives

In you, and your well-doing.

Men. This young stranger
Will well deserve your knowledge.

Amet. For my friend's sake,
Lady, pray give him welcome.

Cleo. He has met it,
If sorrows can look kindly.

Par. You much honour me.

Rhe. How he eyes the company! sure my pas-
sion will betray my weakness.—O my master, my
noble master, do not forget me; I am still the
humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those
that serve you. [Aside.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter; 'tis
the usher to a violent extremity. [Aside.

Mel. I am a weak old man. All these are come
To jeer my ripe calamities.

Men. Good uncle!

Mel. But I'll outstare ye all: fools, desperate
fools!

You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,
And roll about the world to gather moss,
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud
roofs

Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!
Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths

That are bored thro' the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full sur-
feits,

As, being gorg'd once, make you lean with plenty;
And when you have skimm'd the vomit of your
riots,

You are fat in no felicity but folly:

Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the
troops

Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich
fare,

Dainty, delicious!—Here's Cleophila;

All the poor stock of my remaining thrift:

You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ye like her?

Amethus, how d'ye like her?

Amet. My intents

Are just and honourable.

Men. Sir, believe him.

Mel. Take her!—We two must part; go to
him, do.

Par. This sight is full of horror,

Rhe. There is sense yet

In this distraction.

Mel. In this jewel I have given away

All what I can call mine. When I am dead,

Save charge; let me be buried in a nook:

No guns, no pompous whining; these are fooleries.

If, whilst we live, we stalk about the streets

Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes

In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on;

It is not comely to be haled* to the earth,

* *Haled to the earth.*] i. e. drawn to the grave. The allusion is to the pomp and parade of a funeral procession, and to the rich heraldic trophies with which the hearse was covered.

Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,
 In antick trappings. Scorn to useless tears!
 Eroclea was not coffin'd so : she perish'd,
 And no eye dropp'd save mine—and I am childish ;
 I talk like one that doats ; laugh at me, Rhetias,
 Or rail at me.—They will not give me meat,
 They have starv'd me : but I'll henceforth be mine
 own cook.

Good morrow ! 'tis too early for my cares
 To revel ; I will break my heart a little,
 And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry. [*Exit.*

Rhe. I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use
 your time respectively ; few words to purpose
 soonest prevail : study no long orations ; be plain
 and short. I'll follow him. [*Exit.*

Amet. Cleophila, although these blacker clouds
 Of sadness thicken and make dark the sky
 Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow
 The stream of my affections ; they are pure,
 Without all mixture of un noble thoughts :
 Can you be ever mine ?

Cleo. I am so low
 In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,
 That I want words to tell you, you deserve
 A worthier choice.

Amet. But give me leave to hope.

Men. My friend is serious.

Cleo. Sir, this for answer. If I ever thrive
 In any earthly happiness, the next
 To my good father's wish'd recovery,
 Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,
 Which I dare promise :—for the present time,
 You cannot urge more from me.

Mel. (*within*) Ho, Cleophila !

Cleo. This gentleman is mov'd.

Amet. Your eyes, Parthenophill,
Are guilty of some passion.

Men. Friend, what ails thee?

Par. All is not well within me, sir.

Mel. (*within*) Cleophila!

Amet. Sweet maid, forget me not; we now
must part.

Cleo. Still you shall have my prayer.

Amet. Still you my truth. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA, the former in a black Velvet Cap, and a white Feather, with a Paper in his hand.

Cuc. Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of the trim?

Gril. As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-gartered.

Cuc. Here are my mistresses, mustered in white and black. [*Reads.*] "Kala, the waiting-woman." I will first begin at the foot: stand thou for Kala.

Gril. I stand for Kala.

Cuc. I must look big, and care little or nothing for her, because she is a creature that stands at livery. Thus I talk wisely and to no purpose. "Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be either fair or honest, so, considering thy service, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure thy baseness, 'tis more out of thy courtesy than my deserving; and so I expect thy answer."

Gril. I must confess—

Cuc. Well said.

Gril. You are—

Cuc. That's true too.

Gril. To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.

Cuc. Away, away!—dost think so?

Gril. A very foul-mouth'd and misshapen cox-comb.

Cuc. This shall serve well enough for the waiting-woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the old madman's daughter. I must come to her in whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms, and blubber out my speech as thus: "Even as a kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare—

Enter PELIAS and CORAX.

Pel. In amorous contemplation, on my life;
Courting his page, by Helicon!

Cuc. 'Tis false.

Gril. A gross untruth; I'll justify it, sir,
At any time, place, weapon.

Cuc. Marry, shall she.

Cor. No quarrels, goody Whiske! lay by your trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader, follow him; get credit now or never. Vanish, doodles, vanish!

Cuc. For the device?

Cor. The same; get ye gone, and make no
bawling. [*Exeunt all but CORAX.*

To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,
And lose so many hours, as my studies
Have hoarded up, is to be like a man
That creeps both on his hands and knees to climb
A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,
One careless slip down-tumbles him again
Into the bottom, whence he first began.
I need no prince's favour; princes need

My art : then, Corax, be no more a gull,
The best of 'em cannot fool thee ; nay, they shall
not.

Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.

Soph. We find him timely now ; let's learn the
cause.

Are. 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you
learn'd,

And, since your skill can best discern the humours
That are predominant in bodies subject
To alteration, tell us, pray, what devil
This Melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters ?

Cor. You are yourself a scholar,
And quick of apprehension : Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease. So Extasy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rupture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From Melancholy ;* which is briefly this,
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow ; first begot i'th'brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd

* "*Vide,*" Ford says, "*Democritus Junior.*" He alludes to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by Robert Burton ; from which not only what is here said, but the descriptions and personifications of the various affections of the mind in the Interlude (scene iii.) are imitated, or rather copied ; for the poet has added little or nothing of his own, to what he found in that popular volume. To say the truth, the stupendous and undistinguishing diligence of our "*Democritus the Younger*" almost precluded the possibility of adding to any topic which he had previously made the object of his researches.—GIF-
FORD.

As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.

Are. There are sundry kinds
Of this disturbance?

Cor. Infinite: it were
More easy to conjecture every hour
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

Soph. Thus you conclude, that, as the cause is
doubtful,
The cure must be impossible; and then
Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost for ever,
As well unto himself, as to his subjects.

Cor. My lord, you are too quick; thus much I
dare
Promise and do; ere many minutes pass,
I will discover whence his sadness is,
Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.

Are. You are a noble scholar.

Soph. For reward
You shall make your own demand.

Cor. May I be sure?

Are. We both will pledge our truth.

Cor. 'Tis soon perform'd.
That I may be discharged from my attendance
At court, and never more be sent for after:
Or—if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,
If I get home once, and come here again!
Though my neck stretch a halter for't, I care not.

Soph. Come, come, you shall not fear it.

Cor. I'll acquaint you
With what is to be done; and you shall fashion it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in THAMASTA'S House.**Enter KALA and PARTHENOPHILL.*

Kala. My lady does expect you, thinks all
time
Too slow till you come to her : wherefore, young
man,
If you intend to love me, and me only,
Before we part, without more circumstance,
Let us betroth ourselves.

Par. I dare not wrong you ;—
You are too violent.

Kala. Wrong me no more
Than I wrong you ; be mine, and I am yours ;
I cannot stand on points.

Par. Then, to resolve
All further hopes, you never can be mine,
Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall
not.

Kala. *Shall not!* Well,
You were best to prate unto my lady now,
What proffer I have made.

Par. Never, I vow.

Kala. Do, do! 'tis but a kind heart of my own,
And ill luck can undo me.—Be refused!
O scurvy!—Pray walk on, I'll overtake you.
Meantime I'll mar* her market. [*Exit PAR.*

* *I'll mar her market.*] Her mistress's ; whom she accordingly betrays to Menaphon.—GIFFORD.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. Parthenophill passed this way; prithee,
Kala,
Direct me to him.

Kala. Yes, I can direct you;
But you, sir, must forbear.

Men. Forbear?

Kala. I said so.
Your bounty has engaged my truth, receive
A secret, that will, as you are a man,
Startle your reason; 'tis but mere respect
Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,
The stranger, whom your courtesy received
For friend, is made your rival.

Men. Rival, Kala?
Take heed; thou art too credulous.

Kala. My lady
Doats on him: I will place you in a room,
Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see
Such passages as will confirm the truth
Of my intelligence.

Men. 'Twill make me mad.

Kala. Yes, yes.
It makes me mad too, that a gentleman
So excellently sweet, so liberal,
So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd
By a young smooth-chinn'd straggler; but, for
love's sake,
Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word;
I am undone then.

Men. That were too much pity:
Honest, most honest Kala! 'tis thy care,
Thy serviceable care.

Kala. You have ev'n spoken
All can be said or thought.

Men. I will reward thee:
But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip
His falsehood with a vengeance.—

Kala. O speak little.
Walk up these stairs; and take this key, it opens
A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,
You may see all their courtship.

Men. I am silent.

Kala. As little noise as may be, I beseech you;
There is a back stair to convey you forth
Unseen or unsuspected.— [*Exit MENAPHON.*
He that cheats

A waiting-woman of a free good turn
She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.
Sheep-spirited boy! altho' he had not married
me,

He might have proffer'd kindness at the least:
But they are come:
On goes my set of faces most demurely.

Enter THAMASTA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. Forbear the room.

Kala. Yes, madam.

Tha. Whosoever
Requires access to me, deny him entrance
Till I call thee; and wait without. [*Exit KALA.*

Tha. I expose
The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,
To hazard of much hard construction,
In seeking an adventure of a parley
So private with a stranger: if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon

Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.

Par. Lady—to shorten long excuses—time
And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd
My apprehension, with a real taste
Of your most noble nature, that to question
The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,
Which Heav'n hath with a plenty made you rich
in,

Would argue me uncivil;* which is more,
Base-bred; and, which is most of all, unthankful.

Tha. The constant loadstone and the steel are
found

In several mines; yet is there such a league
Between these minerals, as if one vein
Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle
Is not engraft upon an olive's stock;
Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret
Of sympathy, that, being planted near,
They will, both in their branches and their roots,
Embrace each other: twines of ivy round
The well-grown oak; the vine doth court the
elm;

Yet these are different plants. Parthenophil,
Consider this aright; then these slight creatures
Will fortify the reasons I should frame
For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection,
Which is submitted to a stranger's pity.
True love may blush, when shame repents too
late;

But in all actions, nature yields to fate.

* *Would argue me uncivil*] i. e. unacquainted with the language and manners of good society.—GIFFORD.

Par. Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed
The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
Not to be sensible of your intents ;
I clearly understand them. Yet so much
The difference between that height and lowness,
Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,
Dissuades me from ambition ; that I am
Humbler in my desires, than love's own power
Can any way raise up.

Tha. I am a princess,
And know no law of slavery ; to sue,
Yet be denied !

Par. I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and curs'd,
As if some holy temple had been robb'd,
And I the thief.

Tha. Thou art unwise, young man,
To enrage a lioness.

Par. It were unjust
To falsify a faith ; and ever after,
Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,
A scorn to time and truth.

Tha. Remember well,
Who I am, and what thou art.

Par. That remembrance
Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,
If some few days have tempted your free heart
To cast away affection on a stranger ;
If that affection have so oversway'd
Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath
Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit ;
How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,

Wherein you may new trim, and settle right
A memorable name?

Tha. The youth is idle.*

Par. Days, months, and years are past, since
Menaphon

Hath loved and serv'd you truly; Menaphon,
A man of no large distance in his blood
From your's; in qualities desertful, graced
With youth, experience, every happy gift
That can by nature, or by education
Improve a gentleman; for him, great lady,
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care
Have wisely treasur'd up, to enrich his life.

Tha. Thou hast a moving eloquence, Partheno-
phill!—

Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross
The destiny that guides us: my great heart
Is stoop'd so much beneath that wonted pride,
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer
A miserable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.

Par. Menaphon,

By me, repeats the self-same words to you:
You are too cruel, if you can distrust
His truth, or my report.

Tha. Go where thou wilt,
I'll be an exile with thee; I will learn
To bear all change of fortunes.

Par. For my friend,
I plead with grounds of reason.

Tha. For thy love,

* *The youth is idle*] i. e. talks from the purpose.—GIFFORD.

Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other entertainments,—

Par. Stay, as you honour virtue.

Tha. When the proffers
Of other greatness,—

Par. Lady!

Tha. When entreats
Of friends,—

Par. I'll ease your grief.

Tha. Respect of kindred,—

Par. Pray, give me hearing.

Tha. Loss of fame,—

Par. I crave

But some few minutes.

Tha. Shall infringe my vows,

Let Heaven,—

Par. My love speaks t'ye: hear, then go on.

Tha. Thy love? why, 'tis a charm to stop a vow
In its most violent course.

Par. Cupid has broke

His arrows here; and, like a child unarm'd,
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

Tha. This is mere trifling.

Par. Lady, take a secret.

I am as you are;—in a lower rank,
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.
And now, to use your own words, “if your
thoughts

Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name un-
stain'd.”

Tha. Are you not mankind then?

Par. When you shall read

The story of my sorrows, with the change
 Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed
 From my unforged relation, I believe
 You will not think the shedding of one tear,
 A prodigality that misbecomes
 Your pity and my fortune.

Tha. Pray conceal
 The errors of my passions.

Par. Would I had
 Much more of honour (as for life, I value't not)
 To venture on your secrecy!

Tha. It will be
 A hard task for my reason, to relinquish
 The affection, which was once devoted thine;
 I shall awhile repute thee still the youth
 I loved so dearly.

Par. You shall find me ever,
 Your ready faithful servant.

Tha. O, the powers
 Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies!
 We must not part yet.

Par. Let not my unworthiness
 Alter your good opinion.

Tha. I shall henceforth
 Be jealous of thy company with any;
 My fears are strong and many.*

Re-enter KALA.

Kala. Did your ladyship
 Call me?

* This scene, at once dignified and pathetic, is happily conceived, delicately conducted, and beautifully written. It places Ford's powers of language and command of feeling in a very eminent rank.—GIFFORD.

Tha. For what?

Kala. Your servant Menaphon
Desires admittance.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. With your leave, great mistress,
I come,—So private! is this well, Parthenophill?

Par. Sir, noble sir!

Men. You are unkind and treacherous;
This 'tis to trust a straggler!

Tha. Prithee, servant—

Men. I dare not question you, you are my mis-
tress,

My prince's nearest kinswoman; but he—

Tha. Come, you are angry.

Men. Henceforth, I will bury
Unmanly passion in perpetual silence:
I'll court mine own distraction, doat on folly,
Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,
Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,
Which, in her best of constancy, is steadiest
In change and scorn.

Tha. How dare you talk to me thus?

Men. Dare? Were you not own sister to my
friend,

Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl you
As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;
For I would never more look on you. Take
Your jewel t'ye!—and, youth, keep under wing,
Or—boy!—boy!

Tha. If commands be of no force,
Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

Men. 'Tis naught.

Fie, fie, Parthenophill! have I deserv'd
To be thus used?

Par. I do protest—

Men. You shall not;

Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

Enter AMETHUS.

Amet. Away, away to court! The prince is
pleas'd

To see a Masque to-night; we must attend him:
'Tis near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?

Men. The judge, your sister, will decide it
shortly.

Tha. Parthenophill, I will not trust you from
me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and CORAX;
Servants with Torches.*

Cor. Lights and attendance! I will shew your
highness

A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,
Imagine you were now in the university,
You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,
A quab; 'tis nothing else, a very quab.*

Pal. We will observe it.

Soph. Yes, and grace it too, sir,
For Corax else is humorous and testy.

Are. By any means; men singular in art,
Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.

* *A quab; a very quab.*] An unfledged bird, a nestling:
metaphorically, any thing in an imperfect, unfinished state.
—GIFFORD.

Pal. The name of this conceit.

Cor. Sir, it is called
The Masque of Melancholy.

Are. We must look for
Nothing but sadness here, then.

Cor. Madness rather
In several changes.* Melancholy is
The root, as well of every apish frenzy,
Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,
Hold, and observe the plot; (*Gives PAL. a paper*)
'tis there express'd
In kind, what shall be now express'd in action.—

*Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, and
PARTHENOPHILL.*

No interruption;—take your places quickly;
Nay, nay, leave ceremony. Sound to th' entrance!
[*Flourish.*]

*Enter RHETIAS, his Face whited, black shag Hair,
long Nails; with a piece of raw Meat.*

Rhe. Bow, bow! now, now! The moon's eclipsed;
I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since I turn'd wolf,
I bark, and howl and dig up graves; I will never
have the sun shine again: 'tis midnight, deep dark
midnight,—get a prey, and fall to—I have catch'd
thee now.—*Arre!*—

* Ford has here introduced one of those Interludes in which the old stage so much delighted. The various characters of these "apish frenzies," as he calls them, he has taken from *Burton's Melancholy*; the book to which he refers in a former scene. He cannot be said to have improved what he has borrowed, which, on the contrary, reads better in *Burton's* pages than his own.—GIFFORD.

Cor. This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir; when men conceive themselves wolves.

Pal. Here I find it. [Looking at the paper.

Enter PELIAS, with a Crown of Feathers, antickly rich.

Pel. I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was I not an emperor? my hand was kiss'd, and ladies lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me; I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any man to name water, or wash his hands, throughout all my dominions.

Pal. Hydrophobia term you this?

Cor. And men possess'd so, shun all sight of water;

Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

Enter a PHILOSOPHER in black Rags, with a Copper Chain, an old Gown half off, and a Book.

Phi. Philosophers dwell in the moon. Speculation and theory girdle the world about, like a wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is the physic for the soul; my opinions are pure and perfect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the beast.

Cor. Delirium this is call'd, which is mere dotage,

Sprung from ambition first, and singularity, Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

Pal. I not dislike the course.

Enter GRILLA, in a rich Gown, great Fardingale, great Ruff, a Muff, Fan, and Coxcomb on her Head.*

GRIL. *Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this fine! I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here, here—did he give me a shough,† and cut off's tail! Buss, buss, nunce, and there's a pum for duddy.*

Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis.

Pal. True.

Cor. Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most in women.

Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam, singing.

Cuc. *They that will learn to drink a health in hell,
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;
For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.*

Rhe. I'll swoop thee up.

Pel. Thou'st straight to execution.

Gril. Fool, fool, fool! catch me an thou canst.

Phi. Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

Cuc. [*sings*] *Hark, did you not hear a rumbling!
The goblins are now a tumbling!
I'll tear 'em, I'll sear 'em,
I'll roar 'em, I'll gore 'em!
Now, now, now! my brains are a jum-
bling.—*

Bounce! the gun's off.

* Coxcomb.] i. e. a fool's cap.—GIFFORD.

† Did he give me a shough.] A shock-dog, a water-spaniel.
GIFFORD.

Pal. You name this here, hypochondriacal ?

Cor. Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing
The head, and thence deriv'd to the animal parts.
To be too over-curious, loss of goods
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

Pal. 'Tis very strange : but Heaven is full of
miracles.

THE DANCE.

[*Exeunt the Masquers in couples.*

We are thy debtor, Corax,* for the gift
Of this invention ; but the plot deceives us :
What means this empty space ?

[*Pointing to the paper.*

Cor. One kind of Melancholy
Is only left untouch'd ; 'twas not in art
To personate the shadow of that fancy ;
'Tis nam'd Love-Melancholy. As, for instance,
Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand
forth—

[*To PARTH.*

Entangled by the beauty of this lady,
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart
The weight of hopes and fears ; it were impossible
To limn his passions in such lively colours,
As his own proper sufferance could express.

Par. You are not modest, sir.

* *We are thy debtor, Corax, &c.*] This good prince is easily pleased ; for, to speak truth, a masque more void of invention, or merit of any kind, never shamed the stage. It is singular that Ford did not recollect how absolutely he had anticipated the boasted experiment of this trisfer, and laid open the whole secret of the prince's melancholy in the admirable scene with Rhetias in the second act : but he was determined to have a show, and, in evil hour, he had it.—GIFFORD.

Tha. Am I your mirth?

Cor. Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel, It runs a headlong course to desperate madness. O were your highness but touch'd home, and thoroughly,

With this (what shall I call it?) devil—

Pal. Hold!

Let no man henceforth name the word again.—

Wait you my pleasure, youth.—'Tis late; to rest!—

[*Exit.*

Cor. My lords—

Soph. Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.

Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change the skin;

And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in THAMASTA'S House.**Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.**Amet.* Doat on a stranger?*Men.* Court him; plead, and sue to him.*Amet.* Affectionately?*Men.* Servilely; and, pardon me,
If I say, basely.*Amet.* Women, in their passions,
Like false fires, flash, to fright our trembling
senses,Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat.
My sister do this! she, whose pride did scorn
All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now!—
You are my friend.*Men.* What I confirm, is truth.*Amet.* Truth, Menaphon?*Men.* If I conceived you were
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,
Then, sir——*Amet.* What then, sir?*Men.* I would then resolve
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,
As is Thamasta in her choice of love:
That sin is double, running in a blood,
Which justifies another being worse.*Amet.* My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,
And would not, willingly, believe the truth

Of my dishonour: she shall know how much
 I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,
 By checking the contempt her poor desires
 Have sunk her fame in. Prithee tell me, friend,
 How did the youth receive her?

Men. With a coldness

As modest and as hopeless, as the trust
 I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

Enter THAMASTA and KALA.

Amet. I will esteem him dearly.

Men. Sir, your sister.

Tha. Servant, I have employment for you.

Amet. Harkye!

The mask of your ambition is fallen off;
 Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject low-
 ness,

That you have now discover'd to report
 Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,——

Tha. You are turn'd Satire.

Amet. All the flatteries

Of greatness have expos'd you to contempt.

Tha. This is mere railing.

Amet. You have sold your birth
 For lust.

Tha. Lust?

Amet. Yes; and, at a dear expense,
 Purchased the only glories of a wanton.

Tha. A wanton!

Amet. Let repentance stop your mouth:
 Learn to redeem your fault.*

* It is evident, from what follows, in a subsequent scene, that this warmth of language is merely affected by Amethus, for the purpose of intimidating his sister, and by dint of over-

Kala. I hope your tongue
Has not betray'd my honesty. [*Aside to MEN.*

Men. Fear nothing.

Tha. If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove
To keep a wary guard about my fame ;
If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift
The constancy of your protested love ;
You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,
Impute that to a coyness or neglect,
Which my discretion and your service aim'd
For noble purposes.

Men. Great mistress, no :

I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,
That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope
Of any least desert, that might entitle
My duty to a pension from your favours.

Amet. And therefore, lady, (pray observe him
well,)

He henceforth covets plain equality ;
Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,
With some fit partner, whom, without presump-
tion,

Without offence or danger, he may cherish,
Yes, and command too, as a wife ; a wife ;
A wife, my most great lady !

Kala. All will out. [*Aside.*

Tha. Now I perceive the league of amity,
Which you have long between you vow'd and kept,
Is sacred and inviolable ; secrets
Of every nature are in common to you.
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty ;

powering her supposed coquetry, surprising her into an avowal
of her attachment to his friend.—GIRFORD.

Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

Men. Gracious and virtuous mistress!

Amet. 'Tis a trick;

There is no trust in female cunning, friend.
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure
Apparent testimony of her constancy;
Or we will not believe these childish plots:
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear
To a reply.—Think on't!

Men. Pray, love your fame.

[*Exeunt MEN. and AMET.*]

Tha. Gone! I am sure awak'd. Kala, I find
You have not been so trusty as the duty
You owed required.

Kala. Not I? I do protest
I have been, madam.

Tha. Be—no matter what!
I am paid in mine own coin; something I must,
And speedily.—So!—seek out Cuculus,
Bid him attend me instantly.

Kala. That antick!
The trim old youth shall wait you.

Tha. Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds
indeed;

But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. Thou art an excellent fellow. Diabolo!
O these empirics, that will undertake all cures,

yet know not the causes of any disease! Dog-leeches! By the four elements I honour thee; could find in my heart to turn knave, and be thy flatterer.

Cor. Sirrah, 'tis pity thou'dst not been a scholar;
Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o' conscience!

But for thy lord now,—I have put him to't.

Rhe. He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot; is he not monstrously overgone in frenzy?

Cor. Rhetias, 'tis not a madness, but his sorrows

(Close griping grief, and anguish of the soul)
That torture him; he carries hell on earth
Within his bosom: 'twas a prince's tyranny
Caus'd his distraction; and a prince's sweetness
Must qualify that tempest of his mind.*

Rhe. Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure
The misbelieving world, that the sun shines,
When 'tis i' th' full meridian of his beauty:
No cloud of black detraction can eclipse
The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth,
casting

All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,
Call me your servant; only, for the present,
I wish a happy blessing to your labours.—
Heaven crown your undertakings! and believe
me,

* ————— 'twas a prince's tyranny

Caused his distraction, &c.] Here again poor Corax has just stumbled on what the prince had discovered long before: never, surely, was reputation so cheaply obtained as by this compound of fool and physician.—GIFFORD.

Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,
The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.

[*Exit.*

Cor. Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd fellow;
there is pith
In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

Enter TROLLIO, with a Morion on.*

Trol. Worshipful master doctor, I have a great deal of I cannot tell what, to say to you. My lord thunders, every word that comes out of his mouth roars like a cannon; the house shook once;—my young lady dares not be seen.

Cor. We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

Trol. He has got a great pole-axe in his hand, and fences it up and down the house, as if he were to make room for the pageants.† I have provided me a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

Mel. (within) So ho, so ho!

Trol. There, there, there! look to your right worshipful, look to yourself.

Enter MELEANDER with a Pole-axe.

Mel. Shew me the dog, whose triple-throated noise

* *Morion.*] A head-piece, a helmet.—GIFFORD.

† *To make room for the pageants.*] An allusion to the city-officers, who headed the shows on the Lord Mayor's day, and opened the passage for the masquers. They must have found occasion for all their *fencing*, if the fierce curiosity of the citizens be considered, and the state of the public streets.—GIFFORD.

Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,
To tear the cur in pieces.

Cor. [*Putting on a frightful Mask, and turning to MEL.*] Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's skull,
That shall transform thee to that restless stone,
Which Sisyphus rolls up against the hill;
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

Mel. Nay, if the fates
Have spun my thread, and my spent clue of life
Be not untwisted, let us part like friends:
Lay up my weapon, Trollio, and be gone.

Trol. Yes, sir, with all my heart.

[*Exit, with the Pole-axe.*]

Mel. This friend and I will walk, and gabble
wisely.

Cor. I allow the motion; on! [*Takes off his Mask.*]

Mel. So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,
Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state;
Then the whole body follows.

Cor. Then they fill
Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and
theirs
The world runs round; yet these are square men
still.*

* *The world turns round; yet these are square men still.*]
The play of words between round and square is not of a very
exquisite kind, but it does well enough for Corax. By square
he means just, unimpeachable.—GIFFORD.

Mel. There are none poor, but such as engross offices.

Cor. None wise, but unthrifths, bankrupts, beggars, rascals.

Mel. The hangman is a rare physician.

Cor. That's not so good; (*Aside.*) it shall be granted.

Mel. All

The buzz of drugs, and minerals and simples,
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull
Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are trash
To a strong well-wrought halter; there the gout,
The stone, yes, and the melancholy devil,
Are cured in less time than a pair of minutes:
Build me a gallows in this very plot,
And I'll dispatch your business.

Cor. Fix the knot
Right under the left ear.

Mel. Sirrah, make ready.

Cor. Yet do not be so sudden; grant me leave
To give a farewell to a creature long
Absented from me: 'tis a daughter, sir,
Snatch'd from me in her youth, a handsome girl;
She comes to ask a blessing.

Mel. Pray, where is she?

I cannot see her yet.

Cor. She makes more haste
In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,
Which many griefs have weaken'd.

Mel. Cruel man!

How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already
With injuries of time?—Whilst I am frantic,
Whilst throngs of rude divisions huddle on,

And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep,
 So long—I am insensible of cares.
 As balls of wildfire may be safely touch'd,
 Not violently sundered, and thrown up ;
 So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,
 Not hurried in the air of repetition,
 Or memory of my misfortunes past :
 Then are my griefs struck home, when they're
 reclaim'd
 To their own pity of themselves.—Proceed ;
 What of your daughter now ?

Cor. I cannot tell you,
 'Tis now out of my head again ; my brains
 Are crazy ; I have scarce slept one sound sleep
 These twelve months.

Mel. 'Las, poor man ! canst thou imagine
 To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand,
 By practising a cure upon my weakness,
 And yet be no physician for thyself ?
 Go, go ! turn over all thy books once more,
 And learn to thrive in modesty ; for impudence
 Does least become a scholar. Thou'rt a fool,
 A kind of learned fool.

Cor. I do confess it.

Mel. If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat,
 Renounce the thought of greatness, tread on fate,
 Sigh out a lamentable tale of things,
 Done long ago, and ill done ; and, when sighs
 Are wearied, piece up what remains behind
 With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to
 death ;

Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,
 And we will sit together, like true friends,
 And never be divided. With what greediness

Do I hug my afflictions! there's no mirth
Which is not truly season'd with some madness:
As, for example— [Exit, hastily.

Cor. What new crotchet next?

There is so much sense in this wild distraction,
That I am almost out of my wits too,
To see and hear him: some few hours more
Spent here, would turn me apish, if not frantic.

Re-enter MELEANDER with CLEOPHILA.

Mel. In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou
man

Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,
Worthy thy contemplation, like to this?
The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters,
The harmony and sweet consent of times,
Are not of such an excellence, in form
Of their creation, as the infinite wonder
That dwells within the compass of this face:
And yet, I tell thee, scholar, under this
Well-ordered sign, is lodg'd such an obedience
As will hereafter, in another age,
Strike all comparison into a silence.
She had a sister too;—but as for her,
If I were given to talk, I could describe
A pretty piece of goodness—let that pass—
We must be wise sometimes. What would you
with her?

Cor. I with her? nothing by your leave, sir.

Mel. (to Cleo.) Good soul! be patient;
We are a pair of things, the world doth laugh at.
Yet be content, Cleophila; those clouds,
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,
Will never be chased off till I am dead;

And then some charitable soul will take thee
 Into protection: I am hasting on;
 The time cannot be long.

Cleo. I do beseech you,
 Sir, as you love your health, as you respect
 My safety, let not passion overrule you.

Mel. It shall not; I am friends with all the
 world.

Get me some wine; to witness that I will be
 An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.

Cor. Have you prepared his cup?

[*Aside to CLEO.*

Cleo. It is in readiness.

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA.

Cuc. By your leave, gallants, I come to speak
 with a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's
 daughter of the house.

Mel. Your business with my lady-daughter,
 toss-pot?

Gril. Toss-pot? O base! toss-pot?

Cuc. Peace! dost not see in what case he is?—
 I would do my own commendations to her; that's
 all.

Mel. Do. Come, my Genius, we will quaff in
 wine,
 Till we grow wise.

Cor. True nectar is divine.

[*Exeunt MEL. and COR.*

Cuc. So! I am glad he is gone. Page, walk
 aside.—Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from
 the mistress of my thoughts, to you, the mistress
 of my desires.

Cleo. So, sir! I pray be brief.

Cuc. That you may know I am not, as they say, an animal, which is, as they say, a kind of Cokes,* which is, as the learned term it, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon, a dolt, a noddy, a —

Cleo. As you please.

Cuc. Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

Cleo. Well, to your embassy. What, and from whom?

Cuc. There you come to me. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be great in ladies' favours.

Cleo. Good time o'day to you! I can stay no longer.

Cuc. By this light, but you must; for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. [*Delivers a Letter.*

Cleo. To me, from her? 'tis strange! I dare peruse it. [*Reads.*

Cuc. Good. O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

Cleo. Is't possible? Heaven, thou art great and bountiful.

Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess, Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

* The allusion is to a character in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

Cuc. They shall, mad-dam.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helps are quite bereaven,

Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

Cuc. That's my opinion clearly and without doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ARETUS and SOPHRONOS.

Are. The prince is thoroughly mov'd.

Soph. I never saw him
So much distemper'd.

Are. What should this young man be?
Or whither can he be convey'd?

Soph. 'Tis to me
A mystery; I understand it not.

Are. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR, AMETHUS, and PELIAS.

Pal. You have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature; but take heed:
Though I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery you make of my dull patience,
Yet you shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provok'd, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

Pel. Good sir.

Pal. Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or language,
Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate, and controul my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?

Men. Not to be heard of.

Pal. Fly then to the desert,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,
This airy apparition; come no more
In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays,
Is not my friend.

Amet. 'Tis strange.

Are. Soph. We must obey.

[*Exeunt all but PALADOR.*

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,

My credulous sense; the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me:—the physician
Presented a strange masque; the view of it
Puzzled my understanding; but the boy—

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs,
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every
corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him.
There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is; there is some practice, sleight,
or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an
odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth
in face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias?

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats,
'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none
from her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life,
To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. [*Exit RHE.*] As there
is by nature,
In every thing created, contrariety,
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath model'd, in himself contains
Passions of several qualities.—

[*Enter behind, EROCLEA (Parthenophill)*
in female attire.

The music

Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in consort, not in single strains:
My heart has been untuned these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted. Living here,
We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

Ero. Minutes are number'd by the fall of sands,
As by an hourglass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it:
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints?
Can I be nowhere private?

Ero. (*comes forward and kneels*) Let the substance

As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,
As the vain sound can pass [, sir, from] your ear,
If no impression of a troth vow'd your's,
Retain a constant memory.

Pal. Stand up!

'Tis not the figure stamp'd upon thy cheeks,
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,

So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickenning presence

Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!

Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.
If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off, wherefore, cruel-mercy!
Hast thou assumed a shape, that would make
treason

A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires is flam'd

Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,

If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon un-
weave

The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle; as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee!
For my belief is arm'd else. Yet, fair subtilty,
Before we part, (for part we must,) be true;
Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha! thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name?

Ero. A name of misery;
The unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness!
Hath honesty and virtue left the time?
Are we become so impious, that, to tread
The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name.

Ero. Whilst I was lost to memory,
Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to claim
A convoy to my grave, I must not blush
To let Prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea:
I am that woeful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast

Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:—
 So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth ;
 So martyrdom and holiness are twins,
 As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue :—
 But, let me by degrees collect my senses ;
 I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
 Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravish'd
 The contract of our hearts ?

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
 Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right; as I
 In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest
 Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I Prince Palador in mine: this gift
 [Shows him a Tablet.

His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
 My solitary cares have hourly took,
 To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
 To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
 With that eternal mercy which protects us.
 Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd
 peace !

My extasy of joys would speak in passion,
 But that I would not lose that part of man,
 Which is reserv'd to entertain content.
 Eroclea, I am thine; O, let me seize thee
 As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
 Set all his torches burning, to give light
 Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

Ero. You are still gracious, sir. How I have
 liv'd,
 By what means been convey'd, by what preserv'd,
 By what return'd, Rhetias, my trusty servant,

Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

Pal. Enough. Instead of music, every night,
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Ero. O, but my father !

Pal. Fear not : to behold
Eroclea safe, will make him young again ;
It shall be our first task. Blush, sensual follies,
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely
pure !

There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts ;
'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TROLLIO.

Cleo. All, [all] as you commanded. What's your haste for?

Trol. A brace of women, usher'd by the young old ape with his she-clog, are enter'd the castle. Shall they come on?

Cor. By any means: the time is precious now; Lady, be quick and careful. Follow, Trollio!

[*Exit.*

Trol. I owe all reverence to your right worshipfulness.

[*Exit.*

Cleo. So many fears, so many joys encounter
My doubtful expectations, that I waver
Between the resolution of my hopes
And my obedience: 'tis not, O my fate!
The apprehension of a timely blessing
In pleasures, shakes my weakness; but the danger
Of a mistaken duty, that confines
The limits of my reason. Let me live,
Virtue, to thee as chaste, as Truth to time!

Enter THAMASTA, speaking to some one without.

Tha. Attend me till I call.—My sweet Cleo-
phila!

Cleo. Great princess—

Tha. I bring peace, to sue a pardon
For my neglect of all those noble virtues
Thy mind and duty are apparelled with:
I have deserv'd ill from thee, and must say,
Thou art too gentle, if thou canst forget it.

Cleo. Alas! you have not wrong'd me; for, indeed,

Acquaintance with my sorrows, and my fortune,
 Were grown to such familiarity,
 That 'twas an impudence, more than presumption,
 To wish so great a lady as you are,
 Should lose affection on my uncle's son :
 But that your brother, equal in your blood,
 Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love
 A cast-away, a poor despised maid,
 Only for me to hope was almost sin ;—
 Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.

Tha. Chide not

The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,
 In such an humble language ; I have smarted
 Already in the wounds my pride hath made
 Upon your sufferings : henceforth, 'tis in you
 To work my happiness.

Cleo. Call any service

Of mine, a debt ; for such it is. The letter,
 You lately sent me, in the blest contents
 It made me privy to, hath largely quitted
 Every suspicion of your grace, or goodness.

Tha. Let me embrace thee with a sister's love,
 A sister's love, Cleophila ! for should
 My brother henceforth study to forget
 The vows that he hath made thee, I would ever
 Solicit thy deserts.*

Amet. Men. (*within*) We must have entrance.

Tha. Must ! Who are they say *must* ? you are
 unmannerly.—

* *Solicit thy deserts.*] i. e. plead your merits to my brother ;
 which accordingly she does in the next page, where Amethus
 observes—"The ladies are turn'd lawyers."—GIFFORD.

Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.

Brother, is't you? and you too, sir?

Amet. Your ladyship
Has had a time of scolding to your humour;
Does the storm hold still?

Cleo. Never fell a shower
More seasonably gentle on the barren
Parch'd thirsty earth, than showers of courtesy
Have from this princess been distill'd on me,
To make my growth in quiet of my mind
Secure and lasting.

Tha. You may both believe,
That I was not uncivil.

Amet. Pish! I know
Her spirit and her envy.

Cleo. Now, in troth, sir,—
(Pray credit me, I do not use to swear)
The virtuous princess hath, in words and carriage,
Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush,
I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient
For her unequall'd bounty.—My good cousin,
I have a suit to you.

Men. It shall be granted.

Cleo. That no time, no persuasion, no respects
Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter
By possibility to be conceiv'd,
Draw you from that sincerity and pureness
Of love, which you have oftentimes protested
To this great worthy lady: she deserves
A duty more than what the ties of marriage
Can claim or warrant; be for ever her's,
As she is yours, and Heaven increase your com-
forts!

Amet. Cleophila hath play'd the churchman's part;
I'll not forbid the bans.

Men. Are you contented?

Tha. I have one task in charge first, which concerns me.

Brother, be not more cruel than this lady;
She hath forgiv'n my follies, so may you.
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,
Without additions of estate or birth,
Are dower for a prince, indeed. You lov'd her;
For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,
Here fix your heart; and thus resolve,* if now
You miss this heaven on earth, you cannot find
In any other choice ought but a hell.

Amet. The ladies are turn'd lawyers, and plead handsomely
Their clients' cases: I am an easy judge,
And so shalt thou be, Menaphon. I give thee
My sister for a wife; a good one, friend.

Men. Lady, will you confirm the gift?

Tha. The errors
Of my mistaken judgment being lost
To your remembrance, I shall ever strive
In my obedience to deserve your pity.

Men. My love, my care, my all!

Amet. What rests for me?
I am still a bachelor: Sweet maid, resolve me,
May I yet call you mine?

Cleo. My lord Amethus,
Blame not my plainness; I am young and simple,

* *And thus resolve.]* i. e. and come to this certain conclusion, that—if now, &c.—GIFFORD.

And have not any power to dispose
 Mine own will, without warrant from my father ;
 That purchas'd, I am your's.

Amet. It shall suffice me.

*Enter CUCULUS, PELIAS, and TROLLIO, plucking
 in GRILLA.*

Cuc. Revenge! I must have revenge; I will
 have revenge, bitter and abominable revenge; I
 will have revenge. This unfashionable mongrel,
 this linsey-wolsey of mortality—by this hand,
 mistress, this she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-
 clawed me, without any reverence to my person,
 or good garments. Why do you not speak, gen-
 tlemen?

Pel. Some certain blows have past, an't like
 your highness.

Trol. Some few knocks of friendship; some
 love toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

Gril. I'll turn him away, he shall be my master
 no longer.

Men. Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 'tis a
 boy, sure.

Cuc. A boy, an arrant boy in long coats.

Tha. Pelias, take hence the wag, and school
 him for't.

For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince
 To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

Cuc. Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of
 good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.
 Whilst I'm in office, the old garb shall agen
 Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.
 Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

Trol. Yes, and to scour it too.

[*Exeunt* CUC. TROL. PEL. and GRIL.*

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. The prince and princess are at hand ; give over

Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady, Henceforth forbear your sadness ; are you ready To practise your instructions ?

Cleo. I have studied My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias, With all the skill I can.

Cor. I'll pass my word for her.

A Flourish.—*Enter* PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and EROCLEA.

Pal. Thus princes should be circled with a guard
Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects.
O Rhetias, thou art just ; the youth thou told'st me,

That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last
To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

Rhe. My knowledge made me sure of my report, sir.

Pal. Eroclea, clear thy fears ; when the sun shines,
Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky,

* It is pleasant to witness the departure of this despicable set of buffoons ; and Ford has shown more judgment than he was probably aware of, (for he seems to take delight in his wretched antics,) in dismissing them at a period when they would have broken in on the deep pathos and feeling of his exquisite catastrophe.—GIFFORD.

Nor shall they here. [CLEO. and AMET. kneel.]

Why do they kneel? Stand up;

The day, and place is privileged.

Soph. Your presence,

Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

Pal. Wherefore does this young virgin use such
circumstance

In duty to us? Rise!

Ero. 'Tis I must raise her.

Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,

In hiding from your knowledge any secret,

That should have been in common 'twixt our
souls;

But I was ruled by counsel.

Cleo. That I show

Myself a girl, sister, and bewray

Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,

I hope you cannot blame me.

[*Weeps, and falls into the arms of ERO.*]

Pal. We must part

The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,

With th' island of our arms. [*Embraces ERO.*]

Cleophila,

The custom of thy piety hath built,

Even to thy younger years, a monument

Of memorable fame; some great reward

Must wait on thy desert.

Soph. The prince speaks t'you, niece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray; let us about our busi-
ness.

The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw;

Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

Pal. Away then!

[*Exeunt.*]

Soft Music.—*Re-enter* CORAX and RHETIAS, with MELEANDER, asleep, on a Couch, his Hair and Beard trimmed, Habit and Gonn changed.—*While they are placing the Couch, a Boy sings, without.*

SONG.

*Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep.*

Mel. (*awakes*) Where am I? ha! What sounds are these? 'Tis day, sure.

Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery
Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not
Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,
But dream my dream out.

Cor. Morrow to your lordship!

You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

Mel. Away, beast! let me alone.

[*The Music ceases.*]

Cor. O, by your leave, sir,
I must be bold to raise you; else your physic
Will turn to further sickness.

[*He assists MEL. to sit up.*]

Mel. Physic, bear-leech.

Cor. Yes, physic; you are mad.

Mel. Trollio! Cleophila!

Rhe. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the room

Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,
I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

Rhe. Sir, true, you have; and this most learned scholar

Apply'd t'ye. Oh, you were in dangerous plight,
Before he took you [in] hand.

Mel. These things are drunk,
Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I never saw a body in the wane
Of age, so overspread with several sorts
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth
Would groan under and sink.

Rhe. The more your glory
In the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the cordial*
Prepared for him to take after his sleep,
'Twill do him good at heart.

Rhe. I hope it will, sir. [Exit.

Mel. What dost [thou] think I am, that thou
should'st fiddle

So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,
That all the hands of art cannot remove
One grain, to ease my grief. If thou could'st
poison

My memory, or wrap my senses up
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;

* *Bring me the cordial.*] He alludes to the successive appearance of the messengers from the prince, to whom the hint was now to be given, and more particularly to the entrance of Eroclea and her sister, who are brought in by Rhetias.—GIFFORD.

If thou could'st make me walk, speak, eat and
laugh

Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,
Why then, perhaps, at marts, thou might'st make
benefit

Of such an antic motion,* and get credit
From credulous gazers; but not profit me.
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple
To be wrought on.

Cor. I'll burn my books, old man,
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

Enter ARETUS, *with a Patent.*

Are. Most honour'd lord Meleander! our great
master,

Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me
Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd
Not only confirmation of the honours
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition
Of the Marshalship of Cyprus; and ere long
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;
I must attend the prince. [*Exit.*

Cor. There's one pill works.

Mel. Dost know that spirit? 'tis a grave fami-
liar,

And talk'd I know not what.

Cor. He's like, methinks,
The prince's tutor, Aretus.

Mel. Yes, yes;

* *Of such an antic motion,*] i. e. of such a strange *automaton*, or puppet. Exhibitions of this kind formed, in the poet's days, one of the principal attractions of the people on all public occasions.—GIFFORD.

It may be I have seen such a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter AMETHUS, with a Staff.

Ame. The prince hath sent you,
My lord, this staff of office, and withal
Salutes you Grand Commander of the ports
Throughout his principalities. He shortly
Will visit you himself; I must attend him. [*Exit.*

Cor. D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?

Mel. A devil
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne
Of a pure soul.—

*Enter SOPHRONOS, with a Tablet.**

Another! I will stand thee;
Be what thou canst, I care not.

Soph. From the prince,
Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,
A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom:
Henceforth, he bad me say, he does beseech you
To call him son, for he will call you father;
It is an honour, brother, that a subject
Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.
Be moderate in your joys; he will in person
Confirm my errand, but commands my service. [*Exit.*

Cor. What hope now of your cure?

Mel. Stay, stay!—What earthquakes

* *With a tablet,*] i. e. with a *miniature* of Eroclea, which Palador had worn so long in his bosom, and to which he alludes, p. 81.—GIFFORD.

Roll in my flesh!—Here's prince, and prince, and
prince;

Prince upon prince! The dotage of my sorrows
Revels in magic of ambitious scorn:

Be they enchantments deadly as the grave,
I'll look upon them. Patent, staff, and relic!

To the last first. (*Taking up the Miniature*) Round
me, ye guarding ministers,

And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs

That overhang my sight, fall off, and leave

These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust!

Cor. 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial.*
Prithee,

Sit down; I'll instantly be here again. [*Exit.*]

Mel. Good, give me leave; I will sit down:
indeed,

Here's company enough for me to prate to.—

[*Looks at the Picture.*]

Eroclea!—'tis the same; the cunning arts-man

Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd

A little hollow space here, and blown breath

To have made it move and whisper, 't had been
excellent:—

But 'faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;

Passing, most passing well.

*Enter CLEOPHILA leading EROCLEA, and followed
by RHETIAS.*

Cleo. The sovereign greatness,
Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,

* 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial.] i. e. the Prince; with whom he subsequently returns, and whom he terms the *sure*, or crowning cordial.—GIFFORD.

Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,
 By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,
 A gift more precious to him than his birthright.
 Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty
 Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home
 The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

Ero. (*kneeling*) Dear sir, you know me?

Mel. Yes, thou art my daughter;
 My eldest blessing. Know thee! why, Eroclea,
 I never did forget thee in thy absence;
 Poor soul, how dost?

Ero. The best of my well-being
 Consists in your's.

Mel. Stand up; the gods, who hitherto
 Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever!
 Cleophila, I thank thee and the prince;
 I thank thee, too, Eroclea, that thou would'st,
 In pity of my age, take so much pains
 To live, till I might once more look upon thee,
 Before I broke my heart: O, 'twas a piece
 Of piety and duty unexampled!

Rhe. The good man relisheth his comforts
 strangely;
 The sight doth turn me child. [*Aside.*

Ero. I have not words
 That can express my joys.

Cleo. Nor I.

Mel. Nor I;
 Yet let us gaze on one another freely,
 And surfeit with our eyes; let me be plain:
 If I should speak as much as I should speak,
 I should talk of a thousand things at once,
 And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!
 My tears, like ruffling winds lock'd up in caves,
 Do bustle for a vent;—on th' other side,

To fly out into mirth were not so comely.
Come hither, let me kiss thee! [*To ERO.*] with
a pride,
Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now
thy presence
Hath stored me with, I kneel before their altars,
Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety:
Ask, ask thy sister, prithee, she will tell thee
How I have been much mad.

Cleo. Much discontented,
Shunning all means that might procure him com-
fort.

Ero. Heaven has at last been gracious.

Mel. So say I;

But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth
With thy misfortunes? Understand me tho-
roughly;

I would not have thee to report at large,
From point to point, a journal of thy absence,
'Twill take up too much time; I would securely
Engross the little remnant of my life,
That thou might'st every day be telling somewhat,
Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.
Let me bethink me; how we parted first,
Puzzles my faint remembrance—but soft—
Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince
Sent me this present.

Cleo. From his own fair hands
I did receive my sister.

Mel. To requite him,
We will not dig his father's grave anew,
Although the mention of him much concerns
The business we inquire of:—as I said,

We parted in a hurry at the court ;
 I to this castle, after made my jail ;
 But whither thou, dear heart ?

Rhe. Now they fall to't ;
 I look'd for this.

Ero. I, by my uncle's care,
 Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly
 Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a-shipboard,
 That very night.

Mel. A policy quick and strange.

Ero. The ship was bound for Corinth, whither
 first,
 Attended only with your servant Rhetias,
 And all fit necessaries, we arrived ;
 From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd
 To Athens, where, till our return of late,
 Have we liv'd safe.

Mel. Oh, what a thing is man,
 To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
 Against the sacred Providence above him !
 Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,
 Rare pity and delight are sweetly mix'd.—
 And still thou wert a boy ?

Ero. So I obey'd
 My uncle's wise command.

Mel. 'Twas safely carried ;
 I humbly thank thy fate.

Ero. If earthly treasures
 Are pour'd in plenty down from heaven on mor-
 tals,

They reign amongst those oracles that flow
 In schools of sacred knowledge, such is Athens ;
 Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison :

The thoughts of you, my sister, country, fortunes,
 And something of the prince, barr'd all contents,
 Which else might ravish sense; for had not Rhetias

Been always comfortable to me, certainly
 Things had gone worse.

Mel. Speak low, Eroclea,
 That "something of the prince" bears danger in it:
 Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for such endowments,

As might create a prince a wife fit for him,
 Had he the world to guide; but touch not there.
 How cam'st thou home?

Rhe. Sir, with your noble favour,
 Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

Mel. Honest, right honest Rhetias!

Rhe. Your grave brother
 Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,
 Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued
 Thamasta, cousin to our present prince;
 And, to remove the violence of affection,
 Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months'
 space,

Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,
 Enjoy'd each other's griefs: till by his father,
 The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough! the world shall henceforth witness

My thankfulness to heaven, and those people
 Who have been pitiful to me and mine.
 Lend me a looking-glass.—How now! how came I
 So courtly, in fresh raiments?

Rhe. Here's the glass, sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—O Cleophila,
This was the goodness of thy care, and cunning—
[*Loud Music.*

Whence comes this noise?

Rhe. The prince, my lord, in person. [*They kneel.*

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS,
MENAPHON, CORAX, THAMASTA, and KALA.*

Pal. You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge
you.

Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms
[*Embracing MEL.*

And heart shall be your guard: we have o'erheard
All passages of your united loves.

Be young again, Meleander, live to number
A happy generation, and die old
In comforts, as in years! The offices
And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,
Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;
Enjoy them liberally.

Mel. My tears must thank you,
For my tongue cannot.

Cor. I have kept my promise,
And given you a sure cordial.

Mel. Oh, a rare one.

Pal. Good man! we both have shar'd enough
of sadness,

Though thine has tasted deeper of the extreme:
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I sent you? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;
And, in exchange of that, I seize on this,

[*Takes ERO. by the hand.*

The real substance : with this other hand
 I give away, before her father's face,
 His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,
 Cousin Amethus ; take her, and be to her
 More than a father, a deserving husband.
 Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,
 Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My brains are dull'd ;
 I am entranced and know not what you mean.
 Great, gracious, sir, alas ! why do you mock me ?
 I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,
 That my untoward joints can scarcely creep
 Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.

Pal. Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine ;
 Cleophila my cousin's, by consent
 Of both their hearts ; we both now claim our
 own :

It only rests in you to give a blessing,
 For confirmation.

Rhe. Sir, 'tis truth and justice.

Mel. The gods, that lent you to me, bless your
 vows !

Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to heaven,
 For they have show'd much mercy. But So-
 phronos,

Thou art my brother—I can say no more—
 A good, good brother !

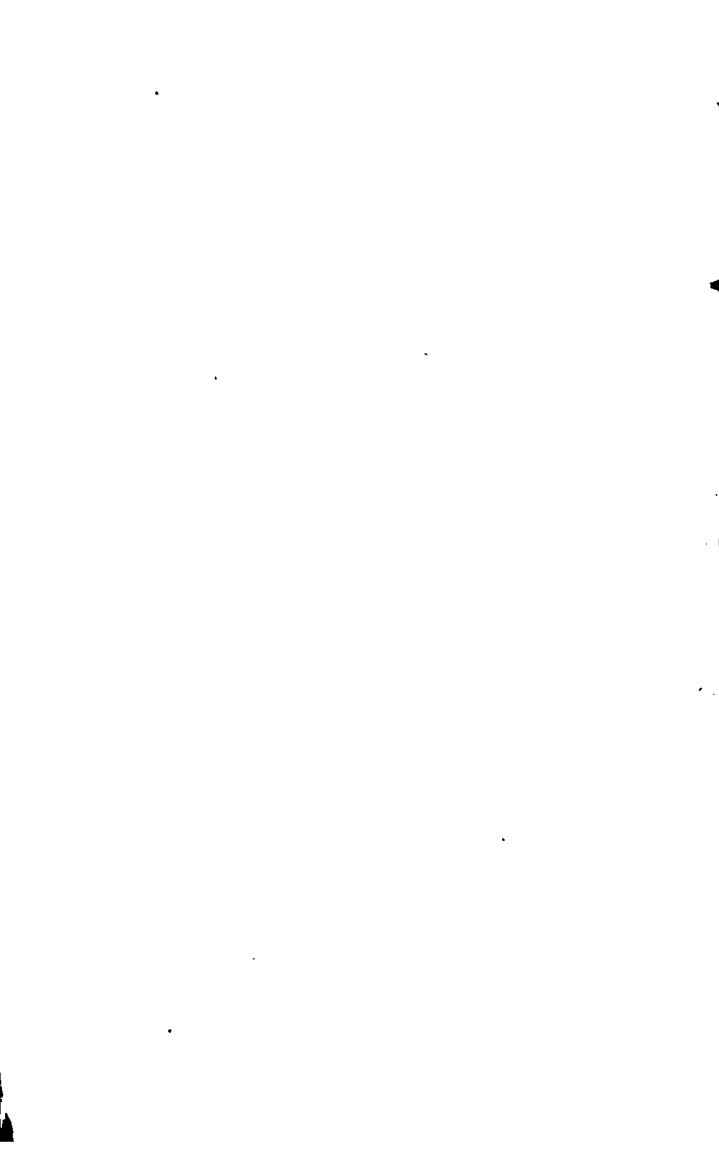
Pal. Leave the rest to time.
 Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too ;
 She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetias, for thee,
 And Corax, I have more than common thanks.
 On to the temple ! there all solemn rites
 Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd.

The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY hath found cure ;*
Sorrors are chang'd to bride-songs. So they
thrive,
Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The concluding scene of this drama is wrought up with singular art and beauty. If the "Very Woman" of Massinger preceded the Lover's Melancholy (as I believe it did,) Ford is indebted to it for no inconsiderable part of his plot.—
GIFFORD.

THE BROKEN HEART.



THE BROKEN HEART.] There is no account to be found of the first appearance of this Tragedy, or of its success on the stage; but it was given to the public in 1639.

The scene of the drama is laid in Sparta; and to persons acquainted with the Greek language, the names of many of the parties will at once afford some indication of the character which they sustain in it: the mournful Pen-thea, the passionate and fiery Orgilus, the friendly Pro-philus, Calantha, the flower of beauty, and Tecnicus, a master, not of manual, but of philosophic arts. In Sparta a series of deadly feuds had subsisted between the two powerful families of Thrasus and Croton, which the prudence of the reigning monarch, Amyclas, had endeavoured to allay, by promoting a marriage between Pen-thea, the only daughter of Thrasus, and Orgilus, the son of Croton. The death of Thrasus, and the ill-subdued resentments of Pen-thea's brother, Ithocles, prevented the fulfilment of this well-intended scheme; and partly by threats, partly by stratagem, Pen-thea is induced to transfer her hand to Bassanes, a Spartan noble, richer and more powerful than Orgilus.

Never did a more unfortunate union take place. The quick passions of Bassanes presently light up into a very phrenzy of jealousy. He suspects his former rival; he suspects whoever accosts his wife: the very windows which admit the light of heaven and a gazer's glance are an object of suspicion to him: even the sweet charities of nature become criminal in his eyes, and an interview

between his wife and her own brother is supposed by him to be for the most guilty of purposes. Those unnatural surmises and situations, from which modern refinement revolts, seem not to have been unpalatable to our ancestors, any more than the sudden changes and revolutions in character which take place in our old dramatists, and which no where exhibit themselves more strongly than in the strangely inconsistent character of Bassanes. His sudden transitions from the most frantic jealousy to all the impotence of childish fondness, from wanton outrage to whining and nauseous repentance, might perhaps, as Mr. Gifford well observes, be excused by his situation; but that he should be represented occasionally as shrewd, sentimental, and even impassioned—as at one period with a mind habitually weak and unsound, and, at another, with a vigorous understanding, broken indeed and disjointed, but manifesting, even in its fragments, traits of original strength—makes it doubtful, as the same acute observer remarks, whether, when Ford sat down to write, he had fully embodied in his own mind, the *person* he intended to produce.

On Penthea's character all the powers of Ford's pathetic pen are lavished. With a high sense of moral indignation at the condition to which she sees herself reduced—her mind wedded to one, her body to another—a few complaints could not but escape the wretched wife of Bassanes; but these hectics of the moment past, Penthea exhibits such a fixed and hopeless misery, such a sense of loneliness and desolation, that the icy coldness of her heart gradually communicates itself to the reader; and nobly and even amiably as the character of Ithocles

subsequently displays itself, it is not at first without a secret satisfaction that the reader sees the spirits of vengeance gathering around the original author of this forlorn wreck of happiness and beauty. The wretchedness which the thoughtless cruelty of Ithocles had brought upon the hapless Penthea, was now in part to become his own. In the flush of conquest and of victory, his heart becomes accessible to the charms of the Spartan princess Calantha, and the pangs of an almost hopeless passion, (for the hand of Calantha was designed for a more exalted rival,) gradually let him into a sense of those miseries which he had inflicted on his virtuous sister. The efforts of this very sister, however, shed a temporary light on his marriage prospects. In a scene of unexampled beauty, the pathetic pleadings of Penthea win for her brother the love of Calantha; and the consent of her father, and even of his rival Nearchus, seem to establish the fortunes of Ithocles on the firmest basis.

But this transient sunshine is only preparatory to a more complete reverse. The opening scene of the drama represents the first lover of Penthea as about to quit Sparta for ever as a voluntary exile. His travels, however, extended no farther than the abode of the philosopher Tecnicus, which adjoined the gardens of the royal palace, and to which, conveniently enough for the plot of the drama, none had access

“ Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his Oratory.”

In these retreats and in a scholar's disguise, Orgilus has an opportunity of encountering his sister and his first

love, Penthea; and an interview with the latter, bitterly painful to his feelings, awakens schemes of vengeance in his breast, which he leaves his present seclusion to prosecute. With the deepest dissimulation he apparently reconciles himself to Ithocles; he approves of a marriage between his sister Euphranea, and Prophilus, the bosom friend of Ithocles, and even undertakes to provide a "slight device," by way of entertainment, for their ensuing nuptials. The dark and prophetic intimations of the "book-man" Tecnicus prepare the reader for the various catastrophes which are now impending. The first blow falls on the wretched wife of Bassanes. Penthea's reason sinks under the melancholy of her cruel situation; yet even in the wreck of sense her feelings point to the author of her miseries, and the ravings which precede her dissolution, stimulate the mind of Orgilus, already sufficiently excited for plans of vengeance. What a disordered mind was doing for Penthea, age and infirmity were working for the good king Amyclas. Even in death, however, the kind-hearted monarch is willing to see gaiety about him, and the recent nuptials of Euphranea and Prophilus afford a decent pretext for revelry and sport. The third victim is the self-condemned, repentant Ithocles. He dies by the hand of Orgilus, and the deadly vengeance of his murderer contrives that the fatal deed shall take place by the side of the lifeless body of his sister.

While the work of death is thus going on in other apartments, the state-rooms of the palace are thrown open, and there all is music, mirth, and revelry.

They DANCE the first change; during which ARMOSTES enters.

Arm. (*whispers CALANTHA.*) The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is't possible?

They DANCE the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. (*whispers CAL.*) Oh, madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee!—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They DANCE the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. (*whispers CAL.*) Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;

Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck!

The last change.

Cal. So! let us breathe awhile!

The death of Amyclas had left Calantha queen of Sparta, and her first act of sovereignty is to decree the

death of the murderer Orgilus. One mercy is extended to him in return for the honourable mention which, even in the midst of vengeance, he had made of his victim. He is allowed a choice of death, and he prefers that of being his own executioner, and bleeding himself to death. If Orgilus had allowed the chance of a coward's name to come between him and his mode of vengeance in the murder of Ithocles, it must be owned that himself "shakes hands with time" in a spirit of the noblest constancy and resolution.

One character yet remained to be disposed of; and to the development of that character, and the funeral rites of Ithocles, the concluding scene of this pathetic drama is devoted. "No audience of the present day," as Mr. Gifford justly observes, "would support a sight so dreadfully fantastic, as the continuance of the revels amidst such awful intelligence as reaches Calantha in quick succession. Those of the poet's age, however, had firmer nerves—and they needed them: the caterers for their amusements were mighty in their profession, and cared little how highly the passions of the spectators were wound up by the tremendous exhibitions to which they accustomed them, as they had ever some powerful stroke of nature or of art at command to compose or justify them;"—and such a stroke presently falls from this rare union of masculine vigour and female tenderness.

Oh, my lords,

I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,

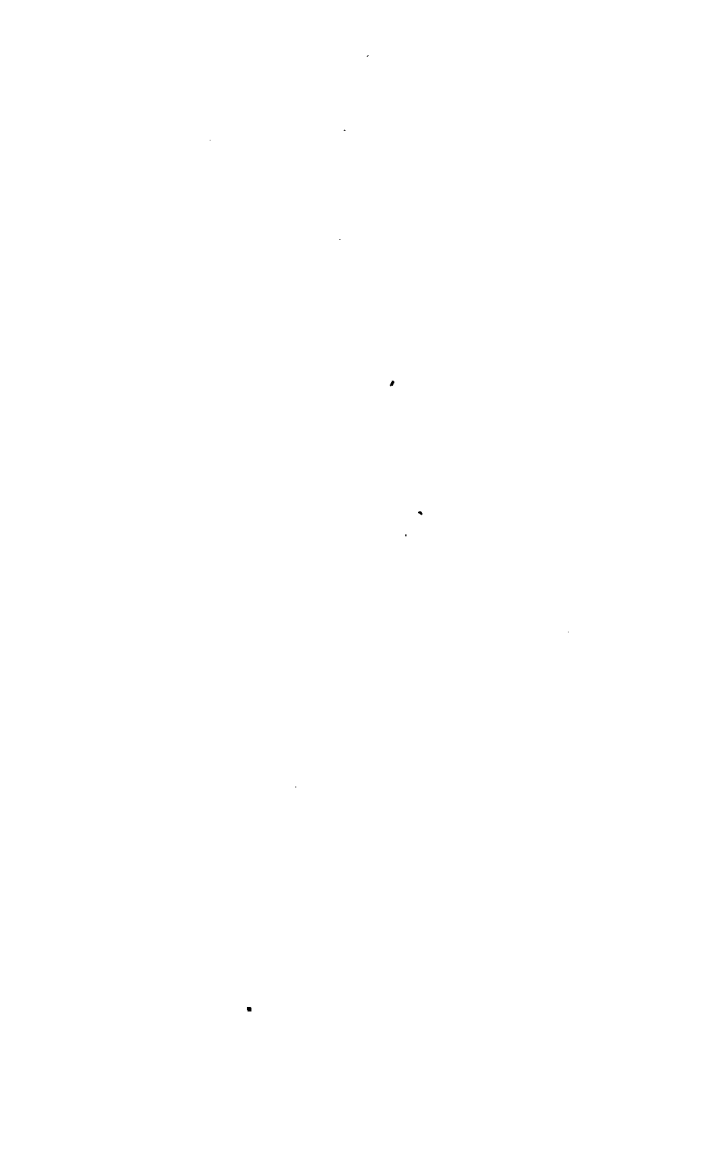
When one news straight came huddling on another,

Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive them :
They are the silent griefs which cut the heartstrings;
Let me die smiling.

A solemn dirge, " which she had fitted for her end," follows this pathetic explanation, and, while it is singing, the spirit of its composer had passed away.

Bass. Her " heart is broke," indeed.
Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.



PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is SPARTA. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the BROKEN HEART.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays,
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays;
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought FICTION, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was KNOWN A TRUTH:
In which, if you have clothed the subject right,
You may partake a pity with delight.

This Prologue is in the author's best manner, and whether considered in a moral or poetical light, entitled to considerable praise.—GIFFORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMYCLAS, King of Laconia.

ITHOCLES, a Favourite.

ORGILUS, Son to CROTOLON.

BASSANES, a jealous Nobleman.

ARMOSTES, a Counsellor of State.

CROTOLON, another Counsellor.

PROPHILUS, Friend to ITHOCLES.

NEARCHUS, Prince of Argos.

TECNICUS, a Philosopher.

HEMOPHIL, }
GRONEAS, } Courtiers.

AMELUS, Friend to NEARCHUS.

PHULAS, Servant to BASSANES.

CALANTHA, the King's Daughter.

PENTHEA, Sister to ITHOCLES.

EUPHRANEA, a Maid of Honour.

CHRISTALLA, }
PHILEMA, } Maids of Honour.

GRAUSIS, Overseer of PENTHEA.

Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE—*Sparta.*

THE BROKEN HEART.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in CROTOLON's House.*

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. DALLY not further ; I will know the
reason
That speeds thee to this journey.

Org. "Reason?" good sir,
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one ;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have :
"Athens!" pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite, and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth ; for as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.

Crot. You do ! then, son, if books and love of
knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'Tis not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command thee

To acquaint me with the truth.

Org. Thus, I obey you.

After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and some-
times,

With death to such confederates, as sided
With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord ;
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace :
Friends you profess'd yourselves ; which to con-
firm,

A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families, was entertained,
By joining, in a Hymenean bond,
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.

Crot. What of this ?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls
In a firm growth of union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge :—we had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.

Crot. Most certain.

Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous
stalk

Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravish'd
All health, all comfort of a happy life :
For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely

The memory of former discontents,
 To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
 Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces .
 His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
 With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
 And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—

Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
 My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows.

Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
 By an insulting brother, being secretly
 Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
 To him, who never can usurp her heart,
 Before contracted mine, is now so yoked
 To a most barbarous thraldom, misery,
 Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
 Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
 In hearing hut her name.

Crot. As how, pray?

Org. Bassanes,

The man that calls her wife, considers truly
 What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
 By thinking fair Penthea his; this thought
 Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
 Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
 As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
 All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
 He doth resolve,* do homage to the miracle;
 Some one, he is assur'd, may now or then
 (If opportunity but sort) prevail:
 So much, out of a self-unworthiness,

* *He doth resolve.*] i. e. he doth *satisfy, convince, himself.*—
 GIFFORD.

His fears transport him!—not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

Crot. You spin out your discourse.

Org. My griefs are violent—

For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courtèd by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from
hence,

I undertake a voluntary exile;
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth:
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,
I give a full consent;—alas, good lady!—
We shall hear from thee often?

Org. Often.

Crot. See,

Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph. Brother!

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit t' you.

Euph. You may style it,
My brother, a command.

Org. That you will promise

Never to pass to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.

Crot. An easy motion !

I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Org. Your pardon ;

Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.

Crot. And I,

By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow ;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea,

Mistake me not ; far, far 'tis from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed,
Or fitting fortune ; thou art young and hand-
some ;

And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,
Not to advance thy merit : trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
As may become thy choice, and our contents.
I have your oath.

Euph. You have ; but mean you, brother,
To leave us, as you say ?

Crot. Aye, aye, Euphranea.

He has just grounds to direct him ; I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.

Euph. Heaven

Does look into the secrets of all hearts :
Gods ! you have mercy with you, else——

Crot. Doubt nothing,

Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without
 them ;
 They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about
 them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS,
Courtiers and Attendants.

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious ; our
 humility
 Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
 Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
 See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
 Into his youth again ! I shall shake off
 This silver badge of age, and change this snow
 For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks ;
 Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time
 Run back to double your long life, great sir !

Amyc. It will, it must, Armostes ; thy bold ne-
 phew,
 Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
 Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
 Laconia is a monarchy at length ;
 Hath in this latter war trod under foot
 Messene's pride ; Messene bows her neck
 To Lacedemon's royalty. O, 'twas
 A glorious victory, and doth deserve
 More than a chronicle ; a temple, lords,
 A temple to the name of Ithocles.
 Where didst thou leave him, Phililus ?

Pro. At Pephon,
Most gracious sovereign: twenty of the noblest
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
For such conditions as you shall propose,
In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amyc. When comes your friend the general?

Pro. He promised
To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLON, CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA, CHRIS-
TALLA, and PHILEMA *with a garland.*

Amyc. Our daughter! Dear Calantha, the happy
news,

The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enrich'd thy knowledge.

Cal. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Propbilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?

Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would,
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven:
But Ithocles—

Cal. Your friend—

Pro. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists—
He in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder

Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.

Amyc. Such, Crotolon, [*Flourish.*
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him.

Enter ITHOCLES, ushered in by the Lords, and followed by HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Amyc. Return into these arms, thy home, thy
sanctuary,
Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!

Ith. Your humblest subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy
valour,
Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. (*Takes
the chaplet from them.*) Ithocles,
Upon the wings of fame, the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought

To crown thy temples, this Provincial* garland ;
 Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
 Deserv'd, not purchased.

Ith. You are a royal maid.

Amyc. She is, in all, our daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
 What nothings I have done, compared with the
 honours

Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind ;
 In that lay mine ability, that only :
 For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
 So little worthy of a name or country,
 That owes not out of gratitude for life
 A debt of service, in what kind soever,
 Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth
 Requires, for payment ?

Cal. He speaks truth.

Ith. Whom heaven

Is pleas'd to style victorious, there, to such,
 Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
 In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,
 Voicing the leader-on a demi-god ;
 Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
 Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
 As his, whose much more delicate condition
 Hath suck'd the milk of ease : judgment com-
 mands,
 But resolution executes. I use not,

* *This Provincial garland.*] i. e. the wreath (of laurel) which she had prepared ; and which the ancients conferred on those who, like Ithocles, had added a *Province* to the empire. These honorary chaplets or crowns were, as every school-boy knows, composed of plants, leaves, or flowers, according to the nature

Before this royal presence, these fit slights,*
 As in contempt of such as can direct ;
 My speech hath other end ; not to attribute
 All praise to one man's fortune, which is strength-
 en'd

By many hands :—for instance, here is Prophilus,
 A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
 Of much desert ; and, though in other rank,
 Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
 To wish their country's peace ; for, in a word,
 All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers!—We vouchsafe
 our hand ; (*HEM. and GRON. kiss his hand.*)

Observe your great example.

Hem. With all diligence.

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.

Amyc. Some repose

After these toils is needful. We must think on
 Conditions for the conquer'd ; they expect them.
 On!—Come, my Ithocles.

Euph. Sir, with your favour,

I need not a supporter.

Pro. Fate instructs me.

[*Exit AMYC. attended ; ITH. CAL. &c.—As CHRIS.
 and PHIL. are following CAL. they are detained
 by HEM. and GRON.*

Chris. With me ?

of the service rendered. Thus we have the *Provincial*, the civic, the mural, the obsidional, and various other garlands, all woven of different materials, and all appropriate to their respective wearers, "deserv'd, not purchased."—GIFFORD.

* *These fit slights.*] i. e. these trifling services, to which I have adapted the slight or humble language which becomes them. It is the modesty of Ithocles which speaks.—GIFFORD.

Phil. Indeed I dare not stay.

Hem. Sweet lady,
Soldiers are blunt,—your lip. [Kisses her.

Chris. Fye, this is rudeness;
You went not hence such creatures.

Gron. Spirit of valour
Is of a mounting nature.

Phil. It appears so.—
Pray [now], in earnest, how many men apiece
Have you two been the death of?

Gron. 'Faith, not many;
We were composed of mercy.

Hem. For our daring,
You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.

Chris. You "*wish'd* your country's peace;"
That show'd your charity: where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for?

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not?

Gron. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—

Phil. And all together.

Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember
thee,
And cry, "dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!"—dost not love me,
With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now, as heretofore.
I have not put my love to use; the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gron. By Mars,
I'll marry thee!

Phil. By Vulcan, you're foresworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gron. One word.

Chris. You lie beyond all modesty;—forbear
me.

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.

Chris. By petition;—sue for't
In forma pauperis.—"City?" kennel.—Gallants!
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!

Hem. Christalla!

Chris. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,
But not so valiant; they oft times draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have prac-
tis'd

More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you
I' th' list of men; till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Gronneas!

Phil. And Hemophil the hardy—at your ser-
vices. [*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang them, let us scorn them; and be
revenged.

Gron. Shall we?

Hem. We will; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;
It is a woman's nature. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Gardens of the Palace.—A Grove.

Enter TECNICUS, *and* ORGILUS, *disguised, like one of his Scholars.*

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou
 canst not play
With the severity of fate ; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all
 times
Down to thy thoughts : in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.

Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures : if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.

Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life
Run often to extremities ; they care not
For harms to others, who contemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so
 much
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver ; nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction

Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
 Impute not this retired course of living
 Some little time, to any other cause
 Than what I justly render; the information
 Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
 Must clearly witness.

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
 On these conditions I conceal thy change,
 And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
 I'll to my study.

[*Exit.*

Org. I to contemplations,
 In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,
 I may without suspicion hearken after
 Penthea's usage, and Euphranea's faith.
 Love, thou art full of mystery! the deities
 Themselves are not secure,* in searching out
 The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
 A breast, made tributary to the laws
 Of beauty; physic yet hath never found
 A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—
 Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
 Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA pass by, arm in arm,
 and whispering.

My sister; O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea
 With Prophilus; supported too! I would
 It were an apparition! Prophilus
 Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—

* ————— the deities

Themselves are not secure.] i. e. *sure, certain*: they cannot depend on the results of their own omniscience in these inquiries.—GIFFORD.

Re-enter PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA.

Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open.

[*Walks aside, pretending to read.*]

Pro. Do not waste
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires,—

Org. Desires!

Pro. My service, my integrity,—

Org. That's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes:
My love is honourable.—

Org. So was mine

To my Penthea; chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happiness, than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. But a brother

More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for

In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea!

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person: it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness

In my affections, not to weigh and thank
 My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
 Of so much blissfulness: for, to speak truth,
 The law of my desires kept equal pace
 With your's; nor have I left that resolution:
 But only, in a word, whatever choice
 Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
 Consent, both from my father and my brother,
 Ere he can own me his.

Org. She is foresworn else.

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
 To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court supplies,

But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely!

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my hopes

On the foundation of thy constant sufferance,
 In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
 Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
 Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
 I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman.
 Passion, O be contain'd!—my very heart-strings
 Are on the tenters.

Euph. We are overheard.
 Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, sure,
 Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady;

None have access into these private pleasures,
 Except some near in court, or bosom student
 From Tecnicus his Oratory; granted
 By special favour lately from the king
 Unto the grave philosopher.

Euph. Methinks

I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar; as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discover'd.—Say it; is it possible,
 [*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*]

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
 Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
 'To turn or to appease the raging sea?

Answer to that.—Your art! what art? to catch
 And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?

No, no; they'll out, they'll out; you may as
 easily

Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,

As—fiddle-faddle so! peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's
 lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? You are so
 tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument; philosophy

Works not upon impossibilities,

But natural conclusions.—Mew!—*absurd!*

The metaphysics are but speculations

Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents

As not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,

Appear to us unnatural; that's all.

Prove it;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,

I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting

My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*]

Org. Ha, ha, ha!

These apish boys, when they but taste the grammates,*

And principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature,
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then;
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!
Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and sleep.

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth,
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures!
Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness: their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty;
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want any thing?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

* *When they but taste the grammates.]* Orgilus affects the pedant-language of the schools. To *taste* is to touch lightly, to merely enter on: *grammates* seems to be a contemptuous diminutive for grammar, as *grammatist* is for *grammarian*.

Mew!—*absurd!* which occurs just above, is a term of the schools, and is used when false conclusions are illogically deduced from the opponent's premises.—GIFFORD.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands ;
The like from you to me : so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence ;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues
cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable ; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a-day,
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other ? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove ! I will prove sure and trusty :
You will not fail me books ?

Pro. Nor ought besides,
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory ;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou would'st have bought thee, in a
note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money :
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it ; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt : do not
forget

Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our de-
sires ;

We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires !

[*Exeunt PRO. and EUPH.*

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night !

Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.

Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,

Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality

Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach

The riddles which are purposed by the gods.

Great arts best write themselves in their own
stories ;

They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in BASSANES' House.*

Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street
damm'd up ;

It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances : there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-
whelp

Adultery—that light shall be damm'd up :
D'ye hear, sir ?

Phu. I do hear, my lord ; a mason
shall be provided suddenly.

Bass. Some rogue,
Some rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaves and strumpets !) to convey close packets
From this spruce springal, and the t'other young-
ster ;

That gaudy earwig, or my lord your patron,
Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat
out,

Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,

Directed to my lady; it may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every
thread

About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life! [*Aside.*

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandize, set all at price
By wholesale! yet they wipe their mouths and
simper,

Kiss and cry "sweetheart," and all's well again!

Phu. 'Tis a villainous world;
One cannot hold his own in't.

Bass. Dames at court,
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.
Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to
death

By such unlawful hire. The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt;
But all are false: on this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—
Now, for the newest news about the city;
What blab the voices, sirrah?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever——

Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd*

* ———— the king has mew'd
[All his gray beard.] To mew, or rather muc, is in fal-
coner's language to moult, to shed the feathers.—GIFFORD.

All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block!

Phu. Yes truly; and 'tis talk'd about the streets,
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions*
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced their very hearts out.

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
He never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo!

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis re-
ported

For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorced:—but this is but she-news,
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

Bass. Antick, no more! ideots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—
Look to the doors.

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my
thoughts

In rare distemper.—Beauty! oh, it is
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse.
She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning
forth,

* ————*the lions*

*Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced, &c.]* The poet was thinking of a spot
much nearer home than Sparta.—GIFFORD.

Spangled with pearls* of transparent dew.—
 The way to poverty is to be rich;
 As I in her am wealthy: but for her,
 In all contents, a bankrupt.

Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS.

Lov'd Penthea!
 How fares my heart's best joy?

Grau. In sooth not well,
 She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—
 Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and honour'd
 With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him;
 We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
 Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
 Of jewels above value, that the dames
 Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,
 Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen
 Fret in their tears; whilst every wond'ring eye
 Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.
 Choose thine own recreations; be a queen
 Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,
 What place, what times; do any thing, do all things
 Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these
 clouds
 From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

Grau. Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What,
 lady! laugh,
 Be merry; time is precious.

Bass. Furies whip thee! [*Aside.*

* Spangled with pearls.] This word, like *girl*, and *snarl* was commonly made a dissyllable by our poet.

Pen. Alas, my lord! this language to your
handmaid

Sounds as would music to the deaf; I need
No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence:
Let such, if any such there are, who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat
too much inward,

It is too melancholy; we'll remove
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress:

Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau. "Island!" prison;

A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands;
Marry, out upon 'em! whom shall we see there?
Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish; goodly gear
For a young lady's dealings,—or an old one's!
On no terms, islands; I'll be stew'd first.

Bass. (*aside to GRAU.*) Grausis,

You are a juggling jade.—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood;—I'll have you
pounded—

[*To GRAU.*
For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;

Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.
Damnab!e bitch-fox! [To GRAU.

Grau. I am thick of hearing,
Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think
you,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord!
Would not a chopping boy do you good at heart!
But, as you said—

Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops! [*Aside to GRAU.*

Grau. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat'st madly.

Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?

Enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how?

Phu. Caroches

In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without,
sir;

And now I vanish. [*Exit.*

*Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS,
CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.*

Pro. Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus; ladies, gentlemen,

To all, my heart is open ; you all honour me,—
 (A tympany swells in my head already) [*Aside.*
 Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,
 Wagtails and jays together ! [*Aside.*

Pro. From your brother,
 By virtue of your love to him, I require
 Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir ?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever ! Yet, dear
 beauty,

I find some alteration in him lately,
 Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
 I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed
 An invitation, if his sister's health
 Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,
 Slack not a minute ; lead the way, good Prophilus,
 I'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.

[*Exeunt all but BASS. and GRAU.*

Bass. One word with your old hag-ship ; thou
 hadst better
 Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st than have
 thwarted
 My will ; I'll use thee cursedly.

Grau. You doat,
 You are beside yourself. - A politician
 In jealousy ? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.
 Pish, teach not me my trade ; I know my cue :
 My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
 By which I shall know all ; my trade's a sure one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 'twas consideration
 I relish'd not ; but have a care now.

Grau. Fear not,
I am no new-come-to't.

Bass. Thy life's upon it,
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled* dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance:
But this is form['d] of books and school-tradition;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means;
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

* *Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, &c.]*

To *seel*, is to blind, by sewing up the eye-lids. It is told in the Gentleman's Recreation, that this wanton piece of cruelty is sometimes resorted to for *sport*. The poor dove, in the agonies of pain, soars, like the lark, as soon as dismissed from the hand, almost perpendicularly, and continues mounting till strength and life are totally exhausted, when she drops at the feet of her inhuman persecutors.—GIFFORD.

Enter ARMOSTES and CROTOLON.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.

Crot. Yet not so ripe,
My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted bait of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

Ith. Not yet
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned
Crotolon
For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd

Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me, and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his,

Crot. My lord, my lord!

Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed:
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus liv'd,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts.—

[*Aside.*

No reprehensions, uncle: I deserve them.

Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat

Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,

Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,

Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,

Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,

Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,

A capital fault; for then I could not dive

Into the secrets of commanding love;

Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,

Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Cro-

tolon,

I will redeem those wrongs with any service

Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction:

What would you more?

Crot. I am conquer'd: if Euphranea

Herself admit the motion, let it be so;

I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes,

Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.

Cal. I present you

A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not

Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,

We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume,

[*To Bass.*

T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will ;

She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare :
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now ?

Pen. You best know, brother,

From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. [*aside*] I like the answer well ; 'tis sad
and modest.

There may be tricks yet, tricks.—Have an eye,
Grausis !

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must
not

Fall by too long demur.

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,

For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son

Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.

The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserfer of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert !

Pro. Most sweetly gracious !

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on
earth.

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
 Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
 Eternity of pleasures ;—no restoratives
 Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she?
 'T would puzzle all the gods, but to create
 Such a new monster) (*aside*)—I can speak by
 proof,

For I rest in Elysium ; 'tis my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, speak
 freely,

In your affections to this gentleman ?

Euph. Nor more, nor less than as his love as-
 sures me :

Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
 I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so ! I know your answer. [*To PRO.*

Ith. 'T had been pity,

To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your
 presence ;

And, fairest princess, your's.

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. Where are the lords ? all must unto the
 king

Without delay ; the prince of Argos—

Cal. Well, sir ?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How!

The prince of Argos?

Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,

T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea!

Pen. Brother.

Ith. Let me an hour hence

Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How's that?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—

I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

[*Exeunt all but BASS.*]

Bass. Alone! alone! what means that word
alone?

Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her brother:

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same court-ease is a strong temptation
To a rebellion in the veins; besides,
His fine friend Prophilus—

Re-enter GRONEAS.

Gron. My lord, you're called for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank you; where's my
wife, pray?

Gron. Retired amongst the ladies.

Bass. Still I thank you:

There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?

Gron. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,
sir.

Bass. Asleep! asleep, sir!

Gron. Is your lordship troubled?
You will not to the king?

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gron. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.

Enter PROPHILUS *and* PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find
you;

And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation: in his fashion
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature [once]
And custom took delight in; sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
And less good manners.

Pen. Sir, I am not inquisitive
Of secrecies, without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter ORGILUS, *as before.*

Do thy best
To make this lady merry for an hour.

[To ORG.

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir. [*Exit PRO.*

Pen. Prithee, leave me,

I have some private thoughts I would account
with ;

Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph, our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres,
As any's who have feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection !

Pen. Set thy wits

In a less wild proportion.

Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour ; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
On Vesta's altars, * * * * *
* * * * * the holiest odours, virgins' tears,
* * * * * sprinkled, like dews, to feed them
And to increase their fervour.*

Pen. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,

* ————— as the incense smoking

On Vesta's altars * * * * * , &c.]

It is greatly to be regretted that this apparently fine passage
should have been so irreparably mutilated at the press.—GIR-
FORD.

Not relishing the real taste of food:
 Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
 From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;
 No horror should deface that precious figure
 Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitch'd thy
 tongue:

The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
 Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
 Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
 Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,

In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
 Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
 Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
 Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[Throws off his scholar's dress.]

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou lay'st

A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
 Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,
 By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
 I have not given admittance to one thought
 Of female change, since cruelty enforced
 Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
 Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. O, rather

Examine me, how I could live to say
 I have been much, much wrong'd. 'Tis for thy
 sake

I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
 If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
 Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
 Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. [*PEN. kneels.*

Org. You instruct my duty. [*ORG. kneels.*

Pen. We may stand up. (*They rise.*) Have you
ought else to urge
Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever: what more would
you?

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.*

Org. You are obey'd; 'tis done.

[*He resumes his disguise.*

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.

* ————— *but first put on*

Your borrow'd shape.] This, as I have elsewhere observed, is the green-room term for a dress of disguise. In the opening of the next Act, Orgilus, who had resumed his usual habit, is said to appear in his own *shape*.—GIFFORD.

Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin.—Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Org. How!

Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another; my true love
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it;
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this, and less desired,
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch
My lip, or hand again!

Org. Penthea, now
I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,

Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,
 I'll call thy former protestations lust,
 And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
 Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,
 To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.
 I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
 By thee are made inferior to my fortunes:
 If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
 Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
 That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
 And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:—
 Action, not words, shall shew me.—Oh Penthea!

[*Exit.*

Pen. He sigh'd my name sure, as he parted
 from me;

I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
 He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
 But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
 How much we fight with weakness to preserve
 thee! [Walks aside.

Enter BASSANES and GRAUSIS.

Bass. Fie on thee, rotten maggot!
 Sleep! sleep at court! and now! Aches, con-
 vulsions,
 Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy
 bones
 A dozen years more yet!

Grau. Now you are in humours.

Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that;
 she's sad too;

She's in strong contemplation ; yes, and fix'd :
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare !—Lady,
come ; your brother
Is carried to his closet ; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord ?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off ;
Some surfeit or disorder.—How dost, dearest ?

Pen. Your news is none o'th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath ; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy !

Pen. Then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds ; sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise ; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle ;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Study of TECNICUS.*

Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS in his usual Dress.

Tec. Be well advised ; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous ;*

For if the borrow'd shape so late put on
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrowded unlawful plots ; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,

Such doubts are causeless ; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit,—the present state commands
me.

The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir ; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed to Prophilus :
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me

* *I am jealous.*] i. e. I am *fearful, suspicious*, of it.—GIF-
FORD.

To Athens, for my quick repair to court ;
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted : yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation ; no fair colours
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't—
I might add, certain—

Org. My aspect ! could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not
sift

An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.
But know then, Orgilus, what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valour which, for bases,
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,
Commits thefts, murder, treasons, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth,)
I leave thee to the fit consideration

Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend
oracle,

And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty! [*Exit.*]

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts:—
But let the gods be moderators still;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES, with a Casket.

From whence come you?

Arm. From king Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you],
Dear to him as his crown; he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is't, Armostes?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo [*He takes the casket.*]
Inspire my intellect!—The prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded

Our princess for his wife ; which I conceive
 One special cause the king importunes you
 For resolution of the Oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
 And fair day to Armostes !

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in ITHOCLES' House.*

Soft Music.—*A Song within, during which PROPHILUS, BASSANES, PENTHEA, and GRAUSIS pass over the Stage. BASSANES and GRAUSIS re-enter softly, and listen in different places.*

SONG.

*Can you paint a thought ? or number
 Every fancy in a slumber ?*

*Can you count soft minutes roving
 From a dial's point by moving ?*

*Can you grasp a sigh ? or, lastly,
 Rob a virgin's honour chastly ?*

No, oh no ! yet you may

Sooner do both that and this,

This and that, and never miss,

Than by any praise display

Beauty's beauty ; such a glory,

As beyond all fate, all story,

All arms, all arts,

All loves, all hearts,

Greater than those, or they,

Do, shall, and must, obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—
Grausis, dost [thou] hear nothing ?

Grau. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind.

Bass. Soldiers
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate;
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury.

Grau. What do you mean, my lord?—speak
low; that gabbling
Of your's will but undo us.

Pro. (*within*) He wakes.

Bass. What's that?

Ith. (*within*) Who's there?
Sister?—All quit the room else.

Bass. 'Tis consented!

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be
private,
We must forbear; his sleep hath newly left him.
Please you, withdraw!

Bass. By any means; 'tis fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

Grau. Yes, I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene opens: ITHOCLES is discovered in a Chair,
and PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers; I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life

Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,

For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,

Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,

I do beseech thee! first, let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,

A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!

Ith. I consume

In languishing affections for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages

Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lays him down to
sleep;

While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.

Put me to any penance for my tyranny;
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me,

Rid me from living with a jealous husband;

Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will
you?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. Such an one

As only you have made me: a faith-breaker,
A spotted harlot;—nay, nay, I am one—
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles;

For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous; thou shalt
stand

A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian
banks,

And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship, or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd this question ; 'tis a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure you,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name ?—'tis,—'tis—I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Peace !

Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable !
Do I now love thee ? for my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do ;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest,

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her,
would it not

Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos ?

Ith. Trouble not

The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story ;
I sweat in blood for't.

Pen. We are reconciled.

Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide ;
Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee ;

Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows

Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man !—Why have I wrong'd a maid
so excellent ?

BASSANES *rushes in with a Poniard, followed by* PROPHILUS, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRAUSIS.

Bass. I can forbear no longer ; more, I will not :
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point—
Patience is tired,—for, like a slow-paced ass,
You ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and properly.

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness ?

Pro. He's distracted.

Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord !

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him.

Bass. My birth is noble : though the popular
blast

Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or* progress in the chariot of the sun ;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The wanton hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your sports.

Gron. Fine humours ! they become him.

Hem. How he stares,

Struts, puffs, and sweats ! most admirable lunacy !

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.

* This passage is not without curiosity, as tending to prove that some of the words, now supposed to be Americanisms, were in use among our ancestors, and crossed the Atlantic with them. It is not generally known, that Ford's county (Devonshire) supplied a very considerable number of the earlier settlers in the colonies.—GIFFORD.

Pen. Dear brother!

Bass. Unmannerly! — mew, kitling! — smooth
formality

Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train.

Ith. His jealousy hath robb'd him of his wits ;
He talks he knows not what.

Bass. Yes and he knows
To whom he talks ; I will hallo't : though I
Blush more to name the filth than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster! [*Draws his sword.*]

Pro. Sir, by our friendship—

Pen. By our bloods!

Will you quite both undo us, brother?

Grau. Out on him!

These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.

Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord, what
slackness

In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity
Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is
balm:

Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition
As in devotion!

Pen. Sir, may every evil,
Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your pre-
sence,

On my unhappy head, if, since you made me

A partner in your bed, I have been faulty,
In one unseemly thought, against your honour.

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

Bass. Yes, say on,
Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hinderance
To peace, and praise of virtue. [*to ITH.*]—Oh, my
senses

Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on:
I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?
Indeed I did not.

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal!

Ith. No; but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it?
With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

Ith. When you shall show good proof, that
manly wisdom,
Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead [*your*] judgment, then this
lady,

Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is insufferable.

Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But
Penthea says not so.

Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong.
[Exit with ITH. and PRO.]

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind.
[To GRAU. who is following PEN.]

Gron. The court wants not your diligence.
[Exeunt HEM. and GRON.]

Grau. What will you do, my lord? my lady's
gone:

I am denied to follow.

Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?

Grau. Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh
and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike;
She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her
vows!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus; some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy decry. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS leading CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and AMELUS.

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have
pleas'd,
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude

For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:
Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd
Not to inforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.

I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own:
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd
By constant truth: from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty;
Use thine own opportunities.—Armostes,
We must consult with the philosophers;
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's return'd

From Athens ; wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded ?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea,
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures
At celebration of it, would give life
To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman ;
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm Yet the heavens smile on all your high
attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us !

Cal. A prince, a subject ?

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre ;
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most wel-
come :

I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend ; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your
poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close !—so soon !—my heart !
[*Aside.*

Pro. What sudden change is next ?

Ith. Life to the King !

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The King gives ORG. his hand to kiss.*

Crot. My son preferr'd by Ithocles! [*Aside.*

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions,
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engross'd*
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wish'd for.

Org. May my duty

Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,

Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare

For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,

Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight

All mists of dulness; crown the hours with glad-
ness:

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

* ————— if thou hast there engross'd

Some rarity of wit, &c.] i. e. if thou hast possessed thyself
of, mastered, so as to bring away:—the king seems inclined
rather to tax the memory of Orgilus than his imagination.—
GIFFORD.

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady! [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of CROTOLON.*

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will he hath ;

But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds, without check,
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you

Touching your sister's marriage ? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it ;
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires,
And, with a willingness, inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touch'd on any wrong that maliced
The honour of our house, nor stirr'd our peace ;
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live
so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,*
No courtesy can win it ; 'tis too rancorous.

* i. e. temper, disposition. The deep dissimulation, the deadly resentment of Orgilus, are powerfully marked in this scene.—GIFFORD.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction;

I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:—
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so! friend, I will have it so,

Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have you? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health cut short
my journey;
For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with
thee,

Infection of thy mind: which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear Genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,

Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
 Than woo a father's curse: my sister's marriage
 With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd;
 May I live hated, may I die despised,
 If I omit to further it in all
 That can concern me!

Crot. I have been too rough.
 My duty to my king made me so earnest;
 Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir!

Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRO-
 NEAS, *and* HEMOPHIL.

Crot. Here comes
 Euphranea, with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honour'd!—ever famous!

Ith. Your true friend;
 On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
 Look on this worthy couple; your consent
 Can only make them one.

Org. They have it.—Sister,
 Thou pawn'd'st to me an oath, of which engage-
 ment
 I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
 At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
 At him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
 Euphranea, lend thy hand;—here, take her, Pro-
 philus,
 Live long a happy man and wife; and further,
 That these in presence may conclude an omen,
 Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

*Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
 Like soft hours never ceasing ;
 Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
 Without jars, or tongues envying ;
 Hearts by holy union wedded,
 More than their's by custom bedded ;
 Fruitful issues ; life so graced,
 Not by age to be defaced ;
 Budding, as the year ensu'th,
 Every spring another youth :
 All what thought can add beside,
 Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride !*

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—
 Euphranea,

Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange
 One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants
 Will please to grace a poor invention
 By joining with me in some slight device,
 I'll venture on a strain my younger days
 Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness
 I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour
 Of mine shall fail to show itself.

Ith. We will
 All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow to-
 wards

A too unworthy worm ;—but, as you please,
 I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,
It is a sight of gladness.
Org. But my duty. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.—CALANTHA'S Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, and PHILEMA.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his entrance ;
Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admittance ;

Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.

[*Exeunt* CHRIS. and PHIL.]

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
for :

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down ; the sands are spent ;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying ; on the stage

Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
 Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
 By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
 But tragical in issue : beauty, pomp,
 With every sensuality our giddiness
 Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
 When any troubled passion makes assault
 On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
 Of bare opinion only: to what end
 Reach all these moral texts ?

Pen. To place before you
 A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
 How weary I am of a lingering life,
 Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
 You have no little cause ; yet none so great
 As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
 Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
 And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
 Not to detain your expectation, princess,
 I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak ;* I enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
 And take that trouble on you, to dispose
 Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially ;
 I have not much to give, the pains are easy ;
 Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
 When I am dead ; for sure I must not live ;
 I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
 Thou turn'st me too much woman.

[*Weeps.*]

* i. e. Proceed : I take pleasure in it.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. [*Aside*—Then I have assurance

Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd ; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee ;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that ?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wed-
lock

By freedom of desires ; but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood : and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young !

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with ?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame ; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd : this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour !

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harm-
less sport
Of mere imagination ! speak the last ;
I strangely like thy Will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my heart :
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain
I should have given that too ; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What said'st thou ?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it :
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption ; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service :
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen. I must leave the world

To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
 To wish my brother some advantage here ;
 Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
 Of this pursuit : but if you please to kill him,
 Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
 And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
 Your absolute authority holds over
 His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
 How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
 I am a sister, though to me this brother
 Hath been, you know, unkind ; oh, most unkind !

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you ?—
 Lady,
 Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones : wait on
 Penthea
 Unto her lodging.—Ithocles ! wrong'd lady !

Pen. My reckonings are made even ; death or
 fate

Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.**Enter ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.*

Ith. Forbear your inquisition ; curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature :
In fears of love too quick ; too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish ;—all is not right.—Good Heaven
Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet !

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more ; I now repent it,
Now, uncle, now ; this Now is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue,
That afterwit, like bankrupts' debts, stands tallied,
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman ;
A man of single meaning.*

Arm. I believe it :
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears ;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward :—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

* *A man of single meaning.*] i. e. plain, open, sincere, unreserved. It appears, notwithstanding the disavowal of Armostes, that he did not altogether adopt the fatal error of his nephew.—GIFFORD.

Ith. The princess? ha!

Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

*Enter NEARCHUS, leading CALANTHA; AMELUS,
CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.*

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any
instance

Of livery,* from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark—

[*Attempts to take a ring from her finger.*]

Cal. A toy!

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.

Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap;
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop
for't,

And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress:
She'll thank him for't perhaps.

[*Casts the ring before ITHOCLES, who takes it up.*]

Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessed
owner,
Upon my knees——

[*Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.*]

* *Grace my hopes with any instance*

Of livery.] i. e. favour me with some badge, some ornament from your person, to show that you have condescended to enrol me among your servants. This was the language of courtship; and was derived from the practice of distinguishing the followers and retainers of great families, by the badge or crest of the house.—GIFFORD.

Near. You are saucy.

Cal. This is pretty!

I am, belike, "a mistress"—wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't. On, cousin!

[*Exeunt* NEAR. CAL. CHRIS. and PHIL.]

Ith. (to *Ame.*) Follow, spaniel;
I'll force you to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

[*Exit.*

Arm. My lord, you were too forward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle,
Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it to you.

Ith. True; and she said——well I remember
what——

Her cousin prince would beg it.

Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on't.

Ith. Penthea,
Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language !
I want a fee to gratify thy merit ;
But I will do——

Arm. What is't you say ?

Ith. " In anger ? "

In anger let him part ; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine : it should not ;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be any thing
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Arm. Contain yourself, my lord ; Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs ; 'tis an useful moral :
Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy.

Ith. I thank you ;
Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.

Arm. He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, and AMELUS.

Near. Brave me ?

Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper,
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection !

Ame. Was't your modesty*
Term'd any of the prince's servants "spaniel?"
Your nurse sure taught you other language.

Ith. Language!

Near. A gallant man at arms is here; a doctor
In feats of chivalry; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which [less] rash spirits style good manners.

Ith. Manners?

Org. No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless
Ithocles.

Near. You might have understood who I am.

Ith. Yes,

I did,—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—
You are cousin to the princess.

Near. To the king too;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your Colossic greatness—to that king too,
You might have added.

Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.

Arm. O fye, fye!

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in
loyalty.

Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

[*Exeunt NEARCHUS and AMELUS.*]

Ith. Come back,—what pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at! come back.
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of *mushroom!* painted colts

* *Your modesty.*] An appellative, like "your sovereignty" in Hamlet.—GIFFORD.

(Like heralds' coats, gilt o'er with crowns and
sceptres,)

May bait a muzzled lion.*

Arm. Cousin, cousin,

Thy tongue is not thy friend.

Org. In point of honour,

Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me

'Twas all about a little ring.

Ith. A ring

The princess threw away, and I took up——

Admit she threw't to me, what arm of brass

Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop

To powder, he might sooner reach my heart,

Than steal and wear one dust on't. Orgilus,

I am extremely wrong'd.

Org. A lady's favour

Is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted!

Arm. Quiet

These vain unruly passions, which will render you
Into a madness.

Org. Griefs will have their vent.†

* *Painted colts, &c.*] Our old writers used colt (probably from the boisterous gambols of this animal) for a compound of rudeness and folly. The meaning of the text is sufficiently obvious; but it would seem that there is also an allusion to some allegorical representation of this kind in "the painted cloth."—GIFFORD.

† The extraordinary success with which the revengeful spirit of Orgilus is maintained through every scene, is highly creditable to the poet's skill. There is not a word spoken by him which does not denote a deep and dangerous malignity, couched in the most sarcastic and rancorous language; and which nothing but the deep repentance and heartfelt sincerity of Ithocles could possibly prevent him from feeling and detecting.—GIFFORD.

Enter TECNICUS, *with a scroll.*

Arm. Welcome ; thou com'st in season, reverend man,
To pour the balsam of a suppling patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes he here ? [*Aside.*

Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly.* To the king,
Armotes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel ; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the God.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon ! double named, but one
In fate !—when kingdoms reel, (mark well my
saw)

Their heads must needs be giddy : tell the king,
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head ; Apollo wills it so :
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master ?

Tec. Never more to see him ;
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
*When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.*

Ith. What's this, if understood ?

Tec. List, Orgilus ;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Las, good man !

* Ford appears to have adopted the vulgar phraseology of his native place, using *mortal* in the sense of very great, extreme, &c.—GIFFORD. Compare the concluding distich in Act IV. Scene I. of "The Lover's Melancholy."

Tec. (Aside to Org.) Let craft with courtesy a while confer,

Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests ;
I am not Oedipus.

Tec. My hour is come ;
Cheer up the king ; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon ! [*Exit.*

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might
construe
His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us, the effects of their decrees ;
My burthen lies within me : servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha !

Arm. The gods be still propitious.
[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.

Org. Something oddly
The book-man prated, yet he talk'd it weeping ;
Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.
Con it again ;—for what ? It shall not puzzle me ;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Pentheia
Forbade me not her presence ; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, and PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye ;

Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
 And in your charities appease the gods
 Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!

Phu. Here's a rare change!

Bass. Betake you to your several occasions;
 And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
 Let your constructions mildly pass it over;
 Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more,
 I have not for employment.

Grau. O, sweet man!

Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

Phu. The Garland of Good-will.*—Old lady,
 hold up

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
 As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.

[*Exeunt GRAUSIS and PHULAS.*]

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
 The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness:
 Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
 Against the portion nature hath bestow'd;
 But men, endow'd with reason, and the use
 Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
 Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
 Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
 The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,
 Repining at these glories of creation,
 Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
 The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch

* The Honeycomb of Honesty, like the "Garland of Good-will," was probably one of the popular miscellanies of the day. The quaint and alliterative titles to these collections of ballads, stories, jests, &c. gave every allusion to them an air of pleasantry; and perhaps excited a smile on the stage.—
 GIFFORD.

Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,
 Endeavour'd, what in me lay, to pull down
 That temple built for adoration only,
 And level't in the dust of causeless scandal :—
 But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
 Humility shall pour before the deities
 I have incens'd, a largess of more patience
 Than their displeas'd altars can require.
 No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
 The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee,
 Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
 Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,
 Can cram within thy breast : Penthea, Bassanes,
 Curs'd by thy jealousies, more by thy dotage,
 Is left a prey to frenzy.

Bass. Exercise
 Your trials for addition to my penance ;
 I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery
 Past cure ; some angry minister of fate hath
 Depos'd the empress of her soul, her reason,
 From its most proper throne ; but—what's the
 miracle
 More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live !

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judg-
 ment ;
 'Tis anchor'd into a firm resolution ;
 Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it :
 Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her

Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
 From every joy of life! thou barren rock,
 By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter PENTHEA, *with her hair loose*, ITHOCLES,
 PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
 Speaks to you; why d'you weep? dear, turn not
 from me.—

Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,
 A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see it?
 Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?

Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
 Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever
 Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:
 I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
 Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
 To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing
 pitifully,
 And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
 One sung another's knell; the turtle sighs
 When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
 He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
 To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept
 With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood
 Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
 Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,

It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look ye, begins
To rave!—art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for
certain,

I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother,

My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning *Ætna*,
And bury me in flames! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,*

* *Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation.*] This beautiful expression is happily adopted by Milton, the great plunderer of the poetical hive of our old dramatists.

“ He ended here, and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation,” &c. *Par. Reg.*

It would appear from the next speech, that the unsuspecting Ithocles supposed Orgilus to address Bassanes, in this rant.

Do something worth a chronicle; **show** justice
 Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
 The jealousies that hatch'd this thralldom first
 With thine own poniard: every antick rapture
 Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
 Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
 To wanton passion! ere I'll speak a word,
 I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once. [To ORG.]

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature: in despite
 of malice,

For it I'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand;
 Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.*

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard: I'll
 kiss it;

Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
 Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whisper-
 ing.

Goodness! we had been happy; too much hap-
 piness

Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—
 [Pointing to ITHOCLES.]

And yet he paid for't home; alas! his heart
 Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
 We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,

in order to incite him to wreak vengeance on himself for his
 cruelty to Penthea; but the covert object of it is evidently
 Ithocles.—GIFFORD.

* *Org.* My heart too.] Here is some mistake of the press,
 which I cannot pretend to rectify.—GIFFORD.

When we last gather'd roses in the garden,
I found my wits ; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he. [*Again pointing to ITH.*

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue !

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour. [*Aside.*

Org. She has tutor'd me ;*
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness :
Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wonderous cold ;
Dear soul, he has lost his colour : have you seen
A straying heart ? all crannies ! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium !
If this be madness, madness is an oracle. [*Exit.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild ?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually ; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—misery of miseries !

Pen. Take comfort,
You may live well, and die a good old man :
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
If you had joined our hands once in the temple,
('Twas since my father died, for had he lived

* *She has tutor'd me.*] i. e. by repeatedly pointing out Ithocles to his resentment. What plan of vengeance Orgilus had previously meditated, we know not ; but the deep and irresistible pathos of this most afflicting scene evidently gives a deadly turn to his wrath.—GIFFORD.

He would have done't,) I must have called you
father.—

Oh, my wreck'd honour! ruin'd by those tyrants,
A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.

There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife

Widow'd by lawless marriage; to all memory,

Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:

But since her blood was season'd, by the forfeit

Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,

Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never height-
en'd

With taste of sustenance! starve; let that ful-
ness

Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty—

Forgive me; Oh! I faint.

[*Falls into the arms of her attendants.*]

Arm. Be not so wilful,

Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature

Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat?

Refuse the only ordinary means

Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,

A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bas-
sanes?

Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think: all shall be well anon.

'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery

In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;

Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits

Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—

Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out

The trick on't.

[*Aside.*]

Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.

Griefs are sure friends ; they leave, without controul,

Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[*Exit, supported by CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Bass. I grant ye ; and will put in practice instantly

What you shall still admire : 'tis wonderful,

'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd ;

Yet, when I've done't, I've done't :—ye shall all thank me. [*Exit.*

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,

As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—

See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,

Shall's welcome him with thunder ? we are haunted,

And must use exorcism to conjure down

This spirit of malevolence.

Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder ;

Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness

In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,

So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off

The custom of the war, in hours of leisure ;

Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render

Account to that fair excellence, the princess,

Who in her private gallery expects it

From your own mouth alone : I am a messenger

But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour you.

Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.

[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant
Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashion'd.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so ri-
vall'd,

Considering th' inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, Amelus; for affections, injured
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for in-
stance,

Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine?

Near. To be jealous
In public, of what privately I'll further;
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall
find it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, led by HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS, followed by ARMOSTES, with a Box, CROTOLON, and PROPHILUS. The KING is placed in a Chair.

Amyc. Our daughter is not near ?

Arm. She is retired, sir,

Into her gallery.

Amyc. Where's the prince our cousin ?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amyc. All leave us

Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon ;

We would be private.

Pro. Health unto your majesty.

[*Exeunt PRO. HEM. and GRON.*

Amyc. What ! Tecnicus is gone ?

Arm. He is, to Delphos ;

And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amyc. Unseal it, good Armostes ; therein lie

The secrets of the oracle ; out with it ;

[*ARM. takes out the scroll.*

Apollo live our patron ! Read, Armostes.

Arm. *The plot in which the Vine takes root*

Begins to dry from head to foot ;

The stock, soon withering, want of sap

Doth cause to quail the budding grape :

But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew

Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amyc. That is the oracle ; what exposition

Makes the philosopher ?

Arm. This brief one, only.

*The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king ;
The quailing grape his daughter ; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm : the rest conceal'd.*

TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough ; although the opening of this
riddle

Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest ;
But must Calantha quail too ? that young grape
Untimely budded ! I could mourn for her ;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be crost by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense ; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the
dew
Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of
oracles
Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd ; Truth is child of Time ; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation !—Where is Itho-
cles ?—

Armotes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine
Of my frail carcass, on the funeral pile,

Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
 Be hedged about still with your cares and loves ;
 Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
 Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here !

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,
 EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir ! king ! father !

Ith. Oh, my royal master !

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my
 life's solace,

With your fore-judging fears ; there is no physic
 So cunningly restorative to cherish
 The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
 As your consents in duty ; I will shake off
 This languishing disease of time, to quicken
 Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sad-
 ness ;

Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus ?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning ;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may ob-
 serve too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
 As if her chaster fancy could already—

Nay, prithee blush not ; 'tis but honest change
 Of fashion in the garment—

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth be-
 comes thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward

The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting:—mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me
To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never!—

[*Aside.*

May I propose a suit?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand;

[*To ITH.*

Calantha, take thine own; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wish'd for,
'cause the same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my
word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a princess

Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty!—
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.

Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

[*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey
me

Unto my bed-chamber; none on his forehead
Wear a distempered look.

All. The gods preserve you!

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity!

[*AMYCLAS is carried out.—Exeunt all but
ITHOCLES, detained by ORGILUS.*

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most
great lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal! A subject royal?

Org. Why not, pray sir?

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,
Stoop'd to desert, not birth; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation; you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest: if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can it be possible?

Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward,

That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark
ye !)

My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's,
Now, at this very instant—but——

Ith. 'Tis granted :

And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret ;
The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not ?

I now applaud her wisdom : when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;
Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus !
It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory
Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on !

Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting
For office ; but for service——

Ith. We'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners
In all respects else but the bed.

Org. The bed ?
Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together,
And there our beds are equal ; save some monu-
ment

To show this was the king, and this the subject—
 [Soft sad Music.
 List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad
 ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark! a voice too.

A SONG *within.*

*Oh, no more, no more, too late
 Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
 Of a life as chaste as fate,
 Pure as are unwritten papers,
 Are burnt out: no heat, no light,
 Now remains; 'tis ever night.
 Love is dead; let lover's eyes,
 Lock'd in endless dreams,
 Th' extremes of all extremes,
 Ope no more, for now Love dies,
 Now Love dies,—implying
 Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.*

Ith. Oh my misgiving heart!

Org. A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air; let's know the reason:
 Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Apartment of PENTHEA in the same.

PENTHEA discovered in a Chair, veiled; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA at her feet, mourning. Enter two Servants, with two other Chairs, one with an Engine.*

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

1. *Serv.* (*Aside to ORG.*) 'Tis done; that on her right hand.

Org. Good! begone. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!

Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead!

Phil. Starv'd.

Chris. Starv'd!

* *Enter two servants with two chairs, one with an engine.]* This engine, as it is here called, in correspondence with the homely properties of our old theatres, was neither more nor less than a common elbow-chair, which, by means of a couple of leathern hinges and a yard or two of packthread, was made to cross its arms over the breast of the person seated in it.

In the *Devil's Charter*, which appeared on the stage nearly thirty years before the *Broken Heart*, will be found the following stage-direction.

"Enter Lucretia, with a chair in her hand, which she sets on the stage."

The lady then delivers herself as follows :

Luc. I have devised such a curious snare

As jealous Vulcan never yet devised,

To grasp his armes, unable to resist

Death's instrument inclosed in these hands.

Accordingly Gismoud sits down, is "grasped," like Ithocles, and stabbed without resistance by his wife; who retires, as she entered, "with the chair in her hand."—GIFFORD.

Ith. Me miserable!

Org. Tell us
How parted she from life?

Phil. She call'd for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs; Christalla touch'd the lute,
I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds:
"Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus!"
So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died!

Org. Up! you are messengers of death, go from
us; [CHRIS. and PHIL. rise.
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.
Away; and,—hark ye!—till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt* CHRIS. and PHIL.
My lord.—

Ith. Mine only sister!
Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this: between us sits
The object of our sorrows; some few tears
We'll part among us: I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there! sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*

What means this treachery?

Org. Caught! you are caught,
Young master! 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off;
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely?

Org. I foreknew

The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither,
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.

You dreamt of kingdoms, did you! how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess!

How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touch'd upon your thought! as for my in-
juries,

Alas! they were beneath your royal pity;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound
thee.

Behold thy fate; this steel! [*Draws a dagger.*]

Ith. Strike home! A courage

As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome;
But prithee faint not; if the wound close up,
Tent* it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compas-
sion,

As loath to leave the vainness of my glories;
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour; neither† could I,
With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.

* To *tent*: to search as a wound; from *tent*, a roll of lint employed in examining or purifying a deep wound.—NARES'S GLOSSARY.

† So Mr. Gifford's copy; but the meaning of the passage, like a few others in Ford, is more easy to be guessed at, than distinctly understood.

On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly;
And take this peace along: some few short minutes
Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it. [*Stabs him.*

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit:
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

[*Stabs him again.*

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee! Follow
Safety, with best success; oh, may it prosper!—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds;
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long look'd for peace—now—moves—to hea-
ven. [*Dies.*

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood! hence-
forth welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for
ever!

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name.

[*Locks the door, and exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in BASSANES' House.*

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of know-
ledge;
For here, in Sparta, there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we are all turn'd madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:
To Delphos I have sent too; if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever.

Bass. I beseech thee,
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not ought to do with thee, of all men.
The doubles of a hare,—or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no
more,—
Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing
My private meditations: shun me, prithee;
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.

Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled.
Thou wert ordain'd my plague—heaven make me
thankful,

And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee!

Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation; I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards you.

Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words! I
must believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labour.

Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless:
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mention'd,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index pointing to a second,*
I will acquaint you with an unmatch'd secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only; yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute,†

* Orgilus alludes to the *index-hand* (☞), so common in the margin of our old books, and which served to direct the reader's attention to such passages as the author wished to recommend to particular notice.—GIFFORD.

† *i. e.* be persuaded, assured, &c.

The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
 With a more careless danger, than my constancy
 The full of thy relation; could it move
 Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
 It should find me a rock: I do expect now
 Some truth of unheard moment.

Org. To your patience
 You must add privacy, as strong in silence
 As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age,
 Shall sooner prate.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
 As the severity of a glorious action
 Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
 You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance
 Of will and thankfulness.

Org. With manly courage
 Please then to follow me.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish.—*Enter* EUPHRANEA, led by GRONEAS
 and HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, led by CHRISTALLA
 and PHILEMA; NEARCHUS supporting CALANTHA;
 CROTOLON and AMELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;
 On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
 Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels

Should be but usher; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
Is with the king?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance!
Cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must be
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA,
PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with
HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA with GRONEAS.

They DANCE the first change; during which AR-
MOSTES enters.

Arm. (*whispers* CAL.) The king your father's
dead.

Cal. To the other change. .

Arm. Is't possible?

They DANCE the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. (*whispers* CAL.) Oh madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee!—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They DANCE the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. (*whispers CAL.*) Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck!

SCENE II.—*The last CHANGE.*

Cal. So! let us breathe a while.—(*music ceases.*)

—Hath not this motion

Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?

Near. Sweet princess,

A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully:

And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
How that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead:

'That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd
you

Your mother's wedding ring; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange!

Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign queen!

All. Long live the queen!

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.

Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murder'd;—rather butcher'd, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How! murder'd!

Cal. By whose hand?

Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons
Are just, and known: quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fye, Orgilus!

Euph. Fye, brother!

Cal. You have done it?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced.* Armostes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances

* *Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit*

Too sure to be convinced.] *Convince* is used here in the primitive sense of *conquered, overthrown*. In modern terms, "my evidence is too true to be confuted."—GIFFORD.

Of these calamities: thou hast lost a nephew,
 A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
 Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
 Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
 At such a pressure as would sink a soul
 Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
 But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
 And enter'd into bonds without condition,
 To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,
 I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!
 Excellent misery!

Cal. We begin our reign
 With a first act of justice: thy confession,
 Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
 But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
 Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
 To thy lost son; Euphranea, take a farewell,
 And both be gone.

Crot. (to ORG.) Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
 In worthy resolution!

Euph. Could my tears speak,
 My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye!
 Enjoy my sister, Prophilus; my vengeance
 Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt CROT. PRO. and EUPH.*
 Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
 For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
 And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from
 him,
 With honourable mention, make thy choice
 Of what death likes thee best; there's all our
 bounty.

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe
your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords;
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL. PHIL. and CHRIS.*

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never
touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument:
[*Shews his dagger.*

Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,

By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit;
Quick fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship!
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.—(*They give him a
staff.**)—If a proneness,
Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betray'd me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety;
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words:—thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*]

Arm. Desperate courage!

Near. Honourable infamy!

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose!

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye!—stretch
out

Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.

[*Opens the vein.*]

* This was for the purpose of being grasped during the bleeding; a practice familiar to every village doctor in the kingdom.—GIFFORD.

Good! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
 To conquer in extremities: this pastime
 Appears majestic; some high-tuned poem,
 Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
 The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.
 How is't, man?—droop not yet.

Org. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death;
 My sovereign as his liegeman; on my mistress,
 As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,
 As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy:
 Nor did I use an engine to entrap
 His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
 Youth, strength or cunning;* but for that I durst
 not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
 By which his name might have outfaced my ven-
 geance.

Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire!

I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect;

Revenge proves its own executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
 The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature!

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright
 splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow;

Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee.

[*Dies.*

Near. Speech hath left him.

* *Youth, strength, or cunning.*] i. e. practical skill in the use of arms.—GIFFORD.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral urn
 Shall be my charge: remove the bloodless body.
 The Coronation must require attendance;
 That past, my few days can be but one mourning.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Temple.*

An Altar, covered with white; two lights of virgin wax upon it.—Recorders, during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLES on a Hearse, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
 To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
 Your duties, or obedience is, to render
 Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
 Who have been ever fortunate in princes
 Of masculine and stirring composition?
 A woman has enough to govern wisely
 Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.

A nation warlike, and enured to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminate authority; we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Bass. Alas, great mistress! reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd car-
casses;

Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,
And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort
As musical as their's. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,
But craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the
royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos
Armotes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Croton bear sway; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen? alas! what I?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal;
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person, in your chamber;
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,
She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament!

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus;
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
Too short a time enjoyed.

Pro. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady!

Near. Madam, what means that word, "neg-
lected husband?"

Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee, thou
shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced
forward!

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-
cries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive
them:

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-
strings;

Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!—
(kisses ITH.)—crack, crack—

Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song!

DIRGE.

Cho. *Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and
ease,*

Can but please

[The] outward senses, when the mind
Is [or] untroubled, or by peace refined.

- First voice. *Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.*
- Second. *Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.*
- Third. *Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.*
- Cho. *Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN
HEART.*

Arm. Look to the queen!

Bass. Her "heart is broke" indeed.

Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he:

*When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.*

'Tis here fulfill'd.

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live

Nearchus, king of Sparta!

Near. Her last will

Shall never be digress'd from; wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
The counsels of the gods are never known,
Till men can call the effects of them their own.*

[*Exeunt.*]

* "I do not know," says Mr. Lamb, who brings to the perusal of our old dramatists a sensibility almost painfully exquisite, "where to find, in any play, a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according

to Milton, to 'describe high passions and high actions.' The fortitude of the Spartan Boy, who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died, without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. . . . But Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has full residence in the heart of man, in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds.'—LAMB'S *Specimens of Dramatic Poets*.

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fix'd
 To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd
 With ignorance; those censures may command
 Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
 Let some say, *This was flat*; some, *Here the scene*
Fell from its height; another, *That the mean*
Was ill observ'd, in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion.
 Some few may cry, 'Twas pretty well, or so,
 But——and there shrug in silence: yet we know
 Our writer's aim was, in the whole, address
 Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST;
 Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
 The BROKEN HEART may be pieced up again

PERKIN WARBECK.



PERKIN WARBECK.] The youth of Margaret of Burgundy had been unfruitful; but her age—to borrow the quaint language which Ford has thought fit to adopt from Sir W. Warham—gave birth “to two tall striplings, able, soon after their coming into the world, to give battle to mighty kings.” It need hardly be observed, that of these monstrous births, the one was the notorious Lambert Simnel, and the other the hero of the following drama.

The reader of Perkin Warbeck must not expect much of that delight which is derived from the artful intricacies and skilful development of a well-conducted fable; the play itself is styled by its author a “Chronicle History;”*

* “Some have supposed,” says Mr. Malone, “that Shakspeare was the first dramatic poet who introduced dramas formed on the *Chronicles*, but this is an undoubted error. Every one of the subjects on which he constructed his historical plays, appears to have been brought upon the scene before his time.” It is clear, indeed, from the curious volume of Gosson, that the *Chronicles* had been ransacked for plays before 1580, while Shakspeare, perhaps, as Aubrey says, was “killing calves in fine style;” and for very obvious reasons, this species of dramatic entertainment seems to have been held in no small request by our ancestors. “Plays,” says Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, (printed in 1612,) “have taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read, in the discovery of our *English Chronicles*: and what man have you now of that weak capacity that being possessed of their true use, cannot

it follows accordingly the march of events, and stretches over a considerable period of time; and it must be confessed that the tone of the dialogue does not always afford a sufficient relief for the languor with which the plot "drags its dull length along." It is to the delineation of character, therefore, that the reader of *Perkin Warbeck* must look for his principal source of gratification, and that gratification, his feelings will soon tell him, is rather to be supplied from Scotland than England, in which two countries the scene is alternately laid. A stronger opposition might perhaps have been given to the characters of the Scotch and English monarchs: but still the wary, politic, and far-sighted Henry is not a little in contrast with the chivalrous and romantic James; and the incidents which distinguish the courts of the two monarchs are in fair keeping with the complexion of those who sway them. In the one we have solemn counsels of state—detected conspiracies and defections—secret embassies, wisely conceived and dexterously managed—preparations for war, vigorously adopted and steadily pursued: in the other are exhibited snatches of court-delights and bridal gaieties;

discourse of any notable thing recorded even from *William the Conqueror* until this day?" Hence, in the introduction to an old tragedy, called "A Warning for Fair Women," we find Tragedy, Comedy, and History personified, and each claiming superiority and possession of the stage. Tragedy threatens to scourge and kick her two competitors from off the stage, and indeed actually applies the whip to them; but History remains, nevertheless, undaunted;

" And, Tragedie, although to-day thou raigne,
To-morrow here I'll domineere againe."

a princely sympathy with unfortunate greatness; that brilliant personal courage, which to many minds forms an excuse for every other defect, and which was here wanted not only to cover weak and vacillating councils, and enterprises hastily assumed and as hastily dropped, but to atone for errors which do not lie so immediately upon the surface. Mr. Gifford has characterized the Henry of our author as cold, calculating, stern, shrewd, and avaricious. These are harsh epithets, for which some qualification might surely have been found in the burst of feeling and emotion which breaks from him when the name of Stanley is found in the band of conspirators against his royal power and person—in his princely munificence to the wife of his vanquished rival—in his sympathy with the fallen fortunes of Dalyell—in the indignation which breaks from him at the bare supposition that his interests have been served at the expense of religious propriety, and even in the liberal treatment which Warbeck and his followers receive, when the chances of war first throw them into his hands. That these redeeming traits in Henry's character should have escaped Mr. G.'s acute observation is not less remarkable than that he should overlook the flaw in James's generosity, of which the outward credit is allowed to rest with himself, but of which the real cost is paid by one of the noblest and most loyal of his subjects, the poor broken-hearted Earl of Huntley.

But it is not on the characters of either James or Henry that the reader's attention will soon learn to rest. Huntley, Dalyell, the Lady Katherine Gordon, and Jane Douglas, are four such creations as we might almost

imagine the modern magician of the north to have shadowed forth, but which under his hands would have expanded into a breadth and depth of effect, which it is no derogation to say that the genius of Ford, powerful and mighty as it is, was incapable of giving. The very first speech of Huntley—his fluctuation between a sense of real and artificial greatness, and the honest heart which finally throws the casting weight into the right scale, wins for him a regard which his strong parental feelings, his blunt bluff language, and that strong sense of right which, even in scenes most trying to a father's heart, is sure to gain a final victory over his feelings and prejudices, maintain undiminished, or rather continue to increase, till the very close of the drama. The personal charms of his daughter, the Lady Katherine Gordon, have been consecrated even in the page of history: "the name of the White Rose," as Bacon prettily observes, "which had been given to her husband's false title, having been continued to her true beauty." But outward beauty was the least recommendation of Huntley's daughter. With such filial feelings as the Lady Katherine possessed, the honied accents of Warbeck's tongue, and the princely fascinations of his language may be supposed to have gained a readier conquest than strict consistency admitted; but if she sinks at all in her character as a daughter, it is only to rise in her character as a wife; a more perfect specimen of conjugal tenderness and constancy than the Lady Katherine exhibits will not easily be found, and that Ford should have disfigured this fine picture by a debasing trait for which there was no oc-

casion, and which he must have known to be at variance with historical facts,* is one of those pieces of gratuitous folly for which the mind is at a loss to account. His judgment did not thus betray him in delineating her wedded lord. The character of Warbeck is maintained with admirable consistency throughout. He utters on all occasions the language of a prince and a Plantagenet. "No colloquies, no side-speeches," as Mr. G. justly observes, "are allowed to compromise his public assertions." When the Scottish king grows "frosty and wayward," when the treacherous Frion's tongue is leaning to the weak part of his story—in the utmost wreck of his fortunes and his hopes—in imprisonment, and at the axe's edge, his identity with the Duke of York is never suffered to betray itself in a single thought or expression.

"If? If I will appear?

Appear a prince? Death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance!—Cursed cozenage
Of trust!—You make me mad. 'Twere best, it seems,
That I should turn impostor to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled."

Mr. Gifford's testimony to the humbler characters in this drama, though sufficiently enthusiastic, is much less valuable to be omitted. "In most of Ford's tragedies the trivial and comic personages are poorly drawn: D

* See notes in pp. 216, 241.

they attempt to be witty, they usually fall into low buffoonery; and if they aim at a scene of mirth, are sure to create sadness or disgust. The low characters of this play do neither. They are uniformly sustained: their language, though technical, is not repulsive, and the style of that *wise piece of formality*, the Mayor of Cork, who does not venture on one positive expression from first to last, is not only supported with undeviating skill, but rendered really amusing."

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD
BOLSOVER AND OGLE.*

MY LORD,

OUT of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen,)[†] I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt,

* "William Cavendish, (nephew to the first Earl of Devonshire) Lord Ogle," Collins says, "*jure materno*, was born in the year 1592, and was early in favour with James I., by whom he was made a knight of the Bath, in 1610, and created a peer by the title of Viscount Mansfield, in 1623. He continued in favour with Charles I., who created him Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1628, and Marquis six years afterwards. In 1638 the king assigned him the office of governor to the Prince of Wales." For more than half a century the house of this distinguished nobleman was open to every man of genius and learning. He was more particularly the friend and munificent patron of Ben Jonson, whose connexion with the family appears to have been of long and close continuance, and whose assistance was called for by them on all occasions of mirth or melancholy, whether in the supply of monumental inscriptions, or in furnishing interludes for those splendid entertainments which his patron was accustomed to give, and which appear to have been the astonishment of the times. "God be thanked," says the Earl of Clarendon em-

† — learned and honourable pen,] that of the great Lord Bacon. He alludes to his "History of King Henry VII."—
GIFFORD.

and in it, a greater danger. In other *labours* you may read actions of antiquity discoursed ; in *this abridgment*, find the actors themselves discoursing ; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak, as

phatically, when mentioning that which the Earl gave to Charles I. on his journey into Scotland, " God be thanked, that though this stupendous entertainment might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after in those days imitated it." For an account of the public services of the Earl of Newcastle, for proofs of his devotion and unshaken fidelity to his royal and unfortunate master, the reader is referred to the pages of the same excellent historian. A long and elaborate character of the Earl will be found in the second volume, from which we extract such passages as serve to show his attachment to literature and the fine arts.

" He was a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding, in which his delight was. Besides that, he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time ; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure, which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour, and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him."

.....

" In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle ; in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger, in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day, when his troops began to give ground. Such articles of action were no sooner over, than he retired to his delightful company, music, or his softer pleasures, to all which he was so indulgent, and to his ease, that he would not be interrupted upon what occasion soever, insomuch as he sometimes denied admission to the chiefest officers of the army, even to General King himself, for two days together, from whence many inconveniences fell out."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. b. 8.

speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge, in expressions of such credit; commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time.* Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To your's the addition of that information in both, cannot in any application be observed flattery; the authority being established by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing, mine own; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story, and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion: in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity: but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

* *The monuments of Time.*] i. e. such as are destined to live to future ages; a compliment somewhat too high even for this great and good man, whose judgment in matters of mere literature never possessed that commanding influence which the grateful poet seems inclined to endow him with.—GIFFORD.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII.

Lord DAWBENY.

Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, Lord Chamberlain.

Earl of OXFORD.

Earl of SURREY.

FOX, Bishop of Durham.

URSWICK, Chaplain to the King.

Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD.

LAMBERT SIMNEL.

HIALAS, a Spanish Agent.

JAMES IV. King of Scotland.

Earl of HUNTLEY.

Earl of CRAWFORD.

Lord DALYELL.

MARCHMONT, a Herald.

PERKIN WARBECK.

STEPHEN FRION, his Secretary.

JOHN A-WATER, Mayor of Cork.

HERON, a Mercer.

SKETON, a Tailor.

ASTLEY, a Scrivener.

Lady KATHERINE GORDON.

Countess of CRAWFORD.

JANE DOUGLAS, Lady KATHERINE's Attendant.

*Sheriff, Constables, Officers, Guards, Serving-men,
Masquers, and Soldiers.*

SCENE—*Partly in England, partly in Scotland.*

PERKIN WARBECK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Westminster.*

The Royal Presence-Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, supported to the Throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENEY.—A Guard.

K. Hen. STILL to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frighted with false apparitions
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits; yet, my lords,
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birth-right: the rent face
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd
people,
Have been by us, as by the best physician,
At last both thoroughly cured, and set in safety;
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
Ourselves is scarce secure.

Dur. The rage of malice
 Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.
 For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
 Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords
 And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
 Of English subjects have, in civil wars,
 Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
 Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance
 Of the just Powers above, to utter ruin
 And desolation, had reign'd on, but that
 Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice,
 In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
 A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

Dan. Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,
 Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,
 Edward and Richard, the inheritance
 Of a most bloody purchase; these young princes,
 Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
 Forced to a violent grave; so just is Heaven!
 Him hath your majesty, by your own arm
 Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his Boar's sty,*
 And struck the black usurper to a carcase.
 Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,
 Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;
 For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen:
 A blessed union, and a lasting blessing
 For this poor panting island, if some shreds,

* ————*pull'd from his Boar's sty.*] This contemptuous allusion to the armorial bearings of Richard III. is very common in our old writers. Shakespeare has it frequently in his tragedy of this Usurper.—GIFFORD.

Some useless remnant of the house of York
Grudge not at this content.

Oxf. Margaret of Burgundy
Blows fresh coals of division.

Sur. Painted fires,
Without or heat to scorch or light to cherish.

Daw. York's headless trunk, her father; Ed-
ward's fate,
Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature,
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
Of troubles and sedition.

Oxf. In her age—
Great sir, observe the wonder—she grows fruitful,
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,
At nine or ten months' end; she has been with
child
Eight, or seven years at least; whose twins being
born,

(A prodigy in nature,) even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,
As soon as known i' th' world tall striplings,
strong
And able to give battle unto kings;
Idols of Yorkish malice.

[*Daw.*] And but idols;
A steely hammer crushes them to pieces.

K. Hen. Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our
service,
Preferr'd by an officious care of duty

From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!

Which shews the difference between noble natures

And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,
Murder'd long since i' th' Tower; he lives again,
And vows to be your king.

Stan. The throne is fill'd, sir.

K. Hen. True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits on it:

A guard of angels, and the holy prayers
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.—
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our Great Ones, should give countenance and
courage

To trim duke Perkin; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scatter'd
Amongst unthankful men.

Daw. Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors!

K. Hen. Dawbeney, let the guilty
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

Stan. Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simnel's party,* must command

* *Simnel's party,*] Simnel's party (for he himself was a mere puppet in the hands of the Earl of Lincoln) was utterly defeated in the battle of Newark.

More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.
 The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,
 The earl of Kildare, ([the] lord Geraldine,)
 Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,
 Bold Martin Swart,* with Broughton and the rest,
 (Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy)
 Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
 The present times, or any that live in them,
 What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift
 A finger up in all defence but your's,
 Which can be but impostorous in a title.

K. Hen. Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and
 thy heart

Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
 Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted
 This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,
 Your knowledge is our chronicle; first Ireland,
 The common stage of novelty, presented
 This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines
 And Butlers once again stood in support
 Of this colossic statue: Charles of France
 Thence call'd him into his protection,
 Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
 Yet this was all but French dissimulation,

* "Bold Martin Swart," one of the most celebrated of those soldiers of fortune who, in that age, traversed Europe with a band of mercenaries, ready to fight for the first person that would pay them, fell in this action, after "performing bravely," as the noble historian says, "with his Germans." Lambert was taken prisoner. Henry saved his life, for which Bacon produces many good reasons, and advanced him first to the dignity of a turn-spit in his own kitchen, and subsequently to that of an under-falconer.—GIFFORD.

Aiming at peace with us; which, being granted
 On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
 This smoke of straw was pack'd from France
 again,

T' infect some grosser air: and now we learn
 (Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
 Sir* Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)
 They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam
 That nursed this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-
 gundy.

But we will hunt him there too! we will hunt him,
 Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,
 Though the archduke were his buckler!

Sur. She has styled him,
 "The fair white rose of England."

Daw. Jolly gentleman!
 More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish,
 After a drunken surfeit.

Enter URSWICK.

Urs. Gracious sovereign,
 Please you peruse this paper. [*The king reads.*]

Dur. The king's countenance
 Gathers a sprightly blood.

Daw. Good news; believe it.

K. Hen. Urrswick, thine ear. †—Thou hast lodged
 him?

* Sir Taylor is a very unusual method of designating a knight; but perhaps the king does it in scorn.—GIFFORD.

† *Urrswick, thine ear.*] Christopher Urrswick was at this time almoner to the king. He had been chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who afterwards married Thomas Lord Stanley, the elder brother of Sir W. Stanley, the person here implicated;

Urs. Strongly safe, sir.

K. Hen. Enough,—is Barley come too?

Urs. No, my lord.

K. Hen. No matter—pshaw! he's but a running weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots;
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me.
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,
It is our pleasure to remove our court
From Westminster to the Tower:* we will lodge

and was trusted by this nobleman with the correspondence between him and Richmond (Henry VII.), and therefore, perhaps, much in his confidence and esteem. His eager impetuosity to betray the brother of his former patron argues but little for his character; but in those days much consistency is rarely to be found. Weaver, who gives his epitaph, (by which it appears that he possessed and resigned several high stations in the church,) concludes thus—"Here let him rest, as an example for all unjust prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate."—The news which Urswick now communicated was evidently that of his having privately brought the double traitor, Clifford, the confidential agent of Warbeck's party, to England.

Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, Lord Bacon says, "were the only two who adventured their fortunes openly—sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators here to understand the truth of what passed in Flanders, and not without some help of money from hence, to be provisionally delivered, if they were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences."

Clifford, it appears, was soon won to give up his employers. Master Barley, for whom Henry next inquires, did not betray his cause quite so speedily, nor trust quite so readily to the king's clemency as Clifford; in the end, however, he also returned to England, and was pardoned.—GIFFORD.

* Lord Bacon well accounts for this sudden resolution of the king. "The place of the Tower was chosen to that end, that if Clifford should accuse any of the great ones, they might,

This very night there ; give, lord chamberlain,
A present order for it.

Stan. The Tower !—[*Aside.*]—I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Come, my true, best, fast friends, these
clouds will vanish,
The sun will shine at full ; the heavens are clear-
ing. [Flourish.—*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Edinburgh.*—*An Apartment in Lord
HUNTLEY'S House.*

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.**

Hunt. You trifle time, sir.

Dal. Oh, my noble lord,
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill-placed mirth.

Hunt. "Much mirth," lord Dalyell !
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honourable ancestry,

without suspicion, or noise, or sending abroad of warrants, be
presently attached : the court and prison being within the
cincture of one wall."—GIFFORD.

* There were two persons of this name, William and Robert Dalyell, grandsons of Sir John Dalyell (or Daliell as Ford writes) either of whom, from the date, might be meant for the character here introduced. Of the former nothing is recorded. The latter, Douglas says, "was killed at Dumfries, in a skirmish between Maxwell and Crichton, July, 1508."—GIFFORD.

Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
 And ruffle in the world by noble actions,
 For a brave mention to posterity :
 I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,
 Not I, by St. Andrew ; but this bugbear, honour,
 So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,
 The piece of royalty* that is stitch'd up
 In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous
 For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,
 As foolish for my gravity to admit it :
 I have spoke all at once.

Dal. Sir, with this truth,
 You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
 For my disorder'd palate e'er to relish
 A wholesome taste again : alas ! I know, sir,
 What an unequal distance lies between
 Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's for-
 tunes ;
 She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,
 A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

Hunt. Right ; but a noble subject ; put in that
 too.

Dal. I could add more ; and in the rightest line,
 Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
 A Scottish knight ; whose daughter was the mo-
 ther
 To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
 That sway the sceptre to this very day.
 But kindreds are not ours, when once the date

* George, the eldest son of Alexander Seton, and second Earl of Huntley, (the person here meant,) married Anabella, daughter of James I. : hence " the piece of royalty that was stitched up in his Kate's blood."

1

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PERKIN WARBECK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Westminster.*

The Royal Presence-Chamber.

*Enter King HENRY, supported to the Throne by the
Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STAFFORD,
Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and
DAWBENEY.—A Guard.*

K. Hen. STILL to be haunted, still to be pained [Aside.
Still to be frighted with false apparitions

Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd glory
As if we were a mockery king in strewed virtues,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and to enjoy

In scorn and laughter, to the scorn of your love;
Is all below our merits; yet we are less

My friends and counsellors have warrants to my bold-
In our own royal birth-right, and in our
And bleeding wounds, and in our

people, [Aside.
Have been by us, and you not.

At last both thorns and roses are in us.—[Aside.]—Nay,
And yet, for all that, we are less

Ourselves is scorn'd, and we are less
of my sorrows

Of many years have swallow'd up the memory
 Of their originals ; so pasture-fields,
 Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up
 And known no more : for stood I in my first
 And native greatness, if my princely mistress
 Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good
 I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,
 As to a throne of wonder.

Hunt. Now, by Saint Andrew,
 A spark of metal ! he has a brave fire in him.
 I would he had my daughter, so I knew 't not.
 But 't must not be so, must not.—[*Aside.*]—Well,
 young lord,

This will not do yet ; if the girl be headstrong,
 And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
 And run away with her ; dance* galliards, do,
 And frisk about the world to learn the languages :
 'Twill be a thriving trade ; you may set up by t.

Dal. With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
 Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

Hunt. You're angry—would he would beat me,
 I deserve it. [*Aside.*

Dalyell, thy hand, we are friends : follow thy
 courtship,

Take thine own time and speak ; if thou prevail'st
 With passion, more than I can with my counsel,
 She's thine ; nay, she is thine : 'tis a fair match,
 Free and allow'd. I'll only use my tongue,
 Without a father's power ; use thou thine :
 Self do, self have—no more words ; win and wear
 her.

* A lively, leaping, nimble French dance ; from *gaillard*,
 gay.—NARES'S GLOSSARY.

Dal. You bless me; I am now too poor in thanks

To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt. Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,
She comes: to her now, to her, to her!

Enter KATHERINE and JANE.

Kath. The king commands your presence, sir.

Hunt. The gallant—

This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,
Desires to be your master.

Kath. I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

Dal. Your humblest creature.

Hunt. So, so; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold
hunting,
The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*]

Dal. Princely lady,
How most unworthy I am to employ
My services, in honour of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
Your fair opinion, and much more your love;
Are only matters of despair, unless
Your goodness gives large warrants to my bold-
ness,
My feeble-wing'd ambition.

Hunt. This is scurvy. [*Aside.*]

Kath. My lord, I interrupt you not.

Hunt. Indeed!
Now on my life she'll court him.—[*Aside.*]—Nay,
nay, on, sir.

Dal. Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows

To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity,
 But all in vain : here had my comforts sunk
 And never ris'n again, to tell a story
 Of the despairing lover, had not now,
 Even now, the earl your father —

Hunt. He means me sure. [*Aside.*

Dal. After some fit disputes of your condition,
 Your highness and my lowness, given a licence
 Which did not more embolden, than encourage
 My faulting tongue.

Hunt. How, how? how's that? embolden?
 Encourage? I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?
 A subtle trick, a quaint one.— Will you hear,
 man?

What did I say to you? come, come, to th' point.

Kath. It shall not need, my lord.

Hunt. Then hear me, Kate!—

Keep you on that hand of her; I on this.—
 Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,
 Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
 He courts thee for affection, I for duty;
 He as a servant pleads; but by the privilege
 Of nature, though I might command, my care
 Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
 Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of mar-
 riage

Are tenures, not at will, but during life.
 Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,
 A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
 In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
 The king that sits upon the throne is young,
 And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
 On any least occasion, to endanger
 His person; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident

Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
 By yielding to a common servile rage
 Of female wantonness, so I am confident
 Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side*
 Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
 My lord of Dalyell, young in years, is old
 In honours, but nor eminent in titles
 [N]or in estate, that may support or add to
 The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
 Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment,
 For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.
 If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch
 Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
 Lead thee to sink mine honour in oblivion:
 Thou art thine own; I have done.†

Dal. Oh! you are all oracle,
 The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

Kath. My worthiest lord and father, the indul-
 gence
 Of your sweet composition, thus commands
 The lowest of obedience; you have granted
 A liberty so large, that I want skill
 To choose without direction of example:
 From which I daily learn, by how much more
 You take off from the roughness of a father,
 By so much more I am engaged to tender
 The duty of a daughter. For respects

* *i. e.* to equal, to stand in equal place with.

† *I have done.*] And done well too! What authority the poet had for the histrionic character of this nobleman, I know not; but if the princely family of the Gordons ever numbered such a person as this among their ancestors, let them be justly proud of him; for neither on the stage, nor in the great drama of life, will there be easily found a character to put in competition with him.—GIFFORD.

Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
To live and die so, that you may not blush
In any course of mine to own me yours.

Hunt. Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,
like peace,
Creating every other hour a jubilee.

Kath. To you, my lord of Dalyell, I address
Some few remaining words: the general fame
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,
Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

Hunt. Good wench, good girl, i' faith!

Kath. For my part, trust me,
I value mine own worth at higher rate,
'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it: if the stream
Of your protested service (as you term it)
Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,
It shall be my delight, that worthy love
Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you
Richly to wed an honourable name:
So every virtuous praise, in after-ages,
Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
That glorious issue.

Hunt. Oh, that I were young again!
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.

Kath. To the present motion,
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire
No surer credit of a match with virtue

Than such as lives in you; mean time, my hopes
are

Preserv'd secure, in having you a friend.

Dal. You are a blessed lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—

My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent
A full extent of bounty to this parley;
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

Hunt. Enough: we are still friends, and will
continue

A hearty love.—Oh, Kate! thou art mine own.—
No more;—my lord of Crawford.

*Enter CRAWFORD.**

Craw. From the king
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in council
Requires your present aid.

Hunt. Some weighty business?

Craw. A secretary from a duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,
Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis said
The duke himself is following to the court.

Hunt. Duke upon duke! 'tis well, 'tis well;
here's bustling
For majesty;—my lord, I will along with you.

* *Enter Crawford.*] This is probably (for I speak with great hesitation on the subject) John, second son of David, fourth Earl of Crawford. If I am right in this conjecture, he stood in some kind of relationship to Huntley, his elder brother Alexander (dead at this period) having married Lady Jane Gordon, the earl's second daughter.—GIFFORD.

Craw. My service, noble lady.

Kath. Please you walk, sir?

Dal. "Times have their changes; sorrow makes men wise;

The sun itself must set as well as rise;"

Then, why not I? Fair madam, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London.—An Apartment in the Tower.

Enter the BISHOP OF DURHAM, SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD, and URSWICK.—Lights.

Dur. You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely

King Henry, our great master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty; you taste
His bounty and his mercy even in this;
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his closet, he is pleas'd
To admit you to his favour: do not falter
In your discovery; but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,
So labour to deserve it, by laying open
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

Urs. Remember not the witchcraft, or the magic,
The charms and incantations, which the sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason:
Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge
Your conscience freely; all of such as love you,
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.

Take heed you do not dally with the king,
He is wise as he is gentle.

Clif. I am miserable,
If Henry be not merciful.

Urs. The king comes.

Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. Clifford !

Clif. (*Kneels.*) Let my weak knees rot on the
earth,

If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries,
Before your royal eyes, as to my own
I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

K. Hen. Clifford, stand up ; for instance of thy
safety,

I offer thee my hand.

Clif. A sovereign balm

For my bruis'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.

[*Kisses the King's hand, and rises.*]

Sir, you are a just master, but I——

K. Hen. Tell me,

Is every circumstance thou hast set down
With thine own hand, within this paper, true ?

Is it a sure intelligence of all
The progress of our enemies' intents,
Without corruption ?

Clif. True, as I wish heaven ;
Or my infected honour white again.

K. Hen. We know all, Clifford, fully, since this
meteor,

This airy apparition first discreded
From Tournay into Portugal ; and thence
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration

To th' superstitious Irish ; since the beard
 Of this wild comet, conjured into France,
 Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court ;
 But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in dark-
 ness,

Stole into Flanders, [there embark'd his followers,
 And made for England,] flourishing the rags*
 Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
 Whence he was beaten back with shame and
 scorn,

Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws :
 But tell me, what new course now shapes duke
 Perkin ?

Clif. For Ireland, mighty Henry ; so instructed
 By Stephen Frion,† sometimes secretary
 In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,
 But Perkin's tutor now.

K. Hen. A subtle villain
 That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham,
 Knew well the man.

Dur. French, both in heart and actions.

* *Stole into Flanders, flourishing the rags, &c.*] In this expedition Perkin did not land, and those of his followers whom he sent on shore at Sandwich, were defeated by the Kentish men. The prisoners, to the amount of 150 (mostly foreigners), were executed—"Hanged," as Lord Bacon says, "upon the sea-coast of Kent, Sussex, and Norfolk, for sea-marks, or light-houses, to warn Perkin's people to avoid the coast."—GIFFORD.

† *Stephen Frion.*] Frion had been seduced from Henry's service by the Duchess of Burgundy ; and was a very active agent in the great drama which she was now preparing to bring forward. "He followed Perkin's fortunes for a long while," Bacon says, "and was indeed his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings."—GIFFORD.

K. Hen. Some Irish heads work in this mine of treason ;

Speak them.

Clif. Not any of the best : your fortune
Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit
Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts
For counsellors : first Heron, a broken mercer,
Then John a-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork,
Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener
Call'd Astley : and whate'er these list to treat of,
Perkin must harken to ; but Frion, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him
To fly to Scotland, to young James the Fourth ;
And sue for aid to him : this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.

K. Hen. Still more Frion !
Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison,
As dangerous as infectious—we must match 'em :
Clifford, thou hast spoke home, we give thee life :
But, Clifford, there are people of our own
Remain behind untold ; who are they, Clifford ?
Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest ;
'Tis thy last task.

Clif. Oh, sir, here I must break
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

K. Hen. Well, well, be brief, be brief.

Clif. The first in rank
Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then
Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,
Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars,
And Robert Ratcliffe.*

* All these were seized, tried, and condemned for high-treason : most of them perished upon the scaffold. Worsley and the two dominicans were spared.—GIFFORD.

K. Hen. Churchmen are turn'd devils.
These are the principal ?

Clif. One more remains
Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

K. Hen. Ha, Clifford ! one more ?

Clif. Great sir, do not hear him ;
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord cham-
berlain,

Shall come into the list, as he is chief,
I shall lose credit with you ; yet this lord,
Last named, is first against you.

K. Hen. Urswick, the light !
View well my face, sirs, is there blood left in it ?

Dur. You alter strangely, sir.

K. Hen. Alter, lord bishop !
Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dream'd he stabb'd
me.

Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
To think they set their own stains off, by laying
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves :
Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.
Thy life again is forfeit ; I recal
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeat the name no more.

Clif. I dare, and once more,
Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley,
Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief
Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

Dur. Most strange !

Urs. Most wicked !

K. Hen. Yet again, once more.

Clif. Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley ! Who ? Sir Wil-
liam Stanley !

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,
The charge, and the controulment of my person ;

The keys and secrets of my treasury ;
The all of all I am ! I am unhappy.
Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor
To my own person, yield my sceptre up
To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke !

Dur. You lose your constant temper.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley !

O do not blame me ; he, 'twas only he
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth field
From Richard's bloody sword, snatch'd from his
head

The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.*
He never fail'd me ; what have I deserv'd
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own ?

Urs. The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes you ;

Provide against your danger.

K. Hen. Let it be so.

Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber.

'Tis well we are i' th' Tower ; set a guard on him.

* Shakspeare thus notices the circumstance :—

“ *Enter STANLEY bearing the crown.*

“ *Stanley.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !

Lo here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.”—*Richard III.*

Clifford, to bed ; you must lodge here to-night ;
We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul
Divines strange troubles.

Daw. (*within.*) Ho ! the king, the king !
I must have entrance.

K. Hen. Dawbeny's voice ; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next, to keep
Our eyes from rest ?—the news ?

Enter DAWBENEY.

Daw. Ten thousand Cornish,
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd
A head ; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,
They make for London, and to them is join'd
Lord Audley : as they march, their number daily
Increases ; they are—

K. Hen. Rascals !—talk no more ;
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.
'To bed—and if I cannot sleep,—I'll wake.—
When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,
Even then, an arm from heaven fights for the just.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Edinburgh.—The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE, JANE, and other ladies.

Countess. Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation

For entertainment of this English prince ;
The king intends grace more than ordinary ;
'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

Kath. Bless the young man, our nation would
be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom ! my father
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
But that the king must not be cross'd.

Countess. He brings

A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him ;
But very modest people, for they strive not
To fame their names too much ; their godfathers
May be beholding to them, but their fathers
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised
princes,*

* ———— *they are disguised princes, &c.*] The Countess is pleased to be facetious. It appears, however, from better authorities than those before us, that Perkin was very respectably, not to say honourably, attended, on this occasion.
—GIFFORD.

Brought up it seems to honest trades ; no matter,
They will break forth in season.

Jane. Or break out ;

For most of them are broken by report.—[*Music.*
The king !

Kath. Let us observe them and be silent.

A Flourish.—*Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY, CRAW-*
FORD, DALYELL, and other Noblemen.

K. Ja. The right of kings, my lords, extends
not only

To the safe conservation of their own,

But also to the aid of such allies,

As change of time and state hath oftentimes

Hurl'd down from careful crowns, to undergo

An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes ;

So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur-de-Lion,

So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,

Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,

Both sought, and found, supplies from foreign
kings,

To repossess their own ; then grudge not, lords,

A much distressed prince : king Charles of France,

And Maximilian of Bohemia, both

Have ratified his credit by their letters ;

Shall we then be distrustful ? No ; compassion

Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,

And we will have it shine there.

Hunt. Do your will, sir.

K. Ja. The young duke is at hand ; Dalyell,
from us

First greet him, and conduct him on ; then Craw-
ford

Shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,
 Present him to our arms.—(*Exit DAL.*)—Sound
 sprightly music,
 Whilst majesty encounters majesty. [*Flourish.*

Re-enter DALYELL, with PERKIN WARBECK, followed at a distance by FRION, HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD advances, and salutes PERKIN at the door, and afterwards HUNTLEY, who presents him to the King; they embrace; the Noblemen slightly salute his followers.

War. Most high, most mighty king!* that now
 there stands

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
 A subject of the rarest kind of pity
 That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,
 The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,
 Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,
 And all the western world, what persecution
 Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir
 To the great throne of th' old Plantagenets.
 How, from our nursery, we have been hurried
 Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
 Forced to the prison, from the prison haled
 By cruel hands, to the tormentor's fury,

* *War. Most high, most mighty king! &c.*] This speech is skilfully abridged from the historian. When it could be done with proper effect, the words are taken with no greater change than was necessary for the metrical arrangement; in other places the poet is content with clothing the sentiments in his own language; but always with the original in view.—GIRFORD.

Is register'd already in the volume
Of all men's tongues ; whose true relation draws
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,
And bleeding souls : but our misfortunes since
Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.

Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy,
Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to
murther

Paid them their wages of despair and horror ;
The softness of my childhood smiled upon
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them far-
ther

Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
Great king, *they* spared my life, the butchers
spared it!

Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
A truth of my dispatch ; I was convey'd
With secrecy and speed to Tournay ; foster'd
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
Of fear and of disdain ; fear of the tyrant
Whose power sway'd the throne then : when dis-
dain

Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman ;
Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry
From Richard's head ; a thing scarce known i'th'
world.

K. Ja. My lord, it stands not with your coun-
sel now

To fly upon invectives ; if you can
Make this apparent what you have discours'd,
In every circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

War. You are a wise and just king, by the
powers

Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids,
To plant me in mine own inheritance :
To marry these two kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced while time is time.
As for the manner, first of my escape,
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
The means, and persons who were instruments,
Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence ;
Reserving the relation to the secrecy
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,
Whose issue might be question'd. For your
bounty,

Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,
As if we were your own and natural brother ;
Omitting no occasion in our person,
To express a gratitude beyond example.

K. Ja. He must be more than subject who can
utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.
Take this for answer ; be whate'er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause and person into my protection.
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee ;
Welcome to James of Scotland ! for thy safety,
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong
thee.

Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,
 Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
 To high attempts of honour. On, lead on!
 Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard
 you.

Lead on— [Exeunt all but the ladies.

Countess. I have not seen a gentleman
 Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage;
 His fortunes move not him—Madam, you are
 passionate.*

Kath. Beshrew me, but his words have touch'd
 me home,
 As if his cause concern'd me; I should pity him,
 If he should prove another than he seems.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. Ladies, the king commands your pre-
 sence instantly,
 For entertainment of the duke.

Kath. "The duke"
 Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd;
 It is our duty.

Countess. We will all wait on him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London.—The Tower.

A Flourish.—Enter King HENRY, OXFORD, DUR-
 HAM, SURREY.

K. Hen. Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain?

* Madam, you are passionate.] i. e. distressed, deeply affected: the Countess had observed Katherine weeping.—GIFFORD.

Dur. His treasons

Condemn'd him, sir ; which were as clear and
manifest,

As foul and dangerous : besides, the guilt
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly,
That it drew from him free confession,
Without an importunity.

K. Hen. Oh, lord bishop,
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature ;
The rigour and extremity of law
Is sometimes too, too bitter ; but we carry
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may relieve him from the sentence
Of death ; I hope we may.

Dur. You may, you may ;
And so persuade your subjects that the title
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
Than yours of Lancaster ! so Stanley holds :
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traitors all, perjured, and false,
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice
Of Henry's title ; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,
With all your other peers of state and church,
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,
And England's lawful heir !

Oxf. By Vere's old honours,
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

Sur. 'Tis a quarrel
To engage a soul in.

K. Hen. What a coil is here
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect !

Stanley was once my friend,* and came in time
 To save my life ; yet, to say truth, my lords,
 The man staid long enough t' endanger it :—
 But I could see no more into his heart,
 Than what his outward actions did present ;
 And for them have rewarded him so fully,
 As that there wanted nothing in our gift
 To gratify his merit, as I thought,
 Unless I should divide my crown with him,
 And give him half ; though now I well perceive
 'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the
 whole.

But I am charitable, lords ; let justice
 Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn
 The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

Dur. Sir, he is coming this way.

K. Hen. If he speak to me,
 I could deny him nothing ; to prevent it,
 I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my fa-
 vours

To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for :
 That done, it doth concern us to consult
 Of other following troubles. [*Exit.*

* *Stanley was once my friend, &c.*] Much of this is from the noble historian. The king certainly holds a very different language from that which we had in a former page ; but it is characteristic of his close, cold, and selfish nature. “ As a little leaven (Bacon says) of new distaste doth commonly sour the whole lump of former merit, the king's wit began now to suggest unto his passion, that Stanley at Bosworth-field, though he came in time to save his life, yet he staid long enough to endanger it.” After all, the writer hints, as broadly as he dared, that Stanley's main guilt lay in his vast accumulations, which Henry viewed with too greedy an eye.—GIRFORD.

Oxf. I am glad
He's gone ; upon my life he would have pardon'd
The traitor, had he seen him.

Sur. 'Tis a king
Composed of gentleness.

Dur. Rare and unheard of :
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the king observes ; 'tis fit he should.

Enter STANLEY, Executioner, Confessor, URSWICK
and DAWBENEY.

Stan. May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake
This piece of frailty off ?

Daw. You shall ; he's sent for.

Stan. I must not see the king ?

Dur. From him, sir William,
These lords and I am sent ; he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts ;
Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass : but howe'er your body
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.

Oxf. Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

Sur. And I ; good angels guard you !

Stan. Oh, the king,
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.

I was, as you are, once, great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years ; but fate and time
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Daw. Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir
William,

You so desire to speak with.

Dur. Mark their meeting.

Clif. Sir William Stanley, I am glad your con-
science

Before your end, hath emptied every burden
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,
How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concern'd my truth, and the state's
safety.

Stan. Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it !
Come hither—by this token think on me !

*[Makes a cross on CLIFFORD'S face with
his finger.*

Clif. This token ? What ! am I abus'd ?

Stan. You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's in-
famy ;

Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem :
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes

That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,
A state-informer's character ; more ugly,
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.

The heavens forgive thee !—pray, my lords, no
change

Of words ; this man and I have used too many.

Clif. Shall I be disgraced
Without reply?

Dur. Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.

Stan. Once more,
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness
Preserve the king! my next suit is, my lords,
To be remember'd to my noble brother,
Derby, my much griev'd brother.* Oh, persuade
him,

That I shall stand no blemish to his house,
In chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs:
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
Secure his peace above the state of man.
I take my leave to travel to my dust;
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.
Come, confessor! On with thy axe, friend, on.

[*He is led off to execution.*]

Clif. Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath
To be upbraided! Lords, the king shall know it.

Re-enter King HENRY with a white staff.

K. Hen. The king doth know it, sir; the king
hath heard
What he or you could say. We have given credit
To every point of Clifford's information,

* See p. 243. Lord Stanley had been raised to the dignity of an Earl in October, 1485, a few weeks after the battle of Bosworth.—GIFFORD.

The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:
He dies for it: are you pleased?

Clif. I pleased, my lord?

K. Hen. No echos: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the court; take ease,
And live at home; but, as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward; away!

Clif. I go, sir.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take
this staff
Of office, Dawbeney;* henceforth be our cham-
berlain.

Daw. I am your humblest servant.

K. Hen. We are follow'd

By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true,
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on
As far as Winchester;—but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them
In their own toils.

Daw. Your army, being muster'd,
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number, six-and-twenty thousand; men
Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.

K. Hen. We know it, Dawbeney:
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,

* *Dawbeney.*] “ This person (Charles Lord D'Aubigny) was a person,” Bacon says, “ of great sufficiency and valour, the more because he was gentle and modest.” Yet he always appears on the side of violent counsels; and more forward with his flattery than any of the courtiers in the king's confidence.—GIFFORD.

Assisted by bold Essex and the earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first batallia;
Be that your charge.

Oxf. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Hen. The next division we assign to Daw-
beney:

These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
The last and main, ourself commands in person;
As ready to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victory.

Daw. The king is still oraculous.

K. Hen. But, Surrey,

We have employment of more toil for thee:
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
'That James of Scotland late hath entertain'd
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common
Grace and respect; nay, courts him with rare fa-
vours.

The Scot is young and forward, we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle, and secure
The frontiers against an invasion there.

Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.

You know your charges all; 'tis now a time
To execute, not talk; Heaven is our guard still.

War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Edinburgh.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.

Craw. 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot answer

Such argument of fine imposture, couch'd
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen truth itself; this dukeling mushroom
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

Dal. He courts the ladies,
As if his strength of language chain'd attention
By power of prerogative.

Craw. It madd'd
My very soul to hear our master's motion;
What surety both of amity and honour
Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,
And this brave prince, forsooth!

Dal. 'Twill prove too fatal;
Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady
From such a ruin!

Craw. How the counsel privy
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,
Were never guilty of! the meanest of them
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

Dal. Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoke already
For service to their rogueships,—silence!

Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.

K. Ja. Do not

Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have;—
But find it short of duty!

Hunt. Break my heart,

Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,
My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixt with
mine,

By marriage of this girl* to a straggler!—
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue can
wag,

It cannot name him other.

K. Ja. Kings are counterfeits

In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists!
But use your own detraction; 'tis our pleasure
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The lady Katherine: Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.

* *By marriage of this girl.*] This word, it has been already observed, is generally used as a dissyllable by our poet.

Hunt. Oh, 'tis well,
Exceeding well! . . . none here
Dare speak one word of comfort?

Dal. Cruel misery!

Cram. The lady, gracious prince, may be hath
settled

Affection on some former choice.

Dal. Enforcement

Would prove but tyranny.

Hunt. I thank thee heartily.

Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
An interest in the girl, then the king
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now he pulls down
What old desert hath builded.

K. Ja. Cease persuasions.

I violate no pawns of faiths, intrude not
On private loves; that I have play'd the orator
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents
To our provision: the Welsh Harry, henceforth,
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the painted idol of his policy
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.—
We are resolv'd.

Hunt. Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will bleed for this!

K. Ja. Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent: no more disputes; he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.

Hunt. Farewell, daughter!
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't!
I and my griefs will dance now.—

Enter WARBECK, complimenting with Lady KATHERINE; Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, and SKETON.

Look, lords, look;
Here's hand in hand already!

K. Ja. Peace, old frenzy!

Plantagenet undoubted!

Hunt. (Aside.) Ho, brave!—*Youth;*

But no *Plantagenet*, by'r lady, yet,
By red rose or by white.

War. An union this way,

Settles possession in a monarchy

Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance:

Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,

Your heart, fair princess,—and the hand of pro-
vidence

Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes.

Kath. Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,
Love owes true service.

War. Shall I?—

K. Ja. Cousin, yes,

Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;

[He joins their hands.]

And may they live at enmity with comfort,

Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths!

You are the prince's wife now.

Kath. By your gift, sir.

War. Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

Kath. I miss yet

A father's blessing. Let me find it;—humbly
Upon my knees I seek it.

Hunt. I am Huntley,
 Old Alexander Gordon,* a plain subject.
 Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish for
 A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven;
 For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas!
 What would you have me say? may all the hap-
 piness

My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,
 Preserve you in your virtues!—Prithee, Dalyell,
 Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full
 As mine; let's steal away and cry together.

Dal. My hopes are in their ruins.

[*Exeunt HUNT. and DAL.*]

K. Ja. Good, kind Huntley
 Is overjoy'd: a fit solemnity
 Shall perfect these delights; Crawford, attend
 Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but FRION, HER. SKET.*

J. A-WAT. and AST.]

Fri. Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not follow'd
 My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
 Into a certainty above a hope.

Her. Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confi-
 dent, when I traded but in remnants, that my stars
 had reserv'd me to the title of a Viscount at least:
 honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.†

* *Hunt. I am Huntley,*

Old Alexander Gordon.] This appears to be a mistake.
 The father of Katherine, as is said above, was *George Gordon*.
 His father, indeed, was named *Alexander*, and so was his son
 and successor; but the latter did not obtain the title till many
 years after this period.—*GIFFORD.*

† *Her. Honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.*] Ford
 has made the speakers express themselves characteristically.

Sket. My brother Heron hath right wisely deliver'd his opinion; for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in time go thorough-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

Ast. Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother Sketon; for as no indenture but has its counterpane; no *noverint* but his condition or defeisance; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Fri. You are all read in mysteries of state,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

J. a-Wat. If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other men's belief, more than other should rely on mine.

Fri. Pith of experience; those that have borne
office,
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
But, noble counsellors, since now the present

Heron, or Herne, as Lord Bacon calls him, was a mercer; Sketon, or rather Skelton, was a taylor, and Astley a scrivener: they were all men of broken fortunes, a circumstance to which the poet frequently alludes.—GIFFORD.

Requires, in point of honour, (pray mistake not,)
Some service to our lord; 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves,
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

Sket. The Scots? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach: or let my skin be punch'd full of oylet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

Ast. I will sooner lose both my ears on the pilory of forgery.

Her. Let me first live a bankrupt, and die, in the hole, of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

J. a-Wat. If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is possible, I grant.

Fri. Resolv'd like men of knowledge! at this feast, then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties: now, it were uncomely,
That we be found less forward for our prince,
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
A livelier applause. Great emperors
Have, for their recreations, undertook
Such kind of pastimes; as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

Her. The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a dancing-school when I was a prentice.

Ast. There have been Irish-hubbubs,* when I have made one too.

Sket. For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

J. a-Wat. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either so, or so.

Fri. Still you come home to me; upon occasion,

I find you relish courtship with discretion;
 And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.
 Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him
 With this design; I'll follow and direct you.
 Oh the toil [Exeunt all but FRION.
 Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!
 Muddy-brain'd peasants! princes feel a misery
 Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes
 Must yield to such abettors:—yet† our tide
 Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on;
 Flow to a full sea! time alone debates
 Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates.

[Exit.

* *Irish-hubbubs.*] Tumultuous merry-meetings at wakes and fairs. The speakers, it should be observed, are all from Ireland. Astley, as has been said, was a petty-fogger; his presence at these hubbubs therefore is natural enough.—GIFFORD.

† i. e. as yet, hitherto, thus far, &c. so p. 286, yet (i. e. thus far) we are safe.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Westminster—The Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, with his Gorget on, his Sword, Plume of Feathers, and leading-staff (truncheon), followed by URSWICK.

K. Hen. How runs the time of day?

Urs. Past ten, my lord.

K. Hen. A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Poole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear.

Urs. They are all silent.

K. Hen. From their own battlements, they may
behold
Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers: we must learn
To practice war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
Ha, Urswick, must we not?

Urs. The powers, who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever
Rise up in his defence.

K. Hen. Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,

Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
 George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
 And other loyal hearts ; now, if Blackheath
 Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow
 Such stiff-neck'd abjects, as with weary marches
 Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and
 children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
 We may continue sovereign ! Yet, Urswick,
 We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament
 Hath freely been contributed ; we must not ;
 Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
 The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
 Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,

Without the food of fit supplies :—but, Urswick,
 I have a charm in secret, that shall loose
 The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is
 bound,

And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

Urs. Your majesty's a wise king, sent from
 heaven,

Protector of the just.

K. Hen. Let dinner cheerfully
 Be serv'd in ; this day of the week is ours,
 Our day of providence ; for Saturday
 Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,
 To yield me rest at night.* [*A Flourish.*] What
 means this warning ?

Good fate, speak peace to Henry !

* ————— for Saturday

Yet never fail'd me, &c.] The king's predilection for Saturday is noticed by Lord Bacon. Henry had taken great pains to induce the insurgents to believe that he intended to put off

Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and Attendants.

Daw. Live the king,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

Oxf. The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hew'd in pieces.

K. Hen. Dawbeney, Oxford,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes?

Daw. Briefly thus :
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen) flew,
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,
To take the field even at your palace-gates,
And face you in your chamber-royal : arrogance
Improv'd their ignorance ; for they supposing,
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,
Than doubted any onset ; yet this morning,
When in the dawning, I, by your direction,
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I
found

Such a resistance, as might show what strength
Could make : here arrows hail'd in showers upon
us,

A full yard long at least ; but we prevail'd.
My lord of Oxford with his fellow peers,
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,

the action till the succeeding Monday : they fell into the snare,
and were accordingly unprepared for the attack, which took
place on Saturday, the 22d of June.—GIFFORD.

(Pardon the oversight,) eager of doing
 Some memorable act, I was engaged
 Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
 As sensible of danger : now the fight
 Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of
 Two thousand rebels, and as many more
 Reserv'd to try your mercy, have return'd
 A victory with safety.

K. Hen. Have we lost
 An equal number with them ?

Oxf. In the total
 Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Joseph,
 The ringleaders of this commotion,*
 Railed in ropes,† fit ornaments for traitors,
 Wait your determinations.

K. Hen. We must pay
 Our thanks where they are only due : Oh, lords !
 Here is no victory, nor shall our people

* ————— *Audley, Flammock, Joseph,*

The ringleaders, &c.] Lord Audley had been for some time in communication with the leaders of the Cornish men, but did not join them till they reached Wells, in Somersetshire. "He was," the historian says, "of an ancient family, but unquiet and popular, and aspiring to ruin. He was immediately, and with great cries of joy, accepted as their general ; they being proud to be led by a nobleman." Thomas Flammock, a common name in Cornwall, was a lawyer, who by various artifices had obtained great sway among them ; and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith or farrier, of Bodmin, "a notable talking fellow, and no less desirous to be talked of."

It should be added, that Ford is indebted to Lord Bacon for most of the incidents in Daubeney's narrative.—GIFFORD.

† Railed in ropes.] "They were brought to London, all railed in ropes, like a team of horses in a cart."—BACON.

Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
 Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped
 Steal to the country back without pursuit:
 There's not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn
 As much of mine; their swords could have
 wrought wonders
 On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd
 Against their prince, but wounded their own
 breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment
 Shall be both sure, and fitting your deserts.

Daw. Sir, will you please to see those rebels,
 heads

Of this wild monster multitude?

K. Hen. Dear friend,
 My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our justice
 Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
 An eye of pity to them: let false Audley
 Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
 To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms*
 Painted on paper, with the arms revers'd,
 Defaced, and torn; there let him lose his head.
 The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,
 Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,
 Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd
 To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.
 My lord of Oxford, see it done.

Oxf. I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Urswick.

Urs. My lord?

* "The lord Audley was led from Newgate to Tower-hill, in a paper coat, painted with his own arms, the arms reversed, the coat torn, and there beheaded."—BACON.

K. Hen. To Dinham, our high-treasurer,
Say, we command commissions be new granted,
For the collection of our subsidies
Through all the west, and that [right] speedily.
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.

Daw. Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their several duties.

K. Hen. For it, we will throw
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet
Remains of like employment; not a man
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Edinburgh.—The Palace.*

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad
gentleman;
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,
Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twang-
gles,
Like to so many choristers of Bedlam
Trawling a catch! The feasts, the manly sto-
machs,

The healths in usquebaugh, and bonny-clabber,*
 The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China,
 The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
 And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab,
 Should put a soul into you. Look ye, good man,
 How youthful I am grown! but by your leave,
 This new queen-bridè must henceforth be no more
 My daughter; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit!
 And yet you see how I do bear this change;
 Methinks courageously: then shake off care
 In such a time of jollity.

Dal. Alas, sir,

How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
 Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present
 To [any] judging eye, the perfect substance
 Of which mine are but counterfeits.

Hunt. Foh, Dalyell!

Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
 To this rare bridal feast; let us be merry,
 Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:
 Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
 The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
 In darkness of despair; yet† we are safe.

Dal. I wish you could as easily forget
 The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
 Can yield to destiny.

Hunt. Pish! then I see

Thou dost not know the flexible condition
 Of my [tough] nature! I can laugh, laugh heartily,

* *The healths in bonny-clabber.*] A common name, in our old writers, for curds and whey, or sour butter-milk. It appears to have been a favourite drink both with the Scotch and Irish.—GIFFORD.

† i. e. as yet, hitherto.

When the gout cramps my joints ; let but the
stone

Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing ;
The quartan fever shrinking every limb,
Sets me a-capering straight ; do [but] betray me,
And bind me a friend ever : what ! I trust
The losing of a daughter, though I doated
On every hair that grew to trim her head,
Admits not any pain like one of these.—
Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me ; give me a blow,
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't ;
I love my wrongs : still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.

Dal. Deceiv'd ! oh, noble Huntley, my few
years

Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,
To forfeit fit credulity ; forgive
My rudeness, I am bold.

Hunt. Forgive me first

A madness of ambition ; by example
Teach me humility, for patience scorns
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
Incapable of injuries : though old,
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds
With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour :
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
With their anointed bodies ; for their actions,
They only are accountable to heaven.
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,
One antidote's reserv'd against the poison
Of my distractions ; 'tis in thee to apply it.

Dal. Name it ; oh, name it quickly, sir !

Hunt. A pardon
For my most foolish slighting thy deserts ;
I have cull'd out this time to beg it : prithee,
Be gentle ; had I been so, thou hadst own'd
A happy bride, but now a cast-away,
And never child of mine more.

Dal. Say not so, sir ;
It is not fault in her.

Hunt. The world would prate
How she was handsome ; young I know she was,
Tender, and sweet in her obedience,
But, lost now ; what a bankrupt am I made
Of a full stock of blessings !—must I hope
A mercy from thy heart ?

Dal. A love, a service,
A friendship to posterity.

Hunt. Good angels
Reward thy charity ! I have no more
But prayers left me now.

Dal. I'll lend you mirth, sir,
If you will be in consort.

Hunt. 'Thank you truly :
I must, yes, yes, I must ;—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction : look not angry.

Dal. Good, noble sir ! [*Music.*

Hunt. Oh, hark ! we may be quiet,
The king, and all the others come ; a meeting
Of gaudy sights : this day's the last of revels ;
To-morrow sounds of war ; then new exchange ;
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage !

A Flourish.—*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHERINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess; JANE DOUGLAS, and other Ladies. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall among them.*

K. Ja. Cousin of York, you and your princely
bride

Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,
As a new-married couple could forethink;
Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation:
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

War. My royal cousin, in your princely favour,
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.

Then James and Richard, being in effect
One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.

K. Ja. Seat you.

Are the presenters ready?

Craw. All are entering.

*Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, *accordingly habited; at another, WARBECK's followers, disguised as four Wild Irish in †trousers, long-haired, and accordingly habited.—Music.—A Dance by the Masquers.*

K. Ja. To all a general thanks!

War. In the next room

Take your own shapes ‡ again; you shall receive Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt the masquers.*]

K. Ja. Enough

Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our army Upon the march?

Craw. At Hedon-hall, great king; Twelve thousand, well prepared.

K. Ja. Crawford, to-night

Post thither. We, in person, with the prince, By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner, Will be wi' you; speed away!

Craw. I fly, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Ja. Our business grows to head now; where's your secretary, That he attends you not to serve?

War. With Marchmont, Your herald.

K. Ja. Good: the proclamation's ready; By that it will appear how the English stand

* i. e. characteristically.

† The *trousers*, or *trosses*, of the "wild Irish," were drawers closely fitted to the shape; and which, together with the long shaggy hair of these people, are often made the subject of mirth by our old dramatists.—GIFFORD.

‡ *Take your own shapes.*] i. e. resume your ordinary dress.—GIFFORD.

Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort
 Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
 With prayers at home for us, who, for your hon-
 ours,
 Must toil in fight abroad.

Hunt. Prayers are the weapons
 Which men, so near their graves as I, do use;
 I've little else to do.

K. Ja. To rest, young beauties!
 We must be early stirring; quickly part:
 A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.
 Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*]

War. Rest to our cousin king.

Kath. Your blessing, sir.

Hunt. Fair blessings on your highness! sure
 you need them.

[*Exeunt all but WAR. KATH. and JANE.*]

War. Jane, set the lights down, and from us
 return

To those in the next room, this little purse;
 Say, we'll deserve their loves.

Jane. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

War. Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal
 those eyes,

Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use
 A parting ceremony; for to-morrow
 It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
 The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,
 Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
 To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
 Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Kath. My lord, I'd fain go with you; there's
 small fortune
 In staying here behind.

War. The churlish brow
 Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
 For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st
 A truth of my sad ending by the hand
 Of some unnatural subject, thou withall
 Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,
 By falling like a king; and in the close,
 Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou
 fairest,
 Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
 Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
 From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
 But these are chimes for funerals; my business
 Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
 For love and majesty are reconciled,
 And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

Kath. You have a noble language, sir; your
 right
 In me is without question, and however
 Events of time may shorten my deserts
 In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
 Or constancy, or duty in a wife.
 You must be king of me; and my poor heart
 Is all I can call mine.

War. But we will live,
 Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
 Of our own blood, to let the *counterfeit*
 Be known the world's contempt.

Kath. Pray do not use
 That word, it carries fate in't: the first suit
 I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War. Without denial, dearest.

Kath. That hereafter,
 If you return with safety, no adventure

May sever us in tasting any fortune :
I ne'er can stay behind again.

War. You are lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will ;
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

Kath. What our destinies
Have ruled out in their books, we must not search,
But kneel to.

War. Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
Were to be desperately miserable ;
Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
And much more scorns to stoop to : some few
minutes

Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK.

K. Hen. Your name is Pedro Hialas,* a Spaniard ?

Hial. Sir, a Castilian born.

* *Your name is Pedro Hialas, &c.*] " Amidst these troubles came into England from Spain, Peter *Hialas*, some call him *Elias*, surely he was the *fore-runner* of the good hap that we enjoy at this day : for his embassy set the truce between England and Scotland ; the truce drew on the peace, the peace the marriage, the union of the kingdoms ; a man of great wisdom, and, as those times went, not unlearned."—
BACON.

K. Hen. King Ferdinand,
 With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,
 Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.
 Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with sub-
 jects

Sincere in their employments ; such I find
 Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
 How joyful I repute the amity,
 With your most fortunate master, who almost
 Comes near a miracle in his success
 Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,
 Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,
 Will imitate his providence, in hope
 Of partage in the use on't ; we repute
 The privacy of his advisement to us
 By you, intended an ambassador
 To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
 A policy of love, which well becomes
 His wisdom and our care.

Hial. Your majesty
 Doth understand him rightly.

K. Hen. Else
 Your knowledge can instruct me ; wherein, sir,
 To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,
 Which shall not need ; for I will be as studious
 Of your concealment in our conference,
 As any council shall advise.

Hial. Then, sir,
 My chief request is, that on notice given
 At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
 Some learned man of power and experience
 To join entreaty with me.

K. Hen. I shall do it,

Being that way well provided by a servant,
Which may attend you ever.

Hial. If king James,
By any indirection, should perceive
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

K. Hen. Be not your own herald:
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hial. Good days
Guard all your princely thoughts!

K. Hen. Urswick, no further
Than the next open gallery attend him—
A hearty love go with you!

Hial. Your vow'd beadsman.*

[*Exeunt* URS. and HIAL.]

K. Hen. King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,
But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

Re-enter URSWICK.

What, the Castillian's past away?

Urs. He is,
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks
Your majesty convey'd, he gently purs'd
With a right modest gravity.

K. Hen. What was't

* *Your vow'd beadsman.*] One bound to *pray* for you; from *bede*, the old English word for *prayer*: at this time, however, the expression was sufficiently familiar, and meant little more than the common language of civility — your vowed or devoted *servant*.—GIFFORD.

He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?
He spoke not to be heard; 'twas about——

Urs. Warbeck;

“How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runnagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstanding.”

K. Hen. Nay, nay: something
About my son prince Arthur's match.

Urs. Right, right, sir:
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Katherine,

His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any earl of Warwick lived in England,
Except by new creation.

K. Hen. I remember,
'Twas so indeed: the king his master swore it?

Urs. Directly, as he said.

K. Hen. An earl of Warwick!
Provide a messenger for letters instantly
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;
It comes too slow; we must have airy spirits,
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of Warwick!

Let him be son to Clarence,* younger brother
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,
Mother to our prince Arthur.—[*Aside.*]—Get a
messenger. [Exeunt.]

* *Let him be son to Clarence, &c.*] These are ominous musings of the king, who eagerly caught at the words of Ferdinand, as given above, and sought “to export the odium of this innocent prince's execution out of the land, and lay it upon his new ally.”—GIFFORD.

SCENE IV.—*Before the Castle of Norham.*

Enter KING JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DALYELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKETON, *and Soldiers.*

K. Ja. We trifle time against these castle-walls,
The English prelate will not yield: once more
Give him a summons! [*A parley is sounded.*]

Enter on the walls the BISHOP OF DURHAM, *armed, a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.*

War. See the jolly clerk
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

K. Ja. Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,
From their foundation.

Dur. Warlike king of Scotland,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,
You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity;
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth or name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at
strife.

What nobleman, what common man of note,

What ordinary subject hath come in,
 Since first you footed on our territories,
 To only feign a welcome? children laugh at
 Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
 So great a potentate's abuse, by one
 Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
 Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,
 Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
 Already have committed, is enough
 To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.
 Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's ven-
 geance;
 But shake that viper off which gnaws your en-
 trails!

I, and my fellow-subjects are resolv'd,
 If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
 Till our last blood drop from us.

War. O sir, lend

No ear to this traducer of my honour!—
 What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,
 That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
 Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-faced,
 And eloquent in mischief; sacred king,
 Be deaf to his known malice.

Dur. Rather yield

Unto those holy motions which inspire
 The sacred heart of an anointed body!
 It is the surest policy in princes,
 To govern well their own, than seek encroach-
 ment

Upon another's right.

Craw. The king is serious,
 Deep in his meditation[s].

Dal. Lift them up
 To heaven, his better genius!

War. Can you study,
While such a devil raves? Oh, sir.

K. Ja. Well,—bishop,
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

Dur. Construe me
In like case by a subject of your own :
My resolution's fix'd ; king James, be counsell'd,
A greater fate waits on thee.

[*Exeunt DURHAM and Soldiers from the walls.*]

K. Ja. Forage through
The country ; spare no prey of life or goods.

War. Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to
nature :

I am most miserable ; had I been
Born what this clergyman would, by defame,
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murder'd ; virgins
Deflower'd ; old men butcher'd ; dwellings fired ;
My land depopulated, and my people
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation :
Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never
Endure to see such havock with dry eyes ;
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England !

K. Ja. You fool your piety,
Ridiculously careful of an interest
Another man possesseth. Where's your faction ?
Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,
When not a petty burgess of some town,
No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,
In your assistance : *that*⁸ should make you whine,
And not your country's sufferance as you term it.

⁸ It appears from Bacon, that this was said "half in sport" by James.

Dal. The king is angry.

Craw. And the passionate duke,
Effeminately dolent.*

War. The experience
In former trials, sir, both of mine own
Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,
Hath so acquainted me, how misery
Is destitute of friends, or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

Enter FRION.

K. Ja. An humble-minded man!—Now, what
intelligence
Speaks master secretary Frion.

Fri. Henry
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who opposed him, in the right
Of this young prince.

K. Ja. His subsidies you mean—
More, if you have it?

Fri. Howard earl of Surrey,
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.

* *And the passionate duke,
Effeminately dolent.*] "It is said that Perkin, acting the part
of a prince handsomely, when he saw the Scotch fall to waste
his country, came to the king in a *passionate* (plaintive, tearful)
manner, making great lamentation," &c.—BACON.

War. 'Tis false! they come to side with us.

K. Ja. Retreat;

We shall not find them stones and walls to cope
with.

Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,
I'll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat. Once a king will venture
His person to an earl,* with condition
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,
And James resolv'd.

War. Oh, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory; since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,
I am his equal.

K. Ja. I will be the man.

March softly off; where victory can reap
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *His person to an earl.*] Here *earl* is used as a dissyllable. It is necessary to notice this, as Ford occasionally varies in the measure of this and similar words, in the course of the same speech. For an example, see Marchmont the herald's speech, p. 303, where *earl* occurs both as a monosyllable and a dissyllable.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near Ayton, on the Borders.*

Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers with Drums and Colours.

Sur. Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
 Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,
 Not daring to behold our colours wave
 In spite of this infected air? Can they
 Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?
 The glory of Heydon-hall devastated? that
 Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden
 O'erthrown, and this, the strongest of their forts,
 Old Ayton-Castle,* yielded and demolish'd,
 And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,
 Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause
 They undertake, considered, appears
 Unjointed in the frame on't.

Dur. Noble Surrey,

* ————— and this, the strongest of their forts,
 Old Ayton-Castle—] The castle of Aton, Bacon says,
 was then esteemed one of the strongest places between Berwick
 and Edinburgh. With the capture of this place, the struggle
 terminated; little to the honour, and less to the advantage of
 either side. The noble historian says nothing of the main
 business of this scene, which, must, I believe, be placed en-
 tirely to the account of the poet; though it is, in some mea-
 sure, justified by the chivalrous and romantic character of
 James IV.—GIFFORD.

Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
 His fortune's harbinger ; for when he draws
 His sword to threaten war, his providence
 Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[*A trumpet without.*

Sur. Rank all in order : 'tis a herald's sound ;
 Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd
 station.

Enter MARCHMONT and another, in Heralds' coats.

March. From Scotland's awful majesty we come
 Unto the English general.

Sur. To me ?

Say on.

March. Thus, then ; the waste and prodigal
 Effusion of so much guiltless blood,
 As in two potent armies, of necessity,
 Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet com-
 passion

Hath studied to prevent ; for which to thee,
 Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,
 He offers his own royal person ; fairly
 Proposing these conditions only, that
 If victory conclude our master's right,
 The earl shall deliver for his ransom
 The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths ;
 If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
 A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
 And silence further arms : so speaks king James.

Sur. So speaks king James ! so like a king he
 speaks.

Heralds, the English general returns
 A sensible devotion from his heart,

His very soul, to this unfellow'd grace :
 For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
 How his descent from his great throne, to honour
 A stranger subject with so high a title
 As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more
 Than any sword could do ; for which (my loyalty
 Respected) I will serve his virtues ever
 In all humility ; but Berwick, say,
 Is none of mine to part with. In affairs
 Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights
 Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,
 That I dare freely hazard ; and (with pardon
 To some unbribed vain-glory) if his majesty
 Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
 Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling
 So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
 Without condition ; and for this dear favour,
 Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
 Hostility, unless provoked.

March. This answer
 We shall repeat impartially.

Dur. With favour,
 Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*]
 Sir, you find

By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail
 Inclines to willing rest ; here's but a prologue,
 However confidently utter'd, meant
 For some ensuing acts of peace : consider
 The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
 Charge, barrenness of profit ; and occasion
 Presents itself for honourable treaty,
 Which we may make good use of ; I will back,
 As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
 Unto king James, with these his heralds ; you

Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order
Of breathing or proceeding; and king Henry,
Doubt not, will thank the service.

Sur. To your wisdom,
Lord bishop, I refer it.

Dur. Be it so then.

Sur. Heralds, accept this chain, and these few
crowns.

March. Our duty, noble general.

Dur. In part

Of retribution for such princely love,
My lord the general is pleased to shew
The king your master his sincerest zeal,
By further treaty, by no common man;
I will myself return with you.

Sur. You oblige

My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop!

March. All happiness attend your lordship!

Sur. Come, friends,

And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet
No enemies but woods and hills, to fight with;
Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home:
We may be free from danger, not secure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

Enter WARBECK and FRION.

War. Frion, oh Frion, all my hopes of glory
Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent
Hath mix'd discourses with him; they are private,

I am not call'd to council now :—confusion
On all his crafty shrugs! I feel the fabric
Of my designs is tottering.

Fri. Henry's policies
Stir with too many engines.

War. Let his mines,
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up
Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's!
I am my father's son still. But, oh Frien,
When I bring into count with my disasters,
My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's,
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mis-
chief

Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report
My fall in the attempt deserv'd our ancestors!

Fri. You grow too wild in passion; if you will
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will
To moderation.

War. What a saucy rudeness
Prompts this distrust? If? If I *will appear?*
Appear a prince? death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance! cursed cozenage
Of trust! You make me mad; 'twere best, it
seems,

That I should turn impostor to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled!

Fri. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain.

War. Sir, sir, take heed!

Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely
Fail in temptation.

Fri. Why to me this?

War. Nothing.

Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
But your advice may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken: you were wont
In all extremities to talk of comfort;
Have you none left now? I'll not interrupt you.
Good, bear with my distractions! If king James
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I?
I prithee, be not angry.

Fri. Sir, I told you

Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces, as you could partake,
You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

War. Let me embrace thee, hug thee! thou'st
reviv'd

My comforts; if my cousin king will fail,
Our cause will never—

Enter JOHN A-WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKETON.

Welcome, my tried friends,
You keep your brains awake in our defence.
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary.

[*Exit.*

Ast. Ah, sweet young prince! Secretary, my
fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump
all in one opinion directly, and if these Scotch

garboils* do not fadge to our minds, we will pell-mell run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and in a trice.

Sket. 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore, cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats, fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities, get into the market place, crown him Richard the Fourth, and the business is finished.

J. a-Wat. I grant you, quoth I, so far forth, as men may do, no more than men may do; for it is good to consider, when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise—still you shall pardon me—"little said is soon amended."

Fri. Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

Her. We do so; and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

Sket. Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

Ast. This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money!

Sket. A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter,† and a lusty cup of

* i. e. if these Scotch tumults, commotions, do not suit, fit to our minds, &c.

† With hot loaves and butter.] Our ancestors must have found something peculiarly amusing in a tailor's breakfast, to justify the comic writers in these eternal references to it.—GIFFORD.

muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

J. a-Wat. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy: I have observed, how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will shew it.

Fri. Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger

More time, is but to lose it; cheer the prince,
And haste him on to this; on this depends,
Fame in success, or glory in our ends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the same.

Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

Hial. France, Spain, and Germany combine a league

Of amity with England; nothing wants
For settling peace through Christendom, but love
Between the British monarchs, James and Henry.

Dur. The English merchants, sir, have been received

With general procession into Antwerp;
The emperor confirms the combination.

Hial. The King of Spain resolves a marriage
For Katherine, his daughter, with prince Arthur.

Dur. France courts this holy contract.

Hial. What can hinder
A quietness in England?—

Dur. But your suffrage
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shadow, a mere trifle?

Hial. To this union
The good of both the church and commonwealth
Invite you.

Dur. To this unity, a mystery
Of providence points out a greater blessing
For both these nations, than our human reason
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
The princess Margaret; I need not urge,
What honour, what felicity can follow
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings,
Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am,
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,
I dare both motion and effect this marriage
For weal of both the kingdoms.

K. Ja. Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

Dur. Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
Some noble personage to the English court
By way of embassy.

Hial. Part of the business
Shall suit my mediation.

K. Ja. Well; what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted,
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,
Commended by the states of Christendom,

A prince, tho' in distress ; his fair demeanour,
 Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,
 Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
 The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to
 fly to,

And men the altars of the church ; to us
 He came for refuge : " Kings come near in nature
 Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity."
 Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
 Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
 A general peace ; only I will dismiss him
 From my protection, throughout my dominions,
 In safety ; but not ever to return.

Hial. You are a just king.

Dur. Wise, and herein happy.

K. Ja. Nor will we dally in affairs of weight :
 Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England
 Ambassador from us ; we will throw down
 Our weapons ; peace on all sides ! now, repair
 Unto our council ; we will soon be with you.

Hial. Delay shall question no dispatch ; Hea-
 ven crown it !

[*Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.*]

K. Ja. A league with Ferdinand ! a marriage
 With English Margaret ! a free release
 From restitution for the late affronts !
 Cessation from hostility, and all
 For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismissed !
 We could not wish it better.—Dalyell !

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. Here, sir.

K. Ja. Are Huntley and his daughter sent for ?

Dal. Sent for,
And come, my lord.

K. Ja. Say to the English prince,
We want his company.

Dal. He is at hand, sir.

*Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, FRION, HERON,
SKETON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY.*

K. Ja. Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
How much we have engag'd on your behalf:
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
Of party, shews, we might in vain repeat:
But now, obedience to the mother church,
A father's care upon his country's weal,
The dignity of state directs our wisdom,
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;
To which we are sworn already: it is you
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd
On your arrival, you have met no usage
Deserves repentance in your being here;
But yet I must live master of mine own:
However, what is necessary for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with; provided
Delay prove not my enemy.

War. It shall not,
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth

Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favours
Boundless and singular; am only wretched
In words as well as means, to thank the grace
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly
You are lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's
heart:

My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings;
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am
More loath to part with such a great example
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,
Resolved on all extremes.

Kath. I am your wife,
No human power can or shall divorce
My faith from duty.

War. Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.

K. Ja. I gave her, cousin,
And must avow the gift; will add withal
A furniture becoming her high birth,
And unsuspected constancy; provide
For your attendance: we will part good friends.

[*Exit with DALYELL.*

War. The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.
But what? our cause and courage are our own:
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king
See how we follow fate as willingly
As malice follows us. You are all resolved
For the west parts of England?

All. Cornwall, Cornwall!

Fri. The inhabitants expect you daily.

War. Cheerfully

Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends ;
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
Prevent intelligence ; about it suddenly.

All. A prince, a prince, a prince !

[*Exeunt* HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY,
and JOHN A-WATER.

War. Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-
ness

With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noble courage now, here were the trial :
But I am perfect, sweet, I fear no change,
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

Kath. My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-
counter

What chance soe'er they meet with. Jane, 'tis fit
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander ?

Jane. Never till death will I forsake my mis-
tress,

Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

Kath. Alas, good soul !

Fri. Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy

I will relate your present undertakings ;
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

War. Go, Frion, go ! wise men know how to
sooth

Adversity, not serve it : thou hast waited
Too long on expectation ; never yet
Was any nation read of, so besotted
In reason, as to adore the setting sun.
Fly to the archduke's court ; say to the duchess,
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,

Are on their expectation to begin
The raising of an empire. If they fail,
Yet the report will never : farewell, Frion !

[Exit FRION.]

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox.*

Re-enter DALYELL with HUNTLEY.

Hunt. I come to take my leave ; you need not
doubt

My interest in this some-time child of mine ;
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor lost
creature !

Heaven guard thee with much patience ; if thou
canst

Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,
As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste, but in thy grave.
Accept my tears yet, prithee ; they are tokens
Of charity, as true as of affection.

Kath. This is the cruell'st farewell !

Hunt. Love, young gentleman,

This model of my griefs ; she calls you husband :
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss.
It is a father's, not a lover's offering ;

* *The Fox.*] i. e. the Bishop of Durham, lord privy-seal ; whom Bacon calls " a wise man, and one that could see through the present to the future." He stood deservedly high in Henry's confidence and favour. With respect to Frion, Warbeck was right. The defection of James showed the secretary but too clearly that the fortunes of his master were on the ebb ; he therefore withdrew from him previously to the Cornish expedition, and returned no more.—GIFFORD.

Take it, my last. [*Kisses her.*] I am too much a child.

Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish : goodness guide thee!
[*Exit.*]

Kath. Most miserable daughter ! Have you aught

To add, sir, to our sorrows ?

Dal. I resolve,

Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

War. We will be bosom friends, most noble
Dalyell ;

For I accept this tender of your love

Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—

Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest ; time and industry

Will shew us better days, or end the worst.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.

Oxf. No news from Scotland yet, my lord ?

Daw. Not any

But what king Henry knows himself ; I thought
Our armies should have march'd that way ; his
mind,

It seems, is alter'd.

Oxf. Victory attends

His standard everywhere.

Daw. Wise princes, Oxford,

Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants,
And barbed horses, might as well prevail,
As the most subtile stratagems of war.

Oxf. The Scottish king show'd more than com-
mon bravery,
In proffer of a combat hand to hand
With Surrey.

Dav. And but show'd it: northern bloods
Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth
The glowing flames.

Oxf. Surrey, upon my life,
Would not have shrunk a hair's breadth.

Dav. May he forfeit
The honour of an English name, and nature,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,
As violent as hunger runs to food!
'Twas an addition, any worthy spirit
Would covet, next to immortality,
Above all joys of life; we all miss'd shares
In that great opportunity.

*Enter KING HENRY, in close Conversation with
URSWICK.*

Oxf. The king!
See he comes smiling.

Dav. Oh, the game runs smooth
On his side then, believe it; cards well shuffled,
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester
thrift;
But others must rise losers.

K. Hen. The train takes ?

Urs. Most prosperously.

K. Hen. I knew it could not miss.

He *fondly angles who will hurl his bait
 Into the water, 'cause the fish at first
 Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.—
 Lords, we may reign your king yet : Dawbeney,
 Oxford,

Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown ?

Daw. A slave !

Oxf. A vagabond !

Urs. A glow-worm !

K. Hen. Now, if Frion,

His practised politician, wear a brain
 Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride
 Through all his large dominions ; let us meet him,
 And tender homage : ha, sirs ! liegemen ought
 To pay their fealty.

Daw. Would the rascal were,
 With all his rabble, within twenty miles
 Of London !

K. Hen. Farther off is near enough
 To lodge him in his home : I'll wager odds,
 Surrey and all his men are either idle,
 Or hasting back ; they have not work, I doubt,
 To keep them busy.

Daw. Tis a strange conceit, sir.

K. Hen. Such voluntary favours as our people
 In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd
 On cobweb parasites, or lavish'd out
 In riot, or a needless hospitality :
 No undeserving favourite doth boast
 His issues from our treasury ; our charge

* i. e. he is a foolish angler who, &c.

Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
 Of every contribution, which provides
 Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
 Is it not rare then, in this toil of state
 Wherein we are embark'd, with breach of sleep,
 Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
 Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the West
 Murmur and threaten innovation,
 Whisper our government tyrannical,
 Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
 Of which they are but owners by our gift;
 It must not be.

Oxf. It must not, should not.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. So then—

To whom?

Mess. This packet to your sacred majesty.

K. Hen. Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Mess.*]

Oxf. News from the North, upon my life.

Daw. Wise Henry

Divines aforehand of events; with him

Attempts and execution are one act.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear; Frion is caught!
 the man

Of cunning is out-reach'd; we must be safe:

Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move

To a translation higher yet,* I tell thee,

My Durham owns a brain deserves that See.

He's nimble in his industry, and mounting—

Thou hear'st me?

* ——— to a translation higher yet.] i. e. to heaven. Moreton was at this time Archbishop of Canterbury. He died about

Urs. And conceive your highness fitly.

K. Hen. Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army stands

Entire, it were a weakness to admit
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them :
Set forward toward Salisbury ; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise,
Ourself will take a muster of them there ;
And, or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us.

Daw. Salisbury !

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

K. Hen. Dear friend—

The charge must be our own ; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease :
Shall I entreat your loves ?

Oxf. Command our lives.

K. Hen. You are men know how to do, not to
forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect ;
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these
letters,

three years after this period, at the great age of ninety.† The king seems to have changed his opinion with respect to Fox, who was removed on the archbishop's death, not to Canterbury, but to Winchester, in which see he died. Moreton and Fox were fast friends ; they rank high among our prelates, and were, in fact, both very eminent men.—GIFFORD.

† It was by a chaplain of this reverend prelate that one of the most ancient, if not the oldest, of our printed Moralities was compiled. It bears the following title:—"Nature.—A goodly interlude of Nature, compyled by Maister Henry Medwall, Chapleyn to the Right Reverend Father in God Johan Morton, sometyme Cardynall and Archebysshop of Canterbury." The Interlude appears to have been played before Moreton himself.

Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter ;
Urswick, dismiss him not.

Urs. He waits your pleasure.

K. Hen. Perkin a king? a king!

Urs. My gracious lord.

K. Hen. Thoughts, busied in the sphere of
royalty,

Fix not on creeping worms, without their stings

Mere excrements of earth. The use of time

Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention

Of ills expected: we are resolv'd for Salisbury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Coast of Cornwall.

*A general shout within.—Enter WARBECK, DAL-
YELL, KATHERINE, and JANE.*

War. After so many storms as wind and seas
Have threaten'd to our weather-beaten ships,
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.
These general acclamations are an omen
Of happy process to their welcome lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.
Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet?

Kath. Confirm'd in health;
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn

Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,
(Rare unexampled pattern of a friend!)
And my beloved Jane, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes.

Dal. Lady, I return

But barren crops of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

Jane. I wait but as the shadow to the body,
For, madam, without you let me be nothing.

War. None talk of sadness, we are on the way
Which leads to victory; keep cowards thoughts
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not
Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force
Which bars his prey, (and we are lion-hearted,)
Or else no king of beasts.—[*Another general shout
within.*]*—Hark, how they shout;*
Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

Enter SKETON.

Sket. Save king Richard the Fourth! save thee
King of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of
mettle; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and
the whole country, my sweet prince monarch of
England: four thousand tall yeomen, with bow
and sword, already vow to live and die at the foot
of King Richard.

Enter ASTLEY.

Ast. The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is ser-
vant for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the

rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but courage and resolution.

War. To Exeter! to Exeter, march on:
Commend us to our people; we in person
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

Sket. and Ast. King Richard, king Richard!

[*Exeunt* SKET. and AST.]

War. A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms!

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! such advantage

Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution; whilst the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness! Princes are but men,
Distinguish'd in the fineness of their frailty;
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.**

Enter KATHERINE *and* JANE, *in Riding-suits, with one Servant.*

Kath. It is decreed ; and we must yield to fate,
Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,
Forsaken and unfurnish'd of all hopes,
But such as wait on misery, I range
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.
Sweet Jane, now whither must we ?

Jane. To your ships,
Dear lady, and turn home.

Kath. Home ! I have none.
Fly thou to Scotland ; thou hast friends will weep
For joy to bid thee welcome ; but, oh Jane,
My Jane ! my friends are desperate of comfort,
As I must be of them : the common charity,

* *St. Michael's Mount.*] It appears that when Perkin marched on his ill-fated expedition, Lady Katherine was left at this place, from which she was now preparing to withdraw, on some rumours of her husband's want of success.—GIFFORD.

Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain;*
 The king himself in person, with his army
 Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
 On all occasions: but the night before
 The battles were to join, your husband privately,
 Accompanied with some few horse, departed
 From out the camp, and posted none knows whi-
 ther.

Kath. Fled without battle given?

Dal. Fled, but follow'd

By Dawbeney; all his† parties left to taste
 King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded;
 Victorious without bloodshed.

Kath. Oh, my sorrows!

If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
 To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
 And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

Dal. Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
 Of noble courage, lady, but [to] foresight;
 For by some secret friend he had intelligence
 Of being bought and sold by his base followers.
 Worse yet remains untold.

* Affronted by King Henry's chamberlain.] i. e. met directly in front by Dawbeney. It is sufficiently clear from the exulting language of this wily monarch in the scene with Urswick, p. 315, that he had made himself sure of the overthrow of Warbeck, whom he had, by this time, environed with his agents; hence the disgraceful flight of the usurper, the recourse to the sanctuary of Bewley, and subsequent surrender. Bacon shrewdly observes, on this occasion, that the king was grown to be such a partner with Fortune, as no body could tell what actions the one, and what the other owned. It was generally believed, he adds, that Perkin "was betrayed, and that the king led him, at the time of his flight, in a line;" a fact to which he does not seem disposed to give credit.—GIFFORD.

† i. e. partizans.

Kath. No, no, it cannot.

Dal. I fear you are betray'd: the Earl of Oxford

Runs hot in your pursuit.*

Kath. He shall not need;
We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly,
To make the earl our jailor.

Jane. Madam, madam,
They come, they come!

Enter OXFORD, with his followers.

Dal. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the law of honour,
Runs on my sword.

* ———— *the Earl of Oxford*

Runs hot in your pursuit.] “There were also sent (Lord Bacon says) with all speed some horse to St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, where the Lady Catharine Gordon was left by her husband, whom in all fortunes she intirely loved, adding the virtues of a wife to the virtues of her sex.”

The reader, in whose breast the extraordinary merits of this high-born lady can scarcely fail to have created some degree of interest, will not be displeased, perhaps, with the brief recital of her subsequent fortunes, as given by Sir R. Gordon, whom Douglas calls the Historian of the Family. After quoting the preceding passage from Bacon, Sir Robert adds—“she was brought from St. Michael's Mount in Cornuall, and delyvered to King Henrie the Seaventh, who intertayned her honorablie, and for her better maintenance, according to her birth and vertue, did assigne vnto her good lands and rents for all the dayes of her lyff. After the death of her husband Richard, shoe mareid Sir Mathie Cradock, (a man of great power at that tyme in Clamorganshyre, in Wales,) of the which mariage is descended this William, Earle of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by inheritance from the Cradockes. Lady Katheren Gordon died in Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earle of Pembrok his dwelling-places in that cuntry. The English histories doe much commend her for her beauty, comliness, and chastetie.”—GIFFORD.

Kath. Most noble sir, forbear!
 What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?
 Whom seek ye?

Oxf. All stand off. With favour, lady,
 From Henry, England's king, I would present,
 Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
 The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Kath. We are that princess, whom your master
 king
 Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into
 His power: let him use his tyranny,
 We shall not be his subjects.

Oxf. My commission
 Extends no further, excellentest lady,
 Than to a service; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,
 That you, and all that have relation to you,
 Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness:
 For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught
 Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,
 Or any welcome, other than what suits
 Your high condition.

Kath. By what title, sir,
 May I acknowledge you?

Oxf. Your servant, lady,
 Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
 Inherits what his ancestors before him
 Were owners of.

Kath. Your king is herein royal,
 That by a peer so ancient in desert,
 As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

Oxf. Invites you, princess, not commands.

Kath. Pray use
 Your own phrase as you list; to your protection,
 Both I and mine submit.

Oxf. There's in your number
A nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

Dal. My name is Dalyell.

Oxf. 'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder, from report, my lord;
The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace you.

Dal. I must wait on
The princess in her fortunes.

Oxf. Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward?

Kath. Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Salisbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, SURREY, URSWICK, and a
Guard of Soldiers.*

K. Hen. The counterfeit king Perkin is es-
caped:—

Escape! so let him: he is hedged too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale,
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
Which guard our land; the seas are rough, and
wider
Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, hence-
forth
Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied

Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.—
 But, Surrey,* why, in articling a peace
 With James of Scotland, was not restitution
 Of losses, which our subjects did sustain
 By the Scotch inroads, question'd?

Sur. Both demanded

And urged, my lord; to which the king replied,
 In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
 How that our master, Henry, was much abler
 To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

K. Hen. The young man, I believe, spake honest
 truth :

He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,
 Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,
 Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,
 From us, for their tried loyalties ?

Urs. They have ;

Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst
 them,
 With open hearts they joyfully received.

K. Hen. Young Buckingham is a fair-natured
 prince,
 Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father ;
 Attended by an hundred knights and squires
 Of special name, he tender'd humble service,

* *But, Surrey, why, &c.*] Henry seems to have taken an odd time to question Surrey on this point. Perhaps the poet here, as in a former scene, intended to characterise the eager cupidity of the king, always alive to his pecuniary interests. The passage stands thus in Bacon. "The bishop (Fox) demanded restitution of the spoils taken by the Scottish, as damages for the same. But the Scottish commissioners answered, that that was but as water spilt upon the ground, which could not be gotten up again; and that the king's people were better able to bear the loss, than their master to repair it."—GIFFORD.

Which we must ne'er forget; and Devonshire's
 wounds,
 Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

Enter DAWBENEY, with a Guard, leading in WARBECK, HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, and SKETON, chained.

Daw. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
 I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
 Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance
 Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
 To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy:
 Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

K. Hen. Dawbeney,
 We observe no wonder; I behold, 'tis true,
 An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,
 A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
 How came he to thy hands?

Daw. From sanctuary
 At Bewley, near Southampton; register'd
 With these few followers, for persons privileged.

K. Hen. I must not thank you, sir! you were
 to blame
 To infringe the liberty of houses sacred:
 Dare we be irreligious?

Daw. Gracious lord,
 They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
 Without compulsion.

K. Hen. So? 'twas very well;
 'Twas very, very well!—turn now thine eyes,
 Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.
 What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
 A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
 Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
 To break thy neck!

War. But not my heart ; my heart
 Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
 By death's perpetual winter : if the sun
 Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
 Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
 Lasting and universal ! Sir, remember
 There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
 Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
 For comfort to the duke of Britaine's court.
 Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed
 A tyrant then ; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
 To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
 When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,
 At Milford Haven—

Dan. Whither speeds his boldness ?
 Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. Hen. O, let him range :
 The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part ;
 He does but act. What follow'd ?

War. Bosworth Field !
 Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
 A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
 Appear'd at once : the tale is soon applied ;
 Fate which crown'd these attempts when least
 assured,
 Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

K. Hen. A pretty gallant ! thus, your aunt of
 Burgundy,
 Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew ; so
 The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
 Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
 Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

War. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
 To put a feigned blush on : scorn wears only

Such fashion as commends to gazer's eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty: in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd
From zanies to his greatness.

K. Hen. Sirrah, shift

Your antick pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War. I expect

No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engage-
ments,

To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

K. Hen. So brave!

What a bold knave is this! Which of these rebels
Has been the mayor of Cork?

Dav. This wise formality:
Kneel to the king, ye rascals!

[*They kneel.*]

K. Hen. Canst thou hope

A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

J. a-Wat. Under your good favours, as men are
men, they may err; for I confess, respectively, in
taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the
other side must go down: herein the point is clear,
if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny,
that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or

that, shall be thus, or thus; for, as the fates will have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

Daw. O blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?
Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save king Henry!"

J. a-Wat. Every man knows what is best, as it happens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and subjects subjects: but which is which, you shall pardon me for that;—whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

K. Hen. We trifle time with follies.

All. Mercy, mercy!

K. Hen. Urswick, commend the dukeling and these fellows [They rise.

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
With safety let them be convey'd to London.
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

War. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower!
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

K. Hen. No more!

Urs. Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-
think you.

[Exit *URS.* with *PERKIN* and his followers,
guarded.

K. Hen. Was ever so much impudence in for-
gery?

The custom sure of being styled a king,
Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such;

But we shall teach the lad another language:
'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw. The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

K. Hen. Very likely:
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,
Being not too far provoked.

*Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest Attire,
DALYELL, JANE, and Attendants.*

Oxf. Great sir, be pleased,
With your accustom'd grace, to entertain
The princess Katherine Gordon.

K. Hen. Oxford, herein
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,
As not, on notice given, to have met her
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,
The oversight! oh fie! you may not kneel;
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

Kath. My fortunes and mine honours are weak
champions,
As both are now befriended, sir; however,
Both bow before your clemency.

K. Hen. Our arms
Shall circle them from malice—a sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty
At league with love.

Kath. Oh, sir, I have a husband.

K. Hen. We'll prove your father, husband, friend,
and servant,

[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to blurring and low contrast. It appears to be a list or series of short paragraphs.]

Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.

K. Ja. Do not
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have;—
But find it short of duty!

Hunt. Break my heart,
Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,
My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixt with
mine,
By marriage of this girl* to a straggler!—
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue can
wag,

It cannot name him other.

K. Ja. Kings are counterfeits
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists!
But use your own detraction; 'tis our pleasure
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The lady Katherine: Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.

* *By marriage of this girl.*] This word, it has been already observed, is generally used as a dissyllable by our poet.

Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be careful
 A patent presently be drawn, for issuing
 A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,
 During our cousin's life; our queen shall be
 Your chief companion, our own court your home,
 Our subjects all your servants.

Kath. But my husband?

K. Hen. By all descriptions, you are noble Dal-
 yell,
 Whose generous truth hath famed a rare obser-
 vance.

We thank you; 'tis a goodness gives addition
 To every title boasted from your ancestry,
 In all most worthy.

Dal. Worthier than your praises,
 Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

K. Hen. Embrace him, lords. Whoever calls
 you mistress,
 Is lifted in our charge:—a goodlier beauty
 Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.

Kath. Cruel misery
 Of fate! what rests to hope for?

K. Hen. Forward, lords,
 To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you
 With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's* blessing.
 [*Exeunt.*]

* Here, at all events, it might have been thought that this drama would have concluded: but such was not the nature of a Chronicle-history; and after all, Ford's expanse of subject is but trivial compared with that of some of his predecessors. In the dedication of "Promos and Cassandra" (1578) its author (Whetstone), observing on the offences which some of his contemporaries committed against probability, says, "In this quality the Englishman is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order:

SCENE III.

London.—The Tower-hill.

Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK, URSWICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL as a Falconer, followed by the rabble.

Const. Make room there! keep off, I require you; and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure. Bring forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must to this geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with the legs, just in the middle hole; there, that hole. Keep off, or I'll commit you all! shall not a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there; 'tis as it should be:—[WARBECK is put in the stocks.] put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I say, keep off.

Urs. Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience: thou hast tasted

King Henry's mercy liberally; the law
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury
Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most
wickedly,

Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower;
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poor gentleman!—unhappy in his fate,—
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a mongrel

he first grounds his work on impossibilities, then in three
howers ronnes he throwe the worlde, marryes, gets children,
makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder mon-
sters, &c. &c.

May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

Simn. You would be Dick the Fourth, very
likely!

Your pedigree is publish'd;* you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
A land-loper; your father was a Jew,
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries:
Where's now your kingship?

War. Baited to my death!
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes;
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

Simn. You will not know who I am?

Urs. Lambert Simnel,
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar:
But, on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

Simn. I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and
ruffled
Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon,
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;

* *Your pedigree is publish'd, &c.*] "Thus it was. There was a townsman of Tournay, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catherine de Faro, whose business drew him to live, for a time, with his wife at London, in King Edward the IVth's days. During which time he had a son by her; and being known in court, the king did him the honour to stand god-father to his child, and named him *Peter*. But afterwards proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, *Peterkin* or *Perkin*."—*Bacon*. The term land-loper, applied to him by *Simnel*, is also from the historian. "He (*Perkin*) had been from his childhood such a *wanderer*, or, as the king called him, such a *land-loper*, as it was extreme hard to hunt out his nest."

An earl forsooth ! whenas in truth I was,
 As you are, a mere rascal : yet his majesty,
 A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect
 him !—

Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved
 The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
 My surety of obedience to his service,
 And I am now his falconer ; live plenteously,
 Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
 Of liberty and favour ; sleep securely :
 And is not this, now, better than to buffet
 The hangman's clutches ? or to brave the cordage
 Of a tough halter, which will break your neck ?
 So, then, the gallant totters !—prithee, Perkin,
 Let my example lead thee ; be no longer
 A counterfeit ; confess and hope for pardon.

War. For pardon ? hold my heart-strings, whilst
 contempt

Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
 To this base man's foul language ! Thou poor
 vermin,

How dar'st thou creep so near me ? thou an earl !
 Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
 As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.
 A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
 By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
 To infect the purer air, which drops again
 Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
 Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
 From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy
 hopes :

But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
 Thou would'st not change condition, to

In England's state, without the crown itself!
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
 But let the world, as all to whom I am
 This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
 And, by tradition, fix posterity,
 Without another chronicle than truth,
 How constantly my resolution suffer'd
 A martyrdom of majesty!

Simn. He's past.

Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

Urs. Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

Simn. Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's
 coming. [*Exit.*

Urs. If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
 Pity thy soul!

Enter KATHERINE, JANE, DALYELL, and OX-
 FORD.

Jane. Dear lady!

Oxf. Whither will you,
 Without respect of shame?

Kath. Forbear me, sir,
 And trouble not the current of my duty!—
 Oh my lov'd lord! can any scorn be yours
 In which I have no interest? some kind hand
 Lend me assistance, that I may partake
 Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,
 Forgive me; I have staid too long from tend'ring
 Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

War. Great miracle of constancy! my miseries
 Were never bankrupt of their confidence
 In worst afflictions, till this—now, I feel them.
 Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
 Might to eternity have stood a pattern

War. Spite of tyranny

We reign in our affections, blessed woman!
 Read in my destiny the wreck of honour;
 Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,
 Some miserable happiness; since, herein,
 Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
 Of one chaste wife's troth, pure and uncorrupted.
 Fair angel of perfection, immortality
 Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,
 Court every rich opinion of true merit,
 And saint it in the calendar of virtue,
 When I am turn'd into the self-same dust
 Of which I was first form'd.

Oxf. The lord ambassador,
 Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
 Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
 Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
 Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

Kath. Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be
 More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,
 Impute it not unto immodesty,
 That I presume to press you to a legacy,
 Before we part for ever.

War. Let it be then
 My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

Kath. Confirm it with a kiss, pray.

War. Oh! with that
 I wish to breathe my last; upon thy lips,
 Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
 The testament of honourable vows: [*Kisses her.*
 Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
 This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
 In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

Kath. By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I
 swear
 To die a faithful widow to thy bed ;
 Not to be forced or won : oh, never, never !*

*Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and
 CRAWFORD.*

Daw. Free the condemned person ; quickly free
 him !

What has he yet confess'd ?

[WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.]

Urs. Nothing to purpose ;
 But still he will be king.

Sur. Prepare your journey
 To a new kingdom then,—unhappy madman,
 Wilfully foolish !—See, my lord ambassador,
 Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
 In this disgrace of fate.

Hunt. I never 'pointed
 Thy marriage, girl ; but yet, being married,
 Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely ;
 Thy griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy ;
 And must not say, I wish that I had miss'd
 Some partage in these trials of a patience.

Kath. You will forgive me, noble sir.

* The better genius of Ford, which had so admirably served him hitherto, appears to have *left his side* at this moment ; he would not else have permitted Katherine to injure herself by a speech for which there was not the slightest occasion ; and which is so much at variance with the known fact, that Warbeck's widow *did* marry again. She should have had nothing in common with the *Player Queen*, no, not even an oath.—
 GIFFORD.

Hunt. Yes, yes;
 In every duty of a wife and daughter,
 I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,
 (For such you are, sir,) I impart a farewell
 Of manly pity; what your life has past through,
 The dangers of your end will make apparent;
 And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
 No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
 Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

War. We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,
 Most honourable Huntley! worthy Crawford!
 We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.

Craw. Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
 Which might procure such thought; I take my
 leave, sir.

War. To you, lord Dalyell,—what? accept a
 sigh,
 'Tis hearty and in earnest.

Dal. I want utterance;
 My silence is my farewell.

Kath. Oh!—oh.

Jane. Sweet madam,
 What do you mean?— my lord, your hand.

[To DAL.]

Dal. Dear lady,
 Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.

[*Exeunt DALYELL and JANE, supporting
 KATHERINE.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Officers with SKETON, ASTLEY,
 HERON, and JOHN A-WATER, with Halters about
 their necks.*

Oxf. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
 To wait on you in death.

War. Why, peers of England,
 We'll lead them on courageously; I read
 A triumph over tyranny upon
 Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
 Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
 Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
 But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
 Of Henry's fears;* and then the glorious race
 Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines†
 In this last issue male; Heaven be obey'd!
 Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
 And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
 As prodigal to nature in our debts.
 Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
 A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
 From bed to bed, be massacred alive
 By some physicians, for a month or two,
 In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
 Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past
 Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
 Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
 Shall blaze our names, and style us Kings o'er
 death.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.*]

Dav. Away—impostor beyond precedent!
 No chronicle records his fellow.

* *Our ends, and Warwick's head—conclude the wonder
 Of Henry's fears*] This poor prince, as Lord Bacon calls
 him, was undoubtedly sacrificed to the barbarous policy of the
 king. He was brought to trial almost immediately after War-
 beck's death, condemned, and executed for conspiring with the
 former to raise sedition! He made no defence, and probably
 quitted, without much regret, a life that had never known one
 happy day.—GIFFORD.

† i. e. *ends, is finished.*

Hunt. I have
Not thoughts left: 'tis sufficient in such cases
Just laws ought to proceed.

Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

K. Hen. We are resolv'd.
Your business, noble lords, shall find success,
Such as your king importunes.

Hunt. You are gracious.

K. Hen. Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to
die;

In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow
To see the execution; and from hence
We gather this fit use;*—that public states,
As our particular bodies, taste most good
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *We gather this fit use.*] The poet seems to apply this word in the Puritanical sense (then sufficiently familiar) of doctrinal or practical deduction.—GIFFORD.

END OF VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

C. ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.