

DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl No 0:2 x L 7 5

Ac No 16177 Date of release for loan

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of [illegible] will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.

THE WORKS OF
CHARLES LAMB

EDITED BY
WILLIAM MACDONALD

IN TWELVE VOLUMES
VOL. IX

SPECIMENS
OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS
VOLUME ONE

All rights reserved



THE BANKSIDE & ITS THEATRES
From the view of London by Hollar circa 1620

SPECIMENS
OF ENGLISH
DRAMATIC POETS,
SELECTED BY
CHARLES LAMB

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION
BY
WILLIAM MACDONALD



WITH PORTRAITS
AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME ONE

LONDON
J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.
1921

First issue of this Edition, 1903
Reprinted 1921

CONTENTS

Plays marked * are from "Extracts from the Garrick Plays."

PAGE

List of Illustrations xiii

Introduction xv

Preface to the Specimens 1

"To the Editor of the Table Book" . . 4

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

Gorboduc 5

ROBERT WILMOT AND OTHERS

*Tancred and Gismund 10

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

Alaham 12

Mustapha 24

JOHN LYLY

*Sapho and Phao 37

*Love's Metamorphosis 41

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Tamburlaine the Great—First Part . . 41

Doctor Faustus 43

The Rich Jew of Malta 53

Edward the Second 56

CONTENTS

GEORGE PEELE

PAGE

* The Arraignment of Paris 65
* The Battle of Alcazar 70
King David and Fair Bethsabe . . . 71
* Further Extracts from the Same . . 73

THOMAS LODGE AND ROBERT GREENE

* A Looking Glass for England and London . 77

THOMAS KYD

The Spanish Tragedy 79

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

* Arden of Feversham 86
* The Wars of Cyrus . 90
* Edward the Third . . . 91

HENRY PORTER

* The Two Angry Women of Abingdon . . 96

ROBERT YARRINGTON

* Two Tragedies in One 99

HENRY CHETTLE AND ANTHONY MUNDAY

* The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon 100

HENRY CHETTLE

Hoffman's Tragedy 104

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

Lust's Dominion 106

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

* Doctor Dodypol 108
* Jack Drum's Entertainment 113
* Sir Giles Goosecap 114

CONTENTS

THOMAS TOMKIS OR TOMKYS

PAGE

LINGUA 115

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON . . . 116

LODOWICK BARRY

* RAM ALLEY 122

SAMUEL DANIEL

* TETHYS' FESTIVAL 123

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH 124

BEN JONSON

THE CASE IS ALTERED 129

POETASTER 132

SEJANUS HIS FALL 142

VOLPONE 144

THE ALCHEMIST 154

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY 162

THE NEW INN 165

THE SAD SHEPHERD 171

GEORGE CHAPMAN

* ALL FOOLS 174

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY 176

BYRON'S TRAGEDY 179

* THE GENTLEMAN USHER 182

BUSSY D'AMBOIS 184

* FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME . . 189

* BUSSY D'AMBOIS HIS REVENGE . . . 191

CÆSAR AND POMPEY 193

* FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME . . 195

CONTENTS

GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

PAGE

The Tragedy of Philip Chabot . . . 199

*Further Extracts from the Same . . 205

JOHN MARSTON

The History of Antonio and Mellida . . 206

Antonio's Revenge 209

The Malcontent 214

*The Fawn 215

The Wonder of Women 215

What You Will 217

The Insatiate Countess 219

THOMAS DECKER

Old Fortunatus 222

Satiro-Mastix 229

*Further Extracts from the Same . 234

The Honest Whore 234

„ „ Second Part . . . 235

THOMAS DECKER AND JOHN WEBSTER

Westward Hoe 237

THOMAS HEYWOOD

A Woman Killed with Kindness . . . 238

*The Fair Maid of the Exchange . . . 246

*The Golden Age 250

*The Silver Age 251

*The Brazen Age 254

The English Traveller 259

A Challenge for Beauty 267

*Further Extracts from the Same . 272

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE ROYAL KING AND THE LOYAL SUBJECT . 274

* FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME . . 274

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND RICHARD BROME

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES . . . 275

* FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME . . 279

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND WILLIAM ROWLEY

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA 280

THOMAS MIDDLETON

* BLURT, MASTER CONSTABLE 285

NO WIT / HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S 287

* THE CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE . . . 289

THE WITCH 292

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN 303

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN . . 309

* THE GAME AT CHESS . . . 312

PHILIP MASSINGER, THOMAS MIDDLETON, AND WILLIAM ROWLEY

THE OLD LAW 313

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY

A FAIR QUARREL 321

WILLIAM ROWLEY

ALL'S LOST BY LUST 335

A NEW WONDER 341

WILLIAM ROWLEY, THOMAS DECKER, JOHN FORD, ETC

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON 350

NOTES 355

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Bankside and its Theatres, from the view of London by Hollar, circa 1620 (Photogravure) . . *Frontispiece*

To face page

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, from an engraving by Vertue . . 5

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, from an engraving in the Felix Slade Collection in the British Museum 24

Edward Alleyn, from the portrait in Dulwich Gallery 54

'Greene in Conceipt'—reduced facsimile of the title page, 1598 76

Samuel Daniel, from the engraved title page of Civil Wars, 1609 123

Ben Jonson, from an engraving by Houbraken after the painting by Oliver 154

Richard Burbage, from the portrait in Dulwich Gallery painted by himself . 198

'Dekker's Dreame'—reduced facsimile of the title page, 1620 222

Thomas Middleton, from the frontispiece to 'Two New Plays,' 1657 . 286

The Red Bull Playhouse, showing the Stock Characters of the Elizabethan stage . . . 334

INTRODUCTION

THERE are two directions from which Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakspeare" may be approached, and two points of view from which the book might be considered. The first is that of the student of literary history, and more especially the student of the course and development of criticism in this country. To such a student, the life, the character, the mental idiosyncrasy of Charles Lamb may have almost no interest; or only a subordinate interest, in so far as they constitute a differentiating element in a book which is, for him, primarily a historical waymark, not without its inscriptions of power and prophecy, but an impersonal thing in the main. To put it otherwise, nothing within the book itself would exceed, in interest and importance for the historical student, the four figures on the title-page which express the date of publication. For the book is what is called an epoch-making book, which is something different from being a great book or even a good one. As an epoch-making or an epoch-marking book it might very well have moved its day and died in the evening, having produced an unsettlement capable of propagating remoter consequences without any need for further reference to the great (or little) first cause of a deal of change in the body of the world's opinion and knowledge: whereas it is as a good book, and a pleasant book, and as belonging intrinsically to the literature of power, that it continues to be reprinted and read.

From that first point of view, the point of view of literary history and of the history of criticism, a great deal might be made of Lamb's "Specimens" by any writer who should come to the subject with the needful equipment of knowledge, and of some things more essential which are not taught in school. But while I would not for the world have it supposed that I do not lay claim to these esoteric qualifications myself—for of course I do, in an extraordinary degree, and with very proper emphasis—yet the scope and plan of this edition, to say nothing of other determinants, advise me that it were best to adhere to that principle, by which I have been guided hitherto, of attending only to the biographical interest, bearings, and relations of Lamb's various Books and of the multifarious, casual, and fugitive writings in verse and prose that constitute the main body of his Works. Regarding the "Specimens" from the historical standpoint, then, I need only remind the reader very summarily of what has been often said before: that the book was in a high degree both original and originative. It was original not only in the character of the selections made from a whole literature, and in the intellectual quality and formula of the incidental criticisms—Notes, as Lamb modestly called them—but it was most of all original by the direction in which it looked. And here its originality becomes originative For we may consider that this piece of casual book-making formed the beginning of that modern English-Scholarship or Scholarship-in-English which, since Lamb's day, has gathered its own glory of great names not unworthy to be inscribed on the same scroll with the Ernestis, Lachmanns, Heynes, Dindorfs, Bentleys or Munros of the more ancient Learning. Hardly an Elizabethan of any note but has now his Servius and his Aristarchus, his dues of commentary and recension of his text: but when Lamb produced his "Specimens"

in 1808, the names of Ford, Webster, Tourneur, Dekker, Chapman and many another were almost as completely forgotten as their works were virtually lost. Ben Jonson, almost solitary in this, stood out above the flood of oblivion which had submerged his contemporaries and predecessors in the dramatic art, all save Shakespeare: even Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher having become, as we shall see, if by no means lost to the world, at any rate, like old Burton, "very scarce gentlemen" indeed. Nothing could well be scarcer, where you should expect to find it at all, than are the references to any of the earlier of these names in the variorum or annotated Shakespeares of a hundred years ago, and even in Boswell's Malone (1821) they are few and far between. Finally, to have done with this historical aspect of the matter, it may be noted that though Lamb was connected in so intimate and friendly a way with Hazlitt and Coleridge, those two great exponents of Shakespeare and of things in general, it is more likely that they received knowledge and stimulation from him—both from his written word, and from his more copious stammered rhapsody upon many a darling passage—than that he was by them directed into the long-unvisited and almost forgotten Elysian Fields of England's greatest literature. Hazlitt, indeed, knew nothing at all of these things till many years later, and Lamb has told us how his friend then carried down to the country a load of books with the business-like purpose of getting up the whole subject once for all, in order to lecture upon it in the following winter season. Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare, again, belong to 1811–12, and in undertaking them he was turning to account a new interest in our Dramatic Literature which the "Specimens" had done much to awaken. For the rest, Coleridge was neither then nor later at all well-read in Elizabeth-

anism, and seems to have remained all his life, in regard to this department of omniscience, very much where Charles Lamb was in 1796 and for some time after.

And where was that? Accepting the conventional view of this matter, one would have to say that it was, in Scots phrase, "far ben;" that it was in the inner rooms to which only familiars have access, in the very penetralia of the initiated. For the slowness with which we have arrived at the fundamental truth about Lamb's literary character and description—namely, that he was not, in the main, an author of Books, but the writer of from eight hundred to a thousand[1] miscellaneous literary items in verse and prose, and therefore, that before there can be any final *editing* of his works there must be an exhaustive *collecting* of the casual productions of a lifetime—the slowness with which this simple and obvious truth has been recognised and accepted is not more curious than the tenacity with which some errors regarding him, without a vestige of sanction, proof or likelihood to commend them, hold on to life. The most remarkable of these—the error most widely diffused, the idea most completely in the air, in all senses of the phrase—is that which takes it for granted that in 1800 and even in 1796 Lamb was already deeply familiar with the Elizabethans, that this familiarity dated from his earlier youth and boyhood, and that, in fact, the works of Marlowe, Ford, Webster, Middleton and the rest constituted a main element of that "fair and wholesome pasturage" upon which his infant mind had fed. I state the view in extreme terms, but not so extremely but that I could pro-

[1] In this estimate, which is on the near side, I count each letter as one of the said items: their literary and human interest is one good reason for doing so, the many problems and the much labour which they impose upon his Editors, is another

duce, from the pages of the most learned editors, illustrative examples of the error at its worst and widest. How it came into existence at all is hard to say, for it seems to have no particular parentage. Certainly Talfourd is not the man, though Talfourd writes on the subject with a vagueness which does not contradict any erroneous prepossessions with which later students may come to his master-pages. There is little need, however, to seek out the parentage[1] of that which the whole world has adopted, the wise and the foolish alike. Let us be content merely to go back to the first sources of information in regard to this matter—namely, to Lamb's Letters and Works—and see what amount of basis, if any basis, may there be found for the established opinion.

Three things, they say, cannot be concealed: love, and a cough, and the possession of informing knowledge or culture. When the informing knowledge has itself some of the characters of an enthusiasm and a love, it is still less likely to lie hid. Now this character, of an enthusiasm and a love, always

[1] As a fact, however, I think we may say with some confidence that the notion is really the suppositious child of a famous passage in one of Lamb's Essays—the passage, namely, concerning the "spacious closet of good old English reading." Writers have come to that passage, year after year, with their whole stock of modern preconceptions in regard to Lamb and his mental idiosyncrasy and habits, particularly their preconceptions in regard to his special relish for the Elizabethans and his special knowledge of them. They have then read into the words "good old English reading" a meaning which is really due partly to the force of association and partly to the difference which the lapse of time has made in the field of even the average man's literary knowledge. They have not been careful to consider that in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and even in the early part of the nineteenth, the Elizabethans were not "good old English reading" but an occult specialism, if not (at the earlier date) a lost literature. At what the "good old English reading" consisted of, I have given a nearer guess, I think, in Vol. I. of this Edition, p. 307, and the Reader may compare Vol. III., p. 333, for a touch of confirmation.

belongs to the young writer's, or the prospective writer's, knowledge of the literary models which he knows best, by which he has been most influenced; and therefore such knowledge will be betrayed to us in two ways, directly and indirectly. Directly, because he will babble of it; because these models, these masterpieces, will constitute his avowed criteria; they will be a source from which he is always deriving inspiration, a standard to which he is always reverting for confirmation or comparison. "He cannot think a thought, he cannot make a criticism on men and books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to these." I need not urge this matter the truth of it must be self-evident to anybody who has ever observed the ways of "Young Souls" (to use an admirable descriptive expression of Mr Le Gallienne's) in any generation. They *are* young and they *have* souls, and that is at once a distinction and a hope: and by the same token we know them at once from the old and the wise of this world, for they have beautiful secrets and they cannot keep them. But knowledge, or the want of knowledge, will be betrayed as surely, also, in indirect ways and by negative signs. The absence of all reference to certain great, imaginative and impregnative writers goes, by itself, a long way to prove inacquaintance: but the fact of that inacquaintance may be considered established if we find the "Young Soul" reverting to standards of comparison and sources of inspiration of a deeply inferior kind; if we find him smugly contented with literary criteria which would be shivered to atoms by a moment's contact with great literature. If he lives, so to say, after the discovery of wheat, he will not, we may be sure, make a banquet of acorns. If his heart is full of the demiurgic power of the Elizabethans, his head won't be stuffed with the débris, the shavings and sawdust, of Eighteenth

Century minor poetry. But that is how it was with Charles Lamb up till about 1795 or 1796, as I shall now try to show; and if there were room for it here, I would also show that some traces of that apprentice period never left him while he lived.

I have taken Canon Ainger's edition of the Letters and have filled four quarto pages with brief references to the literary allusions which appear in the correspondence during the ten years 1796–1806. Pasted end to end, these four quarto pages would make a scroll of a very picturesque character, which would tell its own tale at a glance. References to the works of Coleridge and Southey need not be noted except where they are accompanied by some expression of opinion that has general significance and bearing upon my argument. The second letter (apparently very early in June 1796) is full of Sonnets and poetic criticism. We come at once upon the name of Bowles, that delicate young man whose very thin vein of poetry—the poetry of quite sincere, if unimportant feeling—had so powerful a working upon geniuses of such greater reach as Coleridge and Wordsworth, to say nothing of Charles Lamb himself. Well, he tells Coleridge that the line "*To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire*" is "a copy of Bowles's" "*To the green Hamlet in the peaceful Plain.*" He next points out that a line in another Sonnet resembles one in a poem by Hamilton of Bangor. His line, and Hamilton's also, might have been written by anybody for all that there is of originality in the thought or the phrase of either. Yet, so intent is the Young Soul on these things, and so full of the letter of his teachers, that he further points out a couplet by Parnell from which Hamilton of Bangor may have borrowed his merits. Over the page, he thinks it necessary to revert to Cowley (one of the two or

three writers with the secret of endurance in them whom he seems to be acquainted with in an intimate and loving way at this time) to account for his own use of the phrase "we two." On next page there is a reference to Burns, who was at this time and all through life "the god of his idolatry," as he said, and as his friends have testified with curious emphasis, Scotophobes though some of them were. He has not long discovered Burns, and he points out that certain epithets used by Coleridge are "exactly such as Burns would have stumbled on." There is a quotation from Sheridan, with whose works, however, he was acquainted as a theatre-goer and not as a reader. References, in the same letter, to Cowper's lunacy, and to Wordsworth, need not detain us; but he thinks the lines at the beginning of *Joan of Arc* are worthy of Milton, and there is (p. 9) a vague reference to Spenser—Spenser, however, he evidently knows far less about, and cares less for, than he does for Priestley. In reading Coleridge's *Religious Musings* he feels a transient superiority over his friend. "I *have* seen Priestley. I love to see his name repeated in your writings. I love and honour him, almost profanely. You would be charmed with his *Sermons*, if you never read 'em." And so on. In the next letter, commenting again on Southey's *Joan of Arc* he is "delighted, amazed. I had not presumed to expect any thing of such excellence from Southey. Why, the poem is alone sufficient to redeem the character of the age we live in from the imputation of degenerating in Poetry, were there no such beings extant as Burns, and Bowles, Cowper, and ——. fill up the blank how you please." This over-estimate of Southey (a poet who has been extensively under-estimated in subsequent times) bears well on the argument; for in admiring Southey, as in admiring Bowles and Burns, Lamb is finding his way, almost

unconsciously, out of the house of bondage. If there is some want of discrimination in the bracketing of Bowles and Burns, that was an inevitable incident; for one must set out, and travel half way, before one arrives. Let it be remarked, however, that though Lamb is even now taking the first steps in a direction that is to lead him out of the eighteenth century, all his criticism at this time is eighteenth century criticism still, almost absolutely, and is concerned with the *choiceness* or the *beauty* or the *sublimity* of this and that phrase, or thought, or metaphor. Therefore he is giving the highest praise that he has to give when he says that a certain simile "Will bear comparison with any in Milton for fulness of circumstance and lofty pacedness of versification"; nor are we surprised to find him saying that "on the whole, I expect Southey one day to rival Milton." A reference to Gray on the same page (p. 11) is quite in the eighteenth century manner, of seeking similar passages and identical beauties in different authors. He tells us that Southey's

> "Dead is the Douglas! cold thy warrior frame,
> Illustrious Buchan"

is "of kindred excellence with Gray's 'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue.'" Even Shakespeare is to him at this time, one suspects, very much a storehouse of beauties, exemplary poetic passages, and expressions. But what, indeed, did literature consist of beyond this? and what was culture, or the *Belles-Lettres*, but a knowledge of the trick and mystery of a finite craft, consisting of teachable rules, and having much to do with apt quotation and the comparison of passages? A vague reference to Spenser again shows no particular acquaintance with him, but Charles Lamb could probably give you book, page, and letter for something in the poems of Dr Young, and can point out

that a certain passage by Coleridge is one which Young might have written "in one of his better moments." I am afraid I have passed over some of the references to Bowles, but at p. 17 one of Coleridge's effusions is the "most exquisite and most Bowles-like of all:" and what more could be said? A reference to Schiller a few lines lower down reminds us of another quarter from which the attack upon the stronghold of classicism and common-sense was then advancing, and Lamb's mention of him ranks with similar references which the Young Souls of England were making to Ibsen or to Tolstoy in the middle eighties of last century. But, after all, Bowles is the man; and Lamb fairly yearns, with a kind of beautiful and loving envy, to think that Coleridge is living quite near to Bowles, and perhaps has made his acquaintance. And, for a final token of his eighteenth century standpoint, we find him saying a little further on, à-propos of certain lines (not by Bowles, however), "I mean not to lay myself open by saying," of the writers of them, "they exceed Milton, *and perhaps Collins*, in sublimity."

Here, however, we have reached an important point. For the writers who exceed Milton and perhaps Collins in sublimity are Beaumont and Fletcher. It is in this letter (June, 1796) that we hear for the first time of "a little extract book which I keep, which is full of quotations from Beaumont and Fletcher, in which authors I can't help thinking there is a greater richness of poetical fancy than in any one, Shakspeare excepted." And again in the same letter he asks. "Don't you conceive all poets, after Shakspeare, yield to 'em in variety of genius?" This letter is indeed all about Beaumont and Fletcher—and Massinger. But what are his first words about Massinger? They are a question—"Are you acquainted with Massinger?" If it is borne in mind that this question was addressed by

Lamb, not to a stranger newly-known, nor to a correspondent who stood outside of the literary world—as, for instance, Bernard Barton may have done when Lamb began to write to him—but to Coleridge, whom he had known during all his youth and most of his boyhood, with whom he had been corresponding for some eighteen months, if not ever since Coleridge went to Cambridge; and with whom he had so lately enjoyed those famous Nights and Suppers of the Gods in the Salutation-and-Cat days at the end of 1794: if we bear all this in mind, then surely only one inference from that question will remain possible. It is, that Beaumont and Fletcher, not less than Massinger, were authors with whom he had only very lately made a near and informing acquaintance. Indeed, if there is anything in Lamb's life which admits of overwhelming proof by the convergence of a whole series of tokens, it is this very fact. His correspondence, now and for some time after, is garnished with the names of Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger at intervals, and their works are, we can see, the poetical Sacred Scripture to which the Young Soul betakes itself for inspiration and example. It is doubtful, however, whether he possessed the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher in those days, for the story which he tells in the Essay on *Old China* points to the purchase having been made when he and Mary were living in Chapel Street, Pentonville, in the period after the tragedy of September 1796. I have already told ("Memoir," p. xxxvi.) how, when that blow fell upon them and he heard the great call to renunciation, one of the first acts by which he affirmed that renunciation to himself was the pathetic burning of "my book of extracts from Beaumont and Fletcher and a thousand sources." And when, a little later, the interest in poetry was sufficiently

revived for him to prepare his verses for the press with a Dedication to his sister Mary, the motto which he prefixed to his little Collection was the very passage from Massinger that he had quoted in the letter to Coleridge which we have now arrived at. How immediate, how new, and therefore how intense and insistent was his interest in these writers is shown by a passage in the next letter, in which he says: "I writhe with indignation when, in books of criticism, where commonplace quotation is heaped upon quotation, I find no mention of such men as Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher,—men with whom succeeding dramatic writers (Otway alone excepted) can bear no manner of comparison." Finally, let me pass over his other references to these particular writers, and point out the fact of crowning significance: namely, that it was under the supreme and almost sole influence of these that he wrote his poetic play of *John Woodvil* in 1798–99. It was a work of his literary youth and of his comparative ignorance both as a critic of human nature and a student of literature. Referring to the faults of *John Woodvil* in the dedication of his Works to Coleridge in 1818, he says explicitly: "I had been newly initiated in the writings of our elder dramatists; Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, were then a *first love*, and from what I was so freshly conversant in, what wonder if my language imperceptibly took a tinge?" Yes, he was then freshly conversant in Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger; and in the greater men of a somewhat earlier day—Shakespeare's fellows in play-craft, not his followers—he was *not conversant in the least*. Those great introductions, and that more immense initiation, belong to the interval between 1798 and the first years of the new century. And what a difference of view resulted! We have seen that in 1796 the

Young Soul writhes with indignation at an age which does not quote Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger, who are, for him, the whole strength and battalion of "our elder bards." Mark, now, one of his two great motives for producing his famous "Specimens" in 1808: "Another object which I had in making these selections was, to bring together the most admired scenes in Fletcher and Massinger, in the estimation of the world the only dramatic poets who are entitled to be considered after Shakspere, and to exhibit them in the same volume with the more impressive scenes of old Marlowe, Heywood, Tourneur, Webster, Ford, and others. To show what we have slighted, while beyond all proportion we have cried up one or two favourite names." Ah me! Who had insisted upon those "one or two favourite names" with such loyal monotony of admiration, or had been so fain to "cry them up" so stoutly against the ears of a deaf world, as a certain Young Soul in 1796?

It is difficult, I repeat, on reading the Introduction of 1808 and the Dedication of 1818, to understand how the notion that Lamb was acquainted in boyhood and youth with the main body of the Elizabethan dramatists, ever got into the general mind, and even into the scholarly mind, as it has done. But the wonder of it becomes more wonderful still when we consider that his inacquaintance with that entire literature might be argued almost conclusively from the negative testimony afforded by his letters and his early works, had those two passages never been written. Already, though we have not yet travelled to the foot of my first quarto page, we see very clearly where he is. He has discovered, as the Young Souls are always quick to do, the one or two recent Arrivals in literature who express a fresh view and prophesy the dissolution of the old formulas:

those recent Arrivals being mainly, for him and for that moment, Burns and Bowles. He is also—but that is an accident—acquainted directly or indirectly, with men who were to do greater things than Bowles, at least, if not greater things than Burns, in poetry. He knows Coleridge, and is on the way to know Wordsworth and Southey. Yet withal, these are but the recent acquisitions of his mind; they are the point of novelty in his acquaintance with books; they are the *dernier cri* of the Young Soul. But his permanent stock, the main body of literary matter and models to which his allusions instantly tend when he returns from *these*, is to be found in the endless generation of Correct Writers, and Polite Writers, and Easy Writers, and Natural Writers, who poured along the Eighteenth Century their flood of absolutely innocuous song. What comes to his mind *at once* is not some daring thought in Ford or Marlowe, some terrible cry in Webster, some exquisite line from Peele or even from Spenser. No; it is some "lines eminently beautiful" from Hamilton of Bangor[1] after which, perhaps, no more needs to be said. At any rate I shall now deal with the second, third and fourth quarto pages more summarily.

From the time when he begins to quote Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher, he does not allude so readily to writers of less "variety of genius," though references there are to Logan, Darwin, Hayley, Pindar (Peter by name), and Bruce, along with such new-comers as Landor and Rogers. What is mainly happening, from June 1796, is that he is now visibly finding his way back to some old forgotten books. In July he has just discovered Wither, but

[1] Here are the lines eminently beautiful, apostrophising Happiness

"Nun, sober and devout, where art thou fled
To hide in shades thy meek, contented head?"

knows nothing of Quarles: in December he has not yet seen any of Jeremy Taylor's works. He has long (January 1797) been in search of Fairfax's *Tasso*, but in the following month we find he has read sombody's translation of Dante, a writer of whom he knew nothing six months earlier. He is reading John Woolman and William Penn (under the influence of the new friendship with Lloyd), and likes *No Cross, No Crown* "immensely"; but apparently not so much as he still likes Priestley, "whom I sin in almost adoring." A notable accession towards the middle of 1797 is *The Life of John Buncle;* and one may say that the most important thing that is now taking place in the mental history of Charles Lamb, is the sudden development of a taste for *character* in men, and for full, rank, personal *flavour* in literature, whether that character and that flavour are manifested in a self-pleasing quaintness of expression or a titanic and profane violence of mood. He is, in fact, getting ready for the true Elizabethans at a great rate, and getting quite spoilt for Hamilton of Bangor and even for Bowles. The name of the latter, astonishing to say, disappears from the correspondence, and is replaced by the names of Wither and Quarles; of whom he writes often and writes with a touch of quite new excellence.

We are now at October 1798, and he is writing to Southey, Marlowe is the *dernier cri*, and he packs a letter with pages of quotation from him.[1] In November, he obtrudes his new knowingness: "Your recipe for a Turk's poison is invaluable, and truly Marlowish." This was ever the way with Young Souls!

[1] An earlier reference to "Dr Forster's pupils" would seem to indicate that he had read *Faustus* before this time, and Walton must have made him familiar with the name of Kit Marlowe even in boyhood, but it is only now that Marlowe comes to his own

But about this time we may cease to consider him a Young Soul; for as the brief author of *Rosamund Grey* he has already shed a great deal of his more vague and wistful sentiment, and as a connoisseur of the powerful and the individual things in literature he ventures a hardier and a richer judgment on men and books. And the books are of a hardier and richer sort: his discourse is now of Milton's Prose Works, and Jeremy Taylor (and what discourse that is, of Jeremy Taylor—unparalleled by anything that Lamb ever wrote[1]), and presently Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, which instructs him to criticise the historical manner and diction of Gibbon, Robertson and Roscoe, in a drastic and dispatching way. Finally (in 1800) that "scarce gentleman," old Burton. But I do not doubt that just at this time—in the period say, from 1798 to 1802—he was first becoming truly conversant in the works of some gentlemen who were fully as scarce as old Burton: namely, not only Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger now, but Marlowe and Shirley and Ford and "the worthies of Dodsley's Collection." The words, and the list of names, are his own, he uses them in speaking of the simple ignorance of his friend George Dyer, who had "touched pretty deeply" upon the English Drama (in a dissertation then in manuscript) in entire ignorance of the works of these writers. And as he uses the same words, and gives the same list of names, with little change, twice over in different letters, we plainly detect a note of exultation, a slight vaunt due to the salience of new-got knowledge. How scarce these writers were is made clear by a letter to Wordsworth in October 1800, discussing the

[1] I anticipate a little, in referring here to his panegyric of Jeremy Taylor, which was written in a letter to Robert Lloyd in 1801. But in December 1799, in a letter to Manning, he shows himself already conversant in the works of Taylor.

possibilities of a book-buying commission which the poet had sent to Lamb:—"The books which you want, I calculate at about £8. Ben Jonson is a guinea book. Beaumont and Fletcher, in folio, the right folio, not now to be met with; the octavos are about £3. As to any other dramatists, I do not know where to find them, except what are in Dodsley's Old Plays, which are about £3 also. Massinger I never saw but at one shop, and it is now gone, but one of the editions of Dodsley contains about a fourth (the best) of his plays. . . . Marlowe's plays and poems are totally vanished, only one edition of Dodsley retains one, and the other two of his plays. but John Ford is the man after Shakspeare. Let me know your will and pleasure soon, for I have observed, next to the pleasure of buying a bargain for one's self, is the pleasure of persuading a friend to buy it."

This pleasure of buying a bargain for oneself was doubtless one of the greatest pleasures, if not, alas! the most frequent pleasure of Lamb's life in those wonderful Chapel-street and early Temple days. the greatest period of all in his mental life-history, if we could only trace the record of it. For my present purpose it is sufficient, however, to note that from the time when he speaks in this knowing way of the worthies of Dodsley's Collection, he speaks also in a vein of complete disrespect of what he calls the "Bell Letters"—meaning by that all those productions of Eighteenth Century elegance, whether in poetry or criticism, whereof he had been, such a short while ago, a most respectful and admiring student. That century contains for him good matter still, but it is not its elegant and improving writers whom he now refers to or has any relish of. but Defoe and Smollet and Swift and Sterne and (to be sure) *The Vicar of Wakefield*, "and other beautiful bare narratives." Above all, Milton's prose (that strong meat for men) is quite

a table-book with him in 1802, and Chapman's Homer has clean perverted him from his earlier and absolute admiration for Cowper. To end this survey: there is scarcely another literary reference which needs to be noted in this connection till we reach the letter to Manning (Feb. 26, 1808) in which he tells the tale of his recent book-making industry. After speaking of *Tales from Shakspeare* and *The Adventures of Ulysses*, he continues: "Godwin is in both those cases my bookseller. The other is done for Longman, and is *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakspeare*. Specimens are becoming fashionable. We have 'Specimens of Ancient English Poets,' 'Specimens of Modern English Poets,' 'Specimens of Ancient English Prose Writers,' without end. They used to be called 'Beauties.' You have seen 'Beauties of Shakspeare'; so have many people that never saw any beauties in Shakspeare. Longman is to print it, and be at all expense and risk, and I am to share the profits after all deductions; *i. e.* a year or two hence I must pocket what they please to tell me is due to me. But the book is such as I am glad there should be. It is done out of old plays at the Museum, and out of Dodsley's Collection, etc. It is to have notes."

In the foregoing survey I have noted what the Letters alone tell us of the history of Lamb's reading, the tokens they betray of a process of discovery going on between 1796 and 1800, and of a growing familiarity with a world of models and master-pieces newly revealed to the young literary enthusiast. I have not sought confirmation, where there is confirmation enough, in the internal testimony of such works as *Rosamund Gray*, *John Woodvil* and the earlier Poems: nor have I brought into view, by quotation from the Letters, the immense difference between

Lamb's critical canons at the beginning and at the end of that short period. But the survey has been sufficiently exhaustive, I hope, to establish my main contention: namely, that the notion of Lamb having had an early acquaintance with the greater Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan literature—and of his first mind having been formed upon, and received its colour from, that literature—is a notion quite unsanctioned by any evidence that is known to exist, and directly contradicted by most of the evidence that is known to exist, whether literal evidence or psychological evidence. And the contention has seemed worth trying to establish for two good reasons, apart from the bare fact of its being true. I shall give only one of them here. In showing that Lamb's Elizabethanism was not a thing that grew with his growth, but was a thing that visibly became, that was superinduced, that happened at a recorded juncture in his life—in showing this, the argument brings that element in his knowledge and that quality in his mind into line with some other great initiations which, by making a turning-point in the lives of men of genius, have left abiding consequences in literature and philosophy and art. For Lamb's discovery of the Elizabethan greatness and manifoldness is of the same kind, in literature, with that reading of Hume's works which awoke Kant from his dogmatic slumber, and so begot the whole of subsequent philosophy: or it is like Winckelmann's discovery of the immaculate glories of ancient art in the galleries of Dresden, which has sent an influence through all art-criticism and much art-production ever since: or it is like Goethe's visit to Italy, which converted the greatest Teutonic genius into the world's supreme type and exponent of essential classicism and repose: or, to come a little nearer to Lamb

himself, it is like Coleridge's visit to Germany, which turned the tides of his soul clean away from the isles of song and bore them in a direction where fewer have cared to follow him, but those few of the best and strongest. I do not mean to argue that Lamb's discovery of the Elizabethans had, in a wide sense, the character of momentousness which belongs to the first three, at least, of those instances, or that it had an influence of such general consequence to the world. Its influence has, of course, been strictly insular; including in that term the American Continent. What I wish to bring out by these comparisons is merely this, that Lamb's Elizabethanism, not less than Kant's transcendentalism, was something superinduced upon an earlier stock which it (only partially, however, in his case) replaced—that it flowed, in the same way, from the historical turning-point of an intellectual life—that it recorded, in the same way, the Hegira of a mind.

To return to the book itself. It was published by Longman in 1808, and was upon the whole as well received as, under the permanent moral circumstances of the world, any work can hope to be which betrays tokens of some originality, sincerity, or power. A second edition was produced by another publisher (John Bumpus) five years later, and there seems to have been a third in Lamb's lifetime. Its best success, however, was the high esteem in which it was held by the fit and the few, including, in this instance, Lamb himself. When, about twenty years later, he wrote his humorous page of autobiography in the Manuscript-Book of his friend Mr Upcott, he left unnamed the works to which his fame is more commonly referred, but boasted that he had once caught a swallow flying, and that he "was also the first to draw the public attention to the old English

Dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the Time of Shakspeare,' published about fifteen years since." To have given the title or the date correctly, he would have had to go out of his way; so the Reader will notice that he saves himself that trouble. But he was always ready to go out of his way, and to take a deal of trouble, to help a friend in an hour of need. One friend of his who was very apt to be in need, as a man will be who sees the odds of the world against him and accepts the fact, neither regarding fear nor bespeaking falsehood and favour in what he says or does, was William Hone Lamb liked Hone very much, and his way of helping him was very happily conceived. "I am going through a course of reading at the Museum:" he writes to Bernard Barton in September 1826—"the Garrick plays, out of part of which I formed my Specimens. I have two thousand to go through; and in a few weeks have despatched the tythe of 'em. It is a sort of office to me; hours, ten to four, the same. It does me good. Man must have regular occupation, that has been used to it." This, the Reader will see, was some eighteen months after the liberation from the desk, and the work of these new "office hours" was intended for a benefaction to his friend Hone, in whose *Table-Book* the "Garrick Extracts" appeared in 1827. They were followed by some additional contributions called "Garrick Fragments," which will be found at the end of the next volume. The "Specimens" were frequently reprinted in the ten years following Lamb's death, but the "Garrick Extracts" were not exhumed from the *Table-Book* until H. G. Bohn added them to his edition of the "Specimens" in 1847. The next step in advance was made by Mr Gollancz, who produced in 1893 the first scholarly edition of this section of Lamb's Works—for so I

think the "Specimens," with their Notes, must be considered. Besides equipping his edition with biographical notes and an *Apparatus Criticus* at once exhaustive and concise, Mr Gollancz rendered three very good services to Lamb and to the Readers of Lamb. (1) He merged the "Specimens" and the "Garrick Extracts" so as to bring together the different selections from any one author which may have appeared in Lamb's separate samplings (the book of 1808, and the contributions of 1827), and so made one serviceable book of what, in Bohn's edition, had been two books within one pair of boards. (2) He arranged the whole in chronological order. (3) He rectified Lamb's text, which was in a very high degree faulty.

I do not think those innovations will seem to any one to require defence. The second and third, Lamb would certainly have desired to see done, though the doing of them might have been a little out of the way of his talents. The first also, I think, he would certainly have done himself in course of time, though he would probably have exercised a liberty of omitting here and there, in the interest of general effect, which no faithful Editor can allow himself now The present Editor had some hesitations as to how far he should permit himself to follow the example set him by Mr Gollancz. There are sentimental reasons in favour of adhering to the actual first state, or authorised version, of the book in any edition of Lamb's Works; and in regard to the "Specimens," there is no doubt something lost when we lose sight of the original book, which had a unity and a moral physiognomy of its own. Against this consideration there was to be set the greater convenience of having all the passages from each of the dramatists brought together. Also, while the "Specimens" and the "Extracts" would have made two very un-

equal volumes if separated in that way, there would have been little satisfaction in a mere bisection of the total bulk, which would have made the "Extracts" appear as a very long appendix filling the better part of the second volume. The natural and convenient placing of the portraits, also, was a desideratum not to be disregarded. I have decided, then, that the merging of the first and second body of selections into one continuous Dramatic Anthology would make the better book, and would have been better liked by Lamb himself. This having been decided there was less doubt about aiming at those other perfections, of a chronological order and a purified text. I may say that the work in all these respects has been done independently and afresh for this occasion, with the smallest possible reference to the details of other editings and other orderings of the contents. I must hope that we have in some respects done a little better than has been done before, for I notice on a comparison that we have in a number of cases done differently.

The "we" in the last sentence is not an editorial expression, but simple truth and good grammar. It would have been impossible for me, in the condition under which this work has had to be done, to devote to one single part of it so much time and labour as an ipsa-manual collation of the whole text would have required. I have therefore been very glad to entrust this part of the business to the very competent care of Miss Marian Edwardes, who has done similar work before to the complete satisfaction of incomparably better scholars than myself, and who has been employed upon this collation almost continuously for several months. The principles upon which she has worked may be briefly stated. The first principle was that of leaving unchanged, however corrupt, any reading upon which Lamb's comment was based. The next was, of

going direct to the quartos, and taking their reading where it was different from Lamb's and distinctly better: and of letting well alone, where there was little to choose between them. The third was, of referring to the works of such Great Masters in the history of editing as Dyce and Bullen, where this seemed necessary. And this has been necessary vastly seldomer than one would have expected, for the quartos are wonderful sane and sound; greatly more sane and sound than some modern texts of Lamb's Essays, even the *Essays of Elia*, that I know of, and that are in wide circulation. Scholarship has consisted, it would seem, mainly in getting back to the quartos, in getting rid of the misapprehensions, emendations and misprints of the earlier editors, Dodsley and others. The faults of Lamb's text had their origin there, though doubtless some of them were inventions, accidental or deliberate, of his own. Sometimes, one imagines, with the book open before him, he would yet write from memory and write wrong. The Notes at the end of this and the next volume do not pretend to be an *Apparatus Criticus*, though they sometimes explain what has been done here, and sometimes what ought to have been done but was not. Those upon the specimens contained in the earlier sheets are more especially of the latter kind; for at first the readings of the quartos were not accepted so freely as at a later stage of the work began to seem desirable. Upon the whole, however, the Notes only seek to embody an irreducible minimum of such useful information for the student as, for instance, a more precise citation of the title of each drama, a reference to its date, and to the time or place of its first production. The supplementing of Lamb's critical remarks (alas! too few, and too far between) by the offer of here and there an observation of one's own upon this and that

dramatist would have been an intrusion, to which I have not felt tempted. No one, I hope, will refuse me the meed of praise for that abstinence, merely because the virtue was an easy one. For men have been known, ere now, to labour to go wrong, and have fatigued themselves in a serious effort to be superfluous. The book remains merely and sheerly Charles Lamb's book; Charles Lamb being, indeed, here the "Editor," whose work is only in some immaterial respects seen better through the press by another hand. From what I have said the Reader will infer, I hope, that the titular Editor has had very little to do with the labour of producing these two volumes in their present form, and is therefore entitled to no part of the praise. He has, indeed, a kind of responsibility, as having decided the general question of what should be done, and, to some extent, how it should be gone about. And from time to time the Editorial intelligence—that is to say, the Editorial authority and aptitude for dogmatism—has been invoked, to deal with a doubt, or a dilemma. I believe I have managed once to make sense where all my predecessors have made nonsense, but that could not help happening, once at least. These invocations, however, have been rare, and I am sure the work has prospered by their rarity. And thus is fulfilled that which was written in my General Preface, to the prophetic last words of which the Reader is now requested to turn.

W. M.

PREFACE

More than a third part of the following specimens are from plays which are to be found only in the British Museum and in some scarce private libraries. The rest are from Dodsley's and Hawkins's collections, and the works of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger.

I have chosen wherever I could to give entire scenes, and in some instances successive scenes, rather than to string together single passages and detached beauties, which I have always found wearisome in the reading in selections of this nature.

To every extract is prefixed an explanatory head, sufficient to make it intelligible with the help of some trifling omissions. Where a line or more was obscure, as having reference to something that had gone before, which would have asked more time to explain than its consequence in the scene seemed to deserve, I have had no hesitation in leaving the line or passage out. Sometimes where I have met with a superfluous character, which seemed to burthen without throwing any light upon the scene, I have ventured to dismiss it altogether. I have expunged, without ceremony, all that which the writers had better never have written, that forms the objection so often repeated to the promiscuous reading of Fletcher, Massinger, and some others.

PREFACE

The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit and humour, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than to comic poetry. The plays which I have made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners, rather than masques, and Arcadian pastorals, with their train of abstractions, unimpassioned deities, passionate mortals, Claius, and Medorus, and Amintas, and Amarillis. My leading design has been, to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors. To show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated. how much of Shakspeare shines in the great men his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manners he surpassed them and all mankind.

Another object which I had in making these selections was, to bring together the most admired scenes in Fletcher and Massinger, in the estimation of the world the only dramatic poets of that age who are entitled to be considered after Shakspeare, and to exhibit them in the same volume with the more impressive scenes of old Marlowe, Heywood, Tourneur, Webster, Ford, and others. To show what we have slighted, while beyond all proportion we have cried up one or two favourite names.

The specimens are not accompanied with anything in the shape of biographical notices.[1] I had nothing

[1] The few notes which are interspersed will be found to be chiefly critical.

of consequence to add to the slight sketches in Dodsley and the Biographia Dramatica, and I was unwilling to swell the volume with mere transcription. The reader will not fail to observe, from the frequent instances of two or more persons joining in the composition of the same play (the noble practice of those times), that of most of the writers contained in these selections it may be strictly said, that they were contemporaries. The whole period, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I., comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the Samson Agonistes of Milton.

CHARLES LAMB.

1808.

PREFACE

To the Editor of the Table Book.

Dear Sir,

It is not unknown to you, that about sixteen years since I published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare." For the scarcer Plays I had recourse to the Collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr Garrick. But my time was but short, and my subsequent leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every production in the shape of a Play that has appeared in print, from the time of the old Mysteries and Moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me, who, above every other form of Poetry, have ever preferred the Dramatic, of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montagu House, which I predict will not speedily be followed by a handsomer, and culling at will the flower of some thousand Dramas. It is like having the range of a Nobleman's Library, with the Librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the gentleman who has the chief direction of the Reading Rooms here, and you have scarce to ask for a volume, before it is laid before you. If the occasional extracts, which I have been tempted to bring away, may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly at your service. By those who remember the "Specimens," these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me.—I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

C. Lamb.

January 27, 1827



Thos. Sackville, Earl of Dorset, from the engraving by Vertue

SPECIMENS

OF

ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS

GORBODUC, A TRAGEDY:

By Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Thomas Norton.

Whilst king Gorboduc *in the presence of his councillors laments the death of his eldest son,* Ferrex, *whom* Porrex, *the younger son, has slain,* Marcella, *a court lady, enters and relates the miserable end of* Porrex, *stabbed by his mother in his bed*

Gorboduc, Arostus, Eubulus, *and others.*

Gorb. What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
That even in those, where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow?

Arost. Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys,
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last, neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand, whose stroke assays
The armed breast, where force doth light in vain.

Gorb. Many can yield right grave and sage advice

Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,[1]
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men, as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

MARCELLA *enters.*

Marc. Oh! where is ruth, or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas, within the mother's breast
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood,
If ruth be banished thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?
Gorb. Madam, alas! what means your woful tale?
Marc O, silly woman I! why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same,
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas! is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,
While slumb'ring on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stab'd in with knife is reft of life.
Gorb O Eubulus, oh, draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed. O hateful light,

[1] Nature, natural affection

O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death.
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech.
Eub. Patient, your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound received, but not of certain death.
Gorb. O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain. [*Exit.*
Marc. Alas! he liveth not, it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink[1] a senseless stock I saw.
Arost. O damned deed!
Marc. But hear his ruthful end.
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastely start,[2]
Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, even new unclosed,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
We then, alas! the ladies, which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying, alas! (for nought else could we do)
His ruthful end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might,
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand,
The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. O what a look,
O what a ruthful stedfast eye methought
He fix'd upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me,—when with a braid
A deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

[1] Twinkling of an eye. [2] Started.

Arost. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.
Marc. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel heart, that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas! so heinous crime was wrought.
O queen of adamant! O marble breast!
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely cheer and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage,
His noble limbs in such proportion cast
As would have rapt a silly woman's thought,
If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Even to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff to please thy lady's eye,
That bowed the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace!
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
Which never now these eyes may see again.
Arost. Madam, alas! in vain these plaints are shed,
Rather with me depart, and help to assuage
The thoughtful griefs, that in the aged king
Must needs by nature grow, by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.
Marc. What wight is that which saw that I did see,

And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
Not I, alas! that heart is not in me.
But let us go, for I am grieved anew,
To call to mind the wretched father's woe.
[*Exeunt.*

Chorus of aged men. When greedy lust, in royal seat to reign,
Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men,
And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
Within the ambitious breast are lodged, then
Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
And with the brother's hand the brother slays.
When blood thus shed doth stain this heaven's face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
The mighty God even moveth from his place
With wrath to wreak, then sends he forth with speed
The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
These for revenge of wretched murder done,
Doth cause the mother kill her only son.
Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite;
Jove by his just and everlasting doom
Justly hath ever so requited it.
The times before record, and times to come,
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.
O happy wight that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood:
And happy he that can in time beware
By others' harms, and turn it to his good:
But woe to him that fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

[The style of this old play is stiff and cumbersome, like the dresses of its times There may be flesh and blood underneath, but we cannot get at it. Sir Philip Sidney has praised it for its morality One of its authors might easily furnish that. Norton was an associate to Hopkins, Sternhold, and Robert Wisdom, in the Singing Psalms I am willing to believe that Lord Buckhurst supplied the more vital parts The chief beauty in the extract is of a secret nature Marcella obscurely intimates that the murdered prince Porrex and she had been lovers]

TANCRED AND GISMUND:

ACTED BEFORE THE COURT BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INNER TEMPLE, 1591.

A Messenger *brings to* GISMUND *a cup from the King her Father, enclosing the heart of her Lord, whom she had espoused without his sanction*

Mess. Thy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath sent
The thing to joy and comfort thee withal
Which thou lovedst best, even as thou wast content
To comfort him with his chief joy of all.
Gis. I thank my father, and thee, gentle squire,
For this thy travail. take thou, for thy pains,
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

. . . . . .

So, now is come the long-expected hour,
The fatal hour I have so looked for;
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst
With guiltless blood, which he so coveted.
What brings this cup? ay me! I thought no less;
It is mine earl's, my county's pierced heart.
Dear heart, too dearly hast thou bought my love,
Extremely rated at too high a price.
Ah, my dear heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,
But in thy life thou provest passing sweet.
A fitter hearse than this of beaten gold

Could not be lotted to so good a heart.
My father therefore well provided thus
To close and wrap thee up in massy gold,
And therewithal to send thee unto me,
To whom of duty thou dost best belong.
My father hath in all his life bewray'd
A princely care and tender love to me;
But this surpasseth, in his latter days
To send me this, my own dear heart, to me.
Wert not thou mine, dear heart, whilst that my love
Danced and play'd upon thy golden strings?
Art thou not mine, dear heart, now that my love
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings?
Thou art mine own, and still mine own shall be,
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me
Ah, pleasant harborough,[1] of my heart's thought!
Ah, sweet delight, the quickener of my soul!
Seven times accursed be the hand that wrought
Thee this despite, to mangle thee so foul;
Yet in this wound I see my own true love,
And in this wound thy magnanimity,
And in this wound I see thy constancy.
Go, gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tomb,
Receive this token at thy last farewell.
[*She kisseth it.*
Thy own true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting hasteth for thy company.
Thus hast thou run, poor heart, thy mortal race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's snares,
Thus hast thou lost this world and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withal,
Receiv'd a golden grave to thy desert.
Nothing doth want to thy just funeral,
But my salt tears to wash thy bloody wound;

[1] Harbour

Which to the end thou mightst receive, behold
My father sends thee in this cup of gold:
And thou shalt have them, though I was resolv'd
To shed no tears, but with a cheerful face
Once did I think to wet thy funeral
Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.
This done, my soul forthwith shall fly to thee;
For therefore did my father send thee me.

[Nearly a century after the date of this drama, Dryden produced his admirable version of the same story from Boccacio The speech here extracted may be compared with the corresponding passage in the Sigismonda and Guiscardo, with no disadvantage to the elder performance. It is quite as weighty, as pointed, and as passionate.]

ALAHAM, A TRAGEDY:

By Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

Alaham, *second son to the* King *of* Ormus, *deposes his father, whose eyes, and the eyes of his elder brother* Zophi (*acting upon a maxim of oriental policy*), *he causes to be put out. They, blind, and fearing for their lives, wander about In this extremity they are separately met by the king's daughter* Cælica, *who conducts them to places of refuge, hiding her father amid the vaults of a temple, and guiding her brother to take sanctuary at the altar*

King. Cælica.

King. Cælica! thou only child, whom I repent
Not yet to have begot! thy work is vain:
Thou run'st against my destiny's intent.
Fear not my fall, the steep is fairest plain,
And error safest guide unto his end,
Who nothing but mischance can have to friend.
We parents are but nature's nursery,
When our succession springs, then ripe to fall.
Privation unto age is natural:
Age there is also in a prince's state,
Which is contempt, grown of misgovernment;

Where love of change begetteth princes' hate:
For hopes must wither, or grow violent,
If fortune bind desires to one estate.
Then mark! Blind, as a man; scorn'd, as a king;
A father's kindness loath'd, and desolate;
Life without joy, or light: what can it bring,
But inward horror unto outward hate?
O safety! thou art then a hateful thing,
When children's death assures the father's state.
No, safe I am not, though my son were slain,
My frailty would beget such sons again.
Besides, if fatal be the Heavens' will,
Repining adds more force to destiny;
Whose iron wheels stay not on fleshly wit,
But headlong run down steep necessity.
And as in danger, we do catch at it
That comes to help; and unadvisedly
Oft do our friends to our misfortune knit:
So with the harm of those who would us good
Is destiny impossibly withstood.
Cælica, then cease; importune me no more:
My son, my age, the state where things are now
Require my death. Who would consent to live
Where love cannot revenge, nor truth forgive?

Cælica. Though fear see nothing but extremity,
Yet danger is no deep sea, but a ford,
Where they that yield can only drowned be
In wrongs, and wounds; sir, you are too remiss:
To thrones a passive nature fatal is.

King. Occasion to my son hath turn'd her face;
My inward wants all outward strengths betray,
And so make that impossible I may.

Cælica. Yet live:
Live for the state.

King. Whose ruins glasses are
Wherein see errors of myself I must,
And hold my life of danger, shame, and care.

Cælica. When fear propounds, with loss men ever choose.
King. Nothing is left me but myself to lose.
Cælica. And is it nothing then to lose the state?
King. Where chance is ripe, there counsel comes too late.
Cælica, by all thou owest the gods and me,
I do conjure thee, leave me to my chance.
What's past was error's way; the truth it is,
Wherein I wretch can only go amiss.
If nature saw no cause of sudden ends,
She, that but one way made to draw our breath,
Would not have left so many doors to death.
Cælica. Yet, sir, if weakness be not such a sand
As neither wrong nor counsel can manure;
Choose, and resolve what death you will endure.
King. This sword, thy hands, may offer up my breath,
And plague my life's remissness in my death.
Cælica. Unto that duty if these hands be born,
I must think God and truth, were names of scorn.
Again, this justice were, if life were loved,
Now merely grace; since death doth but forgive
A life to you, which is a death to live.
Pain must displease that satisfies offence.
King. Chance hath left death no more to spoil but sense.
Cælica. Then sword, do justice' office thorough me:
I offer more than that he hates to thee.
[*Offers to kill herself.*
King. Ah! stay thy hand: my state no equal hath,
And much more matchless my strange vices be:
One kind of death becomes not thee and me.
Kings plagues by chance or destiny should fall;
Headlong he perish must that ruins all.
Cælica. No cliff, or rock, is so precipitate,
But down it eyes can lead the blind a way;
Without me live, or with me die you may.

King. Cælica, and wilt thou Alaham exceed ?
His cruelty is death, you torments use ;
He takes my crown, you take myself from me ;
A prince of this fallen empire let me be.
Cælica. Then be a king, no tyrant of thyself :
Be, and be what you will : what nature lent
Is still in hers, and not our government.
King. If disobedience and obedience both
Still do me hurt, in what strange state am I ?
But hold thy course : it well becomes my blood,
To do their parents mischief with their good.
Cælica. Yet, sir, hark to the poor oppressed tears,
The just men's moan, that suffer by your fall ;
A prince's charge is to protect them all.
And shall it nothing be that I am yours ?
The world without, my heart within, doth know,
I never had unkind, unreverent powers.
If thus you yield to Alaham's treachery,
He ruins you . 'tis you, sir, ruin me.
King. Cælica, call up the dead , awake the blind ;
Turn back the time ; bid winds tell whence they come ;
As vainly strength speaks to a broken mind.
Fly from me, Cælica ; hate all I do
Misfortunes have in blood successions too.
Cælica. Will you do that which Alaham cannot ?
He hath no good ; you have no ill, but he
This mar-right yielding 's honour's tyranny.
King. Have I not done amiss ? am I not ill,
That ruin'd have a king's authority ?
And not one king alone, since princes all
Feel part of those scorns, whereby one doth fall.
Treason against me cannot treason be .
All laws have lost authority in me.
Cælica. The laws of power chain'd to men's humours be.
The good have conscience ; the ill, like instruments,

Are, in the hands of wise authority,
Moved, divided, used, or laid down;
Still, with desire, kept subject to a crown.
Stir up all states, all spirits: hope and fear,
Wrong and revenge, are current everywhere.

King. Put down my son; for that must be the way:
A father's shame, a prince's tyranny;
The sceptre ever shall misjudged be.

Cælica. Let them fear rumour that do work amiss;
Blood, torments, death, horrors of cruelty,
Have time and place. Look through these skins of fear,
Which still persuade the better side to bear
And since thy son thus traitorously conspires,
Let him not prey on all thy race and thee:
Keep ill example from posterity.

King. Danger is come, and must I now unarm,
And let in hope to weaken resolution?
Passion! be thou my legacy and will,
To thee I give my life, crown, reputation;
My pomps to cloud, and, as forlorn with men,
My strength to women, hoping this alone,
Though fear'd, sought, and a king, to live unknown.
Cælica, all these to thee, do thou bestow
This living darkness, wherein I do go.

Cælica. My soul now joys. doing breathes horror out.
Absence must be our first step. let us fly:
A pause in rage makes Alaham to doubt;
Which doubt may stir in people hope and fear,
With love, or hate, to seek you everywhere.
For princes' lives are fortune's misery:
As dainty sparks, which till men dead do know,
To kindle for himself each man doth blow.
But hark! what's this? Malice doth never sleep:
I hear the spies of power drawing near.
Sir! follow me. misfortune's worst is come;

Her strength is change, and change yields better doom,
Choice now is past. Hard by there is a pile,
Built, under colour of a sacrifice;
If God do grant, it is a place to save;
If God denies, it is a ready grave.

ZOPHI *appears.*

Cælica. What see I here! more spectacles of woe?
And are my kindred only made to be
Agents and patients in iniquity?
Ah, forlorn wretch! ruin's example right!
Lost to thyself, not to thy enemy,
Whose hand, even while thou fliest, thou fall'st into,
And with thy fall thy father dost undo.
Save one I may Nature would save them both;
But Chance hath many wheels, Rage many eyes.
What, shall I then abandon innocents?[1]
Not help a helpless brother thrown on me?
Is nature narrow to adversity?
No, no Our God left duty for a law;
Pity, at large, love, in authority;
Despair, in bonds; Fear, of itself in awe.
That rage of time, and Power's strange liberty,
Oppressing good men, might resistance find
Nor can I to a brother be less kind
Dost thou, that canst not see, hope to escape?
Disgrace can have no friend, contempt, no guide;
Right is thy guilt, thy judge Iniquity;
Which desolation casts on them that see.

Zophi. Make calm thy rage pity a ghost distress'd:
My right, my liberty, I freely give.
Give him, that never harm'd thee, leave to live.

Cælica. Nay, God, the world, thy parents it deny;

[1] Zophi is represented as a prince of weak understanding

A brother's jealous heart; usurped might
Grows friends with all the world, except thy right.
Zophi. Secure thyself: exile me from this coast:
My fault, suspicion is; my judge, is fear;
Occasion, with myself, away I bear.
Cælica. Fly unto God. for in humanity
Hope there is none. Reach me thy fearful hand:
I am thy sister, neither fiend, nor spy
Of tyrant's rage, but one that feels despair
Of thy estate, which thou dost only fear.
Kneel down; embrace this holy mystery,
A refuge to the worst for rape and blood,
And yet, I fear, not hallow'd for the good.
Zophi. Help, God! defend thine altar! since thy might,
In earth, leaves innocents no other right.
Cælica. Eternal God! that seest thyself in us,
If vows be more than sacrifice of lust,
Raised from the smokes of hope and fear in us,
Protect this innocent, calm Alaham's rage,
By miracles faith goes from age to age.
Affection trembles, reason is oppress'd,
Nature, methinks, doth her own entrails tear:
In resolution ominous is fear

ALAHAM *causes search to be made after his father and brother* ZOPHI *is discovered, and* CÆLICA, *who, being questioned by* ALAHAM *where she has hid her father, dissembles as though she thought that the* KING *was dead, but being threatened with the rack, her exclamations call her father from his hiding-place, who, together with her, and her brother* ZOPHI, *are sentenced by* ALAHAM *to the flames*

ALAHAM. Attendants.
Alaham. Sirs, seek the city, examine, torture, rack;
Sanctuaries none let there be, make darkness known,
Pull down the roofs, dig, burn, put all to wrack;
And let the guiltless for the guilty groan
Change, shame, misfortune, in their 'scaping lie,
And in their finding our prosperity.

He sees CÆLICA.

Good fortune, welcome! We have lost our care,
And found our loss: Cælica distract I see;
The king is near: she is her father's eyes.

He sees ZOPHI.

Behold! the forlorn wretch, half of my fear,
Takes sanctuary at holy altar's feet
Lead him apart, examine, force, and try,
These bind the subject, not the monarchy.
Cælica! awake. that God of whom you crave
Is deaf, and only gives men what they have.

Cælica. Ah, cruel wretch! guilty of parent's blood!
Might I, poor innocent, my father free,
My murther yet were less impiety.
But on; devour. fear only to be good
Let us not 'scape thy glory then doth rise,
When thou at once thy house dost sacrifice.

Alaham. Tell me where thy father is.

Cælica. O bloody scorn!
Must he be kill'd again that gave thee breath?
Is duty nothing else in thee but death?

Alaham. Leave off this mask, deceit is never wise;
Though he be blind, a king hath many eyes.

Cælica. O twofold scorn! God be revenged for me.
Yet since my father is destroy'd by thee,
Add still more scorn, it sorrow multiplies.

Alaham. Passions are learn'd, not born within the heart,
That method keep order is quiet's art.
Tell where he is for look what love conceals,
Pain out of nature's labyrinths reveals.

Cælica. This is reward which thou dost threaten me:
If terror thou wilt threaten, promise joys.

Alaham. Smart cools these boiling styles of vanity.

Cælica. And if my father I no more shall see,
Help me unto the place where he remains.

To hell below, or to the sky above,
The way is easy where the guide is love.
Alaham. Confess; where is he hid?
Cælica. Rack not my woe.
Thy glorious pride of this unglorious deed
Doth mischief ripe, and therefore falling, show.
Alaham. Bodies have place, and blindness must be led,
Graves be the thrones of kings, when they be dead.
Cælica. He was, unhappy, cause that thou art now,
Thou art, ah wicked! cause that he is not,
And fear'st thou parricide can be forgot?
Bear witness, thou Almighty God on high,
And you black powers inhabiting below,
That for his life myself would yield to die.
Alaham. Well, sirs, go seek the dark and secret caves,
The holy temples, sanctified cells,
All parts wherein a living corpse may dwell.
Cælica. Seek him amongst the dead, you placed him there
You lose no pains, good souls, go not to hell;
And, but to heaven, you may go everywhere.
Guilty, with you, of his blood let me be,
If any more I of my father know,
Than that he is where you would have him go.
Alaham. Tear up the vaults. behold her agonies!
Sorrow subtracts, and multiplies the spirits,
Care and desire do under anguish cease!
Doubt curious is, affecting piety,
Woe loves itself, fear from itself would fly.
Do not these trembling motions witness bear,
That all these protestations be of fear?
Cælica If aught be quick in me, move it with scorn:
Nothing can come amiss to thoughts forlorn.
Alaham. Confess in time. revenge is merciless.
Cælica. Reward and pain, fear and desire too
Are vain, in things impossible to do.
Alaham. Tell yet where thou thy father last did see.

Cælica. Even where he by his loss of eyes hath won,
That he no more shall see his monstrous son.
First, in perpetual night thou madest him go;
His flesh the grave, his life the stage, where sense
Plays all the tragedies of pain and woe.
And wouldst thou traitorously thyself exceed,
By seeking thus to make his ghost to bleed?

Alaham. Bear her away . devise, add to the rack
Torments, that both call death, and turn it back.

Cælica. The flattering glass of power is others' pain.
Perfect thy work, that heaven and hell may know,
To worse I cannot, going from thee, go.
Eternal life, that ever liv'st above!
If sense there be with thee of hate or love,
Revenge my king and father's overthrow.
O father! if that name reach up so high,
And be more than a proper word of art,
To teach respects in our humanity,
Accept these pains, whereof you feel no smart!

The KING *comes forth.*

King. What sound is this of Cælica's distress?
Alaham, wrong not a silly sister's faith
'Tis plague enough that she is innocent,
My child, thy sister, born by thee and me,
With shame and sin to have affinity.
Break me, I am the prison of thy thought:
Crowns dear enough, with father's blood, are bought

Alaham Now feel thou shalt, thou ghost unnatural!
Those wounds which thou to my heart didst give,
When, in despite of God, this state, and me,
Thou didst from death mine elder brother free.
The smart of king's oppression doth not die.
Time rusteth malice, rust wounds cruelly.

King. Flatter thy wickedness; adorn thy rage,
To wear a crown, tear up thy father's age.

Kill not thy sister: it is lack of wit
To do an ill that brings no good with it.

Alaham. Go, lead them hence. Prepare the funeral;
Hasten the sacrifice and pomp of woe.
Where she did hide him, thither let them go.

A NUNTIUS (*or* Messenger) *relates to* ALAHAM *the manner of his Father's, Brother's, and Sister's deaths, and the popular discontents which followed* ALAHAM, *by the sudden working of remorse, is distracted, and imagines that he sees their ghosts*

ALAHAM. NUNTIUS.

Nuntius The first which burnt, as Cain[1] his next of kin,
In blood your brother, and your prince in state,
Drew wonder from men's hearts, brought horror in.
This innocent, this soul too meek for sin,
Yet made for others to do harm withal,
With his self-pity tears, drew tears from us;
His blood, compassion had; his wrong, stirr'd hate.
Deceit is odious in a king's estate.
Repiningly he goes unto his end:
Strange visions rise, strange furies haunt the flame,
People cry out, Echo repeats his name
These words he spake, even breathing out his breath
"Unhappy weakness! never innocent!
If in a crown, yet but an instrument
People! observe; this fact may make you see,
Excess hath ruin'd what itself did build.
But ah! the more oppress'd, the more you yield."
The next was he whose age had reverence;
His gesture something more than privateness,
Guided by one, whose stately grace did move
Compassion, even in hearts that could not love.

[1] The execution, to make it plausible to the people, is coloured with the pretext, that the being burnt is a voluntary sacrifice of themselves by the victims at the funeral of Cain a bashaw and relative

As soon as these approached near the flame,
The wind, the steam, or Furies rais'd their veils,
And in their looks this image did appear:
Each unto other, life to neither, dear.
These words he spake.—("Behold one that hath lost
Himself within, and so the world without;
A king that brings authority in doubt.
This is the fruit of power's misgovernment.
People! my fall is just; yet strange your fate,
That, under worst, will hope for better state.")
Grief roars aloud. Your sister yet remain'd,
Helping in death to him in whom she died;
Then going to her own, as if she gain'd,
These mild words spake with looks to heaven bent —
"O God! 'tis thou that sufferest here, not we:
Wrong doth but like itself in working thus.
At thy will, Lord! revenge Thyself, not us"
The fire straight upward bears the souls in breath
Visions of horror circle in the flame,
With shapes and figures like to that of Death;
But lighter-tongu'd and nimbler-wing'd than Fame
Some to the church, some to the people fly:
A voice cries out "Revenge and liberty.
Princes! take heed, your glory is your care;
And power's foundations, strengths, not vices, are."
Alaham What change is this, that now I feel within?
Is it disease that works this fall of spirits?
Or works this fall of spirits my disease?
Things seem not as they did; horror appears.
What Sin embodied, what strange sight is this?
Doth sense bring back but what within me is,
Or do I see those shapes which haunt the flame?
What summons up remorse? Shall conscience rate
Kings' deeds, to make them less than their estate?
Ah silly ghost! is 't you that swarm about?

Wouldst thou, that art not now, a father be?
These body laws do with the life go out.
What thoughts be these that do my entrails tear?
You wandering spirits frame in me your hell;
I feel my brother and my sister there.
. . . . . .

MUSTAPHA, A TRAGEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ROSSA, *wife to* SOLYMAN *the Turkish Emperor, persuades her husband, that* MUSTAPHA, *his son by a former marriage, and heir to his crown, seeks his life, that she may make way, by the death of* MUSTAPHA, *for the advancement of her own children,* ZANGER *and* CAMENA. CAMENA, *the virtuous daughter of* ROSSA, *defends the innocence of* MUSTAPHA, *in a conference which she holds with the Emperor*

CAMENA. SOLYMAN.

Cam. They that from youth do suck at Fortune's breast,
And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,
Like dropsy-fed, their thirst doth never rest,
For still by getting, they beget desire
Till thoughts, like wood, while they maintain the flame
Of high desires, grow ashes in the same.
But Virtue! those that can behold thy beauties,
Those that suck, from their youth, thy milk of goodness,
Their minds grow strong against the storms of Fortune,
And stand, like rocks in winter-gusts, unshaken,
Not with the blindness of desire mistaken
O virtue therefore! whose thrall I think Fortune,
Thou who despisest not the sex of women,
Help me out of these riddles of my fortune,



Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, from an engraving in the Felix Slade Collection in the British Museum

Wherein (methinks) you with yourself do pose me :
Let fates go on sweet virtue ! do not lose me.
My mother and my husband have conspired,
For brother's good, the ruin of my brother :
My father by my mother is inspired,
For one child to seek ruin of another.
I that to help by nature am required,
While I do help, must needs still hurt a brother.
While I see who conspire, I seem conspired
Against a husband, father, and a mother.
Truth bids me run, by truth I am retir'd ;
Shame leads me both the one way, and the other.
In what a labyrinth is honour cast,
Drawn divers ways with sex, with time, with state !
In all which, error's course is infinite,
By hope, by fear, by spite, by love, and hate ;
And but one only way unto the right,
A thorny way, where pain must be the guide,
Danger the light, offence of power, the praise,
Such are the golden hopes of iron days.
Yet Virtue, I am thine, for thy sake sorry
Since basest thoughts, for their ill-plac'd desires,
In shame, in danger, death, and torments glory
That I cannot with more pains write thy story.
Chance, therefore, if thou scornest those that scorn thee ;
Fame, if thou hatest those that force thy trumpet
To sound aloud, and yet despise thy sounding ;
Laws, if you love not those that be examples
Of nature's laws, whence you are fall'n corrupted,
Conspire that I, against you all conspired,
Joined with tyrant virtue, as you call her,
That I, by your revenges may be named,
For virtue, to be ruin'd, and defamed.
My mother oft and diversely I warned,
What fortunes were upon such courses builded :
That fortune still must be with ill maintained,

Which at the first with any ill is gained.
I Rosten[1] warn'd, that man's self-loving thought
Still creepeth to the rude-embracing might
Of princes' grace: a lease of glories let,
Which shining burns, breeds sereness when 'tis set.
And, by this creature of my mother's making,
This messenger, I Mustapha have warn'd,
That innocence is not enough to save,
Where good and greatness, fear and envy have.
Till now, in reverence I have forborne
To ask, or to presume to guess, or know
My father's thoughts, whereof he might think scorn
For dreadful is that power that all may do;
Yet they, that all men fear, are fearful too.
Lo, where he sits! Virtue, work thou in me,
That what thou seekest may accomplish'd be.

Solym Ah death! is not thyself sufficient anguish,
But thou must borrow fear, that threatening glass,
Which, while it goodness hides, and mischief shows,
Doth lighten wit to honour's overthrows?
But hush! methinks away Camena steals,
Murder, belike, in me itself reveals.
Camena! whither now? why haste you from me?
Is it so strange a thing to be a father?
Or is it I that am so strange a father?

Cam. My lord, methought, nay, sure I saw you busy:
Your child presumes, uncalled, that comes unto you.

Solym. Who may presume with fathers, but their own,
Whom nature's law hath ever in protection,
And gilds in good belief of dear affection?

Cam. Nay, reverence, sir, so children's worth doth hide,

[1] Her husband

As of the fathers it is least espied.
Solym. I think 'tis true; who know their children least,
Have greatest reason to esteem them best.
Cam. How so, my lord? since love in knowledge lives,
Which unto strangers therefore no man gives.
Solym. The life we gave them soon they do forget,
While they think our lives do their fortunes let.
Cam. The tenderness of life it is so great,
As any sign of death we hate too much;
And unto parents, sons perchance, are such.
Yet nature meant her strongest unity
'Twixt sons and fathers; making parents cause
Unto the sons of their humanity,
And children pledge of their eternity;
Fathers should love this image in their sons.
Solym. But streams back to their springs do never run.
Cam. Pardon, my lord, doubt is succession's foe:
Let not her mists poor children overthrow.
Though streams from springs do seem to run away,
'Tis nature leads them to their mother sea.
Solym Doth nature teach them, in ambition's strife,
To seek his death, by whom they have their life?
Cam Things easy to desire impossible do seem:
Why should fear make impossible seem easy?
Solym Monsters yet be, and being are believed.
Cam Incredible hath some inordinate progression:
Blood, doctrine, age, corrupting liberty,
Do all concur, where men such monsters be.
Pardon me, sir, if duty do seem angry.
Affection must breathe out afflicted breath,
Where imputation hath such easy faith.
Solym Mustapha is he that hath defil'd his nest,
The wrong the greater for I lov'd him best.
He hath devised that all at once should die,
Rosten, and Rossa, Zanger, thou, and I.
Cam. Fall none but angels suddenly to hell?

Are kind and order grown precipitate?
Did ever any other man but he,
In instant lose the use of doing well?
Sir, these be mists of greatness. Look again;
For kings that, in their fearful icy state,
Behold their children as their winding-sheet,
Do easily doubt, and what they doubt, they hate.
Solym. Camena! thy sweet youth, that knows no ill,
Cannot believe thine elders, when they say,
That good belief is great estates' decay.
Let it suffice, that I, and Rossa too,
Are privy what your brother means to do.
Cam. Sir, pardon me, and nobly, as a father,
What I shall say, and say of holy mother,
Know I shall say it, but to right a brother.
My mother is your wife duty in her
Is love she loves, which not well govern'd, bears
The evil angel of misgiving fears,
Whose many eyes, whilst but itself they see,
Still makes the worst of possibility
Out of this fear she Mustapha accuseth·
Unto this fear, perchance, she joins the love
Which doth in mothers for their children move
Perchance, when fear hath show'd her yours must fall,
In love she sees that hers must rise withal.
Sir, fear a frailty is, and may have grace,
And over-care of you cannot be blamed;
Care of our own in nature hath a place,
Passions are oft mistaken, and misnamed,
Things simply good grow evil with misplacing.
Though laws cut off, and do not care to fashion,
Humanity of error hath compassion.
Yet God forbid, that either fear, or care,
Should ruin those that true and faultless are.
Solym Is it no fault, or fault I may forgive,
For son to seek the father should not live?

Cam. Is it a fault, or fault for you to know,
My mother doubts a thing that is not so?
These ugly works of monstrous parricide,
Mark from what hearts they rise, and where they bide
Violent, despair'd, where honour broken is;
Fear, lord; time, death; where hope is misery,
Doubt having stopp'd all honest ways to bliss,
And custom shut the windows up of shame,
That craft may take upon her wisdom's name.
Compare now Mustapha with this despair:
Sweet youth, sure hopes, honour, a father's love,
No infamy to move, or banish fear,
Honour to stay, hazard to hasten fate.
Can horrors work in such a child's estate?
Besides, the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Have placed you high to rule, not overthrow,
For us, not for yourselves is your estate:
Mercy must hand in hand with power go.
Your sceptre should not strike with arms of fear,
Which fathoms all men's imbecility,
And mischief doth, lest it should mischief bear.
As reason deals within with frailty,
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,
But adds, subtracts, keeps down ambitious spirits,
So must power form, not ruin instruments
For flesh and blood, the means 'twixt heaven and hell,
Unto extremes extremely racked be;
Which kings in art of government should see,
Else they, which circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air wherein they draw their breath.
Pardon, my lord, pity becomes my sex:
Grace with delay grows weak, and fury wise.
Remember Theseus' wish, and Neptune's haste,
Kill'd innocence, and left succession waste.

Solym. If what were best for them that do offend,

Laws did inquire, the answer must be, grace:
If mercy be so large, where 's justice' place?
Cam. Where love despairs, and where God's promise ends.
For mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it:
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.
Solym. God may forgive, whose being and whose harms
Are far removed from reach of fleshly arms.
But if God equals or successors had,
Even God of safe revenges would be glad
Cam. While he is yet alive, he may be slain;
But from the dead no flesh comes back again.
Solym While he remains alive, I live in fear.
Cam. Though he were dead, that doubt still living were.
Solym None hath the power to end what he begun.
Cam. The same occasion follows every son.
Solym. Their greatness, or their worth, is not so much.
Cam And shall the best be slain for being such?
Solym. Thy mother or thy brother are amiss,
I am betray'd, and one of them it is.
Cam. My mother, if she errs, errs virtuously;
And let her err, ere Mustapha should die.
Solym Kings for their safety must not blame mistrust.
Cam. Nor for surmises sacrifice the just.
Solym. Well, dear Camena, keep this secretly.
I will be well advis'd before he die.

HELI, *a* PRIEST, *acquaints* MUSTAPHA *with the intentions of his father towards him, and counsels him to seek his safety in the destruction of* ROSSA *and her faction* MUSTAPHA *refuses to save his life at the expense of the public peace, and being sent for by his father, obeys the mandate to his destruction*

Priest. Thy father purposeth thy death.
Must. What have I to my father done amiss?
Priest. That wicked Rossa thy step-mother is.

Must. Wherein have I of Rossa ill-deserved?
Priest. In that the empire is for thee reserved.
Must. Is it a fault to be my father's son?
Ah foul ambition! which, like water-floods
Not channel-bound, dost neighbours over-run,
And growest nothing when thy rage is done.
Must Rossa's heirs out of my ashes rise?
Yet, Zanger, I acquit thee of my blood;
For I believe thy heart hath no impression
To ruin Mustapha for his succession.
But tell what colours they against me use,
And how my father's love they first did wound?
Priest. Of treason towards him they thee accuse:
Thy fame and greatness give their malice ground.
Must Good world, where it is danger to be good!
Yet grudge I not power of myself to power:
This baseness only in mankind I blame,
That indignation should give laws to fame.
Show me the truth ——To what rules am I bound?
Priest No man commanded is by God to die,
As long as he may persecution fly.
Must To fly hath scorn,—it argues guiltiness,
Inherits fear, weakly abandons friends,
Gives tyrants fame, takes honour from distress——
Death, do thy worst! thy greatest pains have end.
Priest Mischief is like the cockatrice's eyes,
Sees first, and kills; or is seen first, and dies.
Fly to thy strength, which makes misfortune vain.
Rossa intends thy ruin. What is she?
Seek in her bowels for thy father lost
Who can redeem a king with viler cost?
Must O false and wicked colours of desire!
Eternal bondage unto him that seeks
To be possess'd of all things that he likes!
Shall I, a son and subject, seem to dare,
For any selfness, to set realms on fire,
Which golden titles to rebellions are?

Heli, even you have told me, wealth was given
The wicked, to corrupt themselves and others;
Greatness and health, to make flesh proud and cruel,
Where, in the good, sickness mows down desire;
Death glorifies, misfortune humbles.
Since therefore life is but the throne of woe,
Which sickness, pain, desire, and fear inherit,
Ever most worth to men of weakest spirit,
Shall we, to languish in this brittle jail,
Seek, by ill deeds, to shun ill destiny,
And so, for toys, lose immortality?

Priest. Fatal necessity is never known
Until it strike, and till that blow be come,
Who falls, is by false visions overthrown.

Must. Blasphemous love! safe conduct of the ill!
What power hath given man's wickedness such skill?

Priest. Ah servile men! how are your thoughts bewitch'd
With hopes and fears, the price of your subjection,
That neither sense nor time can make you see,
The art of power will leave you nothing free!

Must. Is it in us to rule a sultan's will?

Priest. We made them first for good, and not for ill.

Must. Our gods they are, their God remains above
To think against anointed power is death.

Priest. To worship tyrants is no work of faith.

Must 'Tis rage of folly that contends with fate.

Priest. Yet hazard something to preserve the state.

Must. Sedition wounds what should preserved be.

Priest. To wound power's humours, keeps their honours free.

Must Admit this true. what sacrifice prevails?

Priest Force the petition is that never fails.

Must Where then is nature's place for innocence?

Priest Prosperity, that never makes offence.

Must. Hath destiny no wheels but mere occasion?

Priest. Could east upon the west else make invasion?

Must. Confusion follows where obedience leaves.
Priest. The tyrant only that event deceives.
Must. And are the ways of truth and honour such?
Priest. Weakness doth ever think it owes too much.
Must. Hath fame her glorious colours out of fear?
Priest. What is the world to him that is not there?
Must. Tempt me no more. Good-will is then a pain,
When her words beat the heart and cannot enter.
I constant in my counsel do remain,
And more lives, for my own life, will not venture.
My fellows! rest. Our Alcoran doth bind,
That I alone should first my father find.

A Messenger *enters.*

Messenger. Sir, by our lord's commandment, here I wait,
To guide you to his presence,
Where, like a king and father, he intends
To honour and acquaint you with his ends.
Must. Heli, farewell, all fates are from above
Chain'd unto humours that must rise or fall.
Think what we will, men do but what they shall.

ACHMAT *describes the manner of* MUSTAPHA'S *execution to* ZANGER.

ACHMAT. ZANGER.

Achm. When Solyman, by cunning spite
Of Rossa's witchcrafts, from his heart had banish'd
Justice of kings, and lovingness of fathers,
To wage and lodge such camps of heady passions,
As that sect's cunning practices could gather,
Envy took hold of worth: doubt did misconstrue;
Renown was made a lie, and yet a terror:
Nothing could calm his rage, or move compassion:
Mustapha must die. To which end mov'd he was,
Laden with hopes and promises of favour.
So vile a thing is craft in every heart,
As it makes power itself descend to art.

While Mustapha, that neither hop'd nor fear'd,
Seeing the storms of rage and danger coming,
Yet came; and came accompanied with power.
But neither power, which warranted his safety,
Nor safety, that makes violence a justice,
Could hold him from obedience to this throne;
A gulph, which hath devoured many a one.

Zang. Alas! could neither truth appease his fury,
Nor his unlook'd humility of coming,
Nor any secret-witnessing remorses?
Can nature from herself make such divorces?
Tell on, that all the world may rue and wonder.

Achm. There is a place environed with trees,
Upon whose shadowed centre there is pitched
A large, embroidered, sumptuous pavilion,
The stately throne of tyranny and murder,
Where mighty men are slain, before they know
That they to other than to honour go.
Mustapha no sooner to the port did come,
But thither he is sent for and conducted
By six slave eunuchs, either taught to colour
Mischief with reverence, or forc'd, by nature,
To reverence true virtue in misfortune.
While Mustapha, whose heart was now resolved,
Not fearing death, which he might have prevented,
Nor craving life, which he might well have gotten,
If he would other duties have forgotten,
Yet glad to speak his last thoughts to his father,
Desired the eunuchs to entreat it for him.
They did, wept they, and kneeled to his father.
But bloody rage that glories to be cruel,
And jealousy that fears she is not fearful,
Made Solyman refuse to hear, or pity.
He bids them haste their charge; and bloody-eyed
Beholds his son, while he obeying died

Zang. How did that doing heart endure to suffer?
Tell on.

Quicken my powers, harden'd and dull to good,
Which, yet unmov'd, hear tell of brother's blood.
Achm. While these six eunuchs to this charge appointed.
Whose hearts had never used their hands to pity
Whose hands, now only trembled to do murder,
With reverence and fear stood still amazed;
Loath to cut off such worth, afraid to save it;
Mustapha, with thoughts resolved and united,
Bids them fulfil their charge, and look no further.
Their hearts afraid to let their hands be doing,
The cord, that hateful instrument of murder,
They lifting up let fall, and falling lift it.
Each sought to help, and helping hinder'd other;
Till Mustapha, in haste to be an angel,
With heavenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshows
The joy and peace of those souls where he goes.
His last words were "O father, now forgive me;
Forgive them too that wrought my overthrow:
Let my grave never minister offences.
For, since my father coveteth my death,
Behold, with joy, I offer him my breath."
The eunuchs roar: Solyman his rage is glutted:
His thoughts divine of vengeance for this murder:
Rumour flies up and down · the people murmur:
Sorrow gives laws, before men know the truth;
Fear prophesieth aloud, and threatens ruth.

ROSTEN *describes to* ACHMAT *the popular fury which followed upon the execution of* MUSTAPHA

ROSTEN. ACHMAT.

Ros. When Mustapha was by the eunuchs strangled,
Forthwith his camp grew doubtful of his absence:
The guard of Solyman himself did murmur:
People began to search their prince's counsels:
Fury gave laws the laws of duty vanish'd:
Kind fear of him they lov'd, self-fear had banish'd.

The headlong spirits were the heads that guided :
He that most disobeyed, was most obeyed :
Fury so suddenly became united,
As while her forces nourished confusion,
Confusion seem'd with discipline delighted.
Towards Solyman they run : and as the waters,
That meet with banks of snow, makes snow grow water,
So, even those guards, that stood to interrupt them,
Give easy passage, and pass on amongst them.
Solyman, who saw this storm of mischief coming,
Thinks absence his best argument unto them :
Retires himself, and sends me to demand,
What they demanded, or what meant their coming ?
I speak · they cried for Mustapha and Achmat.
Some bid away, some kill, some save, some hearken.
Those that cried, save, were those that sought to kill me ;
Who cried, hark, were those that first brake silence ·
They held that bade me go Humility was guilty ,
Words were reproach ; silence in me was scornful ,
They answer'd ere they ask'd , assur'd and doubted
I fled ; their fury followed to destroy me ,
Fury made haste ; haste multiplied their fury ;
Each would do all ; none would give place to other;
The hindmost strake ; and while the foremost lifted
Their arms to strike, each weapon hinder'd other
Their running let their strokes, strokes let their running.
Desire, mortal enemy to desire,
Made them that sought my life, give life unto me.

[These two tragedies of Lord Brooke might with more propriety have been termed political treatises than plays Their author has strangely contrived to make passion, character and interest, of the highest order subservient to the expression of state dogmas and mysteries He is nine parts Machiavel and Tacitus, for one part Sophocles or Seneca In this writer's estimate of the faculties of his own mind, the understanding must

have held a most tyrannical pre-eminence Whether we look into his plays, or his most passionate love-poems, we shall find all frozen and made rigid with intellect The finest movements of the human heart, the utmost grandeur of which the soul is capable, are essentially comprised in the actions and speeches of Cælica and Camena Shakspeare, who seems to have had a peculiar delight in contemplating womanly perfection, whom for his many sweet images of female excellence all women are in an especial manner bound to love, has not raised the *ideal* of the female character higher than Lord Brooke in these two women has done. But it requires a study equivalent to the learning of a new language to understand their meaning when they speak It is indeed hard to hit

> Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
> Or seven though one should musing sit

It is as if a being of pure intellect should take upon him to express the emotions of our sensitive natures There would be all knowledge, but sympathetic expression would be wanting]

SAPHO AND PHAO, A COMEDY :

By John Lyly, M A., 1584.

Phao, *a poor* ferryman, *praises his condition, he ferries over* Venus, *who inflames* Sapho *and him with a mutual passion*

Phao. Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet, a freeman, possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on grass, and falleth on thorn Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day, turn to sweet slumbers in the night As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sapho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge barketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine

angle is ready, when thy oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood with policy. O sweet life, seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage. But here cometh one, I will withdraw myself aside, it may be a passenger.

VENUS, PHAO; *she as a mortal.*

Ven. Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry that bendeth to Syracusa?

Phao. The ferry, fair lady, that bendeth to Syracusa.

Ven. I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao. These waters are commonly as the passengers be, and therefore carrying one so fair in show, there is no cause to fear a rough sea.

Ven. To pass the time in thy boat, canst thou devise any pastime?

Phao. If the wind be with me, I can angle, or tell tales; if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take pains.

Ven. I like not fishing, yet was I born of the sea.

Phao. But he may bless fishing, that caught such an one in the sea.

Ven. It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net.

Phao. So was it said, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Ven. Didst thou hear so? it was some tale.

Phao. Yea, madam, and that in the boat I did mean to make my tale.

Ven. It is not for a ferryman to talk of the gods' loves, but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother spin. But come, let us away.

Phao. I am ready to wait.

SAPHO, *sleepless for love of* PHAO, *who loves her as much, consults with him about some medicinal herb, she, a great Lady; he, the poor* Ferryman, *but now promoted to be her* Gardener.

Sapho. What herbs have you brought, Phao?

Phao. Such as will make you sleep, madam, though they cannot make me slumber.

Sapho. Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?

Phao. Yes, madam, the causes are contrary: for it is only a dryness in your brains, that keepeth you from rest. But—

Sapho. But what?

Phao Nothing,—but mine is not so.

Sapho. Nay, then I despair of help, if our disease be not all one.

Phao. I would our diseases were all one!

Sapho. It goes hard with the patient, when the physician is desperate.

Phao. Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort, when she poor soul could not wink

Sapho. Medea was in love, and nothing could cause her rest but Jason.

Phao. Indeed I know no herb to make lovers sleep, but heart's ease, which because it groweth so high, I cannot reach for—

Sapho. For whom?

Phao. For such as love.

Sapho. It stoopeth very low, and I can never stoop to it, that—

Phao. That what?

Sapho. That I may gather it: but why do you sigh so, Phao?

Phao. It is mine use, madam.

Sapho. It will do you harm, and me too; for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh also.

Phao It were best then that your ladyship give me leave to be gone, for I can but sigh.

Sapho. Nay, stay; for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave, though you be gone. But what do you think best for your sighing, to take it away?

Phao. Yew, madam.

Sapho. Me!

Phao. No, madam, yew of the tree.

Sapho. Then will I love yew the better. And indeed I think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only yew.

Phao. Do, madam, for I think nothing in the world so good as yew.

Sapho. Farewell for this time.

SAPHO *questions her low-placed affection.*

Sapho. Into the nest of an Alcyon no bird can enter but the Alcyon; and into the heart of so great a lady, can any creep but a great lord?

CUPID. SAPHO *cured of her love by the pity of* VENUS.

Cupid. But what will you do for Phao?

Sapho. I will wish him fortunate This will I do for Phao, because I once loved Phao. for never shall it be said that Sapho loved to hate, or that out of love she could not be as courteous, as she was in love passionate.

PHAO'S *final resolution.*

Phao. O Sapho! thou hast Cupid in thine arms, I in my heart; thou kissest him for sport, I must curse him for spite; yet will I not curse him, Sapho, whom thou kissest. This shall be my resolution, wherever I wander, to be as I were ever kneeling before Sapho, my loyalty unspotted, though unrewarded. With as little malice will I go to my grave, as I did lie withal in my cradle. My life shall be spent in sighing and wishing, the one for my bad fortune, the other for Sapho's good.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS, A COMEDY:

By the same Author, 1601.

Love half-denied is love half-confessed.

Nisa. Niobe, *her maid.*

Nisa. I fear Niobe is in love.

Niobe. Not I, madam! yet must I confess, that oftentimes I have had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits, betwixt both, a kind of yielding; I know not what. But certainly I think it is not love; sigh I can, and find ease in melancholy; smile I do, and take pleasure in imagination. I feel in myself a pleasing pain, a chill heat, a delicate bitterness, how to term it I know not; without doubt it may be Love; sure I am it is not *Hate.*

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT; OR THE SCYTHIAN SHEPHERD.

In Two Parts.

By Christopher Marlowe. Part the First

Tamburlaine's *person described.*

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift[1] upwards and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen; twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed,
Wherein by curious soverainty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed

[1] Lifted.

A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where Honour sits invested royally;
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with soverainty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death;
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength,
In every part proportion'd like the man
Should make the world subdu'd to Tamburlaine.

His custom in war.

The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue; and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled white he bears
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindleth wrath be quench'd with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms:
But, if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black pavilion;
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell,
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

[I had the same difficulty (or rather much more) in culling a few sane lines from this as from the preceding Play The lunes of Tamburlaine are perfect "midsummer madness" Nebuchadnezzar's are mere modest pretensions compared with the thundering vaunts of this Scythian Shepherd. He comes in (in the

second part) drawn by conquered kings, and reproaches these *pamper'd jades of Asia* that they can *draw but twenty miles a day*. Till I saw this passage with my own eyes, I never believed that it was anything more than a pleasant burlesque of Mine Ancient's. But I assure my readers that it is soberly set down in a Play which their ancestors took to be serious I have subjoined the genuine speech for their amusement *Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Sorsa, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them.*

Tamb Holla ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus led with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valour more divine,
Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal ravens
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove. &c]

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

How FAUSTUS *fell to the study of magic.*

——— born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wirtemberg he went,

Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In the heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon the cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

FAUSTUS *in his study runs through the circle of the sciences; and being satisfied with none of them, determines to addict himself to magic.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And divers desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legacies!
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's bible, Faustus; view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death: that 's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves,
and there 's no truth in us.
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently
die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly,
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, characters,
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

. . . . . .

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates,
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad,
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile Spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me wise with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,

And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.

Faust. Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Faustus being instructed in the elements of magic by his friends Valdes *and* Cornelius, *sells his soul to the devil, to have an Evil Spirit at his command for twenty-four years —When the years are expired, the devils claim his soul*

Faustus *the night of his death.* Wagner, *his servant.*

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love. [*Exit.*

Three Scholars *enter.*

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner.
Welcome, gentlemen.

First Sch. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

Sec. Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

Third Sch. He is not well with being over-solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we 'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cur'd.

Third Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember, mercy is infinite

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven

itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, O, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

Scholars. O God forbid!

Faust. God forbid it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired, this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity, and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. O what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell if I live till morning, I 'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS *alone. The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I 'll leap up to heaven! Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop of blood will save me. O my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'tis gone:
And, see, a threatening arm, and angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No! then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud[s],

That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven!

The watch strikes.

O, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain,
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O mercy heaven! look not

For such a dreadful night was never seen ;
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard :
Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger
Sec. Sch. O, help us, heaven ! see, here are Faust
limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death !
Third Sch. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have t
him thus ·
For, twixt the hours of twelve and one, methou
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help ;
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' en
such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We 'll give his mangled limbs due burial ;
And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.
Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone , regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
heavenly pow

A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Barabas the rich Jew in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him, in contemplation of his wealth

Bar. So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,

For such a dreadful night was never seen ;
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard :
Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger
Sec. Sch. O, help us, heaven ! see, here are Faust
limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death !
Third Sch. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have t
him thus ·
For, twixt the hours of twelve and one, methou
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help ,
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' en
such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll g[illegible] his mangled l[illegible] burial ;
[illegible]

Enter BARABAS *in his study, counting his money*

So, now I see the ware wherein consists my wealth ;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind ?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?
Ha ! to the east ? yes. See how stand the vanes—
East and by south · why, then, I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks ;
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.

Certain merchants enter and inform BARABAS, *that his ships from various ports are safe arrived, and riding in Malta roads He descants on the temporal condition of the Jews, how they thrive and attain to great worldly prosperity, in spite of the curse denounced against them*

Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,



Edward Alleyn, from the painting in Dulwich Gallery.

And thus are we on every side enrich'd :
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness :
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts ?
Who hateth me but for my happiness ?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth ?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty ;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation :
I cannot tell ; but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith :
There 's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one ;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings :
That 's not our fault ; alas, our number 's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force ; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule ; make Christian kings,
That thirst so much for principality.

[Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspeare's, as his Edward II does to Richard II. Shylock in the midst of his savage purpose is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. "If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Barabas is a mere monster brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons

whole nunneries, invents infernal machines He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners, *by the Royal Command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet. It is curious to see a superstition wearing out. The idea of a Jew (which our pious ancestors contemplated with such horror) has nothing in it now revolting We have tamed the claws of the beast, and pared its nails, and now we take it to our arms, fondle it, write plays to flatter it it is visited by princes, affects a taste, patronizes the arts, and is the only liberal and gentlemanlike thing in Christendom]

EDWARD THE SECOND, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Gaveston *shews what pleasures that are with him* King *chiefly delights in.*

Gav. I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I 'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard-by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of a hart
By yelping hounds pulled down, shall seem to die;
Such things as these best please his majesty.

The younger MORTIMER *repines at the insolence of* GAVESTON.

Mort. sen. Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stay'st here.
Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped,
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.
Mort jun. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And, Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk,
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While other walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this makes me impatient.

The Barons *reproach the* King *with the calamities which the realm endures from the ascendency of his wicked favourite,* Gaveston.

King Edward, Lancaster, Warwick, *the* Mortimers, *and other Lords.*

Mort. jun. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news,
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransom him.
Lan. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.
Mort. jun. And you shall ransom him, or else—
Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm
Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
Mort. jun My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'Twould levy men enough to anger you
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Mort. jun. Nay, now you're here alone, I 'll speak my mind
Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Mort. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak,
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted drive away rich spoils.
Mort. jun. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
Mort. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Mort. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:
Libels are cast again thee in the street;
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
Mort. When wert thou in the field with banner spread,
But once? and then thy soldiers marched like players,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down
Lan. And therefore came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig:—
Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans you have lost at Bannockisbourn,—
With a heave and a ho!
What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland?—
With a rombelow.
Mort. Wigmore[1] shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exeunt nobles.*

[1] A principal manor belonging to the Mortimers.

The KING *being deposed, surrenders his crown into the hands of the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *and the* EARL OF LEICESTER *at Killingworth Castle.*

Leic. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king,
I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.

But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?
Bish. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.
Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he 's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies.
Leic. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?
Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extreme my mind here murdered is.
But what the Heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown, the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun,
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still you watches of the element,
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!

My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I 'll wear my crown again!
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Mess. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

Edw. I 'll not resign, not whilst I live.
Traitors, be gone! and join you with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will.—
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries!

Bish. This answer we 'll return, and so farewell.

Leic. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leic. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O, would I might! but heaven and earth conspire
To make me miserable! here receive my crown;
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I 'll look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,

And sit for aye enthronized in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Berkley Castle. The KING *is left alone with* LIGHTBORN, *a murderer.*

Edw. Who 's there? what light is that? wherefore
com'st thou?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's[1] is,
Or as Matrevis',[1] hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space, and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king,
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind 's distempered, and my body 's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the duke of Cleremont.

[1] His keepers.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbour naught but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay, awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbourest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king. O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I remain alive?
Light. You 're overwatched, my lord, lie down and rest.
Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyes' lids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I 'll be gone, my lord.
Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. O, let me not die yet; stay, O, stay awhile!
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life—Matrevis, come!
Edw. I am too week and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

[This tragedy is in a very different style from "mighty Tamburlaine." The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakspeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second, and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am acquainted.]

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS, A DRAMATIC PASTORAL:

By George Peele, 1584.

FLORA *dresses* IDA HILL *to honour the coming of the* Three Goddesses

Flora. Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety,
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As doth these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,

The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green ;
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass.
They are at hand by this,
Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
And hath return'd her peacocks by her rainbow ;
And bravely, as becomes the wife of Jove,
Doth honour by her presence to our grove.
Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
To tend on her and make her melody ,
Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
And flicker near her side for company.
Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
Commanding them to wait when she hath need.
And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
To do us honour in the sylvan chase,
They march, like to the pomp of heaven above,
Juno the wife and sister of King Jove,
The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

The Muses *and* Country Girls *assemble to welcome the* Goddesses.

Pomona. —— with country store, like friends, we venture forth
Think'st, Faunus, that these goddesses will take our gifts in worth ?
Faun. Yea, doubtless, for shall tell thee, dame, 'twere better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, both bad and basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will scorn.

The Welcoming Song.

Country Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida may it continue still!
Music. Ye country gods that in this Ida won
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

Gods. Behold, in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida

Pan. The God of Shepherds and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your states,
Fair, wise, and worthy as you be,
And thank the gracious ladies three,
For honour done to Ida

PARIS ŒNONE.

Par. Œnone, while we bin dispos'd to walk,
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store,
Dare say no nympth in Ida woods hath more.
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then, prythee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring
Œn. Paris, my heart's contentment, and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice,
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well-spent, and both be satisfied.
Par. Well, gentle nympth, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Œnone, for thy sake,
Tnis idle task on me to undertake.
[*They sit under a tree together.*
Œn. And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, 'dare say,
How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below:

How mighty men made foul successless war
Against the gods and state of Jupiter;
How Phorcyas' 'ympe, that was so trick and fair
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;
How Salmacis, resembling idleness,
Turns men to women all through wantonness;
How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love offence;
Of Daphne, turn'd into the laurel tree,
That shows a mirror of virginity,
How fair Narcissus tooting on his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;
How cunning Philomela's needle tells,
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they liv'd not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
What toil the toil of Sysiphus doth ask
All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have any,
Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Œnone hath not many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt . but sith my cunning not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Œn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it Cupid's Curse,
"They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!" [*They sing.*

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

Œn. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Par Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady

Œn My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

Both { Fair and fair, &c } *repeated*
{ Fair and fair, &c }

Œn My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both { Fair and fair, &c } *repeated*
{ Fair and fair, &c }

To my esteemed friend, and ex[illegible]al musician, V[illegible] N, Esq

Dear Sir,

I conjure you, in the name of all the sylvan deities, and of the Muses, whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you,—rescue this old and passionate *ditty*—the very flower of an old *forgotten pastoral*, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of writing——rescue it from the profane hands of every common composer, and in one of your tranquillest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts, which sometimes unworthily beset you, yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy, laying by for once the lofty organ, with which you shake the Temples, attune, as to the pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and more love-according instrument, this pretty courtship between Paris and his (then-not as yet-forsaken) Œnone Oblige me, and all more knowing judges of music and of poesy, by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest love dialogue in our language

Your implorer,

C. L

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR, A TRAGEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1594.

MULY MAHAMET, *driven from his throne into a desert, robs the lioness to feed his fainting wife* CALIPOLIS

Muly. Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no more;
This flesh I forced from a lioness,
Meat of a princess, for a princess meet:
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pin'd not in melancholy or childish fear,
But as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she, redoubling her former force,
Rang'd through the woods, and rent the breeding vaults
Of proudest savages to save herself.
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;
For rather than fierce famine shall prevail
To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcases,
As bulwarks in her way, to keep her back,
I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
That as she flieth over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take the liberal choice of all:
Jove's stately bird with wide commanding wings
Shall hover still about thy princely head,
And beat down fowl by shoals into thy lap:
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.

[This address, for its barbaric splendour of conception, extravagant vein of promise, not to mention some idiomatic peculiarities, and the very structure of the verse, savours strongly of Marlowe; but the real author, I believe, is unknown.]

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABE, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALOM:

By the same Author, 1599.

Bethsabe, *with her maid, bathing. She sings: and* David *sits above, viewing her.*

The Song.

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun, burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning,
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe Come, gentle Zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances[1] cannot pierce:
Thou, and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keep every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath:
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

[1] The sun's rays.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites,
The brims let be embrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse,
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdu'd to me;
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.
Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab?

David. Go know, and bring her quickly to the King;
Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.
Cusay. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash, in David's bower,
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids:
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires;
Verdure to earth; and to that verdure flowers;
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

. . . . . .

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I 'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

[There is more of the same stuff, but I suppose the reader has a surfeit especially as this Canticle of David has never been suspected to contain any pious sense couched underneath it, whatever his son's may — The kingly bower, "seated in hearing of a hundred streams," is the best of it "]

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME

NATHAN DAVID

Nath. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king.
There were two men both dwellers in one town:
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,

Nor other cattle, save one little lamb
Which he had bought and nourish'd by his hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to him
As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judg'd and shall become the child of death,
Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Nath. Thou art the man, and thou hast judg'd thyself—
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And sav'd thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;
His wives into thy bosom did I give,
And Judah and Jerusalem withal,
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more
Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?
Urias thou hast killed with the sword,
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Thou hast him slain. wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine;
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee:
Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee;

Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess:
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinned; O, sinned grievously! and, lo,
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell!

Nath. David, stand up. thus saith the Lord by me:
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
To triumph, and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,
And say, "He set a wicked man to reign
Over his loved people and his tribes,"—
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all His works!
But must it die, that David loveth so?
O, that the mighty one of Israel
Will change his doom, and says the babe must die!
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates,
Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon,
Ye sprouting almonds, with your flowing tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams
The babe must die that was to David born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

ABSALOM, *rebelling.*

Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
Now, Jove,[1] let forth the golden firmament,

[1] Jove, for Jehovah.

And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
Which thou hast made to give their glories light:
To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
Whose influence may govern Israel
With state exceeding all her other kings.
Fight, lords and captains, that your sovereign's face
May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
That with sweet milk and honey overflow'd.
God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees,
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs,
As whilom he was good to Moses' men.
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,
Shall go before you, like a second sun,
Wherein the essence of his godhead is;
That day and night you may be brought to peace,
And never swerve from that delightsome path
That leads your souls to perfect happiness.
This shall he do for joy when I am king.
Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

. . . . . .

ABSALOM, *triumphant.*

Abs. First, Absalom was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd through Hebron king of Israel,
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With complete state and glory of a crown:
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,
And to the air whose rupture rings my fame,
Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalom, that in his face

GREENE IN CONCEIPT.

New raiſed from his graue to write
the Tragique Hiſtorie of faire
Valeria of London.

WHEREIN IS TRVLY DISCOVERED
the rare and lamentable iſſue of a Husbands dotage, & wiues leudneſſe, & childrens diſobedience.

Receiued and reported by I D.

Veritas non quærit angulos, umbra gaudet.



Printed at London by RICHARD BRADOCKE for
William Iones, dwelling at the ſigne of the Gunne
neare Holborne conduit 1598.

Reduced facsimile of title-page 'Greene in Conceipt,' 1598

Carries the final purpose of his God,
That is, to work him grace in Israel,
Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
The state that most may satisfy his joy,
Keeping his statutes and his covenants sure?
His thunder is entangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd:
I am the man he made to glory in,
When by the errors of my father's sin
He lost the path that led into the land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were bless'd.

A LOOKING GLASS FOR ENGLAND AND LONDON, A TRAGI-COMEDY

By Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene, 1594.

Alvida, *Paramour to* Rasni, *the great* King *of* Assyria, *courts a petty* King of Cilicia

Alv. Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
And let the eunuchs play you all asleep.
Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
And play the wantons, whilst I talk awhile.
Ladies. Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.
[*Exeunt.*
Alv. King of Cilicia, kind and courteous,
Like to thyself because a lovely king,
Come, lay thee down upon thy mistress' knee,
And I will sing and talk of love to thee.
Cil. Most gracious paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abject prince as I,
To talk with Rasni's paramour and love.
Alv. To talk, sweet friend! who would not talk with thee?
O, be not coy! art thou not only fair?

Come, twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,
A love-nest for the great Assyrian king:
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician prince,
None but thyself can merit such a grace.

Cil. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

Alv. No, king, fair king, my meaning is to yoke thee,
Hear me but sing of love, then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing look, my changed cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

Cil. Sing, madam, if you please, but love in jest.

Alv. Nay, I will love, and sigh at every rest.

[*She sings.*

Beauty, alas, where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me
Heigho, despise me not!

I and thou, in sooth, are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason,
Cruelty is cursed treason
Heigho, I love! heigh-ho, I love!
Heigho! and yet he eyes me not

Cil. Madam, your song is passing passionate.

Alv. And wilt thou not, then, pity my estate?

Cil. Ask love of them who pity may impart

Alv. I ask of thee, sweet, thou hast stole my heart.

Cil. Your love is fixed on a greater king.

Alv. Tut, women's love—it is a fickle thing.
I love my Rasni for my dignity,
I love Cilician king for his sweet eye;
I love my Rasni since he rules the world,
But more I love this kingly little world.
How sweet he looks!—O, were I Cinthia's fere,
And thou, Endymion, I should hold thee dear:

Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,
Thus would I kiss my love at every beck;
Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep,
And if thou wak'dst not soon, thus would I weep;
And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I love thee.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY: OR HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN.

A Tragedy by Thomas Kyd.

Horatio the son of Hieronimo *is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress* Belimperia *by night in an arbour in his father's garden. The murderers* (Balthazar *his rival, and* Lorenzo *the brother of* Belimperia) *hang his body on a tree.* Hieronimo *is awakened by the cries of* Belimperia, *and coming out into his garden, discovers by the light of a torch that the murdered man is his son. Upon this he goes distracted.*

Hieronimo *mad.*

Hier. My son! and what 's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, there about,
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance these light creatures we call women;
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet
Why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son:
For one of these, in very little time,

Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquar'd, unbevell'd he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots;
Makes them look old, before they meet with age.
This is a son! And what a loss were this,
Consider'd truly? O, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours:
He loved his loving parents,
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhors'd
The proud prince Balthazar, and his great mind,
Too full of honour, took him to his mercy
That valiant but ignoble Portingal!
Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things call'd whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that 's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth,
Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

Enter JAQUES *and* PEDRO, *servants.*

Jaq. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.
Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And—now his aged years should sleep in rest,

His heart in quiet—like a desp'rate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out "Horatio, where is my Horatio?"
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See, where he comes.

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven.
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.——
How now, who 's there? spirits, spirits?

Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd! not I,—you are deceiv'd!
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burn daylight.

Hier. Let it be burnt, night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen,
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets[1] on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.

[1] Tags of points.

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words :
The heav'ns are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak, you know not what.
Hier. Villain, thou liest ! and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad : thou liest, I am not mad !
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I 'll prove it to thee , and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she that same night,
When my Horatio was murder'd ?
She should have shone . search thou the book.—
Had the moon shone,
In my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murd'rer
seen him,
His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death.
Alack ! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief ?

ISABELLA *his wife enters.*

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors ;
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.
Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here ,
I do not cry ask Pedro, and ask Jaques ,
Not I indeed , we are very merry, very merry.
Isa. How ? be merry here, be merry here ?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd ?
Hier. Was—do not say what let her weep it out.
This was the tree , I set it of a kernel ·
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son :

It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant!
See, who knock there. (*One knocks within at the door.*)

Ped. It is a painter, sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there 's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in! one knows not what may chance;
God's will that I should set this tree!—but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter.

Pain. God bless you, sir.

Hier. Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be bless'd?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

Pain. Justice, madam

Hier. O ambitious beggar!
Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice!
'Tis a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,
God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him

Pain. O, then I see
That God must right me for my murder'd son

Hier. How, was thy son murder'd?

Pain. Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.

Hier. What, not as thine? that 's a lie,
As massy as the earth I had a son,
Whose least unvalu'd hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons and he was murder'd.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reavèd of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say. [*Exeunt.*

(*The* Painter *and he sit down.*)

Come, let 's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murder'd?

Pain. Ay, sir.

Hier. So was mine.
How dost take it? art thou not sometime mad?
Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes?

Pain. O lord, yes, sir.

Hier. Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: my name 's Bazardo

Hier. Bazardo! afore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see, I 'd have you paint me for my gallery, in your oil colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am—do ye see, sir, let five years go, let them go—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like purpose "*God bless thee, my sweet son;*" and my hand leaning upon his head thus, sir; do you see?—may it be done?

Pain. Very well, sir.

Hier. Nay, I pray, mark me, sir then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?

Pain. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry, but all is one Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

Pain. I 'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his own colour, and let their eyebrows jutty over. In any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus.—and with these words, "*What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?*" May it be done?

Pain. Yea, sir.

Hier. Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invocate heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance—and so forth

Pain. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness! As I am never better than when I

am mad: then methinks I am a brave fellow; then I do wonders: but reason abuseth me, and there 's the torment, there 's the hell. At last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers; were he as strong as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and down

[*He beats the* Painter *in.*

[These scenes, which are the very salt of the old play (which without them is but a caput mortuum, such another piece of flatness as Locrine), Hawkins, in his republication of this tragedy, has thrust out of the text into the notes as omitted in the second Edition, "printed for Ed Allde, amended of such gross blunders as passed in the first" and thinks them to have been *foisted in by the players*. — A late discovery at Dulwich College has ascertained that two sundry payments were made to Ben Jonson by the Theatre for furnishing additions to Hieronimo. See last edition of Shakspeare by Reed. There is nothing in the undoubted plays of Jonson which would authorize us to suppose that he could have supplied the scenes in question. I should suspect the agency of some "more potent spirit." Webster might have furnished them. They are full of that wild solemn preternatural cast of grief which bewilders us in the Duchess of Malfy.]

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM, HIS TRUE AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1592

ALICE ARDEN *with* MOSBIE *her Paramour conspire the murder of her husband.*

Mos. How now, Alice? what, sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness.
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

Al. But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie!

Mos. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst
Discharged against a ruinated wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.

Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.

Al. It is not love that loves to murder love.

Mos. How mean you that?

Al. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loved me.

Mos. And then?

Al. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what hath passed betwixt us,
For how I blush and tremble at the thoughts!

Mos. What? are you changed?

Al. Ay, to my former happy life again,
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that
And made me slanderous to all my kin,
Even in my forehead is thy name ingraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name.
I was bewitched woe worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me!

Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth,
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import
That would have stated me above thy state,
Forslowed advantages, and spurned at time
Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weighed down all thy wealth,

Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee:
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewitched, that is no theme of thine,
And thou unhallowed hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes
That showed my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair, I viewed thee not till now;
Thou art not kind, till now I knew thee not;
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite

Al. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth,
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two,
I 'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I 'll kill myself:
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look.
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me;
I will do penance for offending thee,
And burn this prayer-book, which I here use,
The holy word that had converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves, and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell;
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelmed?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thine ears?
Why speaks thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,

And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear or see or speak,
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thickened still.
Be clear again, I 'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mos. O no, I am a base artificer
My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie? fie! no, not for a thousand pound.
Make love to you? why, 'tis unpardonable,
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

Al. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns,
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth

Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet-set tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I 'll be tempted so no more

ARDEN, *with his friend* FRANKLIN, *travelling at night to* ARDEN'S *house at Feversham, where he is lain in wait for by* RUFFIANS, *hired by* ALICE *and* MOSBIE *to murder him.* FRANKLIN *is interrupted in a story, he was beginning to tell by the way of a* BAD WIFE, *by an exclamation, one hears of the impending danger of his friend*

Ard. Come, master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

Frank I 'll assure you, sir, you task me much:
A heavy blood is gathered at my heart,
And on the sudden is my wind so short
As hindereth the passage of my speech,
So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

Ard. Come, master Franklin, let us go on softly:
The annoyance of the dust or else some meat
You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.

I have been often so, and soon amended.
Frank. Do you remember where my tale did leave?
Ard. Ay, where the gentleman did check his wife—
Frank. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produced that took her with the deed,
Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her husband asked her whether it were not so.
Ard. Her answer then? I wonder how she looked,
Having forsworn it with so vehement oaths,
And at the instant so approved upon her.
Frank. First did she cast her eyes down on the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;
Then softly draws she forth her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stained face;
Then hemmed she out, to clear her voice should seem,
And with a majesty addressed herself
To encounter all their accusations.
Pardon me, master Arden, I can no more;
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.
Ard. Come, we are almost now at Raynum Down.
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,
I would you were in state to tell it out.
[*They are set upon by the* Ruffians.

THE WARS OF CYRUS: A TRAGEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1594.

Dumb show exploded.

Chorus (*to the audience*). —— Xenophon
Warrants what we record of Panthea.
It is writ in sad and tragic terms,
May move you tears; then, you content, our Muse,

That scorns to trouble you again with toys
Or needless antics, imitations,
Or shows, or new devices sprung of late,
We have exiled them from our tragic stage,
As trash of their tradition, that can bring
Nor instance nor excuse. For what they *do*,[1]
Instead of mournful plaints our Chorus *sings*;
Although it be against the upstart guise,
Yet, warranted by grave antiquity,
We will revive the which hath long been done.

EDWARD THE THIRD AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1596.

The KING, *having relieved the castle of the heroic* COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, *besieged by the Scots, and being entertained by her, loves her*

Edward [*solus*] She is grown more fairer far since I came hither,
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
Unfolded she of David and his Scots!
Even thus, quoth she, he spake, and then spake broad
With epithets and accents of the Scot,
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak
And thus, quoth she, and answered then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself

[1] So I point it, instead of the line, as it stands in this unique copy—

Nor instance nor excuse for what they do

The sense I take to be, what the common playwrights *do* (or show by action—the "inexplicable dumb show" of Shakspeare), our Chorus *relates*. The following lines have else no coherence.

Breathes from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.—
When she would talk of peace, methinks her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It wakened Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face;
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks,
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.

The COUNTESS *repels the* KING'S *unlawful suit.*

Coun. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad:
What may thy subject do to drive from thee
This gloomy consort, sullen Melancholy?
King. Ah, lady! I am blunt, and cannot strew
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame:
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.
Coun. Now God forbid that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.
King. How near then shall I be to remedy?
Coun. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.
King. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress:
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess; else I die.
Coun. I will, my liege.
King. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.
Coun. By heaven, I will.
King. Then take thyself a little way aside,
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee;

Say that within thy power it doth lie
To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn
To give him all the joy within thy power;
Do this, and tell me when I shall be happy.

Coun. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign.
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast, with all devout obedience,
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

King. Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.

Coun. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst,
For virtue's store by giving doth augment:
Be it on what it will, that I can give
And thou canst take away, inherit it.

King. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Coun. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself to give it thee,
But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life
Take one, and both, for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life

King But thou mayst lend it me to sport withal.

Coun. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted,
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

King. Didst thou not swear to give me what I would?

Coun. I did, my liege, so what you would, I could.

King. I wish no more of thee, than thou mayst give;
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is thy love, and for that love of thine,
In rich exchange I tender to thee mine.

Coun But that your lips were sacred, my lord,

You would profane the holy name of love.
That love you offer me, you cannot give;
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen.
That love you beg of me, I cannot give;
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,
Shall die, my lord, and shall your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance and your oath?
In violating marriage' sacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourself.
To be a king is of a younger house
Than *to be married:* your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a married man
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty to break your statutes,
Though not enacted with your highness' hand;
How much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand?
I know, my sovereign, in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no,
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

. . . . . .

King Whether is her beauty by her words divine,
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauties, beauties words.

. . . . . .

Coun. He hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow, made by the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine

To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were to profane the idol, than confound it.

Flattery.

—— O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And poise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close book
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there!

Sin worst in high place.

An honourable grave is more esteem'd
Than the polluted closet of a king,
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake,
An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is;
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss,
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe,
That sin does ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place,
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin and subornation, deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast;
That poison sheweth worst in a golden cup,
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGDON, A COMEDY:

By Henry Porter, 1599.

Proverb-monger.

This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but proverbs,
And speak men what they can to him, he 'll answer
With some rhyme rotten sentence or old saying,
Such spokes as the ancient of the parish use,
With "Neighbour, 't is an old proverb and a true,
Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new;"
Then says another, "Neighbour, that is true;"
And when each man hath drunk his gallon round,
A penny pot, for that 's the old man's gallon,
Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard
That's glued together with the slavering drops
Of yesty ale, and when he scarce can trim
His gouty fingers, thus he 'll fillip it,
And with a rotten hem say, "Hey, my hearts,
Merry go sorry! Cock and pie, my hearts!"
And then their saving penny proverb comes,
And that is this, "They that will to the wine,
By our lady mistress, shall lay their penny to mine."
This was one of this penny-father's bastards,
For, on my life, he was never begot
Without the consent of some great proverb-monger.

She-wit.

Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush
The boldest face of man that e'er man saw;
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his brain-pan fraught with bitter jests
Or of his own, or stol'n, or howsoever,

Let him stand ne'er so high in his own conceit,
Her wit 's a sun that melts him down like butter,
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,
Flat, flat, God knows, and ne'er a word to say,
Yet she 'll not leave him then, but like a tyrant
She 'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,
And so be-bang him with dry bobs and scoffs,
When he is down, most cowardly, good faith,
As I have pitied the poor patient.
There came a farmer's son a-wooing to her,
A proper man, well-landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to ask
What time a year 't were need to sow his oats
Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reap,
To plough his fallows, or to fell his trees,
Well-experienc'd thus each kind of way;
After a two months' labour at the most,
And yet 't was well he held it out so long,
He left his love, she had so laced his lips
He could say nothing to her but "God be with ye!"
Why, she, when men have din'd, and call for cheese,
Will straight maintain jests bitter to digest;
And then some one will fall to argument,
Who, if he over-master her with reason,
Then she 'll begin to buffet him with mocks.

MASTER GOURSEY *proposes to his son a wife.*

Frank Goursey. Ne'er trust me, father, the shape of marriage,
Which I do see in others, seems so severe,
I dare not put my youngling liberty
Under the awe of that instruction;
And yet I grant the limits of free youth
Going astray are often restrain'd by that.
But mistress wedlock, to my summer thoughts,
Will be too curst, I fear: O, should she snip
My pleasure-aiming mind, I shall be sad,

And swear, when I did marry, I was mad!
Old Goursey. But, boy, let my experience teach thee this—
Yet, in good faith, thou speak'st not much amiss,—
When first thy mother's fame to me did come,
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son,
And even my words to thee to me he said,
And as thou say'st to him I said,
But in a greater huff and hotter blood,—
I tell ye, on youth's tiptoes then I stood.
Says he (good faith, this was his very say),
"When I was young, I was but reason's fool,
And went to wedding as to wisdom's school;
It taught me much, and much I did forget,
But, beaten much, by it I got some wit;
Though I was shackled from an often scout,
Yet I would wanton it when I was out;
'T was comfort, old acquaintance then to meet,
Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet."
Thus said my father to thy father, son,
And thou mayst do this too, as I have done.

Wandering in the dark all night.

O, when will this same year of night have end?
Long look'd for day's sun, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this thief friend, misty veil of night
Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light,
Whilst thou com'st tardy from thy Thetis' bed,
Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red;
O, stay not long, bright lantern of the day,
To light my mist way feet to my right way!

[The pleasant comedy, from which these extracts are taken, is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakspeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the Comedy of Errors, or the Taming of the Shrew, for instance It is full of business, humour and merry malice Its night-scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful; the versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets.

TWO TRAGEDIES IN ONE

Why do we go on with ever-new editions of Ford, and Massinger, and the thrice-reprinted Selections of Dodsley? what we want is as many volumes more as these latter consist of, filled with plays (such as this), of which we know comparatively nothing. Not a third part of the treasures of old English dramatic literature has been exhausted Are we afraid that the genius of Shakspeare would suffer in our estimate by the disclosure? He would indeed be somewhat lessened as a miracle and a prodigy But he would lose no height by the confession When a giant is shown to us, does it detract from the curiosity to be told that he has at home a gigantic brood of brethren, less only than himself? Along *with* him, nor *from* him, sprang up the race of mighty dramatists, who, compared with the Otways and Rowes that followed, were as Miltons to a Young or an Akenside That he was their elder brother, not their parent, is evident from the fact of the very few direct imitations of him to be found in their writings Webster, Decker, Heywood, and the rest of his great contemporaries went on their own ways, and followed their individual impulses, not blindly prescribing to themselves his track Marlowe, the true (though imperfect) father of our *tragedy*, preceded him The *comedy* of Fletcher is essentially unlike to that of his 'T is out of no detracting spirit that I speak thus, for the plays of Shakspeare have been the strongest and the sweetest food of my mind from infancy, but I resent the comparative obscurity in which some of his most valuable co-operators remain, who were his dear intimates, his stage and his chamber-fellows while he lived, and to whom his gentle spirit doubtlessly then awarded the full portion of their genius, as from them toward himself appears to have been no grudging of his acknowledged excellence]

TWO TRAGEDIES IN ONE

By Robert Yarrington, who wrote in the Reign of Elizabeth.

Truth, the Chorus, to the spectators

All you, the sad spectators of this act,
Whose hearts do taste a feeling pensiveness
Of this unheard-of savage massacre,
Oh be far off to harbour such a thought
As this audacious murderer put in use!
I see your sorrows flow up to the brim,
And overflow your cheeks with brinish tears,

But though this sight bring surfeit to the eye,
Delight your ears with pleasing harmony.
That ears may countercheck your eyes, and say,
"Why shed you tears? this deed is but a *Play*."[1]

Murderer to his sister, about to stow away the trunk of the body, having severed it from the limbs

Hark, Rachel, I will cross the water straight,
And fling this middle mention of a man
In some ditch.

[It is curious, that this old play comprises the distinct action of two atrocities, the one a vulgar murder, committed in our own Thames-street, with the names and incidents truly and historically set down, the other a murder in high life, supposed to be acting at the same time in Italy, the scenes alternating between that country and England the story of the latter is, *mutatis mutandis*, no other than that of our own "Babes in the Wood," transferred to Italy, from delicacy no doubt to some of the family of the rich wicked uncle, who might yet be living The treatment of the two differs as the romance-like narratives in "God's Revenge against Murder," in which the actors of the murders (with the trifling exception that they *were murderers*) are represented as most accomplished and every way amiable young gentlefolks of either sex—as much as *that* differs from the honest unglossing pages of the homely Newgate Ordinary]

THE DOWNFALL OF ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTINGDON, AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

By Henry Chettle and Anthony Munday, 1601.

Chorus, Skelton, *the Poet*

Skelton (*to the audience*). This youth that leads yon virgin by the hand
As doth the sun, the morning richly clad,

[1] The whole theory of the reason of our delight in tragic representations, which has cost so many elaborate chapters of criticism, is condensed in these four last lines —*Aristotle quintessentialised.*

Is our earl Robert—or your Robin Hood—
That in those days was earl of Huntingdon.

ROBIN *recounts to* MARIAN *the pleasures of a forest life*

Robin. Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant:
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.
At court, a flower or two did deck thy head,
Now with whole garlands it is circled
For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

Marian. Marian hath all, sweet Robert, having thee,
And guesses thee as rich in having me

SCARLET *recounts to* SCATHLOCK *the pleasures of an* Outlaw's *life*

Scarlet. It 's full seven years since we were outlawed first,
And wealthy Sherwood was her heritage:
For all those years we reigned uncontroll'd,
From Barnsdale shrogs to Nottingham's red cliffs.
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests;
Good George-a-green at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.
At Barnsley dwells a potter tough and strong,
That never brook'd we brethren should have wrong;
The nuns of Farnsfield, pretty nuns they be,
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands, to him and me.
Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendal-green,

And Sharpe of Leeds, sharp arrows for us made;
At Rotherham dwelt our bowyer, God him bliss,
Jackson he hight, his bows did never miss.

FITZWATER, *banished, seeking his daughter* MATILDA (Robin's Marian) *in the Forest of Sherwood, makes his complaint*

Fitz. Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
That said "This world's felicity was wo,
Which greatest states can hardly undergo."
Whilom Fitzwater in fair England's court
Possess'd felicity and happy state,
And in his hall blithe Fortune kept her sport,
Which glee one hour of wo did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, towns, and towers,
Fair gardens, orchards, and delightful bowers,
But now nor garden, orchard, town, nor tower,
Hath poor Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walks are left me in the world,
Which these stiff limbs will hardly let me tread
And when I sleep, heaven's glorious canopy
Me and my mossy couch doth overspread.

He discovers ROBIN HOOD *sleeping*, MARIAN *strewing flowers over him*

Fitz. — in good time see where my comfort stands,
And by her lies dejected Huntingdon.
Look how my flower holds flowers in her hands,
And flings those sweets upon my sleeping son

Feigns himself blind, to try if she will know him

Mar. What aged man art thou? or by what chance
Cam'st thou thus far into the wayless wood?
Fitz. Widow, or wife, or maiden, if thou be,
Lend me thy hand; thou seest I cannot see
Blessing betide thee! little feel'st thou want,
With me, good child, food is both hard and scant.
These smooth even veins assure me he is kind,
Whate'er he be, my girl, that thee doth find.
I poor and old am reft of all earth's good,

And desperately am crept into this wood
To seek the poor man's patron, Robin Hood.
Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome aged man,
Aye ten times welcome to Maid Marian.
Here 's wine to cheer thy heart, drink, aged man ;
There 's venison and a knife, here 's manchet fine,—
My Robin stirs, I must sing him asleep.

A Judgment

A Wicked Prior. Serving-man.

Prior. What news with you, sir ?
Serv. Even heavy news, my lord , for the light fire
Falling, in manner of a fire-drake,
Upon a barn of yours, hath burnt six barns,
And not a strike of corn reserved from dust.
No hand could save it , yet ten thousand hands
Labour'd their best, though none for love of you ·
For every tongue with bitter cursing bann'd
Your lordship, as the viper of the land.
Prior. What meant the villains ?
Serv Thus and thus they cried :
" Upon this churl, this hoarder-up of corn,
This spoiler of the earl of Huntingdon,
This lust-defiled, merciless false prior,
Heaven raineth judgment down in shape of fire."
Old wives, that scarce could with their crutches creep,
And little babes that newly learn'd to speak,
Men masterless that thorough want did weep,
All in one voice with a confused cry
In execrations bann'd you bitterly
" Plague follow plague," they cry, " he hath undone
The good lord Robert, earl of Huntingdon."

HOFFMAN'S TRAGEDY; OR, REVENGE FOR A FATHER.

By Henry Chettle, 1631.

The sons of the Duke of Saxony *run away with* Lucibel, *the* Duke of Austria's *daughter —The two dukes, in separate pursuit of their children, meet at the cell of a* Hermit *in which* Hermit, Saxony *recognises a banished brother, at which surprised, all three are reconciled.*

Aust. That should be Saxon's tongue.
Sax. Indeed I am the duke of Saxony.
Aust. Then art thou father to lascivious sons,
That have made Austria childless.
Sax. O subtle duke,
Thy craft appears in framing the excuse:
Thou dost accuse my young sons' innocence.
I sent them to get knowledge, learn the tongues,
Not to be metamorphos'd with the view
Of flattering beauty—peradventure painted.
Aust. No, I defy thee, John of Saxony;
My Lucibel for beauty needs no art,
Nor, do I think, the beauties of her mind
Ever inclin'd to this ignoble course,
But by the charms and forcings of thy sons
Sax. Oh, would thou durst maintain thy words, proud duke!
Her. I hope, great princes, neither of you dare
Commit a deed so sacrilegious.
This holy cell
Is dedicated to the Prince of Peace;
The foot of man never profaned this floor,
Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voice
Affright these buildings; charity with prayer,
Humility with abstinence combin'd,
Are here the guardians of a grieved mind.
Aust. Father, we obey thy holy voice.
Duke John of Saxony, receive my faith;

Till our ears hear the true course, [which] thy sons
Have taken with my fond and misled child,
I proclaim truce. Why dost thou sullen stand?
If thou mean peace, give me thy princely hand.
Sax. Thus do I plight thee troth, and promise peace.
Aust. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart.
In vows of combination there 's a grace
That shows the intention in the outward face.
Look cheerfully, or I expect no league.
Sax. First give me leave to view awhile the person
Of this Hermit—Austria, note him well.
Is he not like my brother Roderic?
Aust. He 's like him, but I heard, he lost his life
Long since in Persia, by the Sophy's wars.
Her. I heard so much, my lords, but that report
Was purely feign'd, spread by my erring tongue,
As double as my heart, when I was young.
I am that Rod'ric, that aspir'd your throne;
That vile false brother, who with rebel breath,
Drawn sword, and treacherous heart, threaten'd your death.
Sax. My brother!—nay, then, i' faith, old John, lay by
Thy sorrowing thoughts, turn to thy wonted vein,
And be mad John of Saxony again
Mad Roderic, art alive?—my mother's son,
Her joy, and her last birth?—oh, she conjur'd me
To use thee thus, [*embracing him*] and yet I banish'd thee!—
Body o' me! I was unkind, I know;
But thou deservedst it then; but let it go.
Say thou wilt leave this life, thus truly idle,
And live a statesman, thou shalt share in reign,
Commanding all but me thy sovereign.
Her. I thank your Highness, I will think on it:
But for my sins this sufferance is more fit.
Sax. Tut, tittle tattle, tell not me of sin.—

Now, Austria, once again thy princely hand :
I 'll look thee in the face, and smile, and swear
If any of my sons have wrong'd thy child,
I 'll help thee in revenging it myself.
But if, as I believe, they mean but honour,
As it appeareth by these jousts proclaim'd,
Then thou shalt be content to name [1] him thine,
And thy fair daughter I 'll account as mine.

Aust. Agreed.

Sax. Ah, Austria ! 'twas a world, when you and I
Ran these careers ! but now we are stiff and dry.

Aust. I am glad you are so pleasant, my good lord.

Sax. 'Twas my old mood . but I was soon turn'd sad,
With over-grieving for this long-lost lad ,
And now the boy is grown as old as I,
His very face as full of gravity

LUST'S DOMINION, OR THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN A TRAGEDY

The QUEEN MOTHER *of Spain loves an insolent* MOOR [2]

QUEEN ELEAZAR, *the Moor*

Queen. Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious Music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.

Eleaz. Away, away.

Queen. No, no, says ay ; and twice away, says stay.
Come, come, I 'll have a kiss ; but if you strive,
For one denial you shall forfeit five.

Eleaz. Be gone, be gone.

Queen. What means my love ?

[1] By one of the Duke's sons (her lover) in honour of Lucibel.
[2] Such another as Aaron in Titus Andronicus.

Burst all those wires, burn all those instruments,
For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleased?
Or wert thou now disturb'd? I 'll wage all Spain
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device
To make me fond and long. Oh! you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

Eleaz. What, die for me? away.

Queen. Away, what way? I prithee, speak more kindly.
Why dost thou frown? at whom?

Eleaz At thee.

Queen. At me?
Oh, why at me? for each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a beldam of one hundred years.
I prithee, speak to me, and chide me not,
I prithee, chide, if I have done amiss;
But let my punishment be this and this.
I prithee, smile on me, if but a while,
Then frown on me, I 'll die I prithee, smile.
Smile on me, and these two wanton boys,
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup
And fill thee nectar their enticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou mayst see
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms thyself shalt lie.

[Kit Marlowe, as old Isaac Walton assures us, made that *smooth song* which begins "Come live with me and be my love" The same romantic invitations "in folly ripe, in reason rotten,"

are given by the queen in the play, and the lover in the ditty. He talks of "beds of roses, buckles of gold"

> Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
> *As precious as the gods do eat,*
> Shall on an ivory table be
> Prepared each day for thee and me.

The lines in the extract have a luscious smoothness in them, and they were the most temperate which I could pick out of this Play The rest is in King Cambyses' vein; rape, and murder, and superlatives, "huffing braggart puft" lines[1] such as the play-writers anterior to Shakspeare are full of, and Pistol "but coldly imitates"—*Blood* is made as light of in some of these old dramas as *money* in a modern sentimental comedy, and as *this* is given away till it reminds us that it is nothing but counters, so *that* is spilt till it affects us no more than its representative, the paint of the property-man in the theatre]

DOCTOR DODYPOL · A COMEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1600.

EARL LASSINBERGH, *as a* Painter, *painting his mistress* al grotesco.

Lass. Welcome bright Morn, that with thy golden rays
Reveal'st the variant colours of the world;
Look here, and see if thou canst find dispers'd

[1] Take a specimen from a speech of the Moor's —

> Now Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
> Rhamnusia's pue-fellow, to thee I 'll sing
> Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones,
> The proudest instrument the world affords,
> When thou in crimson jollity shalt bathe
> Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
> Still gushing from the conduit head of Spain
> To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
> Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
> I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
> My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
> The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
> Mine is the Stage, thine is the Tragedy

The glorious parts of fair Lucilia:
Take them and join them in the heavenly spheres,
And fix them there as an eternal light,
For lovers to adore and wonder at.

Luc. You paint your flattering words, [Lord] Lassinbergh,
Making a curious pencil of your tongue;
And that fair artificial hand of yours
Were fitter to have painted Heaven's fair story,
Than here to work on antics and on me:
Thus for my sake you, of a noble earl,
Are glad to be a mercenary painter.

Lass. A painter, fair Lucilia! why, the world
With all her beauty was by painting made.
Look on the heavens, colour'd with golden stars,
The firmamental part of it all blue.
Look on the air, where with a hundred changes
The wat'ry rainbow doth embrace the earth.
Look on the summer fields, adorn'd with flowers,
How much is Nature's painting honour'd there!
Look in the mines, and on the eastern shore,
Where all our metals and dear gems are drawn;
Though fair themselves, made better by their foils.
Look on that little world, the twofold man,
Whose fairer parcel is the weaker still,
And see what azure veins in stream-like form
Divide the rosy beauty of the skin.
I speak not of the sundry shapes of beasts,
The several colours of the elements,
Whose mixture shapes the world's variety,
In making all things by their colours known.
And, to conclude—Nature, herself divine
In all things she has made, is a mere painter.

Luc. Now by this kiss, the admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well-worthy th' honour thou hast given,
With so sweet words, to thy eye-ravishing art,
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

Lass. From these base antics, where my hand hath 'spers'd
Thy several parts, if I, uniting all,
Had figured there the true Lucilia,
Then mightst thou justly wonder at my art,
And devout people would from far repair,
Like pilgrims, with their duteous sacrifice,
Adorning thee as regent of their loves.
Here in the centre of this Marigold,
Like a bright diamond I enchased thine eye;
Here, underneath this little rosy bush,
Thy crimson cheeks peer forth, more fair than it;
Here, Cupid, hanging down his wings, doth sit,
Comparing cherries to thy rosy lips;
Here is thy brow, thy hair, thy neck, thy hand,
Of purpose all in several shrouds disper.'d,
Lest ravish'd I should dote on mine own work,
Or envy-burning eyes should malice it.

A cameo described.

—— see this agate, that contains
The image of that goddess and her son,
Whom ancients held the sovereigns of Love.
See naturally wrought out of the stone,
Besides the perfect shape of every limb,
Besides the wondrous life of her bright hair,
A waving mantle of celestial blue,
Embroidering itself with flaming stars.
Most excellent! and see besides,—
How Cupid's wings do spring out of the stone,
As if they needed not the help of Art

EARL LASSINBERGH, *for some distaste, flees* LUCILIA, *who follows him*

Lass. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still?
Should I entreat thee to attend me thus,
Then thou wouldst pant and rest, then your soft feet

Would be repining at these niggard stones:
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like wind,
No tedious space of time, nor storm can tire thee;
But I will seek out some high slippery close,
Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
That fear may make thee cease to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodiless be, when you are there,
For love despiseth death, and scorneth fear.

Lass. I 'll wander where some boisterous river parts
The solid continent, and swim from thee.

Luc And there I 'll follow, though I drown for thee.

Lass. O, weary of the way and of my life,
Where shall I rest my sorrowed, tired limbs?

Luc. Rest in my bosom, rest you here, my lord,
A place securer you can no way find—

Lass. Nor more unfit for my unpleased mind.
A heavy slumber calls me to the earth,
Here will I sleep, if sleep will harbour here.

Luc. Unhealthful is the melancholy earth;
O, let my lord rest on Lucilia's lap,
I 'll help to shield you from the searching air,
And keep the cold damps from your gentle blood.

Lass. Pray thee, away! for, whilst thou art so near,
No sleep will seize on my suspicious eyes.

Luc Sleep then, and I am pleased far off to sit,
Like to a poor and forlorn sentinel,
Watching the unthankful sleep, that severs me
From my due part of rest, dear love, with thee

An Enchanter, *who is enamoured of* Lucilia, *charms the* Earl *to a dead sleep and* Lucilia *to a forgetfulness of her past lover*

Ench. (*to* Lassinbergh). Lie there and lose the memory of her,
Who likewise hath forgot the love of thee
By my enchantments —come, sit down, fair nymph,
And taste the sweetness of these heavenly cates,
Whilst from the hollow crannies of this rock

Music shall sound to recreate my love.
But tell me, had you ever lover yet?

Luc. I had a lover, I think, but who it was,
Or where, or how long since, ay me, I know not:
Yet beat my timorous thoughts on such a thing,
I feel a passionate heat, yet find no flame,
Think what I know not, nor know what I think.

Ench. Hast thou forgot me then? I am thy love,—
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertain
With looks, with vows of love, with amorous kisses.
Look'st thou so strange? dost thou not know me yet?

Luc. Sure I should know you

Ench. Why, love, doubt you that?
'Twas I that led you[1] through the painted meads,
Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl,
Which, struck together with the silken wind
Of their loose mantles made a silver chime.
'Twas I that, winding my shrill bugle-horn,
Made a gilt palace break out of the hill,
Filled suddenly with troops of knights and dames,
Who danc'd and revel'd, whilst we sweetly slept
Upon a bed of roses, wrapp'd all in gold.
Dost thou not know me now?

Luc. Yes, now I know thee

Ench. Come then, confirm thy knowledge with a kiss.

Luc. Nay, stay; you are not he, how strange is this!

Ench. Thou art grown passing strange, my love,
To him that made thee so long since his bride.

Luc. O, was it you? come then O, stay awhile,
I know not where I am, nor what I am,
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

[1] In charmed visions

JACK DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT: A COMEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1601.

The free humour of a noble housekeeper.

Fortune (*a knight*). I was not born to be my cradle's drudge,
To choke and stifle up my pleasure's breath,
To poison with the venom'd cares of thrift
My private sweet of life, only to scrape
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren virtues of my progeny,
And make them sprout 'spite of their want of worth;
No, I do wish my girls should wish me live,
Which few do wish that have a greedy sire,
But still expect, and gape with hungry lip,
When he 'll give up his gouty stewardship.

Friend. Then I wonder
You not aspire unto the eminence
And height of pleasing life. To court! to court!
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pomp,
Like a bright diamond in a lady's brow;
There plant your fortunes in the flowering spring,
And get the sun before you of respect;
There trench yourself within the people's love,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace.
What 's wealth without respect and mounted place?

Fort. Worse and worse. I am not yet distraught;
I long not to be squeez'd with my own weight,
Nor hoist up all my sails to catch the wind
Of the drunk reeling commons: I labour not
To have an awful presence, nor be fear'd,—
Since who is fear'd, still fears to be so fear'd,—
I care not to be like the Horeb calf,
One day ador'd, and next pasht all in pieces;

Nor do I envy Polyphemian puffs,
Switzers' slopt greatness. I adore the sun,
Yet love to live within a temperate zone:
Let who will climb ambition's glibbery rounds,
And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,
I 'll not corrival him. The sun will give
As great a shadow to my trunk as his;
And after death, like chessmen having stood
In play, for bishops some, for knights, and pawns,
We all together shall be tumbled up
Into one bag
Let hush'd-calm quiet rock my life asleep:
And, being dead, my own ground press my bones,
Whilst some old beldam, hobbling o'er my grave,
May mumble thus
"Here lies a knight, whose money was his slave."

SIR GILES GOOSECAP A COMEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1606

Friendship in a lord, modesty in a gentleman

Clarence [*to some musicians*] Thanks, gentle friends,
Is your good lord, and mine, gone up to bed yet?
Momford. I do assure you not, sir, not yet, nor yet, my deep and studious friend, not yet, musical Clarence.
Clar. My lord?
Mom. Nor yet, thou sole divider of my lordship.
Clar. That were a most unfit division,
And far above the pitch of my low plumes;
I am your bold and constant guest, my lord.
Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long,
Almost these twenty years, and half those years
Hast been my bedfellow, long time before

This unseen thing, this thing of naught indeed,
Or *atom*, call'd my Lordship, shin'd in me;
And yet thou mak'st thyself as little bold
To take such kindness, as becomes the age
And truth of our indissoluble love,
As our acquaintance sprung but yesterday;
Such is thy gentle and too tender spirit.
Clar. My lord, my want of courtship makes me fear
I should be rude, and this my mean estate
Meets with such envy and detraction,
Such misconstructions and resolved misdooms
Of my poor worth, that should I be advanc'd
Beyond my unseen lowness, but one hair,
I should be torn in pieces with the spirits
That fly in ill-lung'd tempests through the world,
Tearing the head of virtue from her shoulders,
If she but look out of the ground of glory.
'Twixt whom and me, and every worldly fortune,
There fights such sour and curst antipathy,
So waspish and so petulant a star,
That all things tending to my grace and good
Are ravish'd from their object, as I were
A thing created for a wilderness,
And must not think of any place with men.

LINGUA, A COMEDY.

Languages.

THE ancient Hebrew, clad with mysteries;
The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical,
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French—

Tragedy and Comedy.

— fellows both, both twins, but so unlike
As birth to death, wedding to funeral:
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,
Trouble the midst, but in the end concludes
Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
This grave and sad, distain'd with brinish tears;
That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted:
This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors,
Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprises;
This other trades with men of mean condition,
His projects small, small hopes, and dangers little:
This gorgeous, broider'd with rich sentences,
That fair, and purfled round with merriments.
Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
By being death's mirror, and life's looking-glass.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN [1]

MILLISENT *the fair daughter of* CLARE *was betrothed, with the consent of her parents, to* RAYMOND, *son of* MOUNCHENSEY, *but the elder* MOUNCHENSEY *being since fallen in his fortunes,* CLARE *revokes his consent, and plots a marriage for his daughter with the rich heir of* JERNINGHAM. PETER FABEL, *a good magician, who had been tutor to young* RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY *at college, determines by the aid of his art to assist his pupil in obtaining fair* MILLISENT

PETER FABEL, *solus.*

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royal parts

[1] It has been ascribed without much proof to Shakspeare, and to Michael Drayton.

Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn,
And after all these promises my Clare
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other;
And the old grey-beards now are close together,
Plotting in the garden. Is 't even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We 'll first hang Envil[1] in such rings of mist,
As never rose from any dampish fen:
I 'll make the brinèd sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford bridge,
I 'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them like sheep in every field.
We may perhaps be cross'd; but, if we be,
He shall cross the Devil, that but crosses me.
But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad,
And here 's the gallant that must have his wench.

Enter RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, *young* JERNINGHAM, *and young* CLARE.

Jern. I prithee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps:
Revive thy spirits, thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry

[1] Enfield.

As mirth herself!
If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou may'st thyself assure.
Raym. Ha, Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face
Of winter.
From thee they have some power upon my blood;
Yet being from thee,—had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear;
From thee it cannot.
Jern. If I understand thee, I am a villain:
What, dost thou speak in parables to thy friends?
Fab. (*to Jern.*) You are the man, sir, must have Millisent,
The match is making in the garden now,
Her jointure is agreed on, and th' old men,
Your fathers, mean to launch their busy bags,
But in mean time to thrust Mounchensey off.
For colour of this new intended match,
Fair Millisent to Cheston[1] must be sent,
To take the approbation for a nun
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.
Jern. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend
And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections; but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore.
Where e'er did we meet thee in wanton springs,
That like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
How many a sad and weary summer night
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,

[1] Cheshunt.

And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing:
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-paced hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
Before I 'd wrong the chase, and o'ergive th' love
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.

Raym. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend; in my free soul
Neither time nor death can by their power control.

Fab. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would say
He were as fine a mettled gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper
As is in England, and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse
What may Mounchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Cla. Raymond Mounchensey? I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air,
Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love
More than Mounchensey's
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows unto this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;

But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou get'st her, lad, God give thee joy.

Raym. Then, care, away! let fates my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favours of so true a friend!

Fab. Let us alone, to bustle for the set;
For age and craft with wit and art have met.
I 'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jigs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam cross,
The carriers' jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in:
The milk-maid's cuts shall turn the wenches off,
And lay the dossers tumbling in the dust:
The frank and merry London 'prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
Shall lose their way; and, scrambling in the ditches,
All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
And none to other find the way at all.

Raym. Pursue the project, scholar. what we can do
To help endeavour, join our lives thereto![1]

[1] This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and goodnaturedness of it It seems written to make the reader happy Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this They torture and wound us abundantly They are economists only in delight Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a "saint in Essex," and how sweetly his friend reminds him!—I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that Panegyrist of my native Earth, who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son, who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stept over) without honourable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology

The Prioress of Cheston's charge to fair Millisent

Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every Sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing a requiem.

To her Father. May your happy soul be blythe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He, who many children gave,
'Tis fit that He one child should have.

To Millisent. Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.
First, a-mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look,
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turned to motions holy;
For your busk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys;
And for all your follies past
You must do penance, pray and fast.
You shall ring the sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and toll your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your Psalter, sing your Latins,
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.
You must read the morning's mass,
You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair cloth for your bed.
Bid your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy aves, and your creeds;
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun.

RAM ALLEY, A COMEDY:

By Lodowick Barry, 1611.

In the Prologue the poet protests the innocence of his play, and gives a promise of better things

Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing,
The satyr's tooth and waspish sting,
Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this play are not affected;
But if conceit, with quick-turn'd scenes,
Observing all those ancient streams,
Which from the Horse-foot front do flow,
As time, place, person, and to show
Things never done, with that true life,
That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
Whether the things now shown be true,
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present if these,
Free from the loathsome stage-disease,
(So overworn, so tired and stale,
Not satirising but to rail,)
May win your favours, and inherit
But calm acceptance for his merit.
He vows by paper, pen, and ink,
And by the learned Sisters' drink,
To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
And never cease his brain to toil,
Till from the silent hours of night,
He doth produce for your delight,
Conceits so new, so harmless free,
That Puritans themselves may see
A play, yet not in public preach,
That players such lewd doctrine teach,
That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
When they do see a man resemble



Reduced facsimile of the title-page of "The Civil Wars," with portrait of Samuel Daniel

The picture of a villain.—This,
As he a friend to Muses is,
To you by me he gives his word,
Is all his play doth now afford.

TETHYS' FESTIVAL:

By Samuel Daniel, 1610.

Song at a Court Masque.

Are they shadows that we see?
And can shadows pleasure give?—
Pleasures only shadows be
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem,
In those figures which they seem —
But these pleasures vanish fast,
Which by shadows are express,
Pleasures are not, if they last,
In their passing, is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.
Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold,
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold.
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart.

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH, A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Love in Infancy.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt, when as we sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look. And thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood but when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness,
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Love after Death.

Palæmon. Fie, Thyrsis, with what fond remembrances
Dost thou these idle passions entertain!
For shame leave off to waste your youth in vain,
And feed on shadows. make your choice anew.
You other nymphs shall find, no doubt will be
As lovely, and as fair, and sweet as she.
Thyrsis. As fair and sweet as she? Palæmon, peace:
Ah, what can pictures be unto the life,
What sweetness can be found in images?
Which all nymphs else besides her seem to me.
She only was a real creature, she,
Whose memory must take up all of me.

Should I another love, then must I have
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And evermore shall be: here is she drawn
At length, and whole; and more, this table is
A story, and is all of her, and all
Wrought in the liveliest colours of my blood;
And can there be a room for others here?
Should I disfigure such a piece, and blot
The perfect'st workmanship love ever wrought?
Palæmon, no, ah, no, it cost too dear;
It must remain entire whilst life remains,
The monument of her and of my pains.

The story of ISULIA.

There was sometimes a nymph,
Isulia nam'd, and an Arcadian born,
Whose mother dying, left her very young
Unto her father's charge, who carefully
Did breed her up until she came to years
Of womanhood, and then provides a match
Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.
But she, who to another shepherd had,
Call'd Sirthis, vow'd her love, as unto one
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her love,
Could not by all her father's means be wrought
To leave her choice, and to forget her vow.
This nymph one day, surcharg'd with love and grief,
Which commonly (the more the pity!) dwell
As inmates both together, walking forth
With other maids, to fish upon the shore,
Estrays apart, and leaves her company,
To entertain herself with her own thoughts,
And wanders on so far, and out of sight,
As she at length was suddenly surprised
By pirates, who lay lurking underneath
Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize;
And notwithstanding all her piteous cries,

Entreaties, tears, and prayers, those fierce men
Rent hair, and veil, and carried her by force
Into their ship, which in a little creek
Hard by at anchor lay,
And presently hoisted sail and so away.
When she was thus enshipp'd, and woefully
Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
Of horror, whereinto she was so suddenly emplung'd,
She spies a woman sitting with a child
Sucking her breast, which was the captain's wife.
To her she creeps, down at her feet she lies:
"O woman, if that name of a woman may
Move you to pity, pity a poor maid,
The most distressed soul that ever breath'd,
And save me from the hands of those fierce men;
Let me not be defil'd and made unclean,
Dear woman, now, and I will be to you
The faithful'st slave that ever mistress served,
Never poor soul shall be more dutiful,
To do whatever you command, than I.
No toil will I refuse, so that I may
Keep this poor body clean and undeflower'd,
Which is all I will ever seek. For know,
It is not fear of death lays me thus low,
But of that stain will make my death to blush"
All this would nothing move the woman's heart,
Whom yet she would not leave, but still besought:
"O woman, by that infant at your breast,
And by the pains it cost you in the birth,
Save me, as ever you desire to have
Your babe to joy and prosper in the world:
Which will the better prosper sure, if you
Shall mercy show, which is with mercy paid!"
Then kisses she her feet, then kisses too
The infant's feet, and, "oh, sweet babe," (said she,)
"Could'st thou but to thy mother speak for me,
And crave her to have pity on my case,

Thou mightst perhaps prevail with her so much,
Although I cannot ; child, ah, couldst thou speak !"
The infant, whether by her touching it,
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weep,
Looks earnestly upon her, and then looks
Upon the mother, then on her again,
And then it cries, and then on either looks :
Which she perceiving, " Blessed child," (said she,)
" Although thou canst not speak, yet dost thou cry
Unto thy mother for me. Hear thy child,
Dear mother, it 's for me it cries ,
It 's all the speech it hath. Accept those cries,
Save me at his request from being defiled ;
Let pity move thee, that thus moves the child."
The woman, though by birth and custom rude,
Yet having veins of nature, could not be
But pierceable, did feel at length the point
Of pity enter so, as out gush'd tears,
(Not usual to stern eyes,) and she besought
Her husband to bestow on her that prize,
With safeguard of her body at her will.
The captain, seeing his wife, the child, the nymph,
All crying to him in this piteous sort,
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
His wife's request, and seals his grant with tears ,
And so they wept all four for company,
And some beholders stood not with dry eyes ;
Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.
Never was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the block, more joyful than
This grant to her for all her misery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort she receiv'd,
By being thus saved from impurity
And from the woman's feet she would not part,
Nor trust her hand to be without some hold
Of her, or of the child, so long as she remain'd
Within the ship, which in few days arrives

At Alexandria, whence these pirates were ;
And there this woeful maid for two years' space
Did serve, and truly serve this captain's wife,—
Who would not lose the benefit of her
Attendance, for all her profit otherwise,—
But daring not in such a place as that
To trust herself in woman's habit, craved
That she might be apparel'd like a boy ;
And so she was, and as a boy she serv'd.
At two years' end, her mistress sends her forth
Unto the port for some commodities,
Which, whilst she sought for, going up and down,
She heard some merchantmen of Corinth talk,
Who spake that language the Arcadians did,
And were next neighbours of one continent.
To them, all rapt with passion, down she kneels,
Tells them she was a poor distressed boy,
Born in Arcadia, and by pirates took,
And made a slave in Egypt, and besought
Them, as they fathers were of children, or
Did hold their native country dear, they would
Take pity on her, and relieve her youth
From that sad servitude wherein she lived :
For which she hop'd that she had friends alive
Would thank them one day, and reward them too ;
If not, yet that she knew the heavens would do.
The merchants, moved with pity of her case,
Being ready to depart, took her with them,
And landed her upon her country coast,
Where, when she found herself, she prostrate falls,
Kisses the ground, thanks gives unto the gods,
Thanks them who had been her deliverers,
And on she trudges through the desert woods,
Climbs over craggy rocks, and mountains steep,
Wades thorough rivers, struggles thorough bogs,
Sustained only by the force of love ;
Until she came unto the native plains,

Unto the fields where first she drew her breath.
There lifts she up her eyes, salutes the air,
Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowers, and all:
And, "Oh, dear Sirthis, here I am," said she,
"Here, notwithstanding all my miseries,
I am the same I was to thee; a pure,
A chaste, and spotless maid."

THE CASE IS ALTERED, A COMEDY:

By Ben Jonson.

The present humour to be followed

Aurelia, Phœnixella, *sisters, their mother being lately dead.*

Aur. Room for a case of matrons, colour'd black,
How motherly my mother's death hath made us!
I would I had some girls now to bring up.
O I could make a wench so virtuous,
She should say grace to every bit of meat,
And gape no wider than a wafer's thickness;
And she should make French court'sies so most low,
That every touch should turn her over backward.
Phæn. Sister, these words become not your attire,
Nor your estate; our virtuous mother's death
Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us,
Than may be worn out in so little time.
Aur Sister, i' faith you take too much tobacco,
It makes you black within, as you are without.
What, true-stitch, sister! both your sides alike!
Be of a slighter work, for of my word,
You shall be sold as dear, or rather dearer.
Will you be bound to customs and to rites?
Shed profitable tears, weep for advantage,
Or else do all things as you are inclined:

Eat when your stomach serves, saith the physician,
Not at eleven and six. So if your humour
Be now affected with this heaviness,
Give it the reins, and spare not, as I do
In this my pleasurable appetite.
It is *Precisianism* to alter that
With austere judgment, that is given by nature.
I wept, you saw too, when my mother died,
For then I found it easier to do so,
And fitter with my mood, than not to weep:
But now 'tis otherwise; another time
Perhaps I shall have such deep thoughts of her,
That I shall weep afresh some twelvemonth hence;
And I will weep, if I be so disposed,
And put on black as grimly then as now
Let the mind go still with the body's stature,
Judgment is fit for judges, give me nature.

Presentiment of treachery, vanishing at the sight of the person suspected

LORD PAULO FARNESE. (*Speaking to himself of* ANGELO)

—— My thoughts cannot propose a reason
Why I should fear, or faint thus in my hopes,
Of one so much endeared to my love.
Some spark it is, kindled within the soul,
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sense,
That propagates this timorous suspect,
His actions never carried any face
Of change, or weakness, then I injure him
In being thus cold-conceited of his faith.
O, here he comes. [*While he speaks* ANGELO *enters.*

Angelo. How now, sweet lord, what 's the matter?

Paul. Good faith, his presence makes me half ashamed
Of my stray'd thoughts.

JAQUES (a Miser) *worships his gold.*

Jaq. 'Tis not to be told
What servile villanies men will do for gold.

O it began to have a huge strong smell,
With lying so long together in a place;
I 'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough,
And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
I 'll set his burning nose once more a work,
To smell where I removed it. Here it is,
I 'll hide, and cover it with this horse-dung.
Who will suppose that such a precious nest
Is crown'd with such a dunghill excrement?
In, my dear life! sleep sweetly, my dear child!
Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
And that 's enough. Rot all hands that come near thee,
Except mine own! Burn out all eyes that see thee,
Except mine own! All thoughts of thee be poison
To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own!
I 'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,
But see thee every minute king of kings,
I 'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back
In going from thee, but go backward out,
With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies.

[The passion for wealth has worn out much of its grossness by tract of time. Our ancestors certainly conceived of money as able to confer a distinct gratification in itself, not alone considered simply as a symbol of wealth. The oldest poets, when they introduce a miser, constantly make him address his gold as his mistress, as something to be seen, felt, and hugged, as capable of satisfying two of the senses at least. The substitution of a thin unsatisfying medium for the good old tangible gold, has made avarice quite a Platonic affection in comparison with the seeing, touching, and handling pleasures of the old Chrysophilites. A bank-note can no more satisfy the touch of a true sensualist in this passion, than Creusa could return her husband's embrace in the shades. See the Cave of Mammon in Spenser, Barabas's contemplation of his wealth in the Jew of Malta, Luke's raptures in the City Madam, &c. Above all hear Guzman, in that excellent old Spanish novel, The Rogue, expatiate on the "ruddy cheeks of your golden Ruddocks, your Spanish Pistolets, your plump and full-faced Portuguese, and your clear skinned pieces of eight of Castile," which he and his fellows the beggars kept secret

to themselves, and did "privately enjoy in a plentiful manner." "For to have them, for to pay them away, is not to enjoy them, to enjoy them is to have them lying by us, having no other need of them than to use them for the clearing of the eye-sight, and the comforting of our senses These we did carry about with us, sewing them in some patches of our doublets near unto the heart, and as close to the skin as we could handsomely quilt them in, holding them to be restorative "]

POETASTER; OR, HIS ARRAIGNMENT: A COMICAL SATIRE.

By the same Author.

Ovid bewails his hard condition in being banished from court and the society of the princess Julia

Ovid.

Banish'd the court! let me be banish'd life,
Since the chief end of life is there concluded:
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded,
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else,
So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.
As in a circle, a magician then
Is safe against the spirit he excites,
But out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the virtue of his art.
So I, exiled the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts that in it I joy'd.
No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her white hand.
The court 's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
And my dear Julia th' abstract of th' court.
Methinks, now I come near her, I respire

Some air of that late comfort I received ;
And while the evening, with her modest veil,
Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
Without the living body of my love,
Will here walk, and attend her. For I know
Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speak to me,
And cheer my fainting spirits with her breath.

JULIA *appears at her chamber-window.*

Jul. Ovid ? my love ?
Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia.
Jul. Here ! and not here ! O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves,
But one, and yet divided, as opposed !
I high, thou low O, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
Local and ceremonial height, and lowness ·
Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our minds are even, yet ; O, why should our bodies,
That are their slaves, be so without their rule ?
I 'll cast myself down to thee, if I die,
I 'll ever live with thee : no height of birth,
Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
Shall keep me from thee, should my father lock
This body up within a tomb of brass,
Yet I 'll be with thee. If the forms, I hold
Now in my soul, be made one substance with it ;
That soul immortal, and the same 'tis now ;
Death cannot raze th' affects she now retaineth :
And then, may she be any where she will.
The souls of parents rule not children's souls,
When death sets both in their dissolved estates ;
Then is no child nor father ; then eternity
Frees all from any temporary respect.

I come, my Ovid; take me in thine arms;
And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.
Ovid. O stay, my love; the hopes thou dost conceive
Of thy quick death, and of thy future life,
Are not authentical. Thou choosest death,
So thou might'st 'joy thy love in th' other life:
But know, my princely love, when thou art dead,
Thou only must survive in perfect soul;
And in the soul are no affections.
We pour out our affections with our blood;
And, with our blood's affections, fade our loves.
No life hath love in such sweet state as this,
No essence is so dear to moody sense,
As flesh and blood, whose quintessence is sense.
Beauty, composed of blood and flesh, moves more,
And is more plausible to blood and flesh,
Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit.
Such apprehension as we have in dreams
When sleep, the bond of senses, locks them up,
Such shall we have, when death destroys them quite.
If love be then thy object, change not life;
Live high and happy still I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall joy.
Jul. Ay me, that virtue, whose brave eagle's wings
With every stroke blow stars in burning heaven,
Should, like a swallow, preying toward storms,
Fly close to earth, and with an eager plume,
Pursue those objects which none else can see,
But seem to all the world the empty air!
Thus thou, poor Ovid, and all virtuous men,
Must prey, like swallows, on invisible food,
Pursuing flies, or nothing, and thus love,
And every worldly fancy, is transposed
By worldly tyranny to what plight it list.
O father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,
Strive not to rule it, take but what thou gav'st

To thy disposure: thy affections
Rule not in me; I must bear all my griefs;
Let me use all my pleasures; virtuous love
Was never scandal to a goddess' state.
But he 's inflexible! and, my dear love,
Thy life may chance be shorten'd by the length
Of my unwilling speeches to depart.
Farewell, sweet life, though thou be yet exiled
Th' officious court, enjoy me amply still:
My soul, in this my breath, enters thine ears,
And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,
Till we meet again. In this proud height,
I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy feet.
Great Jove submits a sceptre to a cell;
And lovers, ere they part, will meet in hell.

Ovid. Farewell all company, and, if I could,
All light with thee. hell's shade should hide my brows,
Till thy dear beauty's beams redeem'd my vows.

Jul. Ovid, my love; alas! may we not stay
A little longer, think'st thou, undiscern'd?

Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess, do not stay.
Who would engage a firmament of fires
Shining in thee, for me, a falling star?
Begone, sweet life-blood, if I should discern
Thyself but touch'd for my sake, I should die.

Jul. I will begone, then; and not heaven itself
Shall draw me back.

Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,
A little longer stay.

Jul. I am content.

Ovid. O, mighty Ovid! what the sway of heaven
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

Jul. Who shall go first, my love? my passionate eyes
Will not endure to see thee turn from me.

Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow thee.

Jul. Then we must stay.
Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures; if both stay, both die.
I hear thy father; hence, my deity.
[JULIA *goes in*
Fear forgeth sounds in my deluded ears;
I did not hear him: I am mad with love.
There is no spirit under heaven, that works
With such illusion, yet such witchcraft kill me,
Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life!
Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place
That held my goddess; and the loving air,
That closed her body in his silken arms.
Vain Ovid! kneel not to the place, nor air;
She's in thy heart, rise then, and worship there.
The truest wisdom silly men can have,
Is dotage on the follies of their flesh.——

AUGUSTUS *discourses with his* courtiers *concerning Poetry*

CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, TIBULLUS, HORACE. *Equites Romani.*

Cæs. We, that have conquer'd still, to save the conquer'd,
And loved to make inflictions fear'd, not felt,
Grieved to reprove, and joyful to reward;
More proud of reconcilement than revenge;
Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus [1]
You both are gentlemen: and you, Cornelius,
A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman Eagles fly
On swarthy Egypt, quarried with her spoils.
Yet (not to bear cold forms, nor men's out-terms,
Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have virtues, shining through your shapes;

[1] They had offended the emperor by concealing the love of Ovid for the princess Julia

To show, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reach'd from heaven!
Sweet poesy's sacred garlands crown your gentry:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract and perfect; if she be
True born, and nursed with all the sciences.
She can so mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust,
In her sweet streams shall our brave Roman spirits
Chase, and swim after death, with their choice deeds
Shining on their white shoulders, and therein
Shall Tiber, and our famous rivers fall
With such attraction, that the ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her centre shrink,
To hear their music and for these high parts,
Cæsar shall reverence the Pierian arts.

Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesy,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls, who, for the vain assumings
Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign wreaths,
Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt

Gal Happy is Rome of all earth's other states,
To have so true and great a president,
For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As Cæsar is, who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre, in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us

Hor. Phœbus himself shall kneel at Cæsar's shrine,
And deck it with bay-garlands dew'd with wine,
To quit the worship Cæsar does to him:
Where other princes, hoisted to their thrones
By Fortune's passionate and disorder'd pow'r,
Sit in their height, like clouds before the sun,

Hindering his comforts; and, by their excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice,
Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,
Whom Cæsar with such honour doth advance.
Tib. All human business Fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blind hand,
She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still have nurst,
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.
Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so much stuff
As Fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it,
As if his hand had eyes and soul in it,
With worth and judgment. Hands, that part with gifts
Or will restrain their use, without desert,
Or with a misery numb'd to virtue's right,
Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
And quite reject her; severing their estates
From human order. Whosoever can,
And will not cherish virtue, is no man.
Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.
Cæs. Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch a chair,
And set it on our right-hand, where 'tis fit
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his Æneids.
Which, like another soul, I long t' enjoy.
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen,
That are of his profession, though rank'd higher;
Or, Horace, what sayst thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to envy, or to detract?
Hor. Cæsar speaks after common men in this,
To make a difference of me for my poorness;
As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.
No, Cæsar, they be pathless, moonish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung

Of damned riches, ever after sink
Beneath the steps of any villainy.
But knowledge is the nectar that keeps sweet
A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin;
And for my soul, it is as free as Cæsar's,
For what I know is due I 'll give to all.
He that detracts or envies virtuous merit,
Is still the covetous and the ignorant spirit.

Cæs. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and wholesome sharpness,
Which pleaseth Cæsar more than servile fawns.
A flatter'd prince soon turns the prince of fools.
And for thy sake, we 'll put no difference more
Between the great and good for being poor.
Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

Hor I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence,) refined
From all the tartarous moods of common men;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly body, most severe
In fashion and collection of himself;
And, then, as clear and confident as Jove.

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,
In suffering any syllable to pass,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examined self,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

Tib. But to approve his works of sovereign worth,
This observation, methinks, more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,

He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.
Cæs. You mean, he might repeat part of his works,
As fit for any conference he can use?
Tib. True, royal Cæsar.
Cæs. Worthily observed,
And a most worthy virtue in his works.
What thinks material Horace of his learning?
Hor. His learning savours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrapp'd in the curious generalties of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now
Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

VIRGIL *enters.*

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound, to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second surname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.
Vir. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
If they were perfect, much more with their wants,
Which yet are more than my time could supply.
And could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not show them.
Cæs. Virgil is too modest;

Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more.
Show them, sweet Virgil.
Vir. Then, in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly show them.
Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper
Than in the sensual complement of kings.
Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue:
Best matter, badly shown, shows worse than bad.
See then this chair, of purpose set for thee
To read thy poem in, refuse it not.
Virtue, without presumption, place may take
Above best kings, whom only she should make.
Vir It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A gross untruth, that any poet, void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity,
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.
Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth set under,
Crosseth heaven's courses, and makes worldlings wonder.
Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself, in this,
Will Cæsar cross, much more all worldly custom.
Hor. Custom, in course of honour, ever errs;
And they are best whom fortune least prefers.
Cæs. Horace hath but more strictly spoke our thoughts.
The vast rude swing of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense.
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The special rector of all harmony)
Shall show we are a man distinct by it,
From those, whom custom rapteth in her press.
Ascend then, Virgil, and where first by chance
We here have turn'd thy book, do thou first read.

Vir. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will ascend.
'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused virtue,
And makes her shine proportion'd to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.
Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter; peace. Begin, good Virgil.

VIRGIL *reads part of his fourth Æneid.*

Vir. Meanwhile, the skies 'gan thunder, &c.

[This Roman play seems written to confute those enemies of Ben Jonson in his own days and ours, who have said that he made a pedantical use of his learning He has here revived the whole court of Augustus, by a learned spell We are admitted to the society of the illustrious dead Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, converse in our own tongue more finely and poetically than they expressed themselves in their native Latin ——Nothing can be imagined more elegant, refined, and court like than the scenes between this Louis the Fourteenth of antiquity and his literati The whole essence and secret of that kind of intercourse is contained therein The economical liberality by which greatness, seeming to wave some part of its prerogative, takes care to lose none of the essentials, the prudential liberties of an inferior which flatter by commanded boldness and soothe with complimental security]

SEJANUS HIS FALL, A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SEJANUS, *the morning he is condemned by the* Senate, *receives some tokens which presage his death*

SEJANUS. POMPONIUS MINUTIUS. TERENTIUS, &c.

Ter. Are these things true?
Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.
Sej. What 's that?
Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
That a new head being set upon your statue,

A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!

Sej. No more.—
Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up
More of the soldiers for our guard. Minutius,
We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,
Trio the consul, or what senators
You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta,
For Laco, provost of the watch. Now, Satrius,
The time of proof comes on, arm all our servants,
And without tumult. You, Pomponius,
Hold some good correspondence with the consul:
Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin
To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates
Fortune, I see thy worst let doubtful states,
And things uncertain, hang upon thy will.
Me surest death shall render certain still.
Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath,
Uncheck'd or unreproved? I, that did help
To fell the lofty cedar of the world,
Germanicus, that at one stroke cut down
Drusus, that upright elm, wither'd his vine;
Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks,
Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,
Cordus and Sosia, Claudia Pulchra,
Furnius and Gallus, which I have grubb'd up,
And since, have set my axe so strong and deep
Into the root of spreading Agrippina,
Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,
Drusus, and Caius too, although replanted.
If you will, Destinies, that after all,
I faint now ere I touch my period,

Vir. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will ascend.
'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused virtue,
And makes her shine proportion'd to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.
Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter; peace. Begin, good Virgil.

VIRGIL *reads part of his fourth Æneid.*

Vir. Meanwhile, the skies 'gan thunder, &c.

[This Roman play seems written to confute those enemies of Ben Jonson in his own days and ours, who have said that he made a pedantical use of his learning He has here revived the whole court of Augustus, by a learned spell We are admitted to the society of the illustrious dead Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, converse in our own tongue more finely and poetically than they expressed themselves in their native Latin ——Nothing can be imagined more elegant, refined, and court like than the scenes between this Louis the Fourteenth of antiquity and his literati The whole essence and secret of that kind of intercourse is contained therein The economical liberality by which greatness, seeming to wave some part of its prerogative, takes care to lose none of the essentials, the prudential liberties of an inferior which flatter by commanded boldness and soothe with complimental security]

SEJANUS HIS FALL, A TRAGEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SEJANUS, *the morning he is condemned by the* Senate, *receives some tokens which presage his death*

SEJANUS. POMPONIUS. MINUTIUS. TERENTIUS, &c.

Ter. Are these things true?
Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.
Sej. What 's that?
Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
That a new head being set upon your statue,

A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!

Sej. No more —
Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up
More of the soldiers for our guard. Minutius,
We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,
Trio the consul, or what senators
You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta,
For Laco, provost of the watch. Now, Satrius,
The time of proof comes on, arm all our servants,
And without tumult. You, Pomponius,
Hold some good correspondence with the consul:
Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin
To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates
Fortune, I see thy worst let doubtful states,
And things uncertain, hang upon thy will.
Me surest death shall render certain still.
Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath,
Uncheck'd or unreproved? I, that did help
To fell the lofty cedar of the world,
Germanicus, that at one stroke cut down
Drusus, that upright elm, wither'd his vine;
Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks,
Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,
Cordus and Sosia, Claudia Pulchra,
Furnius and Gallus, which I have grubb'd up;
And since, have set my axe so strong and deep
Into the root of spreading Agrippina,
Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,
Drusus, and Caius too, although replanted.
If you will, Destinies, that after all,
I faint now ere I touch my period,

You are but cruel; and I already have done
Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave;
The senate sat an idle looker-on,
And witness of my power; when I have blush'd
More to command than it to suffer; all
The fathers have sat ready and prepared
To give me empire, temples, or their throats,
When I would ask 'em, and what crowns the top,
Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen
Jove, but my equal, Cæsar, but my second.
'Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your own,
Envy and fear to have any power long known.

VOLPONE, OR THE FOX, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

VOLPONE, *a rich Venetian nobleman, who is without children, feigns himself to be dying, to draw gifts from such as pay their court to him in the expectation of becoming his heirs* MOSCA, *his knavish confederate, persuades each of these men in turn that he is named for the inheritance, and by this means extracts from their credulity many costly presents*

VOLPONE, *as on his death-bed* MOSCA. CORBACCIO, *an old gentleman.*

Mos. Signor Corbaccio!
You are very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday, but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greatest danger,
A worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then, they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward; and he is loath
To hire his death, so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much licence as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me,
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont——
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas won't.
Corb. O, good!
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still
Mos. And from his brain—
Corb. Ha? how? not from his brain?
Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain—
Corb. I conceive you, good
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes
Corb. Is 't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent! excellent! sure I shall outlast him
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he given me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good—
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True.
I know it too.
Mos. By your own scale, sir.
Corb. Well, I shall prevent him, yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate
Mos. Yea, marry, sir
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine,
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
This will recover him
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him
Corb. O, no, no, no, by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I 'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir.
Will so advise you, you shall have it all
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir, 'tis your right, your own. no man

Can claim a part; 'tis yours, without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I 'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I reimportune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And show him this.
Corb. Good, good
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed,
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better. for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir;
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot

Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he had done, sir—
Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him—
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man ——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir—
Corb I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good ——
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention
Mos. 'Las, sir! Heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work things—
Corb I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do
I 'll straight about it
Mos. Rook go with you, raven!
Corb I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir!
Corb. And ——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.
Mos Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing
Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!
Corb. What say'st thou?

Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
Volp. O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides ——
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold, good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions, give them words,
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence
Volp 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos Ay, with our help, sir
Volp So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them, yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy, feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! Who 's that there, now? a third! [*Another knocks.*
Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice:
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who 's there ?

CORVINO, *a* Merchant, *enters.*

Mos. Signior Corvino ! come most wish'd for ! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now !
Corv. Why ? what ? wherein ?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead ?
Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good ;
He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then ?
Mos. Why, sir ?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir :
He still calls on you ; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir ?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. [*Faintly.*] Signior Corvino !
Mos. Hark
Volp. Signior Corvino !
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him.—He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir ?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfth caract.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing 's gone ;
And yet it comforts him to see you ——
Corv. Say,
I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Best shew it, sir,
Put it into his hand, 'tis only there
He apprehends he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it !
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman !

How pitiful the sight is!

Mos. Tut! forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor.

Corv. Why, am I his heir?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the will
Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked him,
Whom he would have his heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made,
Through weakness, for consent. and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse

Corv. O, my dear Mosca! Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember

Corv. Has he children?

Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk
Knew you not that, sir? 'Tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He 's the true father of his family,
In all, save me.—but he has given them nothing.

Corv. That 's well, that 's well! Art sure he does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. [*Shouts in Vol.'s ear.*

The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the plague to boot!—
You may come near, sir. Would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide instead of skin,—nay, help, sir—
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!

Corv. Or, like an old smoked wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks!

Mos Excellent, sir! speak out:
You may be louder yet, a culverin
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.

Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.

Mos. 'Tis good! and what his mouth?

Corv. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up——

Corv. By no means.

Mos. 'Pray you, let me:
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will, but I 'll begone.

Mos. Be so,
It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you, use no violence.

Mos. No, sir! why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?

Corv. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shall share in all my fortunes. [*Exit.*
Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself.

THE ALCHEMIST, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

EPICURE MAMMON, *a* Knight, *deceived by the pretensions of* SUBTLE (*the* Alchemist), *glories in the prospect of obtaining the philosopher's stone, and promises what rare things he will do with it*

MAMMON. SURLY, *his* Friend. *The Scene*, SUBTLE'S *House.*

Mam. Come on, sir Now, you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe*, here 's the rich Peru.
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich*,
This day you shall be spectatissimi
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. no more,
If he deny, have him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger



Ben Jonson, from the engraving by Houbraken, after the painting by Oliver

Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke,
To be display'd at madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly.
And unto thee I speak it first, *Be rich.*
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!

FACE *answers from within.*

Sir, he 'll come to you by and by.

Mam That is his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night, I 'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold.
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.

Sur What, and turn that too?

Mam Yes, and I 'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun,
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.

Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,

He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I 'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.

Sur. No doubt; he 's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I 'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out of the kingdom in three months.

Sur. And I 'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.

Mam. Sir, I 'll do 't. Meantime,
I 'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—

Sur. As he that built the Waterwork, does with water?

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax, [my] Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I 'll show you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—
Sur. How!
Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar-board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our Argent-vive, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they 're fix'd.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone.—

FACE *enters.*

How now?
Do we succeed? is our day come? and holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, *Be rich.*
This day, thou shalt have ingots, and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront.—Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's head?
Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.
Mam. Excellent witty Lungs!—my only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.
Face. No, sir! buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes.
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them, new, with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch.
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes
Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where 's master?
Face. At his prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he 's doing his devotions
For the success.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio. for I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.—
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?
Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd;
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my succubæ. My mists
I 'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
Is it arrived at ruby?—Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
I 'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
Face. And I shall carry it?
Mam. No, I 'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers

Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, belie
Ladies who are known most innocent for them;
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
Apiece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys I myself will have
The beards of barbels served, instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I 'll say unto my cook, "There's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight."

Face. Sir, I 'll go look
A little, how it heightens.

Mam. Do.—My shirts
I 'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise, and eastern air——

And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn hot as fevers to our states.
Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an hour
Of so great purpose.
Cet. If the gods had call'd
Them to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed; that are thus slow
To such an action, which the gods will envy,
As asking no less means than all their powers,
Conjoin'd, to effect! I would have seen Rome burnt
By this time, and her ashes in an urn;
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder,
And the degenerate talking gown run frighted
Out of the air of Italy.
Cat. Spirit of men!
Thou heart of our great enterprise! how much
I love these voices in thee!
Cet. O, the days
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would!
Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs ——
Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
Brothers their brothers.
Cat. And had price and praise.
All hate had licence given it, all rage reins.
Cet. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch.
No age was spared, no sex.
Cat. Nay, no degree.
Cet. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,

All died.
Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives:
To strike but only those that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor: some fell to make the number,
As some the prey.
Cet. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came:
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frighted from;
And e'en the graves were fill'd with men yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.
Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more,
Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,
Is to stand up in Rome.
Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.
Cat. How!
Lent. I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.
Cat. The Sibyl's leaves uncertain! or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear!
Lent. All prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without:
And so been weigh'd, examined and compared,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.
Lent. Do you believe it?
Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it?
Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.
Cat. They had lost their science else.
Lent. They count from Cinna.
Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the sun is risen, must think it.
Lent. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth!
Cat. Why, what can they do less? Cinna and Sylla

Are set and gone; and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me here! he looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the awed purple dropp'd their rods and axes:
The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travails of the city,
The very walls sweat blood before the change,
And stones start out to ruin ere it comes.

Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Lent. I am your creature, Sergius; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury nor the Sibyl's books,
But Catiline that makes it.

Cat. I am a shadow
To honour'd Lentulus and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.

THE NEW INN; OR, THE LIGHT HEART. A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LOVEL *discovers to the* HOST *of the New Inn, his love for the* LADY FRANCES, *and his reason for concealing his passion from her*

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now, I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too;
Stalk like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,
And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love.

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?
I would know that.
Lov. I do not know 't myself,
Whether it is; but it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend:
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it, in my person, to her.
Host. How then?
Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.
Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!
Lov. I oft have been too in her company:
And look'd upon her a whole day; admired her;
Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still,
Look'd still, and loved; and loved, and look'd, and sigh'd:
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded—
Host. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?
Lov. O but I loved the more; and she might read it
Best in my silence, had she been ——
Host. As melancholic
As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?
Lov. O, thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you e'er know, or hear of the lord Beaufort,
Who serv'd so bravely in France? I was his page,
And ere he died, his friend: I follow'd him
First, in the wars, and, in the times of peace,
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,

No Knights o' the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts and infest manners:
But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' slights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal phant'sy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the epic poem, limn'd
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son:
And these he brought to practise, and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! But then
The trust committed to me at his death,
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!
The care of his brave heir, and only son:
Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As, out of humour, will return no love;
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting-stock, for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on us all, to scorn:
Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
And debt profess'd, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders.

LOVEL, *in the presence of the* LADY FRANCES, *the young* LORD BEAUFORT, *and other* Guests *of the New Inn, defines what love is.*

Lov. What else
Is love, but the most noble, pure affection
Of what is truly beautiful and fair,
Desire of union with the thing beloved?
Beau. I have read somewhere, that man and woman
Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And being cleft asunder, ever since
Love was an appetite to be rejoin'd.
Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his Banquet,
And utter'd there by Aristophanes.
Host. 'Tis well remembered here, and to good use.
But on with your description, what love is:
Desire of union with the thing beloved.
Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what 's beautiful and fair;
The formal cause, the appetite of union:
The final cause, the union itself.
But larger, if you 'll have it; by description,
It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in another's;
Transfers the lover into the beloved,
That he or she, that loves, engraves or stamps
The idea of what they love, first in themselves:
Or like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their beloved, and then reflect.
It is the likeness of affections,
Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal,
Not feign'd, or made, but born; and then so precious,
As naught can value it but itself; so free,
As nothing can command it but itself;
And in itself so round and liberal,

As where it favours it bestows itself.
But we must take and understand this love,
Along still, as a name of dignity;
Not pleasure.
True love hath no unworthy thought, no light
Loose, unbecoming appetite, or strain,
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

Beau. I relish not these philosophical feasts;
Give me a banquet of sense, like that of Ovid:
A form to take the eye; a voice mine ear;
Pure aromatics to my scent; a soft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch; and for my taste,
Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.

Lov. They are the earthly, lower form of lovers,
Are only taken with what strikes the senses;
And love by that loose scale. Although I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an object,
And, true, would use it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domestic deeds;
In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparel, gesture, building, or what not:
All arts and actions do affect their beauty.
But put the case, in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontispiece,
Shall I stay captive in the outer court,
Surprised with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house?
There is my friendship to be made, within,
With what can love me again, not with the walls,
Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, and cornice.
My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love, is to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

The body's love is frail, subject to change,
And alter still with it; the mind's is firm,
One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good;
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners;
That breeds good will: good will desire of union.
So knowledge first begets benevolence,
Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love:
And where it starts or steps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, depraved affection,
And bears no mark or character of love.
Nor do they trespass within bounds of pardon,
That giving way, and licence to their love,
Divest him of his noblest ornaments,
Which are his modesty and shamefacedness:
And so they do, that have unfit designs
Upon the parties they pretend to love.
For what 's more monstrous, more a prodigy,
Than to hear me protest truth of affection
Unto a person that I would dishonour?
And what 's a more dishonour, than defacing
Another's good with forfeiting mine own;
And drawing on a fellowship of sin?
From note of which, though for a while, we may
Be both kept safe by caution, yet the conscience
Cannot be cleans'd: for what was hitherto
Call'd by the name of love, becomes destroy'd
Then, with the fact; the innocency lost,
The bating of affection soon will follow,
And love is never true that is not lasting:
No more than any can be pure or perfect,
That entertains more than one object.

[These and the preceding extracts may serve to show the poetical fancy and elegance of mind of the supposed rugged old bard. A thousand beautiful passages might be adduced from those numerous court masques and entertainments which he was in the

daily habit of furnishing, to prove the same thing. But they do not come within my plan. That which follows is a specimen of that talent for comic humour, and the assemblage of ludicrous images, on which his reputation chiefly rests. It may serve for a variety after so many serious extracts]

N B.—The "Alchemist" here follows in the original edition of Lamb's "Specimens"—Ed.

THE SAD SHEPHERD: OR, A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ALKEN, *an old* Shepherd, *instructs* ROBIN HOOD'S *men how to find a* Witch, *and how she is to be hunted*

ROBIN HOOD. TUCK. LITTLE JOHN. SCARLET. SCATHLOCK. GEORGE. ALKEN. CLARION.

Tuck. Hear you how
Poor Tom the cook is taken! all his joints
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs down along the spondils of his back:
A gout or cramp now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before.
Alk. He is bewitch'd.
Cla. This is an argument
Both of her malice and her power, we see.
Alk. She must by some device restrained be,
Or she 'll go far in mischief.
Rob. Advise how,
Sage shepherd, we shall put it straight in practice.
Alk. Send forth your woodmen then into the walks,
Or let them prick her footing hence; a witch
Is sure a creature of melancholy,

And will be found, or sitting in her fourm,
Or else, at relief, like a hare.
Cla. You speak,
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-hunting,
Or starting of a hag.
Rob. Go, sirs, about it,
Take George, here, with you, he can help to find her.
John. Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of the witch
Will make us.
Scar. Let 's advise upon 't, like huntsmen.
Geo. An we can spy her once, she is our own.
Scath. First, think which way she fourmeth, on what wind;
Or north, or south.
Geo. For as the shepherd said,
A witch is a kind of hare.
Scath. And marks the weather,
As the hare does.
John. Where shall we hope to find her?
Alk. Know ye the witch's dell?
Scar. No more than I do know the walks of hell.
Alk. Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourm,
As fearful and melancholic as that
She is about; with caterpillars' kells,
And knotty cobwebs, rounded in with spells.
Then she steals forth to relief in the fogs,
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
The housewife's tun not work, nor the milk churn!

Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.
John. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.
Geo. I thought a witch's banks
Had enclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.
Scar. Yes, her malice more.
Scath. As it would quickly appear had we the store
Of his collects.
Geo. Ay, this good learned man
Can speak her right.
Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts.
Alk. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills! where the sad mandrake grows,
Whose groans are deathful; the dead-numbing nightshade,
The stupefying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagan · the shrieks of luckless owls
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air!
Green-bellied snakes, blue fire drakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings!
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms!
The airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon!
While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,
Or rotton wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,

The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,
And binding characters, through which she wounds
Her puppets, the sigilla of her witchcraft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And show you her sitting in her fourm; I 'll lay
My hand upon her, make her throw her scut
Along her back, when she doth start before us.
But you must give her law: and you shall see her
Make twenty leaps and doubles; cross the paths,
And then squat down beside us.
John. Crafty croan!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. We 'll make this hunting of the witch as famous,
As any other blast of venery.
Geo. If we should come to see her, cry, *so ho!* once.
Alk. That I do promise, or I am no good hag-finder.

ALL FOOLS, A COMEDY:

By George Chapman, 1605.

Love's Panegyric.

——— 'tis Nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men, so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colours,
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

Love with Jealousy.

—— such love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning; though the fire be cheerful,
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire, than find the smoke.

Bailiffs routed.

I walking in the place, where men's law suits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant foreman, with the word "I 'rest you."
I made no more ado, but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth;
And there sat he on his posteriors,
Like a baboon; and turning me about,
I straight espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I stepp'd me back, and drawing my old friend here,
Made to the midst of them, and all unable
T' endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran with such a fury,
As meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
Mann'd by their clients (some with ten, some with twenty,
Some five, some three, he that had least, had one),
Upon the stairs, they bore them down afore them:
But such a rattling then was there amongst them,
Of ravish'd declarations, replications,
Rejoinders, and petitions, all their books
And writings torn, and trod on, and some lost,
That the poor lawyers, coming to the bar,
Could say naught to the matter, but instead,
Were fain to rail and talk besides their books,
Without all order.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY.

By the same Author.

Byron described.

——— he is a man
Of matchless valour, and was ever happy
In all encounters, which were still made good
With an unwearied sense of any toil,
Having continued fourteen days together
Upon his horse: his blood is not voluptuous,
Nor much inclined to women; his desires
Are higher than his state, and his deserts
Not much short of the most he can desire,
If they be weigh'd with what France feels by them.
He is past measure glorious: and that humour
Is fit to feed his spirit, whom it possesseth
With faith in any error, chiefly where
Men blow it up with praise of his perfections,
The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate,
And takes up all his appetite, that oft times
He will refuse his meat, and company,
To feast alone with their most strong conceit.
Ambition also, cheek by cheek doth march
With that excess of glory, both sustain'd
With an unlimited fancy, that the king,
Nor France itself, without him can subsist.

Men's glories eclipsed when they turn traitors.

As when the moon hath comforted the night,
And set the world in silver of her light,
The planets, asterisms, and whole state of heaven,
In beams of gold descending; all the winds
Bound up in caves, charged not to drive abroad
Their cloudy heads, a universal peace,
Proclaim'd in silence of the quiet earth.

Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Storms and clouds mixing, suddenly put out
The eyes of all those glories; the creation
Turn'd into chaos; and we then desire,
For all our joy of life, the death of sleep;
So when the glories of our lives, (men's loves,
Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties),
That did us worthy comfort, are eclipsed,
Grief and disgrace invade us; and for all
Our night of life besides, our misery craves
Dark earth would ope and hide us in our graves.

Opinion the Scale of Good or Bad.

—— there is no truth of any good
To be discern'd on earth; and, by conversion,
Naught therefore simply bad: but as the stuff
Prepared for arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous fancy thorough it,
In forming ancient kings and conquerors
As he conceives they look'd and were attired,
Though they were nothing so: so all things here
Have all their price set down from men's conceits,
Which make all terms and actions good or bad,
And are but pliant and well-colour'd threads,
Put into feigned images of truth.

Insinuating Manners.

We must have these lures when we hawk for friends,
And wind about them like a subtile river,
That, seeming only to run on his course,
Doth search yet, as he runs; and still finds out
The easiest parts of entry on the shore,
Gliding so slily by, as scarce it touch'd,
Yet still eats something in it.

The Stars not able to foreshow anything.

I am a nobler substance than the stars,

And shall the baser over-rule the better?
Or are they better, since they are the bigger?
I have a will, and faculties of choice,
To do or not to do; and reason why
I do or not do this: the stars have none;
They know not why they shine more than this taper,
Nor how they work, nor what. I 'll change my course,
I 'll piecemeal pull the frame of all my thoughts,
And cast my will into another mould,
And where are all your Caput Algols then?
Your planets all, being underneath the earth
At my nativity,—what can they do?
Malignant in aspects! in bloody houses!

The Master Spirit.

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is. there 's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

Vile Natures in High Places.

——— foolish statuaries,
That under little saints suppose[1] great bases,
Make less (to sense) the saints: and so, where fortune
Advanceth vile minds to states great and noble,
She much the more exposeth them to shame;

[1] Put under.

Not able to make good, and fill their bases
With a conformed structure.

Innocence the Harmony of the Faculties.

——— Innocence, the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortune, injury, and death;
That makes a man in tune still in himself,
Free from the hell to be his own accuser;
Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying,
No strife nor no sedition in his powers;
No motion in his will against his reason,
No thought 'gainst thought; nor (as 'twere in the confines
Of wishing and repenting) doth possess
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace;
But, all parts in him friendly and secure,
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
He can with every wish be in their plenty;
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
Destroys the free content of all our time.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

By the same Author.

King Henry the Fourth of France blesses the young Dauphin.

My royal blessing, and the king of heaven
Make thee an aged and a happy king.
Help, nurse, to put my sword into his hand;
Hold, boy, by this, and with it may thy arm

Cut from thy tree of rule all traitorous branches,
That strive to shadow and eclipse thy glories;
Have thy old father's angel for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast;
Who, when this state ran like a turbulent sea,
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies, like so many winds,
Settled and burst; and like the halcyon's birth
Be thine, to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As over-watch'd with former massacres,
When guilty, made noblesse feed on noblesse,
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted;
When the naked merchant was pursued for spoil;
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their pale leanness, nothing left on them
But meagre carcases, sustain'd with air,
Wand'ring like ghosts affrighted from their graves;
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And, hearing it, ran bellowing to their home;
From which unchristian broils and homicides
Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee, and thy kingdoms, govern'd after me.
O Heaven! Or if th' unsettled blood of France,
With ease, and wealth, renew her civil furies,
Let all my powers be emptied in my son
To curb and end them all as I have done.
Let him by virtue, quite out of from fortune,
Her feather'd shoulders, and her winged shoes,
And thrust from her light feet her turning stone;
That she may ever tarry by his throne.
And of his worth, let after ages say,
(He fighting for the land, and bringing home
Just conquests, loaden with his enemies' spoils,)
His father pass'd all France in martial deeds,
But he his father twenty times exceeds.

What we have, we slight; what we want, we think excellent.

—— as a man, match'd with a lovely wife,
When his most heavenly theory of her beauties
Is dull'd and quite exhausted with his practice,
He brings her forth to feasts, where he, alas,
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
That think him blest in her, and they, poor men,
Court, and make faces, offer service, sweat
With their desires' contention, break their brains
For jests and tales, sit mute, and loose their looks,
Far out of wit, and out of countenance,
So all men else do, what they have, transplant,
And place their wealth in thirst of what they want.

Soliloquy of King Henry deliberating on the death of a traitor.

O thou that govern'st the keen sword of kings,
Direct my arm in this important stroke,
Or hold it, being advanc'd; the weight of blood,
Even in the basest subject, doth exact
Deep consultation in the highest king;
For in one subject, death's unjust affrights,
Passions, and pains, though he be ne'er so poor,
Ask more remorse, than the voluptuous spleens
Of all kings in the world deserve respect;
He should be born grey-headed, that will bear
The weight of empire; judgment of the life,
Free state, and reputation of a man,
(If it be just and worthy,) dwells so dark,
That it denies access to sun and moon;
The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sacred light,
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment; O how much
Err those kings then, that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their serious states

But humour and their lusts! For which alone
Men long for kingdoms, whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers, could a fool comprise,
He would not be a king, but would be wise.

THE GENTLEMAN USHER, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1606.

VINCENTIO, *a prince, (to gain him over to his interest in a love-affair)* gulls BASSIOLO, *a formal gentleman-usher to a great lord, with commendations of his wise house-ordering at a great entertainment*

Vinc. — besides, good sir, your show did show so well—
Bass. Did it indeed, my lord?
Vinc. O sir, believe it;
'Twas the best-fashion'd and well-order'd thing
That ever eye beheld: and therewithal
The fit attendance by the servants us'd,
The gentle guise in serving every guest,
In other entertainments; everything
About your house so sortfully dispos'd,
That even as in a turnspit (call'd a jack)
One vice[1] assists another,—the great wheels,
Turning but softly, make the less to whirr
About their business, every different part
Concurring to one commendable end —
So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,
Were all things order'd in your good lord's house.
Bass. The most fit simile that ever was.
Vinc. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,
Touching the *man* that, I think, caus'd this order?

[1] Turn.

Bass. Ay, good my lord.
Vinc. You note my simile?
Bass. Drawn from the turnspit ——
Vinc. I see, you have me.
Even as in that quaint engine you have seen
A little man in shreds stand at the winder,
And seems to put all things in act about him,
Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,—
Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does:—
So, though your lord be a brave gentleman,
And seems to do this business, he does nothing;
Some man about him was the festival robe
That made him show so glorious and divine.
Bass. I cannot tell, my lord, yet I should know,
If any such there were.
Vinc. Should know, quoth you?
I warrant, you know well. Well, some there be
Shall have the fortune to have such rare men,
(Like brave beasts to their arms) support their state;
When others of as high a worth and breed,
Are made the wasteful food of them they feed.
What state hath your lord made you for your service?

. . . . . .

The same BASSIOLO *described.*

Lord's Daughter. — his place is great, for he 's not only
My father's usher, but the world's beside,
Because he goes before it all in folly.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS, A TRAGEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A NUNTIUS (*or* Messenger) *in the presence of* KING HENRY THE THIRD *of* FRANCE *and his court tells the manner of a combat, to which he was witness, of three to three; in which* D'AMBOIS *remained sole survivor; begun upon an affront passed upon* D'AMBOIS *by some courtiers.*

HENRY, GUISE, BEAUPRE, NUNTIUS, &c.

Nuntius. I saw fierce D'Ambois, and his two brave friends
Enter the field, and at their heels their foes,
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:
All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth
The field afforded; the three challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood rank'd:
When face to face the three defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood
Every man's look show'd, fed with either's spirit,
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other;
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,
That you could see no fear of death, for life,
Nor love of life, for death but in their brows
Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone;
That "life and death in all respects are one."

Henry. Pass'd there no sort of words at their encounter?

Nuntius. As Hector, 'twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years' war) held up his brazen lance
For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
And hear him speak: so Barrisor (advis'd)
Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,

Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives,
Then laid in balance with six idle words,
Offer'd remission and contrition too;
Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last;
But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd
In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserv'd.
And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire,
Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn
That his wrong should incense him so like chaff
To go so soon out, and like lighted paper,
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes:
So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois;
Pyrrhot with Melynell, with Brisac L'Anou.
And then like flame and powder they commix'd,
So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been spirits,
That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must
open,
Might as they open'd, shut, and never kill [1]
But D'Ambois' sword (that lighten'd as it flew)
Shot like a pointed comet at the face
Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck:
Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
From him, that of himself was free as fire,
Who thrust still as he pluck'd, yet (past belief!)
He with his subtile eye, hand, body, 'scaped;
At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely,
That (only made more horrid with his wound)
Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground;
But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger:

[1] One can hardly believe but that these lines were written after Milton had described his *warring angels*.

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loath his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
Should stoop, and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth.
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war,
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

Guise. O piteous and horrid murder!

Beaupre. Such a life
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men.

Henry. Such, often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on, we long to know
On what events the other have arrived

Nuntius. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes,
Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose revenge,
Ent'ring with fresh powers his two noble friends,
And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou,
Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth,
So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou,
Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foe's uncurbed sword stopp'd in his heart
By which time all the life-strings of the tw' other

Were cut, and both fell as their spirit flew
Upwards; and still hunt honour at the view.
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untouch'd, save only with the others' blood.
Henry. All slain outright but he?
Nuntius. All slain outright but he,
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends,
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)
He kiss'd their pale lips, and bade both farewell.

False Greatness.

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forming a colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly. so men merely great
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them,
Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are naught but mortar, flint, and lead.

Virtue.—Policy.

—— as great seamen using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world,
When they have done it, coming near the haven,
Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
A poor staid fisherman, that never pass'd
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in:
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy glory and the gulfs of state,

Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

Nick of Time.

There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes:
As rhetoric, yet works not persuasion,
But only is a mean to make it work,
So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it cries clink in his Raiser's spirit.

Difference of the English and French Courts

HENRY. GUISE MONTSURRY.

Guise. I like not their[1] court fashion, it is too crest-fallen
In all observance, making demigods
Of their great nobles; and of their old queen[2]
An ever young and most immortal goddess.
Mont. No question she 's the rarest queen in Europe.
Guise. But what 's that to her immortality?
Henry. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a courtier,
So full of majesty and royal parts,
No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself.
Her court approves it, that 's a court indeed,
Not mix'd with clowneries used in common houses,
But, as courts should be, th' abstracts of their kingdoms,
In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold;
So is her's, amply, and by her inform'd.
The world is not contracted in a man,
With more proportion and expression,

[1] The English. [2] Queen Elizabeth.

Than in her court, her kingdom. Our French court
Is a mere mirror of confusion to it:
The king and subject, lord and every slave,
Dance a continual hay; our rooms of state
Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd
Than a rude market-place; and though our custom
Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

Invocation for secrecy at a love-meeting.

Tamyra. Now all the peaceful regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd hour
Fix like the Centre: make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand; and Great Existence,
The Maker's treasury, now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friend[1] and me.

At the meeting.

Here 's nought but whispering with us: like a calm
Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to hearken
For that she fears is coming to afflict her.

[1] D'Ambois, with whom she has an appointment.

Invocation for a spirit of intelligence.

D'Ambois. I long to know
How my dear mistress fares; and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed Lord. Methought the spirit,
When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage,
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face;
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powers.—
Terror of Darkness O thou King of flames,
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world,
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle:[1]
Or thou, great Prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams; whose eyes are made
To see in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest; open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.[2]

The friar dissuades the husband of Tamyra from revenge.

Your wife's offence serves not, were it the worst
You can imagine, without greater proofs,
To sever your eternal bonds and hearts;
Much less to touch her with a bloody hand:

[1] *He wants to know the fate of Tamyra, whose intrigue with him has been discovered by her husband*

[2] This calling upon Light and Darkness for information, but, above all, the description of the spirit—"Threw his changed countenance headlong into clouds"—is tremendous, to the curdling of the blood. I know nothing in poetry like it.

Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
To expiate any frailty in your wife
With churlish strokes, or beastly odds of strength ;
The stony birth of clouds[1] will touch no laurel,
Nor any sleeper. Your wife is your laurel,
And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then :
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour,
To her that is more gentle than that rude.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS HIS REVENGE, A TRAGEDY

By the same Author, 1613.

Plays and Players.

Guise. I would have these things
Brought upon stages, to let mighty misers
See all their grave and serious miseries play'd,
As once they were in Athens, and old Rome.
Clermont. Nay, we must now have nothing brought on stages
But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics :
Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat,
Check at all goodness there, as being profan'd :
When wheresoever Goodness comes, she makes
The place still sacred, though with other feet
Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
Let me learn any thing that fits a man,
In any stables shown, as well as stages.—
Baligny. Why? is not all the world esteem'd a stage?
Clermont. Yes, and right worthily ; and stages too
Have a respect due to them, if but only

[1] The thunderbolt.

For what the good Greek moralist says of them;
"Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches?
Give me an expert actor, I 'll show all,
That can within his greatest glory fall.
Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowness?
Give me an actor, I 'll show every eye
What he laments so, and so much does fly,
The best and worst of both."—If but for this then,
To make the proudest outside, that most swells,
With things without him, and above his worth,
See how small cause he has to be so blown up;
And the most poor man, to be griev'd with poorness;
Both being so easily borne by expert actors.
The stage and actors are not so contemptful,
As every innovating puritan,
And ignorant sweater out of jealous envy,
Would have the world imagine. And besides
That all things have been likened to the mirth,
Us'd upon stages, and for stages fitted.
The splenetive philosopher that ever
Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the enstaging:
All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
He so conceited, that he could distil thence
Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a lawyer, never so vehement pleading,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a tradesman swearing
Never so thriftily, selling of his wares,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he an holy brother,
For hollow ostentation at his prayers
Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd.
Saw he a great man, never so insulting,
Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
Not for their good, but his—he stood and laugh'd.
Saw he a youthful widow,
Never so weeping, wringing of her hands

For her dead lord, still the philosopher laugh'd.—
Now, whether he suppos'd all these presentments
Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
Or else were simply vain, I take no care;
But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they were.

Stoicism.

—— in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners and of manhood is contain'd;
A man to join himself with th' universe
In his main sway, and make (in all things fit)
One with that all, and go on, round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straits, or into naught revert,
Wishing the complete universe might be
Subject to such a rag of it as he.

Apparitions before the body's death Scoticè, second sight.

—— these true shadows of the Guise and cardinal,
Forerunning thus their bodies, may approve
That all things to be done, as here we live,
Are done before all times in th' other life.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author, 1631.

Sacrifice.

Imperial Cæsar, at your sacred charge,
I drew a milk-white ox into the temple,
And turning there his face into the east
(Fearfully shaking at the shining light)
Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
When I began to greet him with the stroke
That should prepare him for the holy rites,
With hideous roars he laid out such a throat

As made the secret lurkings of the god
To answer echo-like in threatening sounds;
I struck again at him, and then he slept,
His life-blood boiling out at every wound
In streams as clear as any liquid ruby.
——— the beast cut up, and laid on th' altar,
His limbs were all lick'd up with instant flames,
Not like the elemental fire that burns
In household uses, lamely struggling up,
This way and that way winding as it rises,
But right and upright reach'd his proper sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.

Joy unexpected, best.

Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they come;
When earth's still moon-light confidence in joy
Is at her full. True joy descending far
From past her sphere, and from that highest heaven
That moves and is not moved.

Inward Help the best Help.

—— I will stand no more
On others' legs, nor build one joy without me.
If ever I be worth a house again,
I 'll build all inward: not a light shall ope
The common out-way: no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door, will I use there,
But raise all plain and rudely, like a rampire,
Against the false society of men,
That still batters
All reason piece-meal. And, for earthly greatness
All heavenly comforts rarefies to air,
I 'll therefore live in dark, and all my light,
Like ancient temples, let in at my top.
That were to turn one's back to all the world,
And only look at heaven.

——— When our diseased affections
Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
Oppress our comforts ; 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit
Take in another way ; like rooms that fight
With windows gainst the wind, yet let in light.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

CATO'S *Speech at Utica to a* Senator, *who had expressed fears on his account*

AWAY Statilius ; how long shall thy love
Exceed thy knowledge of me, and the gods,
Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right ? have not I
Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs ?
Their justice and integrity included,
In what I stand for ? he that fears the gods,
For guard of any goodness, all things fears ;
Earth, seas, and air ; heaven, darkness, broad daylight,
Rumour, and silence, and his very shade :
And what an aspen soul has such a creature !
How dangerous to his soul is such a fear !
In whose cold fits, is all Heaven's justice shaken
To his faint thoughts, and all the goodness there
Due to all good men, by the gods' own vows.
Nay, by the firmness of their endless being,
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them : for his goodness
Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
O, never more, Statilius, may this fear
Faint thy bold bosom, for thyself or friend,
More than the gods are fearful to defend.

His thoughts of death.

Poor slaves, how terrible this death is to them!—
If men would sleep, they would be wroth with all
That interrupt them; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings, both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps, all friends consenting
In those invocations; praying all,
"Good rest the gods vouchsafe you." But when Death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes, that 's nothing worse,
But better, being more rich, and keeps the store,—
Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor,—
O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
His stern approaches! all their comforts taken
In faith, and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
That watch their wakings in an endless life,
Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their sense
Sustain'd but for an hour.

His discourse with ATHENODORUS *on an after-life*

Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
So, in th' appropriate honour of that end,
All things precedent have their natural frame;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes:
For else there could not be in their creation
Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence; that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality, to which
A man is subject, rather is a sleep
Than bestial death; since sleep and death are call'd
The twins of nature. For if absolute death
And bestial seize the body of a man,
Then there is no proportion in his parts,
His soul being free from death, which otherwise
Retain divine proportion. For as sleep

No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end:
So death, twin-born of sleep, resolving all
Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
Makes a re-union with the sprightly soul;
When in a second life their beings given,
Hold their proportions firm in highest heaven.

Athenodorus. Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
Our souls again to heaven?

Cato. Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches.
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings,
"Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas"—
And what 's that golden chain, but our pure souls,
That govern'd with his grace, and drawn by him,
Can hoist this earthy body up to him,
The sea, the air, and all the elements
Compress'd in it: not while 'tis thus concrete,
But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.—
We shall, past death,
Retain those forms of knowledge learn'd in life;
Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time.
And that our souls in reason are immortal,
Their natural and proper objects prove,
Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that object ever is referr'd
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employ'd.
And that true object must her powers obtain,
To which they are in nature's aim directed;
Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object
Which possibly she never can aspire.

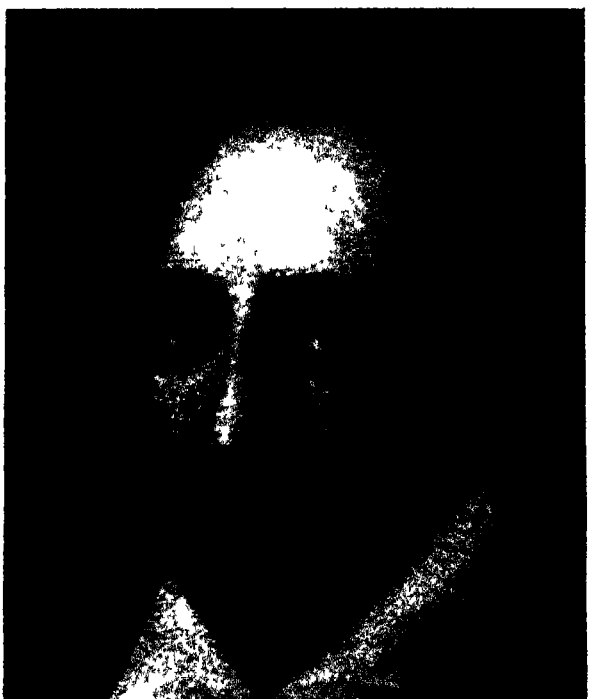
His last words.

—— now I am safe,
Come Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her heaven.
The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
The joys and horrors of their peace and wars,
And now will see the gods' state, and the stars.

Greatness in adversity.

Vulcan from heaven fell, yet on his feet did light,
And stood no less a god than at his height.

[The selections which I have made from this poet are sufficient to give an idea of that "full and heightened style" which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman Of all the English playwriters, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shown himself to be one, for his Homer is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Samson against the uncircumcised The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning But passion (the all in all in poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words or in spite of them, be disgusted and overcome their disgust. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakspeare, as of a wild irregular genius "in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties," would be really true, applied to Chapman But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great



Richard Burbage, from the portrait in Dulwich Gallery painted by himself

genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal.]

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILIP CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE:

By George Chapman and James Shirley.

The Admiral *is accused of treason, a criminal process is instituted against him, and his faithful servant* Allegre *is put on the rack to make him discover his innocence is at length established by the confession of his enemies; but the disgrace of having been suspected for a traitor by his royal Master, sinks so deep into him, that he falls into a mortal sickness.*

Admiral. Allegre, *supported between two.*

Adm. Welcome my injur'd servant, what a misery
Have they made on thee!
Al. Though some change appear
Upon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
My heart is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.
Adm. Alas, poor man!
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten all.
Though in thy absence I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination
Could let before into me. Didst not curse me
Upon the torture?
Al. Good my lord, let not

The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory; they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you and justice: but there 's something in
Your looks presents more fear, than all the malice
Of my tormenters could affect my soul with.
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach. I was not rack'd till now;
There 's more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth. What accident, sir, can blast,
Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
Your noble brow? misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arm of Providence; nor can
Those garlands, that now grow about your forehead,
With all the poison of the world be blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon thee
In wide and spacious characters, but in
The volume of my sadness thou dost want
An eye to read. An open force hath torn
Thy manly sinews, which some time may cure;
The engine is not seen that wounds thy master,
Past all the remedy of art, or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame or honours.
Thus, in the summer, a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes a show
Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossoms:
But not the sun with all her amorous smiles,

The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
Can root her fibres in the earth again,
Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing:
But the tree withers, and those very beams,
That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
The bark and rind, till she becomes a burden
To that which gave her life. so Chabot, Chabot——

Al. Wonder in apprehension! I must
Suspect your health indeed.

Adm. No, no, thou shalt not
Be troubled; I but stirr'd thee with a moral,
That 's empty, contains nothing. I am well,
See, I can walk; poor man, thou hast not strength yet

The father of the ADMIRAL *makes known the condition his son is in to the* KING

FATHER. KING.

King. Say, how is my admiral?
The truth upon thy life.

Fath. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha! who durst oppose him?

Fath. One that hath power enough hath practised on him,
And made his great heart stoop

King I will revenge it
With crushing, crushing that rebellious power
To nothing. Name him.

Fath. He was his friend.

King. What mischief hath engender'd
New storms?

Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him?

Fath. You dress'd his wounds, I must confess, but made

No cure; they bleed afresh. Pardon me, sir;
Although your conscience have clos'd too soon,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgery;
Though he be right in frame, and your opinion,
He thinks you were unkind.

King. Alas, poor Chabot!
Doth that afflict him?

Fath. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and adamantine nerves,
As ever human fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to bear all; so killing
The arrows that you shot were (still your pardon)
No centaur's blood could rankle so.

King. If this
Be all, I 'll cure him; kings retain
More balsam in their soul, than hurt in anger.

Fath. Far short, sir; with one breath they uncreate:
And kings, with only words, more wounds can make
Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal;
'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
On numerous virtue, though it become princes
To assure their adventures made in every thing:
Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and blood,
Hath but a queazy and still sickly state;
A musical hand should only play on her,
Fluent as air, yet every touch command.

King. No more:
Commend us to the admiral, and say,
The king will visit him, and bring [him] health.

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimbly with this command.

The KING *visits the* ADMIRAL.

KING. ADMIRAL. *His wife, and father.*

King. No ceremonial knees.
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest Chabot;

And yet in vain I challenge that; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life; no violence
Shall ravish it from my possession;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits, shall betray it to a fear.
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee living,
And by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrefy,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poor servant, sir;
My heart despairs so rich a monument;
But when it dies—

King. I would not hear a sound
Of any thing that trenched upon death;
He speaks the funeral of my crown, that prophesies
So unkind a fate. We 'll live and die together;
And by that duty, which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee,
Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Adm. I have found
A glorious harvest in your favour, sir;
And by this overflow of royal grace,
All my deserts are shadows, and fly from me.
I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now——

King. Express it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
To show that pious gratitude to you, but——

King. But what?

Adm. My frame hath lately, sir, been ta'en a pieces,
And but now put together; the least force

Of mirth will shake, and unjoint all my reason.
Your patience, royal sir.
King. I 'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.
Adm. My strength would flatter me.
King. Physicians!
Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
Why, how is Chabot's spirit fall'n?
Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodness?
Stand from me, you betray me with your fears;
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart; they were but thoughts at first: or if
They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object than the king.
King. In a prince
What a swift executioner is a frown!
Especially of great and noble souls.
How is it with my Philip?
Adm. I must beg
One other boon.
King. Upon condition
My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himself again, he shall divide
My kingdom with me.
Adm. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in you.
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your chancellor[1]; let not the story
Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw
A tear from any family. I beseech
Your royal mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seizure upon his state,
I have no comfort else.
King. Endeavour

[1] Chabot's accuser.

But thy own health, and pronounce general pardon
To all through France.
Adm. Sir, I must kneel to thank you,
It is not seal'd else; your blest hand; live happy.
May all you trust have no less faith than Chabot.
O! [*Dies.*
Wife. His heart is broken.
Father. And kneeling, sir,
As his ambition were, in death to show
The truth of his obedience.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME

No advice to self-advice.

—— another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge, how to inform acts;
The sun's rich radiance, shot through waves most fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i' the air;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire;
In fire his fervour but in vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarefies:
And the Almighty wisdom, having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts, than any light without him,
(Creating nothing not in all things equal,)
It seems a fault in any that depend
On other's knowledge, and exile their own.

Virtue under calumny.

—— as in cloudy days, we see the sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,

All those left dark, and slighted in his way,
And on the wretched plight of some poor shed
Pours all the glories of his golden head:
So heavenly virtue, on this envied lord
Points all his graces.

THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA. THE FIRST PART.

By John Marston.

Andrugio Duke of Genoa *banished his country, with the loss of a son supposed drowned, is cast upon the territory of his mortal enemy the* Duke of Venice; *with no attendants but* Lucio *an old nobleman, and a* Page.

Andr. Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?
Luc. I think it is, so please your excellence.
Andr. Away, I have no excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world,
That only flatters greatness, states exalts.
And please my excellence! O Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love.
Good, flatter not. . . . . .
My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal
That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.
Philosophy maintains that Nature 's wise,
And forms no useless or unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and, like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,

And gives a sot appearance of a soul.
Go to, go to; thou liest, Philosophy.
Nature forms things unperfect, useless, vain.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert, and hear men's plaints;
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus, upon the breast of earth,
And in her ear halloo his misery,
Exclaiming thus: O thou all-bearing earth,
Which men do gape for, till thou cram'st their mouths
And chok'st their throats with dust; open thy breast,
And let me sink into thee. Look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But O, she 's deaf and blind.
A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.

Luc. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarm.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let 's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate—

Andr. More low'ring fate! O Lucio, choke that breath.
Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas! what country rests,
What son, what comfort that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And yet more low'ring fate? There 's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that
Nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell can take:
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind, shall shake.

Luc. Speak like yourself; but give me leave, my lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seen,

Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take ——
Andr. Wouldst have me go unarm'd among my foes?
Being besieg'd by passion, ent'ring lists,
To combat with despair and mighty grief:
My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience. Ha, Lucio, go unarm'd?
Come soul, resume the valour of thy birth;
Myself, myself will dare all opposites:
I 'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power:
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth;
This hollow-wombed mass shall inly groan
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.
Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas! survey your fortunes, look what 's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes:
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.
Andr. Andrugio lives, and a fair cause of arms,—
Why that 's an army all invincible!
He who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
Armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of harquebush.
O, a fair cause stands firm, and will abide;
Legions of angels fight upon her side.

[The situation of Andrugio and Lucio resembles that of Lear and Kent, in that king's distresses Andrugio, like Lear, manifests a kind of royal impatience, a turbulent greatness, an affected resignation The enemies which he enters lists to combat, "despair, and mighty grief, and sharp impatience," and the forces ("cornets of horse," &c) which he brings to vanquish them, are in the boldest style of allegory They are such a "race of mourners" as "the infection of sorrows loud" in the intellect might beget on "some pregnant cloud" in the imagination]

ANTONIO'S REVENGE. THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

By the same Author.

The Prologue.[1]

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shuddering branch; and pills[2] the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now, methinks, a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wish'd content;
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of weighty passion,
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of happiness[3])
Who winks, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not know what men must be—let such

[1] This prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of Thebes, or Pelops' line, which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days, "of intermixing common stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people"—It is as solemn a preparative as the "warning voice which he who saw the Apocalypse, heard cry"—.

[2] peels.

[3] "Sleek favourites of Fortune." Preface to Poems by S. T. Coleridge

Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows:
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart
Pierc'd through with anguish pant within this ring,
If there be any blood whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery,
If aught of these strains fill this consort up—
Th' arrive most welcome. O that our power
Could lacky or keep wing with our desires,
That with unused poise of style and sense,
We might weigh massy in judicious scale.
Yet here 's the prop that doth support our hopes:
When our scenes falter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

ANTONIO, *son to* ANDRUGIO Duke of Genoa, *whom* PIERO *the Venetian prince and father-in-law to* ANTONIO *has cruelly murdered, kills* PIERO's *little son* JULIO, *as a sacrifice to the ghost of* ANDRUGIO —*The scene, a churchyard the time, midnight*

JULIO. ANTONIO.

Jul. Brother Antonio, are you here, i' faith?
Why do you frown? Indeed my sister said
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her Buss me. good truth,
I love you better than my father, 'deed.
Ant. Thy father? gracious, O bounteous heaven!
I do adore thy justice *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.
Jul. Truth, since my mother died, I loved you best.
Something hath anger'd you, pray you, look merrily.
Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
With cap'ring joy, chuck, my heart doth leap
To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! Heaven's tones
Strike not such music to immortal souls
As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,

And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
Griping this flesh, disdain mortality.
O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb,
Were father all, and had no mother in it,
That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
In bleeding races! but since 'tis mix'd together,
Have at adventure, pell-mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy. This is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, you 'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
Pray you do not hurt me. And you kill me, 'deed,
I 'll tell my father.

Ant. O, for thy sister's sake, I flag revenge.

ANDRUGIO's *ghost cries "Revenge"*

Ant. Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And clears his heart. Come, pretty tender child,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,
Is it I loathe; is that, revenge must suck.
I love thy soul and were my heart lapt up
In any flesh but in Piero's blood,
I would thus kiss it: but being his, thus, thus,
And thus I 'll punch it. Abandon fears.
Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out tears.

Jul. So you will love me, do even what you will.
[*Dies.*

Ant. Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek'd moon,
Now lions' half-clam'd entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls,
Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth;

And now, swart night, to swell thy hour out,
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.

From under the earth a groan

Howl not, thou putry mould; groan not, ye graves;
Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So: I feel no breath.
His jaws are fallen, his dislodg'd soul is fled:
And now there 's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whom thus I mangle. Sprite of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk I live thy friend.
Mayst thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity[1]: but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of to vengeance. . .

. . . . . .

Day breaking

—— see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
And chase it through the sky

One who died, slandered

Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to post
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

Wherein fools are happy

Even in that, note a fool's beatitude:
He is not capable of passion,
Wanting the power of distinction,

[1] "To lie immortal in the arms of fire" Brown's **Religio Medici.** Of the punishments in hell.

He bears an unturned sail with every wind :
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean : the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full cram'd fat of happiness,
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizards'[1] cheeks . who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the first innating cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men.

MARIA (the Duchess of Genoa) *describes the death of* MELLIDA, *her daughter-in-law*

Being laid upon her bed, she grasp'd my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus . Thou very poor,
Why dost not weep ? the jewel of thy brow,
The rich adornment that enchased thy breast,
Is lost . . . . . .
Thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.
And have I lived to see his virtues blurr'd
With guiltless blots ? O world, thou art too subtile
For honest natures to converse withal,
Therefore I 'll leave thee , farewell, mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio !
With that, her head sunk down upon her breast ;
Her cheek changed earth, her senses slept in rest,
Until my fool,[2] that press'd unto the bed,
Screech'd out so loud that he brought back her soul,
Call'd her again, that her bright eyes 'gan ope
And stared upon him. He, audacious fool,
Dared kiss her hand, wish'd her *soft rest*, *loved bride* ;
She fumbled out, *thanks*, *good* . and so she died.

[1] Wise men's
[2] Antonio, who is thought dead, but still lives in that disguise.

THE MALCONTENT, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Malcontent describes himself.

I CANNOT sleep, my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep,
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour;
The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,
Thou makest wink sure, in night all creatures sleep;
Only the Malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels, alas! he 's Goodman Tell-clock;
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan,
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow 's stone.

Place for a Penitent.

My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Music, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shows,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There usherless[1] the air comes in and out;
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation;
A rocky barrenness shall pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

[1] *i. e.* without the ceremony of an usher, to give notice of its approach, as is usual in courts. As fine as Shakspeare. "the bleak air thy boisterous chamberlain."

THE FAWN, A COMEDY:

By the same Author, 1606.

In the Preface to this play, the poet glances at some of the playwrights of his time, with a handsome acknowledgment, notwithstanding, of their excellences.

"...for my own interest for once, let this be printed, that of men of my own addiction I love most, pity some, hate none; for let me truly say, I once only loved myself, for loving them, and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as I have being) love the least of their graces, and only pity the greatest of their vices.

Ipse semi paganus
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum"

THE WONDER OF WOMEN, OR THE TRAGEDY OF SOPHONISBA.

By the same Author.

Description of the witch Erictho.

Here in this desert, the great soul of charms,
Dreadful Erictho lives, whose dismal brow
Contemns all roofs, or civil coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs, the ghosts forced out,
She joys to inhabit.
A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks,
Unknown to a clear heaven; but if dark winds
Or thick black clouds drive back the blinded stars,

When her deep magic makes forced heaven quake
And thunder, spite of Jove,—Erictho then
From naked graves stalks out, heaves proud her head
With long unkemb'd hair loaden, and strives to snatch
The night's quick sulphur; then she bursts up tombs
From half-rot sear-cloths, then she scrapes dry gums
For her black rites; but when she finds a corse
But newly graved, whose entrails are not turn'd
To slimy filth, with greedy havoc then
She makes fierce spoil, and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her lean knuckles in his eyes;
Then doth she gnaw the pale and o'er-grown nails
From his dry hand; but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gelid lips,
And, sticking her black tongue in his dry throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which enforce him bear
Her baneful secrets to the spirits of horror.

Her cave.

—— Hard by the reverent ruins
Of a once glorious temple rear'd to Jove,
Whose very rubbish (like the pitied fall
Of virtue much unfortunate) yet bears
A deathless majesty, though now quite rased,
Hurl'd down by wrath and lust of impious kings,
So that, where holy Flamens wont to sing
Sweet hymns to heaven, there the daw and crow,
The ill-voiced raven, and still-chattering pye,
Sends out ungrateful sounds and loathsome filth;
Where statues and Jove's acts were vively[1] limn'd,
Boys with black coals draw the veil'd parts of nature
And lecherous actions of imagin'd lust;
Where tombs and beauteous urns of well-dead men
Stood in assured rest, the shepherd now
Unloads his belly, corruption most abhorr'd

[1] livelily.

Mingling itself with their renowned ashes:

. . . . . .

There once a charnel-house, now a vast cave,
Over whose brow a pale and untrod grove
Throws out her heavy shade, the mouth thick arms
Of darksome yew, sun-proof, for ever choke;
Within rests barren darkness, fruitless drought
Pines in eternal night; the steam of hell
Yields not so lazy air: there, that 's her cell.

WHAT YOU WILL, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Venetian Merchant.

No knights;
But one (that title off) was even a prince,
A sultan Solyman; thrice was he made,
In dangerous arms, Venice Providetore.
He was a merchant; but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That naught was valued praiseful excellent,
But in it was he most praiseful excellent.
O, I shall ne'er forget how he went clothed.
He would maintain 't a base ill-us'd fashion,
To bind a merchant to the sullen habit
Of precise black, chiefly in Venice state,
Where merchants gilt the top[1];
And therefore should you have him pass the bridge
Up the Rialto like a soldier
In a black beaver belt, ash colour plain,
A Florentine cloth-of-silver jerkin, sleeves
White satin cut on tinsel, then long stock.

[1] "Her whose merchant sons were kings."—Collins.

French panes embroider'd, goldsmith's work, O God!
Methinks I see him now how he would walk;
With what a jolly presence he would pace
Round the Rialto![1]

Scholar and his Dog.

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt:
Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins, and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antick Donate, still my spaniel slept.
Still went on went I; first, *an sit anima*,
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold! at that
They 're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together—still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fix'd,

[1] To judge of the liberality of these notions of dress we must advert to the days of Gresham, and the consternation which a phænomenon habited like the merchant here described would have excited among the flat round caps, and cloth stockings, upon Change, when those "original arguments or tokens of a citizen's vocation were in fashion not more for thrift and usefulness than for distinction and grace" The blank uniformity to which all professional distinctions in apparel have been long hastening, is one instance of the decay of symbols among us, which whether it has contributed or not to make us a more intellectual, has certainly made us a less imaginative people. Shakspeare knew the force of signs —"a malignant and a turban'd Turk" "This meal-cap miller," says the author of God's Revenge against Murder, to express his indignation at an atrocious outrage committed by the miller Pierot upon the person of the fair Marieta.

Extraduce; but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions all so strongly propp'd,
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part;
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stuff'd noting-books, and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked and yawn'd, and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Preparations for Second Nuptials.

Now is Albano's[1] marriage-bed new hung
With fresh rich curtains! Now are my valence up,
Imbost with orient pearl, my grandsire's gift!
Now are the lawn sheets fumed with violets,
To fresh the pall'd lascivious appetite:
Now work the cooks, the pastry sweats with slaves;
The march-panes glitter: now, now, the musicians
Hover with nimble sticks o'er squeaking crowds,[2]
Tickling the dried guts of a mewing cat.
The tailors, starchers, semsters, butchers, poulterers,
Mercers—all, all———none think on me.

THE INSATIATE COUNTESS, A TRAGEDY.

By the same Author.

Isabella (*the countess*), *after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold* Roberto, *her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her*

Roberto. Bear record, all you blessed saints in heaven,
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For of himself he 's terrible enough.

[1] Albano, the first husband, speaks, supposed dead.
[2] Fiddles.

But call to mind a lady like yourself;
And think how ill in such a beauteous soul,
Upon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostasy and vild revolt would show:
Withal imagine that she had a lord,
Jealous the air should ravish her chaste looks:
Doting like the creator in his models,
Who views them every minute, and with care
Mix'd in his fear of their obedience to him.
Suppose he[r] sung through famous Italy,
More common than the looser songs of Petrarch,
To every several zany's instrument,
And he, poor wretch, hoping some better fate
Might call her back from her adulterate purpose,
Lives in obscure and almost unknown life,
Till hearing that she is condemned to die——
For he once loved her—lends his pined corpse
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour,
Where drown'd in woe at her so dismal chance,
He clasps her · thus he falls into a trance.

Isabella. O, my offended lord, lift up your eyes:
But yet avert them from my loathed sight.
Had I with you enjoyed the lawful pleasure,
To which belongs nor fear nor public shame,
I might have lived in honour, died in fame!
Your pardon on my faltering knees I beg,
Which shall confirm more peace unto my death
Than all the grave instructions of the Church.

Roberto. Freely thou hast it. Farewell, my Isabella!
Let thy death ransom thy soul. O die a rare example!
The kiss thou gavest me in the church, here take;
As I leave thee, so thou the world forsake! [*Exit.*

Executioner. Madam, only tie up your hair.

Isabella. O, these golden nets,
That have ensnared so many wanton youths,
Not one but has been held a thread of life,

And superstitiously depended on.
What else? . . . .

Executioner. Madam, I must entreat you, blind your eyes.

Isabella. I have lived too long in darkness, my friend;
And yet mine eyes, with their majestic light,
Have got new muses in a poet's spright.
They have been more gazed at than the god of day:
Their brightness never could be flattered,
Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of lawn
To eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
I am prepared.

Women's inconstancy.

Who would have thought it? She that could no more
Forsake my company, than can the day
Forsake the glorious presence of the sun!—
When I was absent then her galled eyes
Would have shed April showers, and outwept
The clouds in that same o'er-passionate mood,
When they drown'd all the world—yet now forsakes me!
Women, your eyes shed glances like the sun:
Now shines your brightness, now your light is done.
On the sweetest flowers you shine—'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weed you 'll waste a glance.

THE COMEDY OF OLD FORTUNATUS:

By Thomas Decker.

The Goddess Fortune *appears to* Fortunatus, *and offers him the choice of six things. He chooses Riches.*

Fortune. Fortunatus.

Fortune. Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here 's no recanting a first choice.
Choose then discreetly, for the laws of fate,
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.

Fortunat. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right:
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches.

Fortune. Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak;
If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She 'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phœbus) shalt speak oracle;
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on Wisdom's wings,
Shall fly up to the parliament of Jove,
And read the statutes of eternity,
And see what 's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I 'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.



Thomas Middleton, from the frontispiece to 'Two New Plays,' 1657

Are thy desires long life? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out; thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies, and see those children die
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.
If through gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run,
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet;
As those are, so shall these be infinite.

Fortunat. O, whither am I rapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought,
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
Then I lose riches; and a wise man poor,
Is like a sacred book that 's never read,
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.
I will be strong: then I refuse long life;
And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest strength expires with loss of breath;
The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
Then take long life, or health: should I do so,
I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
Of months and years, much misery may enroll;
Therefore I 'll beg for beauty; yet I will not,
The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,

Tedious and full of tribulation.
Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich;
My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise:
He that upon his back rich garments wears
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world,
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
Oh, therefore make me rich!

FORTUNE *gives to* FORTUNATUS *a purse that is inexhaustible. With this he puts on costly attire, and visits all the Asian Courts, where he is caressed and made much of for his infinite wealth. At Babylon he is shewn by the* Soldan *a wondrous hat, which in a wish transports the wearer whithersoever he pleases, over land and sea.* FORTUNATUS *puts it on, wishes himself at home in Cyprus, where he arrives in a minute, as his sons* AMPEDO *and* ANDELOCIA *are talking of him, and tells his travels.*

FORTUNATUS. AMPEDO. ANDELOCIA.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air; let none speak to me, till you have marked me well.—Am I as you are, or am I transformed?

And. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

Fort. Boys, be proud, your father hath the whole world in this compass, I am all felicity, up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon; I have been this half hour in Famagosta.

And. How? in a minute, father? I see travellers must lie.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon; I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true I would not have you believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true. Desire to see you brought me to Cyprus. I 'll leave you more gold, and go visit more countries.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,

And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years,
Death needs must marry you: those short-lived minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel: rest in Cyprus then.
Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;
And bitter is the sweet that 's reap'd thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I have revelled with kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes, conversed with humourists, been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian, and Phrygian harmonies; I have spent the day in triumphs, and the night in banqueting.

And. O rare! this was heavenly.—He that would not be an Arabian phœnix to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these vanities?

Fort. Vanities? Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that travel lifts men to.

And. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms
We yawn'd like sluggards, when this smallen horizon
Imprison'd up my body, then mine eyes
Worship'd these clouds as brightest; but, my boys,
The glistering beams which do abroad appear
In other heavens, fire is not half so clear.
For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorn'd to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thicken'd breath,
Like to condensed fogs, do choke that beauty,

Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No, I still boldly stept into their courts,
For there to live 'tis rare, oh, 'tis divine!
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still shine)
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed counsellors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubins to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers by being the fair workmanship.

And. Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven!
I 'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestical
In all perfection, no way blemished?

Fort. In some courts shall you see ambition
Sit piecing Dedalus' old waxen wings;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these thing.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Trick'd in outlandish feathers; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate. . . .

ORLEANS *to his friend* GALLOWAY *defends the passion with which (being a prisoner in the English King's Court) he is enamoured to frenzy of the King's daughter* AGRIPYNA.

ORLEANS. GALLOWAY.

Orl. This music makes me but more out of tune.
O Agripyna!

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
Thou sayst love is a madness, hate it then,
Even for the name's sake.
Orl. O I love that madness!
Even for the name's sake.
Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee she 's daughter to a king,
By telling thee the king of Cyprus' son
Shines like a sun, between her looks and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne:
He loves her.
Orl. If he do; why so do I.
Gall. Love is ambitious, and loves majesty.
Orl. Dear friend, thou art deceived; love's voice doth sing
As sweetly in a beggar as a king.
Gall. Dear friend, thou art deceived · O bid thy soul
Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,
And in this ample book of wonders read,
Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence,
Herself is form'd; the search whereof will drive
Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
And in sweet tune set that which none inherits.
Orl. I 'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there;
If not: fa, la, la, sol, la, &c.
Gall. O call this madness in; see, from the windows
Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks,
Wrinkled with idiot laughter, every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn,
By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torn.
Orl. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway?
Gall. Even at thee.
Orl. Ha, ha, I laugh at them; are they not mad,
That let my true true sorrow make them glad?
I dance and sing only to anger grief,
That in that anger, he might smite life down

With his iron fist: good heart, it seemeth then,
They laugh to see grief kill me. O fond men,
You laugh at others' tears; when others smile,
You tear yourselves in pieces: vile! vile! vile!
Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of fools
Crowding together to be counted wise,
I laugh because sweet Agripyne 's not there,
But weep because she is not anywhere,
And weep because whether she be or not,
My love was ever, and is still forgot: forgot, forgot, forgot.

Gall. Draw back this stream, why should my Orleans mourn?

Orl. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see that sun?
Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well;
Ere he be two hours older, all that glory
Is banish'd heaven, and then for grief this sky,
That 's now so jocund, will mourn all in black;
And shall not Orleans mourn? alack! alack!
O what a savage tyranny it were
T' enforce care laugh, and woe not shed a tear!
Dead is my Love; I am buried in her scorn;
That is my sunset, and shall I not mourn?
Yes, by my troth I will.

Gall. Dear friend, forbear;
Beauty, like sorrow, dwelleth everywhere.
Rase out this strong idea of her face,
As far as hers shineth in any place.

Orl. Thou art a traitor to that white and red,
Which sitting on her cheeks, being Cupid's throne,
Is my heart's soveraine: O when she is dead,
This wonder, beauty, shall be found in none.
Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
In love with nothing but deformity.
O fair Deformity, I muse all eyes
Are not enamour'd of thee: thou didst never
Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like wax

Melting against the sun of thy destiny;
Thou art a faithful nurse to chastity;
Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
For cares, and age, and sickness hers deface,
But thine 's eternal: oh, Deformity,
Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,
For, dead, her beauty will no beauty have,
But thy face looks most lovely in the grave.

[The humour of a frantic lover is here done to the life Orleans is as passionate an Inamorato as any which Shakspeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in Love's reasons The sober people of the world are with him

a swarm of fools
Crowding together to be counted wise.

He talks "pure Biron and Romeo," he is almost as poetical as they, quite as philosophical, only a little madder After all, Love's sectaries are a "reason unto themselves" We have gone retrograde in the noble heresy since the days when Sydney proselyted our nation to this mixed health and disease; the kindliest symptom yet the most alarming crisis in the ticklish state of youth, the nourisher and the destroyer of hopeful wits, the mother of twin-births, wisdom and folly, valour and weakness; the servitude above freedom, the gentle mind's religion, the liberal superstition]

SATIRO-MASTIX, OR THE UNTRUSSING OF THE HUMOROUS POET.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1602.

The King *exacts an oath from* SIR WALTER TERILL *to send his bride* CÆLESTINA *to court on the marriage night Her father, to save her honour, gives her a poisonous mixture which she swallows*

TERILL. CÆLESTINA. FATHER.

Cæl. Why didst thou swear?
Ter. The king
Sat heavy on my resolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

Cæl. An oath! why, what 's an oath? 'tis but the
smoke
Of flame and blood; the blister of the spirit
Which rises from the steam of rage, the bubble
That shoots up to the tongue, and scalds the voice,
(For oaths are burning words); thou swor'st but
one,
'Tis frozen long ago: if one be number'd,
What countrymen are they, where do they dwell,
That speak naught else but oaths?
Ter. They 're men of hell.
An oath? why 'tis the traffic of the soul,
'Tis law within a man; the seal of faith,
The bond of every conscience; unto whom
We set our thoughts like hands: yea, such a one
I swore, and to the king a king contains
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
I swore to them, the very hairs that guard
His head, will rise up like sharp witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty. his eye
Would straight condemn me argue oaths no more,
My oath is high, for to the king I swore.
Cæl. Must I betray my chastity, so long
Clean from the treason of rebelling lust?
O husband! O my father! if poor I
Must not live chaste, then let me chastely die
Fath. Ay, here 's a charm shall keep thee chaste,
come, come,
Old time hath left us but an hour to play
Our parts; begin the scene, who shall speak first?
Oh, I, I play the king, and kings speak first;
Daughter stand thou here, thou son Terill there:
We need no prologue, the king entering first,
He 's a most gracious prologue: marry, then
For the catastrophe, or epilogue,
There 's one in cloth of silver, which no doubt
Will please the hearers well when he steps out;

His mouth is fill'd with words: see where he stands:
He 'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part: suppose who enters now,
A king, whose eyes are set in silver; one
That blusheth gold, speaks music, dancing walks,
Now gathers nearer, takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou thinkst the very orb of heaven
Moves round about thy fingers; then he speaks,
Thus—thus—I know not how.

Cæl. Nor I to answer him.

Fath. No, girl? know'st thou not how to answer him?
Why then the field is lost, and he rides home
Like a great conqueror; not answer him?
Out of thy part already? foil'd the scene?
Disrank'd the lines? disarm'd the action?

Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weak,
'Tis overcome ere it know how to speak.

Fath. Come, come, thou happy close of every wrong,
'Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt;
'Tis time for thee to speak, we all are out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call son,
I must confess I made a deed of gift
To heaven and you, and gave my child to both;
When on my blessing I did charm her soul
In the white circle of true chastity,
Still to run true till death: now sir, if not,
She forfeits my rich blessing, and is fin'd
With an eternal curse; then I tell you,
She shall die now, now whilst her soul is true.

Ter. Die!

Cæl. Ay, I am death's echo.

Fath. O my son,
I am her father; every tear I shed
Is threescore ten years old; I weep and smile
Two kinds of tears: I weep that she must die,

I smile that she must die a virgin: thus
We joyful men mock tears, and tears mock us.
Ter. What speaks that cup?
Fath. White wine and poison.
Ter. Oh!
That very name of poison, poisons me;
Thou winter of a man, thou walking grave,
Whose life is like a dying taper, how
Canst thou define a lover's labouring thoughts?
What scent hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
The breath that purls from thee is like the steam
Of a new-open'd vault. I know thy drift,
Because thou 'rt travelling to the land of graves,
Thou covet'st company, and hither bring'st
A health of poison to pledge death: a poison
For this sweet spring; this element is mine,
This is the air I breathe; corrupt it not:
This heaven is mine, I bought it with my soul
Of him that sells a heaven to buy a soul.
Fath. Well, let her go; she 's thine, thou call'st her thine,
Thy element, the air thou breath'st; thou know'st
The air thou breath'st is common, make her so:
Perhaps thou 'lt say none but the king shall wear
Thy night-gown, she that laps thee warm with love;
And that kings are not common: then to show
By consequence he cannot make her so;
Indeed she may promote her shame and thine,
And with your shames speak a good word for mine,
The king shining so clear, and we so dim,
Our dark disgraces will be seen through him.
Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
What man would pledge a king in his own wife?
Ter. She dies: that sentence poisons her: O life!
What slave would pledge a king in his own wife?

Cæl. Welcome, O poison, physic against lust,
Thou wholesome medicine to a constant blood;
Thou rare apothecary that canst keep
My chastity preserved within this box
Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot
That stands upon the stall of the white soul,
To set the shop out like a flatterer,
To draw the customers of sin: come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a diet drink
To moderate my blood: white-innocent wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? Oh no,
For thou thyself art poison'd: take me hence,
For innocence shall murder innocence. [*Drinks.*

Ter. Hold, hold, thou shalt not die, my bride, my wife.
O stop that speedy messenger of death;
O let him not run down that narrow path
Which leads unto thy heart, nor carry news
To thy removing soul that thou must die.

Cæl. 'Tis done already, the spiritual court
Is breaking up; all offices discharg'd,
My soul removes from this weak standing-house
Of frail mortality: dear father, bless
Me now and ever: dearer man, farewell;
I jointly take my leave of thee and life;
Go, tell the king thou hast a constant wife.

Fath. Smiles on my cheeks arise
To see how sweetly a true virgin dies.

[The beauty and force of this scene are much diminished to the reader of the entire play, when he comes to find that this solemn preparation is but a sham contrivance of the father's, and the potion which Cælestina swallows nothing more than a sleeping draught, from the effects of which she is to awake in due time, to the surprise of her husband, and the great mirth and edification of the King and his courtiers.—As Hamlet says, they do but "poison in jest" The sentiments are worthy of a real martyrdom, and an Appian sacrifice in earnest.]

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.[1]

Horace. What could I do, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the stage? they envy me,
Because I hold more worthy company.
Demetrius. Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush for thine,
As often as thou speak'st so. Where one true
And nobly-virtuous spirit for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one ten ev'n from my heart.
I make account I put up as deep share
In any good man's love, which thy worth owns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy
No, here the gall lies, we, that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy (once-dying) baseness, yet must we
Dance antics on thy paper.
Crispinus. This makes us angry, but not envious.
No; were thy wrap'd soul put in a new mould,
I 'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.

THE HONEST WHORE, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Hospital for Lunatics.

THERE are of mad men, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike. We have here some

[1] In this comedy, Ben Jonson, under the name of Horace, is reprehended, in retaliation of his "Poetaster," in which he had attacked two of his brother dramatists, probably Marston and Decker, under the name of Crispinus and Demetrius.

So apish and fantastick, play with a feather;
And, though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defaced, yet do they act
Such antick and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others again we have, like hungry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies.—

Patience.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods.—The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST WHORE.

By the same Author.

Bellafront, *a reclaimed harlot, recounts some of the miseries of her profession*

Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
To be my undoing, followed I that game.
Oh, when the work of lust had earn'd my bread,
To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit,
Ere it went down, should choke me chewing it!
My bed seem'd like a cabin hung in hell,
The bawd hell's porter, and the liquorish wine
The pander fetch'd, was like an easy fine,
For which, methought, I leased away my soul,
And often times even in my quaffing-bowl

Thus said I to myself, I am a whore,
And have drunk down thus much confusion more.
——— when in the street
A fair young modest damsel[1] I did meet
She seem'd to all a dove, when I pass'd by,
And I to all a raven: every eye
That followed her, went with a bashful glance;
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they vail,
'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail.
She, crown'd with reverend praises, passed by them,
I, though with face mask'd, could not scape the hem,
For, as if Heaven had set strange marks on whores,
Because they should be pointing stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape, a courtezan,
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she 's betray'd by some trick of her own.

[1] This simple picture of honour and shame, contrasted without violence, and expressed without immodesty, is worth all the *strong lines* against the harlot's profession, with which both Parts of this play are offensively crowded. A satirist is always to be suspected, who, to make vice odious, dwells upon all its acts and minutest circumstances with a sort of relish and retrospective gust. But so near are the boundaries of panegyric and invective, that a worn-out sinner is sometimes found to make the best declaimer against sin. The same high-seasoned descriptions which in his unregenerate state served to inflame his appetites, in his new province of a moralist will serve him (a little turned) to expose the enormity of those appetites in other men. No one will doubt, who read Marston's Satires, that the author in some part of his life must have been something more than a theorist in vice. Have we never heard an old preacher in the pulpit display such an insight into the mystery of ungodliness, as made us wonder with reason how a good man came by it? When Cervantes with such proficiency of fondness dwells upon the Don's library, who sees not that he has been a great reader of books of knight errantry? perhaps was at some time of his life in danger of falling into those very extravagances which he ridicules so happily in his hero?

The happy man.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noonday walks by a prison door,
He that i' th' sun is neither beam nor moat,
He that 's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,
He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,
He that makes This his sea and That his shore,
He that in 's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts Youth his sword, and Age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
He that upon his death-bed is a swan,
And dead, no crow, he is a Happy Man.

[The turn of this is the same with Iago's definition of a Deserving Woman "She that was ever fair and never proud," &c. The matter is superior]

WESTWARD HOE, A COMEDY:

By Thomas Decker and John Webster.

Pleasure, the general pursuit.

Sweet Pleasure!
Delicious Pleasure! earth's supremest good,
The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood.
Rob me of that (though to be drunk with pleasure,
As rank excess even in best things is bad,
Turns man into a beast), yet that being gone,
A horse and this (the goodliest shape) all one.
We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers; fight battles; spend
Our blood, to buy us names; and in iron hold
Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold:

But to do thus, what spell can us excite?
This; the strong magic of our appetite:
To feast which richly, life itself undoes.
Who 'd not die thus?
Why even those that starve in voluntary wants,
And, to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
The world enjoying them, they not the world,
Would they do this, but that they are proud to suck
A sweetness from such sourness?

Music.

Let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence
Through all this building, that her sphery soul
May (on the wings of air) in thousand forms
Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS, A TRAGEDY:

By Thomas Heywood.

Mr Frankford *discovers that his Wife has been unfaithful to him*

Mrs Fra. O, by what words, what title, or what name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! O!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
(O me most wretched!) I have lost that name:
I am no more your wife.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I 'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard

For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow: what wouldst thou speak?

Mrs Fra. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict. yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament, even for his sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave;
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me! rise, nay, rise,
And I 'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs Fra. I was.

Fran. Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs Fra. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs Fra. You did.

Fran. I did indeed, witness my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,

The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them; lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Mrs Fra. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*

He returns with CRANWELL *his friend She falls on her knees.*

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I 'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And *kill* thee even with *kindness.*

Cran. Mr Frankford.

Fran. Good Mr Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee everything which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee:
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou likest best,

And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs Fra. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hopest for heaven, as thou believest
Thy name 's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan, for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs Fra. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff, all must along:
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS, *a Servant.*

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I loved her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin nor a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
Nor anything that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. Here 's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute? O God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,

Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!
Post with it after her; now nothing 's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

NICHOLAS *overtakes* MRS FRANKFORD *on her journey, and delivers the lute.*

Mrs Fra. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.
Nic. My master commends him unto ye;
There 's all he can find that was ever yours.
He prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.
Mrs Fra. I thank him, he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
I cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.
If you return unto your master, say,
(Though not from me, for I am unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead.
Nay you may say too (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear:
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.
Go break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell

To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.
Nic. I 'll do your commendations.
Mrs Fra. O no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both, alas! I am.
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother; chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word,
Tell them 'tis naught, for when that word they name
(Poor pretty souls!) they harp on their own shame.
So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Mrs Frankford (*aysug*). Sir Francis Acton, *her brother* Sir Charles Mountford, Mr Malby, *and other of her husband's friends*

Mal. How fare you, Mrs Frankford?
Mrs Fra. Sick, sick, O sick: give me some air. I pray
Tell me, O tell me, where is Mr Frankford.
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?
Mal. Yes, Mrs Frankford. divers gentlemen
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have moved and told him of your weak estate:
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us;
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs Fra. You have half revived me with the pleasing news:
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.
Chas. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.
Mrs Fra. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? my soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.
Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here 's Mr Frankford now.

MR FRANKFORD *enters.*

Fran. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleased) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.
Mrs Fra. And is he come? methinks that voice I know.
Fran. How do you, woman?
Mrs Fra. Well, Mr Frankford, well; but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?
Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis griped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs Fra. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I 'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. O! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees
That kneel I cannot: but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!
Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee, I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee.
And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I 'll wish to die with thee.
All. So do we all
Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of Heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.
Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford;
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.
Susan. How is it with you?
Acton. How d' ye feel yourself?
Mrs Fra. Not of this world
Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest;

Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Mrs Fra. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more. Thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

[Heywood is a sort of *prose* Shakspeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the Poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature* Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old but we awake, and sigh for the difference]

THE FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1607

CRIPPLE *offers to fit* FRANK GOLDING *with ready-made love epistles*

Frank. Of thy own writing?
Crip. My own, I assure you, Sir.
Frank. Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book or other,
And now wouldst make me think they are thy own.
Crip. Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a letter,
Ditty, or sonnet, with judicial phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, and pathetical,
As the best Ovid-imitating dunce
In all the town?
Frank. I think thou canst not.
Crip. Yea, I 'll swear I cannot.
Yet, sirrah, I could coney-catch the world,
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,
And be admir'd for my dexterity,
Were I disposed.

Frank. I prithee, how?
Crip. Why thus—There liv'd a poet in this town
(If we may term our modern writers poets),
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued, his pen, of steel;
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice,
And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew,
He never wrote but when the elements
Of fire and water tilted in his brain.
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost
To Lucia's bosom, did bequeathe to me
His library, which was just nothing
But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Paul's church-yard.
Amongst them all I happen'd on a quire
Or two of paper, fill'd with songs and ditties,
And here and there a hungry epigram,
These I reserve to my own proper use,
And, Paternoster-like, have conn'd them all.
I could now, when I am in company,
At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary,
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty
(Or one at least should seem extemporal),
Out of the abundance of this legacy,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sudden wit,
And then I were an admirable fellow.
Frank. This were a piece of cunning.
Crip. I could do more; for I could make inquiry
Where the best-witted gallants use to dine,
Follow them to the tavern, and there sit
In the next room with a calf's head and brimstone,
And over-hear their talk, observe their humours,
Collect their jests, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I have filch'd from them. This I could do.
But oh, for shame that man should so arraign
Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft!

Yet men there be that have done this and that,
And more by much more than the most of them.[1]

[After this specimen of the pleasanter vein of Heywood, I am tempted to extract some lines from his "Hierarchie of Angels, 1634;" not strictly as a dramatic poem, but because the passage contains a string of names, all but that of *Watson*, his contemporary dramatists. He is complaining in a mood half-serious, half-comic, of the disrespect which poets in his own times meet with from the world, compared with the honours paid them by antiquity. *Then* they could afford them three or four sonorous names, and at full length, as to Ovid, the addition of Publius Naso Sulmensis; to Seneca, that of Lucius Annæus Cordubensis, and the like *Now*, says he,

Our modern poets to that pass are driven,
Those names are curtail'd which they first had given;
And, as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them half their sound.
Greene, who had in both academies ta'en
Degree of master, yet could never gain
To be call'd more than Robin: who, had he
Profess'd aught save the Muse, serv'd, and been free
After a seven years 'prenticeship, might have
(With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.
Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit;

[1] The full title of this Play is "The Fair Maid of the Exchange, with the Humours of the Cripple of Fenchurch." The above satire against some dramatic plagiarists of the time, is put into the mouth of the Cripple, who is an excellent fellow, and the hero of the comedy. Of his humour this extract is a sufficient specimen; but he is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body, the latter of which he evinces by rescuing his mistress (the Fair Maid) from three robbers by the main force of one crutch lustily applied, and the former by his foregoing the advantages which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesses in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend Golding, more worthy of her beauty, than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a character, and some luck in finding a sufficient actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the noble Cripple.

Although his Hero and Leander did
Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson, though he wrote
Able to make Apollo's self to dote
Upon his Muse, for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.
Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteem)
Could not a second syllable redeem
Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
Of the rar'st wits, was never more than Frank.
Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipp'd in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the mean'st, neither was but Jack,
Decker 's but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton;
And he 's now but Jack Ford, that once was John.]

[Possibly our poet was a little sore, that this contemptuous curtailment of their baptismal names was chiefly exercised upon his poetical brethren of the *Drama*. We hear nothing about Sam Daniel, or Ned Spenser, in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the dramatic poets, as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the stage actors. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness, as we say Harry the Fifth, rather than Henry, when we would express good-will? as himself says, in those reviving words put into his mouth by Shakspeare, where he would comfort and confirm his doubting brothers.—

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry!

and doubtless Heywood had an indistinct conception of this truth, when, coming to his own name, with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one that, not satirically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say —

Nor speak I this, that any here express'd
Should think themselves less worthy than the rest

Whose names have their full syllables and sound;
Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Think others what they please) accept that heart,
Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
And that it takes not from my pains or praise,
If any one to me so bluntly come
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

THE GOLDEN AGE, AN HISTORICAL PLAY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1611.

SIBILLA, *the wife of* SATURN, *is by him enjoined to slay the new-born* JUPITER. *None can do it for his smiles.*

SIBILLA. VESTA. NURSE.

Sib. Mother, of all that ever mothers were
Most wretched, kiss thy sweet babe ere he die,
That hath life only lent to suffer death.
Sweet lad, I would thy father saw thee smile,
Thy beauty and thy pretty infancy
Would mollify his heart, were 't hew'd from flint,
Or carv'd with iron tools from the Corsic rock.
Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.
Oh! if thou needs must die, I 'll be thy murd'ress,
And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.—
And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weep,
Or art thou in thy cheerful smiles so free,
In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny?
I 'll kiss thee ere I kill thee: for my life
The lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.
Vest. Then, give him me, I am his grandmother,
And I will kill him gently: this sad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt him not.
Vest. Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat.
I have not heart to give thee many wounds;
My kindness is to take thy life at once.
Now!—
Alack, my pretty grandchild, smil'st thou still?
I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.
Nurse. You may be careless of the king's command,
But it concerns me, and I love my life
More than I do a suckling's. Give him me;
I 'll make him sure: a sharp weapon lend,
I 'll quickly bring the youngster to his end.
Alack! my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin
With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.
Oh, madam! he 's so full of angel grace,
I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.
Sib. I 'll wink and strike. Come, once more reach him hither,
For die he must, so Saturn hath decreed.—
'Las! for a world I would not see him bleed!
Vest. Ne shall he do, but swear me secrecy,
The babe shall live and we be dangerless.

THE SILVER AGE, AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

By the same Author, 1613.

Proserpine *seeking flowers*

Pros. Oh, may these meadows ever barren be,
That yield of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor sanguine rose,
The strawberry flower, nor panze, nor violet.
Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose:
Going to beg, I am with a beggar met,

That wants as much as I. I should do ill
To take from them that need.—

Ceres, after the rape of her daughter.

Cer. Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine?
Speak, Jove's fair daughter, whither art thou strayed?
I have sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd fields,
Yet cannot find my child. Her scattered flowers
And garland half made up I have lit upon,
But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon,[1] that hath scorch'd the fields,
And sing'd the grass. These ruts the sun ne'er seared,
Where art thou, love? where art thou, Proserpine?—

She questions Triton *for her daughter.*

Cer. —— thou that on thy shelly trumpet
Summons the sea-gods, answer from the depth.
Trit. On Neptune's sea-horse, with my concave trump,
Through all th' abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss;
The channels cloth'd in waters, the low cities,
In which the water-nymphs and sea-gods dwell,
I have perus'd; sought through whole woods and forests
Of leafless coral planted in the deeps;
Toss'd up the beds of pearl, rous'd up huge whales
And stern sea-monsters from their rocky dens;
Those bottoms bottomless, shallows, and shelves,
And all those currents where th' earth's springs break in;
Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises,
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else:

[1] The car of Dis.

Through all our ebbs and tides my trump hath
blaz'd her,
Yet can no cavern show me Proserpine.

She questions the EARTH.

Cer. Fair sister Earth, for all these beauteous fields
Spread o'er thy breast, for all these fertile crops
With which my plenty have enrich'd thy bosom;
For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain
With which so oft thy temples I have crowned;
For all the yearly liveries and fresh robes
Upon thy summer beauty I bestow,
Show me my child.

Earth. Not in revenge, fair Ceres,
That your remorseless ploughs have rak'd my breast,
Nor that your iron-tooth'd harrows print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you dig my sides
For marl and soil, and make me bleed my springs
Through all my open'd veins, to weaken me,
Do I conceal your daughter. I have spread
My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,
Examin'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,
Marshes, and wolds, my woods and champain fields
My dens, and caves; and yet, from foot to head,
I have no place on which the Moon [1] doth tread.

Cer. Then, Earth, thou hast lost her, and for Proserpine,
I 'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.
No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows;
I 'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain-strike;
With idle agues I 'll consume thy swains;
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whose spikes the weed and couch-grass shall outgrow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,

[1] Proserpine; who was also Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth.

Or mildews rot; and what remains shall be
A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh, Proserpine,—
You gods that dwell above, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks,
Fountains, and wells, some one among you all
Show me herself, or grave! to you I call.

ARETHUSA *riseth.*

Are. That can the river Arethusa do.
My streams, you know, fair goddess, issue forth
From Tartary, by the Tænarian isles.
My head 's in hell, where Stygian Pluto reigns:
There did I see the lovely Proserpine,
Whom Pluto hath rapt hence. behold her girdle,
Which on her way dropp'd from her beauteous waist,
And scattered in my streams.—Fair Queen, adieu.
Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

THE BRAZEN AGE, AN HISTORICAL PLAY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1613.

VENUS *courts* ADONIS.

Ven. Why doth Adonis fly the Queen of Love,
And shun this ivory girdle of my arms?
To be thus scarf'd the dreadful God of war
Would give me conquered kingdoms. For a kiss,
But half like this, I could command the Sun
Rise 'fore his hour, to bed before his time;
And, being love-sick, change his golden beams,
And make his face pale, as his sister Moon.
Look on me, Adon, with a stedfast eye,
That in these crystal glasses I may see
My beauty that charms gods, makes men amaz'd

And stown'd with wonder. Doth this roseate pillow
Offend my love?
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheek,
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thine ear.

Adon. Madam, you are not modest: I affect
The unseen beauty that adorns the mind.
This looseness makes you foul in Adon's eye.
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Read blushfulness, and fear; a modest blush
Would make your cheek seem much more beautiful.

Ven. ——— wert thou made of stone,
I have heat to melt thee. I am Queen of love,
There is no practive art of dalliance
Of which I am not mistress, and can use.
I have kisses that can murder unkind words,
And strangle hatred, that the gall sends forth:
Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits half dead:
Words that can pour affection down thine ears.
Love me! thou canst not choose, thou shalt not choose.

Adon. Madam, you woo not well. Men covet not
These proffered pleasures, but love sweets denied.
These prostituted pleasures surfeit still,
Where 's fear, or doubt, men sue with best good will.

Ven. Thou canst instruct the Queen of love in love.
Thou shalt not, Adon, take me by the hand;
Yet, if thou needs wilt force me, there 's my palm.
I 'll frown on him: alas! my brow 's so smooth,
It will not bear a wrinkle.—Hie thee hence
Unto the chace, and leave me, but not yet;
I 'll sleep this night upon Endymion's bank,
On which the swain was courted by the Moon.
Dare not to come, thou art in our disgrace;
Yet, if thou come, I can afford thee place.

PHŒBUS *jeers* VULCAN.

Vul. Good morrow, Phœbus, what 's the news abroad?
For thou seest all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the sight of sun.
Phœb. Sometime I cast my eye upon the sea,
To see the tumbling seal, or porpoise play;
There see I merchants trading, and their sails
Big-bellied with the wind, sea-fights sometimes
Rise with their smoke-thick clouds to dark my beams.
Sometimes I fix my face upon the earth,
With my warm fervour to give metals, trees,
Herbs, plants, and flowers, life; here in gardens walk
Loose ladies with their lovers arm in arm.
Yonder the labouring ploughman drives his team.
Further, I may behold main battles pitch'd,
And whom I favour most (by the wind's help)
I can assist with my transparent rays.
Here spy I cattle feeding, forests there
Stor'd with wild beasts; here shepherds with their lasses,
Piping beneath the trees, whilst their flocks graze.
In cities I see trading, walking, bargaining,
Buying, and selling, goodness, badness, all things,
And shine alike on all.
Vul. Thrice happy Phœbus,
That, whilst poor Vulcan is confin'd to Lemnos,
Hast every day these pleasures. What news else?
Phœb. No emperor walks forth, but I see his state,
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold.
I see all coronations, funerals,
Marts, fairs, assemblies, pageants, sights, and shows.
No hunting, but I better see the chase
Than they that rouse the game. What see not I?
There 's not a window, but my beams break in,
No chink or cranny, but my rays pierce through;

And there I see, oh Vulcan, wondrous things:
Things that thyself, nor any god besides,
Would give belief to.
And, shall I tell thee, Vulcan, t' other day
What I beheld?—I saw the great god Mars.
Vul. God Mars!
Phœb. As I was peeping through a cranny, abed.
Vul. Abed! with whom?—some pretty wench, I warrant.
Phœb. She was a pretty wench.
Vul. Tell me, good Phœbus,
That when I meet him, I may flout god Mars;
Tell me, but tell me truly, on thy life.
Phœb. Not to dissemble, Vulcan, 'twas thy wife!

The peers of Greece go in quest of HERCULES, *and find him in woman's weeds, spinning with* OMPHALE.

Jason. Our business was to Theban Hercules;
'Twas told us, he remain'd with Omphale,
The Lydian queen.
Telamon. Speak, which is Omphale? or which Alcides?
Pollux. Lady, our purpose was to Hercules,
Show us the man.
Omph. Behold him here.
Atreus. Where?
Omph. There, at his task.
Jas. Alas! *this* Hercules?
This is some base effeminate groom, not he
That with his puissance frighted all the earth.
Her. Hath Jason, Nestor, Castor, Telamon,
Atreus, Pollux, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.
Jas. Woman, we know thee not.
We came to seek the Jove-born Hercules,
That in his cradle strangled Juno's snakes,
And triumph'd in the brave Olympic games.
He that the Cleonean lion slew,

The Erymanthian boar, the bull of Marathon,
The Lernean hydra, and the winged hart.
That Hercules by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great Achelous, the Stymphalides,
And the Cremona giants: where is he?

Tel. That traitorous Nessus with a shaft transfix'd,
Strangled Antheus, purg'd Augeas' stalls,
Won the bright apples of the Hesperides.
We would see the Theban
That Cacus slew, Busiris sacrific'd,
And to his horses hurl'd stern Diomed
To be devour'd.

Pol. That freed Hesione
From the sea whale, and after ransack'd Troy,
And with his own hand slew Laomedon.

Nes. He by whom Dercilus and Albion fell,
He that Œcalia and Betricia won.

Atr. That monstrous Geryon with his three heads vanquish'd,
With Linus, Lichas that usurp'd in Thebes,
And captiv'd there his beauteous Megara.

Jas. He that the Amazonian baldrick won,
That Achelous with his club subdu'd,
And won from him the pride of Caledon,
Fair Deianeira, that now mourns in Thebes
For absence of the noble Hercules.
To him we came, but, since he lives not here,
Come Lords, we will return these presents back
Unto the constant lady, whence they came.

Her. Stay, Lords—

Jas. 'Mongst women?—

Her. For that Theban's sake,
Whom you profess to love, and came to seek,
Abide awhile, and by my love to Greece,
I'll bring before you that lost Hercules,
For whom you came to inquire.

Tel. It works, it works—

Her. How have I lost myself!
Did we all this? Where is that spirit become
That was in us? no marvel, Hercules,
That thou be'st strange to them, that thus disguis'd
Art to thyself unknown. Hence with this distaff,
And base effeminate chars: hence, womanish tires;
And let me once more be myself again.
Your pardon, Omphale!

[I cannot take leave of this drama without noticing a touch of the truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is wasting away by the operation of the fatal brand, administered to him by his wretched mother —

My flame increaseth still—Oh, father Œneus,
And you Althea, whom I would call mother,
But that my genius prompts me th' art unkind,
And yet farewell!

What is the boasted "Forgive me, but forgive me!" of the dying wife of Shore in Rowe compared with these three little words?]

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Young GERALDINE *comes home from his travels, and finds his playfellows, that should have been his wife, married to old* WINCOTT. *The old gentleman receives him hospitably as a friend of his father's, takes delight to hear him tell of his travels, and treats him in all respects like a second father; his house being always open to him. Young* GERALDINE *and the Wife agree not to wrong the old gentleman.*

WIFE. GERALDINE.

Ger. We now are left alone.
Wife. Why, say we be, who should be jealous of us?
This is not first of many hundred nights,
That we two have been private, from the first

Of our acquaintance; when our tongues but clipt
Our mother's tongue, and could not speak it plain,
We knew each other; as in stature, so
Increased our sweet society. Since your travel,
And my late marriage, through my husband's love,
Midnight has been as mid-day, and my bedchamber
As free to you, as your own father's house,
And you as welcome to it.

Ger. I must confess,
It is in you, your noble courtesy,
In him, a more than common confidence,
And, in his age, can scarce find precedent.

Wife. Most true; it is withal an argument,
That both our virtues are so deep imprest
In his good thoughts, he knows we cannot err.

Ger. A villain were he, to deceive such trust,
Or (were there one) a much worse character.

Wife. And she no less, whom either beauty, youth,
Time, place, or opportunity could tempt
To injure such a husband.

Ger. You deserve,
Even for his sake, to be for ever young;
And he, for yours, to have his youth renew'd;
So mutual is your true conjugal love.
Yet had the fates so pleas'd—

Wife. I know your meaning,
It was once voic'd, that we two should have match'd,
The world so thought and many tongues so spake,
But Heaven hath now disposed us other ways,
And being as it is (a thing in me,
Which I protest, was never wish'd nor sought)
Now done, I not repent it.

Ger. In those times
Of all the treasures of my hopes and love
You were the exchequer, they were stor'd in you;
And had not my unfortunate travel cross'd them,

They had been here reserved still.
Wife. Troth they had,
I should have been your trusty treasurer.
Ger. However, let us love still, I entreat;
That, neighbourhood and breeding will allow;
So much, the laws divine and human both
'Twixt brother and a sister will approve;
Heaven then forbid that they should limit us
Wish well to one another.
Wife. If they should not,
We might proclaim they were not charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceive.
Ger. Will you resolve me one thing?
Wife. As to one,
That in my bosom hath a second place,
Next my dear husband.
Ger. That 's the thing I crave,
And only that, to have a place next him.
Wife. Presume on that already, but, perhaps,
You mean to stretch it further.
Ger. Only thus far:
Your husband 's old, to whom my soul does wish
A Nestor's age, so much he merits from me,
Yet if (as proof and nature daily teach,
Men cannot always live, especially
Such as are old and crazed), he be called hence,
Fairly, in full maturity of time,
And we two be reserv'd to after life,
Will you confer your widowhood on me?
Wife. You ask the thing I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath spoke mine own thoughts.
Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone instates me happy: now, so please you,
We will divide, you to your private chamber,
I to find out my friend.
Wife. You are now my brother,
But then, my second husband. [*They part.*

Young GERALDINE *absents himself from the house of* MR. WINCOTT *longer than is usual to him. The old gentleman sends for him, to find out the reason. He pleads his father's commands.*

WINCOTT. GERALDINE.

Ger. With due acknowledgment
Of all your more than many courtesies:
You 've been my second father, and your wife
My noble and chaste mistress; all your servants
At my command; and this your bounteous table
As free and common as my father's house;
Neither 'gainst any or the least of these
Can I commence just quarrel.
Win. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting
Yourself from such as love you?
Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few: the care I have
Of your (as yet unblemish'd) renown;
The untouch'd honour of your virtuous wife;
And (which I value least, yet dearly too)
My own fair reputation.
Win. How can these,
In any way be question'd?
Ger. Oh, dear sir,
Bad tongues have been too busy with us all;
Of which I never yet had time to think,
But with sad thoughts and griefs unspeakable.
It hath been whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my father's ears,
By some that have malign'd our happiness,
(Heaven, if it can brook slander, pardon them!)
That this my customary coming hither,
Hath been to base and sordid purposes;
To wrong your bed, injure her chastity,
And be mine own undoer: which, how false ——
Win. As heaven is true, I know it ——

Ger. Now this calumny
Arriving first unto my father's ears,
His easy nature was induc'd to think
That these things might perhaps be possible:
I answer'd him, as I would do to heaven,
And clear'd myself in his suspicious thoughts
As truly, as the high all-knowing Judge
Shall of these stains acquit me; which are merely
Aspersions and untruths. The good old man
Possess'd with my sincerity, and yet careful
Of your renown, her honour, and my fame,
To stop the worst that scandal could inflict,
And to prevent false rumours, charges me,
The cause remov'd, to take away the effect,—
Which only could be, to forbear your house—
And this upon his blessing. You hear all.
Win. And I of all acquit you. this your absence,
With which my love most cavill'd, orators
In your behalf. Had such things pass'd betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could have driven you hence;
It pleads in your behalf, and speaks in her's,
And arms me with a double confidence
Both of your friendship and her loyalty.
I am happy in you both, and only doubtful
Which of you two doth most impart my love.
You shall not hence to-night.
Ger. Pray, pardon, sir.
Win. You are in your lodging.
Ger. But my father's charge.
Win. My conjuration shall dispense with that;
You may be up as early as you please,
But hence to-night you shall not.
Ger. You are powerful.

Traveller's Stories.

Sir, my husband
Hath took much pleasure in your strange discourse
About Jerusalem and the Holy Land;
How the new city differs from the old,
What ruins of the Temple yet remain,
And whether Sion, and those hills about,
With these adjacent towns and villages,
Keep that proportioned distance as we read;
And then in Rome, of that great Pyramis
Reared in the front, on four lions mounted,
How many of those idol temples stand,
First dedicated to their heathen gods,
Which ruin'd, which to better use repair'd,
Of their Pantheon, and their Capitol,
What structures are demolish'd, what remain.
—— And what more pleasure to an old man's ear,
That never drew save his own country's air,
Than hear such things related?

Shipwreck by Drink.

This gentleman and I
Pass'd but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth, his father now at sea.
———— There this night
Was a great feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea, when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed

From rocking of the vessel; this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main top, and discover; he
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempests towards,
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses; here a fellow whistles,
They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life;
A third takes the base-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on 't, labours, and rows,
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd,
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to scape
As did Arion on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.——The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by the ears about it,
The constable is call'd to atone the broil,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion. They adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident, and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves;
And at this point we left them.

[This piece of pleasant exaggeration (which for its life and humour might have been told, or acted, by Petruchio himself) give rise to the title of Cowley's Latin Play, Naufragium Joculare, and furnished the idea of the best scene in it.—Heywood's preface to this play is interesting, as it shows the heroic indifference about

posterity, which some of these great writers seem to have felt There is a magnanimity in authorship as in everything else.

"If, reader, thou hast of this play been an auditor, there is less apology to be used by entreating thy patience. This tragi-comedy (being one reserved amongst 220 in which I had either an entire hand or at the least a main finger) coming accidentally to the press, and I having intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should pass as *filius populi*, a bastard without a father to acknowledge it. true it is that my plays are not exposed to the world in volumes, to bear the title of works (as others[1]). one reason is, that many of them by shifting and change of companies have been negligently lost Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print, and a third that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read. All that I have further to say at this time is only this censure I entreat as favourably as it is exposed to thy view freely.

"Ever studious of thy pleasure and profit,

"Th. Heywood."

Of the 220 pieces which he here speaks of having been concerned in, only 25, as enumerated by Dodsley, have come down to us, for the reasons assigned in the preface The rest have perished, exposed to the casualties of a theatre. Heywood's ambition seems to have been confined to the pleasure of hearing the players speak his lines while he lived. It does not appear that he ever contemplated the possibility of being read by after-ages. What a slender pittance of fame was motive sufficient to the production of such plays as the English Traveller, the Challenge for Beauty, and the Woman Kill'd with Kindness! Posterity is bound to take care that a writer loses nothing by such a noble modesty]

[1] He seems to glance at Ben Jonson.

A CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY.

By the same Author.

Petrocella, a fair Spanish lady, loves Montferrers, *an English sea-captain, who is captive to* Valladaura, *a noble Spaniard.*—Valladaura *loves the lady; and employs* Montferrers *to be the messenger of his love to her.*

Petrocella. Montferrers.

Pet. What art thou in thy country?
Mont. There, a man.
Pet. What here?
Mont. No better than you see, a slave.
Pet. Whose?
Mont. His that hath redeem'd me.
Pet. Valladaura's?
Mont. Yes, I proclaim 't; I that was once mine own,
Am now become his creature.
Pet. I perceive,
Your coming is to make me think you noble,
Would you persuade me deem your friend a god?
For only such make men. Are you a gentleman?
Mont. Not here, for I am all dejectedness,
Captive to fortune, and a slave to want;
I cannot call these clothes I wear mine own,
I do not eat but at another's cost,
This air I breathe is borrowed; ne'er was man
So poor and abject. I have not so much
In all this universe, as a thing to leave,
Or a country I can freely boast is mine.
My essence and my being is another's.
What should I say? I am not anything,
And I possess as little.
Pet. Tell me that?
Come, come, I know you to be no such man.
You are a soldier, valiant, and renown'd,

Your carriage tried by land, and prov'd at sea,
Of which I have heard such full expression,
No contradiction can persuade you less;
And in this faith I am constant.

Mont. A mere worm,
Trod on by every fate.

Pet. Raised by your merit
To be a common argument through Spain,
And speech at princes' tables, for your worth;
Your presence when you please to expose 't abroad
Attracts all eyes, and draws them after you;
And those that understand you, call their friends,
And pointing through the streets, say, This is he,
This is that brave and noble Englishman,
Whom soldiers strive to make their precedent,
And other men their wonder.

Mont. This your scorn
Makes me appear more abject to myself
Than all diseases I have tasted yet
Had power to asperse upon me; and yet, lady,
I could say something, durst I.

Pet. Speak 't at once.

Mont. And yet ——

Pet. Nay, but we 'll admit no pause.

Mont. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loath I were to offend; even in what 's past
I must confess I was too bold. Farewell;
I shall no more distaste you.

Pet. Sir, you do not;
I do proclaim you do not. Stay, I charge you;
Or, as you say you have been fortune's scorn,
So ever prove to woman.

Mont. You charge deeply,
And yet now I bethink me ——

Pet. As you are a soldier,
And Englishman, have hope to be redeem'd
From this your scorned bondage you sustain.

Have comfort in your mother and fair sister;
Renown so blazed in the ears of Spain;
Hope to rebreathe that air you tasted first;
So tell me ——

Mont. What?

Pet. Your apprehension catch'd,
And almost was in sheaf ——

Mont. Lady, I shall.

Pet. And in a word.

Mont. I will.

Pet. Pronounce it then.

Mont. I love you.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha.

Mont. Still it is my misery
Thus to be mock'd in all things.

Pet. Pretty, faith.

Mont. I look'd thus to be laugh'd at; my estate
And fortunes, I confess, deserve no less;
That made me so unwilling to denounce
Mine own derisions; but, alas! I find
No nation, sex, complexion, birth, degree,
But jest at want, and mock at misery.

Pet. Love me?

Mont. I do, I do; and maugre fate,
And spite of all sinister evil, shall.
And now I charge you, by that filial zeal
You owe your father, by the memory
Of your dear mother, by the joys you hope
In blessed marriage, by the fortunate issue
Stor'd in your womb, by these and all things else
That you can style with goodness, instantly,
Without evasion, trick, or circumstance,
Nay, least premeditation, answer me:
Affect you me, or no?

Pet. How speak you that?

Mont. Without demur or pause.

Pet. Give me but time

To sleep upon 't.

Mont. I pardon you no minute; not so much,
As to apparel the least phrase you speak;
Speak in the shortest sentence.

Pet. You have vanquish'd me,
At mine own weapon: noble sir, I love you:
And what my heart durst never tell my tongue,
Lest it should blab my thoughts, at last I speak,
And iterate, I love you.

Mont. Oh, my happiness!
What wilt thou feel me still? art thou not weary
Of making me thy May-game, to possess me
Of such a treasure's mighty magazine,
Not suffer me t' enjoy it, ta'en with this hand,
With that to give 't another?

Pet. You are sad, sir,
Be so no more; if you have been dejected,
It lies in me to mount you to that height
You could not aim at greater. I am yours.
These lips, that only witness it in air,
Now with this truth confirm it. [*Kisses him.*

Mont. I was born to 't,
And it shall out at once.

Pet. Sir, you seem passionate,
As if my answer pleas'd not.

Mont. Now my death,
For mine own tongue must kill me: noble lady,
You have endear'd me to you, but my vow
Was, ne'er to match with any, of what state
Or birth soever, till before the contract
Some one thing I impose her.

Pet. She to do 't?

Mont. Or, if she fail me in my first demand,
I to abjure her ever.

Pet. I am she,
That beg to be employ'd so: name a danger,
Whose very face would fright all womanhood,

And manhood put in trance, nay, whose aspect
Would ague such as should but hear it told,
But to the sad beholder, prove like those
That gaz'd upon Medusa's snaky locks,
And turn'd them into marble, these and more,
Should you but speak 't, I'd do.

Mont. And swear to this?

Pet. I vow it by my honour, my best hopes,
And all that I wish gracious: name it then,
For I am in a longing in my soul
To show my love's expression.

Mont. You shall then ——

Pet. I 'll do 't, as I am a virgin:
Lie it within mortality, I 'll do 't.

Mont. You shall ——

Pet I will: that which appears in you
So terrible to speak, I 'll joy to act,
And take pride in performance.

Mont. Then you shall ——

Pet. What, soldier, what?

Mont. —— love noble Valladaura,
And at his soonest appointment marry him.

Pet. Then I am lost.——

Miracle of Beauty.

I remember,[1]
There liv'd a Spanish princess of our name,
An Isabella too, and not long since,
Who from her palace windows steadfastly
Gazing upon the sun, her hair took fire.
Some augurs held it as a prodigy;
I rather think she was Latona's brood,
And that Apollo courted her bright hair;
Else, envying that her tresses put down his,
He scorch'd them off in envy; nor dare I
From her deriv'd, expose me to his beams,

[1] A proud Spanish princess relates this.

Lest, as he burns the phœnix in her nest,
Made of the sweetest aromatic wood,
Either in love, or envy, he agree
To use the like combustion upon me.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

Appeal to Innocence against a False Accusation.

Helena. Both have sworn.
And Princes, as you hope to crown your heads
With that perpetual wreath, which shall last ever,
Cast on a poor dejected innocent virgin
Your eyes of grace and pity. What sin is 't?
Or who can be the patron to such evil?
That a poor innocent maid, spotless in thought,
And pure in heart, born without spleen and gall,
That never injur'd creature, never had heart
To think of wrong, or ponder injury,
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live peculiar in the compass
Of her own virtues, notwithstanding these,
Should be sought out by strangers, persecuted,
Made infamous, even there where she was made
For imitation, hiss'd at in her country,
Abandoned of her mother, kindred, friends,
Deprav'd in foreign climes, scorn'd everywhere,
And even in Princes' Courts, reputed vile —
O pity, pity this.

The Prologue.

In the prologue to this play, Heywood commends the English plays; not without censure of some writers, who in his time had begun to degenerate

The Roman and the Athenian dramas far
Differ from us; and those that frequent are

In Italy and France, even in these days,
Compar'd with ours, are rather jigs than plays:
Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch,
None vers'd in language but confess them such.
They do not build their projects on that ground,
Nor have their phrases half the weight and sound
Our laboured scenes have had; and yet our nation,
(Already too much tax'd for imitation,
In seeking to ape others) cannot quit
Some of our poets, who have sinn'd in it.
For where, before, great patriots, dukes and kings
Presented for some high facinorous things,[1]
Were the stage subject; now we strive to fly
In their low pitch, who never could soar high:
For now the common argument entreats,
Of puling lovers, crafty bawds, or cheats.
  Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
These queasy times, with humours flash'd in wit,
Whose art I both encourage and commend;
I only wish that they would sometimes bend
To memorise the valours of such men,
Whose very names might dignify the pen;
And that our (once applauded) Roscian strain,
In acting such might be reviv'd again:
Which you to countenance would the stage make
    proud,
And poets strive to key their strings more loud.

[1] The foundations of the English Drama were laid up in *tragedy* by Marlow and others—Marlow especially—while our *comedy* was yet in its lisping state. To this tragic preponderance (forgetting his own sweet comedies, and Shakspeare's), Heywood seems to refer with regret; as in the "Roscian Strain" he evidently alludes to Alleyn, who was great in the "Jew of Malta," as Heywood elsewhere testifies, and in the principal tragic parts both of Marlow and Shakspeare.

THE ROYAL KING AND THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

By the same Author.

Noble Traitor.

A Persian history
I read of late, how the great Sophy, once
Flying a noble falcon at the herne,
In comes by chance an eagle passing by,
Which when the hawk espies, leaves her first game,
And boldly ventures on the king of birds.
Long tugg'd they in the air, till at the length
The falcon, better breath'd, seiz'd on the eagle,
And struck it dead. The barons prais'd the bird,
And for her courage she was peerless held.
The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made him no less: he caus'd a crown of gold
To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head,
In honour of her courage. Then the bird,
With great applause, was to the market-place
In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth
Had been proclaim'd, the common executioner
First by the King's command took off her crown,
And after with a sword struck off her head,
As one no better than a noble traitor
Unto the king of birds.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood descants upon the variety of topics which had been introduced upon the English stage in that age—the rich Shaksperian epoch.

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage

And figur'd them in planets; made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muses' rapture: further, we
Have traffick'd by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt,
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic, or more foreign tongue.
Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns and groves, no number can be scann'd,
Which we've not given feet to, nay, 'tis known,
That when our chronicles have barren grown
Of story, we have all invention stretch'd,
Div'd low as to the center, and then reach'd
Unto the *primum mobile* above
(Nor 'scapt things intermediate). For your love,
These have been acted often; all have pass'd
Censure, of which some live, and some are cast.
For this in agitation, stay the end;
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES, A COMEDY:

By Thomas Heywood and Richard Brome.

Mr Generous, *by taking off a bridle from a seeming horse in his stable, discovers it to be his wife, who has transformed herself by magical practices, and is a witch.*

Mr Generous. Wife. Robin, *a groom.*

Gen. My blood is turn'd to ice, and all my vitals
Have ceased their working! Dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation, which till now
Exprest a life within me: I, methinks,

Am a mere marble statue, and no man;
Unweave my age, O time, to my first thread;
Let me lose fifty years in ignorance spent,
That being made an infant once again,
I may begin to know, what, or where am I,
To be thus lost in wonder?

Wife. Sir.

Gen. Amazement still pursues me: how am I chang'd,
Or brought ere I can understand myself,
Into this new world?

Rob. You will believe no witches?

Gen. This makes me believe all, ay, anything;
And that myself am nothing: prithee, Robin,
Lay me to myself open—what art thou,
Or this new transform'd creature?

Rob. I am Robin, and this your wife, my mistress.

Gen. Tell me the earth
Shall leave its seat, and mount to kiss the moon;
Or that the moon, enamour'd of the earth,
Shall leave her sphere, to stoop to us thus low.
What! what's this in my hand, that, at an instant,
Can, from a four-leg'd creature, make a thing
So like a wife?

Rob. A bridle, a juggling bridle, sir.

Gen. A bridle, hence enchantment,
A viper were more safe within my hand,
Than this charm'd engine.—
A witch! my wife a witch!
The more I strive to unwind
Myself from this meander, I the more
Therein am intricated. prithee, woman,
Art thou a witch?

Wife. It cannot be deny'd I am such a curst creature.

Gen. Keep aloof, and do not come too near me, O my trust!
Have I, since first I understood myself,

Been of my soul so chary, still to study
What best was for its health, to renounce all
The works of that black fiend with my best force,
And hath that serpent twin'd me so about,
That I must lie so often and so long
With a devil in my bosom!

Wife. Pardon, sir. [*She looks down.*

Gen. Pardon! can such a thing as that be hop'd?
Lift up thine eyes, lost woman, to yon hills;
It must be thence expected: look not down
Unto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast sought
At such dear rate to purchase: prithee, tell me,
(For now I can believe,) art thou a witch?

Wife. I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderstruck,
And know not what to answer; yet resolve me,
Hast thou made any contract with that fiend,
The enemy of mankind?

Wife. O! I have.

Gen. What? and how far?

Wife. I have promis'd him my soul.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy body had
Been promis'd to the stake, ay, and mine too,
To have suffer'd with thee in a hedge of flames,
Than such a compact ever had been made. Oh!
Resolve me, how far doth that contract stretch?

Wife. What interest in this soul myself could claim,
I freely gave him, but his part that made it
I still reserve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning devil! foolish woman, know
Where he can claim but the least little part,
He will usurp the whole: th'art a lost woman.

Wife. I hope not so.

Gen. Why! hast thou any hope?

Wife. Yes, sir, I have.

Gen. Make it appear to me.

Wife. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,

Further than penitent tears have power to quench.
Gen. I would see some of them.
Wife. You behold them now
(If you look on me with charitable eyes),
Tinctur'd in blood, blood issuing from the heart.
Sir, I am sorry; when I look towards heaven,
I beg a gracious pardon; when on you,
Methinks your native goodness should not be
Less pitiful than they: 'gainst both I have err'd;
From both I beg atonement.
Gen. May I presume 't?
Wife. I kneel to both your mercies.
Gen. Knowest thou what a witch is?
Wife. Alas! none better,
Or, after mature recollection, can be
More sad to think on 't.
Gen. Tell me, are those tears
As full of true-hearted penitence,
As mine of sorrow to behold what state,
What desperate state, th' art fallen in?
Wife. Sir, they are.
Gen. Rise, and as I do, so Heaven pardon me;
We all offend, but from such falling off,
Defend us! Well, I do remember, wife,
When I first took thee, 'twas *for good and bad;*
O, change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
As then we pass'd our faiths, till death us sever.
O woman, thou had'st need to weep thyself
Into a fountain, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisible flames,
In which my eyes shall aid; too little all.[1]

Frank Hospitality.

Gentlemen, welcome, 'tis a word I use;
From me expect no further compliment:

[1] Compare this with a story in the Arabian Nights, where a man discovers his wife to be a *ghoul*.

Nor do I name it often at one meeting;
Once spoke, to those that understand me best,
And know I always purpose as I speak,
Hath ever yet sufficed: so let it you;
Nor do I love that common phrase of guests,
As we make bold, or, we are troublesome,
We take you unprovided, and the like;
I know you understanding gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade yourselves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold,——
Nor shall you find,
Being set to meat, that I 'll excuse your fare,
Or say I am sorry it falls out so poor;
And had I known your coming we 'd have had
Such things and such, nor blame my cook, to say
This dish or that hath not been sauced with care:
Words, fitting best a common hostess' mouth,
When there 's perhaps some just cause of dislike,
But not the table of a gentleman.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

A Household Bewitched.

My uncle 's late become the sole discourse
Of all the country; for of a man reputed
For his discretion and known gravity,
As master of a govern'd family,
A House (as if the ridge were fix'd below,
And groundsills lifted up to make the roof,)
All now 's turn'd topsy-turvy,
In such a retrograde and preposterous way
As seldom hath been heard of; I think never.
The good man in all obedience kneels unto his son;
He with an austere brow commands his father,

The wife presumes not in the daughter's sight
Without a prepared curtsy. The girl, she
Expects it as a duty; chides her mother,
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks;
And what 's as strange, the maid—she domineers
O'er her young mistress, who is aw'd by her.
The son, to whom the father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much fear of the groom his man.
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pity, and in others wonder,
So in the most part laughter. It is thought
This comes by Witchcraft.

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA.

By T. Heywood and W. Rowley, 1655.

Old Forest *forbids his* Son *to sup with some rutous gallants, who goes notwithstanding, and is slain*

Scene —*A Tavern*

Rainsworth, Foster, Goodwin. *To them enters* Frank Forest.

Rain. Now, Frank, how stole you from your father's arms?
You have been schooled, no doubt: fie, fie upon 't.
Ere I would live in such base servitude
To an old greybeard, 'sfoot, I 'd hang myself.
A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,
But he must be control'd by gravity.

Frank. O pardon him! you know he is my father,
And what he doth is but paternal love.
Though I be wild, I am not so past reason
His person to despise, though I his counsel

Cannot severely follow.

Rain. 'Sfoot, he 's a fool.

Frank. A fool! y're a—

Fast. Nay, gentlemen—

Frank. Yet I restrain my tongue,
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,
And no delib'rate malice; and it may be
You are sorry that a word so unreverent,
To wrong so good an aged gentleman,
Should pass you unawares.

Rain. Sorry, sir boy! you will not take exceptions?

Frank. Not against you with willingness, whom I have loved so long. Yet you might think me a most dutiless and ungracious son, to give smooth countenance unto my father's wrong. Come, I dare swear 'twas not your malice; and I take it so.
Let 's frame some other talk. Hear, gentlemen—

Rain. But hear me, boy! it seems, sir, you are angry—

Frank. Not thoroughly yet—

Rain. Then what would anger thee?

Frank. Nothing from you.

Rain. Of all things under heaven
What wouldst thou loathest have me do?

Frank. I would
Not have you wrong my reverent father, and
I hope you will not.

Rain. Thy father 's an old dotard.

Frank. I would not brook this at a monarch's hand,
Much less at thine.

Rain. Ay, boy! then take you that. [*They fight.*

Frank. Oh! I am slain.

Good. Sweet coz, what have you done! Shift for yourself.

Rain. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Two Drawers.

1st Dr. Stay the gentlemen; they have killed a man. Oh, sweet Mr Francis! One run to his father's.

2nd Dr. Hark, hark! I hear his father's voice below. Ten to one he is come to fetch him home to supper: and now he may carry him home to his grave.

Enter the Host, Old Forest, *and* Susan *his daughter.*

Host. You must take comfort, sir.

For. Is he dead, is he dead, girl?

Sus. Oh, dead, sir: Frank is dead.

For. Alas, alas! my boy! I have not the heart
To look upon his wide and gaping wounds.
Pray tell me, sir, does this appear to you
Fearful and pitiful—to you that are
A stranger to my dead boy?

Host. How can it otherwise?

For. Oh, me, most wretched of all wretched men!
If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds
Appear so grisly and so lamentable,
How will they seem to me, who am his father?
Will they not hale my eyebrows from their rounds,
And with an everlasting blindness strike them?

Sus. O, sir, look here!

For. Dost long to have me blind?
Then I 'll behold them, since I know thy mind.
Oh, me! Is this my son that doth so senseless lie,
And swims in blood? my soul with his shall fly
Unto the land of rest. Behold I crave,
Being kill'd with grief, we both may have one grave.

Sus. Alas, my father 's dead too! gentle sir,
Help to retire his spirits, over-travailed
With age and sorrow.

Host. Mr Forest!

Sus. Father!
For. What says my girl? good morrow! What 's a clock?
That you are up so early? call up Frank.
Tell him he lies too long a-bed this morning.
'Was wont to call the sun up, and to raise
The early lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds.
Will he not up? rise, rise, thou sluggish boy!
Sus. Alas! he cannot, father.
For. Cannot! why?
Sus. Do you not see his bloodless colour pale?
For. Perhaps he 's sickly, that he looks so pale.
Sus. Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep?
How still he lies!
For. Then he is fast asleep.
Sus. Do you not see his fatal eyelid close?
For. Speak softly; hinder not his soft repose.
Sus. Oh, see you not these purple conduits run?
Know you these wounds?
For. O me! my murder'd son!

Enter Young Mr Forest.

Y. For. Sister!
Sus. O brother, brother!
Y. For. Father, how cheer you, sir? why, you were wont to store for others' comfort, that by sorrow were any way distress'd. Have you all wasted, and spared none to yourself?
O. For. O son, son, son!
See, alas! see where thy brother lies. He dined with me to-day, was merry. Merry, ay, that corpse was, he that lies here. See, there thy murdered brother and my son was. See, dost thou not weep for him?
Y. For. I shall find time;
When you have took some comfort, I 'll begin
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin.

O. For. Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight,
And did outlive it? never, son, ah, never,
From mortal breast ran such a precious river.
Y. For. Come, father, and dear sister, join with me.
Let us all learn our sorrows to forget;
He ow'd a death, and he hath paid that debt.

[If I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our old English dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected plays of Heywood. He was a fellow actor, and fellow dramatist, with Shakspeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter; but in all those qualities which gained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him,—generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness; Christianism, and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianism shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakspeare, but only more conspicuous, inasmuch as in Heywood those qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. I love them both equally, but Shakspeare has most of my wonder. Heywood should be known to his countrymen, as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English. I am sometimes jealous, that Shakspeare laid so few of his scenes at home. I laud Ben Jonson, for that in one instance having framed the first draught of his Every Man in his Humour in Italy, he changed the scene, and anglicised his characters. The names of them, in the first edition, may not be unamusing.

Men.

Lorenzo, sen.	Bobadilla (Bobadil).
Lorenzo, jun.	Musco.
Prospero	Cob (the same in English).
Thorello.	Peto.
Stephano (Master Stephen).	Pizo.
Dr. Clement (Justice Clement).	Matheo (Master Mathew).

Women.

Guilliana.	Hesperida.
Biancha.	Tib (the same in English).

How say you, reader? Do not Master Kitely, Mistress Kitely, Master Knowell, Brainworm, &c. read better than these Cisalpines?]

BLURT, MASTER CONSTABLE: A COMEDY.

By Thomas Middleton, 1602.

Lover kept awake by love.

Ah! how can I sleep? he that truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears:
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, O, seldom wears!
The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by love's plaints disquieted,
And, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps:
But say a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

Violetta *comes to seek her* Husband *at the house of a* Courtezan.

Violetta.—Imperia, *the Courtezan.*

Vio. By your leave, sweet beauty, pardon my excuse, which sought entrance into this house. Good sweetness, have you not a property here improper to your house, my husband?

Imp. Hah! your husband here?

Vio. Nay, be as you seem to be, white dove, without gall. Do not mock me, fairest Venetian; come, I know he 's here. I do not blame him, for your beauty gilds over his error. Troth, I am right glad that you, my countrywoman, have received the pawn of his affections: you cannot be hardhearted, loving him; nor hate

me, for I love him too. Since we both love him, let us not leave him, till we have called home the ill husbandry of a sweet straggler. Prithee, good wench, use him well.

Imp. So, so, so!

Vio. If he deserve not to be used well (as I'd be loath he should deserve it), I'll engage myself, dear beauty, to thine honest heart: give me leave to love him, and I'll give him a kind of leave to love thee. I know he hears me: I prithee, try mine eyes if they know him, that have almost drowned themselves in their own salt-water, because they cannot see him. In troth, I'll not chide him: if I speak words rougher than soft kisses, my penance shall be to see him kiss thee, yet to hold my peace.

Good partner, lodge me in thy private bed,
Where, in supposed folly, he may end
Determined sin. Thou smil'st: I know thou wilt.
What looseness may term dotage, truly read,
Is love ripe-gather'd, not soon withered.

Imp. Good troth, pretty wedlock, thou makest my little eyes smart with washing themselves in brine I mar such a sweet face, and wipe off that dainty red, and make Cupid toll the bell for your love-sick heart? No, no, no—if he were Jove's own ingle, Ganymede: fie, fie, fie—I'll none. Your chamber-fellow is within: thou shalt enjoy him.

Vio. Star of Venetian beauty, thanks.



Thomas Middleton, from the frontispiece to 'Two New Plays,' 1657.

NO WIT } LIKE A WOMAN'S, A
HELP } COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Virtuous Poverty.

'Life, had he not his answer? what strange impudence
Governs in man when lust is lord of him!
Thinks he me mad? 'cause I 've no moneys on earth,
That I 'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me,
That 's my soul's jointure; I 'll starve ere I sell that.

Comfort.

—— husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber!
Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts;
Wipe the salt dew from off thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart,
T' expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows!

Good and Ill Fortune.

O my blessing!
I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
Out of a world of waters, and now sets me
Upon a mountain, where the sun plays most,
To cheer my heart even as it dries my limbs.
What deeps I see beneath me, in whose falls
Many a nimble mortal toils,
And scarce can feed himself! the streams of fortune,
'Gainst which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,

And will not suffer him (past hand to mouth)
To lift his arm to his posterity's blessing:
I see a careful sweat run in a ring
About his temples, but all will not do;
For, till some happy means relieve his state,
There he must stick, and bide the wrath of fate.

Parting in Amity.

Let our parting
Be full as charitable as our meeting was;
That the pale envious world, glad of the food
Of others' miseries, civil dissensions,
And nuptial strifes, may not feed fat with ours.

Meeting with a Wife supposed dead.

O my reviving joy! thy quickening presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood:
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words!

Mother's Forgiveness.

Mother. Why do your words start back? are they afraid
Of her that ever loved them?
Philip. I have a suit to you, madam.
Mother. You have told me that already, pray, what is 't.
If 't be so great, my present state refuse it,
I shall be abler, then command and use it.
Whatever 't be, let me have warning to provide for 't.
Philip. Provide forgiveness then, for that 's the want
My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once.
I spent the ransom which my father sent,
To set my pleasures free; while you lay captive.

Mother. And is this all now?
You use me like a stranger: pray, stand up.
Philip. Rather fall flat: I shall deserve yet worse.
Mother. Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a friend;
Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
Than when you did the wrong you ask'd it for:
And since you have prepared me to forgive you,
Pray let me know for what; the first fault 's nothing.
Philip. Here comes the wrong then that drives home the rest.
I saw a face at Antwerp, that quite drew me
From conscience and obedience: in that fray
I lost my heart, I must needs lose my way.
There went the ransom, to redeem my mind;
'Stead of the money, I brought over her;
And to cast mists before my father's eyes,
Told him it was my sister (lost so long)
And that yourself was dead.—You see the wrong.
Mother. This is but yourself still—
I forgive thee
As freely as thou didst it. For, alas!
This may be call'd good dealing, to some parts
That love and youth plays daily among sons.

THE CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE, A COMEDY:

By the same Author, 1630.

Citizen *to a* Knight *complimenting his Daughter.*

Pish, stop your words, good knight,—'twill make her blush else,

Which [are] wound too high for the daughters of the freedom.
Honour and faithful servant! they are compliments
For the worthies of Whitehall or Greenwich;
E'en plain, sufficient subsidy-words serve us, sir.

MASTER ALLWIT (*a Wittol*) *describes his contentment.*

I 'm like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
As mine is still for me, prays for the founder,—
Bless the right worshipful the good founder's life!
I thank him, [he[1]] has maintain'd my house these ten years,
Not only keeps my wife, but he keeps me.
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
Monthly or weekly; puts me to nothing, rent
Nor church duties, not so much as the scavenger;
The happiest state that ever man was born to!
I walk out in a morning; come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer; a good fire in winter,
Look in my coal-house about midsummer eve,
That 's full, five or six chaldron new laid up;
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water-house and the windmills: I say nothing,
But smile, and pin the door. When she lies in,
As now she 's even upon the point of grunting,
A lady lies not in like her; there 's her embossings,
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
As if she lay with all the gaudy shops
In Gresham's Burse about her; then her restoratives,
Able to set up a young 'pothecary,
And richly store the foreman of a drug shop;
Her sugars by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets.
I see these things, but, like a happy man,
I pay for none at all; yet fools think 's mine;

[1] A rich old knight, who keeps Allwit's wife.

I have the name, and in his gold I shine:
And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell
To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs
To deck their night-piece, yet all this being done,
Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone,—
These torments stand I freed of! I 'm as clear
From jealousy of a wife as from the charge.
O two miraculous blessings! 'tis the knight
Has took that labour all out of my hands:
I may sit still and play; he 's jealous for me,
Watches her steps, set spies, I live at ease,
He has both the cost and torment: when the string
Of his heart frets, I feed, laugh, or sing.

. . . . . .

I 'll go bid gossips[1] presently myself,
That 's all the work I 'll do; nor need I stir,
But that it is my pleasure to walk forth,
And air myself a little: I am tied
To nothing in this business; what I do
Is merely recreation, not constraint.

Rescue from Bailiffs by the Watermen.

—— I had been taken by eight serjeants,
But for the honest watermen, I 'm bound to them;
They are the most requiteful'st people living,
For as they get their means by gentlemen,
They 're still the forwardest to help gentlemen.
You heard how one 'scap'd out of the Blackfriars[2]
But a while since, from two or three varlets,
Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
As if they 'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts;
Whilst the poor gentleman, so pursu'd and banded,
Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed.

[1] To his wife's lying-in. [2] Alsatia, I presume

THE WITCH, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Hecate, *and the other* Witches, *at their Charms.*

Hec. Titty and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgen, Liard and Robin! White spirits, black spirits, grey spirits, red spirits, devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat, and devil-dam! why, Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwain and Puckle!

Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.

Hec. Boil it well.

Hop. It gallops now.

Hec. Are the flames blue enough?
Or shall I use a little seeten[1] more?

Stad. The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips
Are not more perfect azure.

Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon these serpents,
And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour.
Why, when?

Stad. Here 's Stadlin and the dish.

Hec. There, take this unbaptized brat;
Boil it well, preserve the fat:
You know 'tis precious to transfer
Our 'nointed flesh into the air,
In moonlight nights, on steeple tops,
Mountains, and pine trees, that like pricks or stops
Seem to our height; high towers and roofs of princes
Like wrinkles in the earth; whole provinces
Appear to our sight then even leek
A russet-mole upon some lady's cheek.
When hundred leagues in air, we feast and sing,
Dance, kiss, and coll, use everything.

[1] Seething.

What young man can we wish to pleasure us,
But we enjoy him in an incubus?
Thou know'st it, Stadlin?

Stad. Usually that 's done.

Hec. Away, in:
Go, feed the vessel for the second hour.

Stad. Where be the magical herbs?

Hec. They 're down his throat;[1]
His mouth cramm'd full, his ears and nostrils stuff'd.
I thrust in Eleoselinum lately,
Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot—
You may see that, he looks so black i' th' mouth—
Then Sium, acorum vulgare too,
Pentaphyllon, the blood of a flitter-mouse,
Solanum somnificum et oleum.

Stad. Then there 's all, Hecate.

Hec. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magic needles?

Stad. 'Tis done, Hecate.

Hec. And is the farmer's picture and his wife's
Laid down to th' fire yet?

Stad. They are a-roasting both too.

Hec. Good;
Then their marrows are a-melting subtly,
And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em.
They denied me often flour, barm, and milk,
Goose-grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks, nor their batches, nor forespoke
Any of their breedings. Now, I 'll be meet with 'em:
Seven of their young pigs I 've bewitch'd already,
Of the last litter; nine ducklings, thirteen goslings, and a hog,
Fell lame last Sunday, after evensong too;

[1] The dead child's

And mark how their sheep prosper, or what sup
Each milch-kine gives to th' pail: I 'll send these snakes
Shall milk 'em all beforehand; the dew'd-skirted dairy wenches
Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go home cursing;
I 'll mar their sillabubs and swathy feastings
Under cows' bellies with the parish youths.

SEBASTIAN *consults the* Witch *for a Charm to be revenged on his successful Rival*

Hec. Urchins, Elves, Hags, Satyrs, Pans, Fawns, Sylvans,
Kitt-with-the-candlestick, Tritons, Centaurs, Dwarfs, Imps.
The Spoorn, the Mare, the Man-i'-th'-oak, the Hellwain, the Fire-drake, the Puckle! A. ab hur. hus!

Seb. Heaven knows with what unwillingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place but such extremes
Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
That were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way.—I know what 'tis
To pity mad men now; they 're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithless vows.
I fear they 're now a kissing. what 's o'clock?
'Tis now but supper-time; but night will come,
And all new-married couples make short suppers.
Whate'er thou art, I 've no spare time to fear thee;
My horrors are so strong and great already,
That thou seemst nothing Up, and laze not·
Hadst thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so;
'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
Beyond thy ointments. I would I were read
So much in thy black power as mine own griefs!
I 'm in great need of help, wilt give me any?

Hec. Thy boldness takes me bravely ; we 're all sworn
To sweat for such a spirit : see, I regard thee ;
I rise and bid thee welcome. What 's thy wish now ?
Seb. O, my heart swells with 't ! I must take breath first.
Hec. Is 't to confound some enemy on the seas ?
It may be done to-night : Stadlin 's within ;
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms,
That shipwreck barks, and tear up growing oaks,
Fly over houses, and take Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney—a sweet place for 't !
He 'd be hang'd ere he would set his own years there ;
They must be chamber'd in a five pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on 't ;
His rotten, diseas'd years !—Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbour ?
I 'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle ;
Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows , or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corn, by reeks, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.
Seb. This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier ; but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or wines :
'Twill trouble your best powers to give me ease.
Hec. Is it to starve up generation ?
To strike a barrenness in man or woman ?
Seb. Hah !
Hec. Hah, did you feel me there ? I knew your grief.
Seb. Can there be such things done ?
Hec. Are these the skins
Of serpents ? these of snakes ?
Seb. I see they are
Hec. So sure into what house these are convey'd,
Knit with these charms and retentive knots,

Neither the man begets nor woman breeds,
No, nor performs the least desires of wedlock,
Being then a mutual duty. I could give thee
Chirocineta, Adincantida,
Archimedon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could sort to villanous barren ends;
But this leads the same way. More I could instance;
As, the same needles thrust into their pillows
That sow and sock up dead men in their sheets;
A privy grissel of a man that hangs
After sunset; good, excellent; yet all 's there, sir.

Seb. You could not do a man that special kindness
To part 'em utterly now? Could you do that?

Hec. No, time must do 't we cannot disjoin wedlock,
'Tis of Heaven's fastening. Well may we raise jars,
Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
Upon that patient miracle,[1] but the work itself
Our power cannot disjoin.

Seb. I depart happy
In what I have then, being constrain'd to this.
And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag again! [*Exit.*

Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there 's no hope on 't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this,
And that we 're sworn to the first oath we take.

HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, *with the other* Witches, *preparing for their midnight journey through the air* FIRESTONE, HECATE'S *son*

Hec. The moon 's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!

Stad. Here 's a rich evening, Hecate.

Hec. Ay, is 't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand mile?

Hop. Ours will be more to-night.

[1] Job.

Hec. O 'twill be precious!
Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still;
The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder
And woos you, like a pigeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your ointments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight, then;
I 'll overtake you swiftly.
Stad. Hie thee, Hecate;
We shall be up betimes.
Hec. I 'll reach you quickly.
[*The other* Witches *mount.*
Fire. They are all going a-birding to-night: they talk of fowls i' th' air, that fly by day; I am sure they 'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night; if we have not mortality offer'd,[1] I 'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son?
Fire. A little sweeter than some of you, or a dung-hill were too good for me.
Hec. How much hast here?
Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones, besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.
Hec. Dear and sweet boy! what herbs hast thou?
Fire. I have some marmartin and mandragon.
Hec. Marmaritin and mandragora, thou wouldst say.

[1] Probably the true reading is *after 't.*

Fire. Here 's panax too—I thank thee—my pan aches, I 'm sure,
With kneeling down to cut 'em.
Hec. And selago,
Hedge-hyssop too: how near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?
Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I 'm a moon-calf, mother.
Hec. Hie thee home with 'em
Look well to the house to-night; I 'm for aloft.
Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly! Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.
Hec. They 're they indeed. Help, help me; I 'm too late else.

Song in the Air

Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where 's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here
Hec. Where 's Puckle?
[*Above.*]——Here;
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you,
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit like a Cat descends.*
[*Above.*]——There 's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long I muse, I muse,
Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come?
What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now I 'm furnish'd for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
Hec [*Going up.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
[*Above.*]——No ring of bells, &c.
Fire. Well, mother, I thank your kindness; you must be
Gambolling i' th' air, and leave me to walk here like a fool and a mortal. . . .

A Duchess *consults the* Witch *about inflicting a sudden Death.*

DUCHESS. HECATE. FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is 't you desire for Almachildes?
Duch. A sudden and a subtle.
Hec. Then I 've fitted you.
Here lie the gifts of both, sudden and subtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, prithee?
Hec. Perhaps in a moon's progress.
Duch. What, a month?
Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious!
Give me things with some life.
Hec. Then seek no farther.
Duch. This must be done with speed, despatch'd this night,
If it be possible.
Hec. I have it for you;
Here's that will do't: stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five hours hence.
Duch. Canst thou do this?
Hec. Can I!
Duch. I mean, so closely?
Hec. So closely do you mean too!
Duch. So artfully, so cunningly?
Hec. Worse and worse, doubts and incredulities!
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know
Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos; concussaque sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque vocoque;
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et sylvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.
Te quoque, luna, traho.
Can you doubt me then, daughter,
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk,
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spirits
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles,
Nay, draw yond moon to my involv'd designs?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad, and our great cat angry, for one spits French then, and th' other spits Latin.

Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.
Hec. No! what did you?
My power 's so firm, it is not to be question'd.
Duch. Forgive what 's past: and now I know th' offensiveness
That vexes art, I 'll shun th' occasion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter:
It shall be convey'd in at howlet-time;
Take you no care: my spirits know their moments;
Raven or screech-owl never fly by th' door
But they call in—I thank 'em—and they lose not by 't;
I give 'em barley soak'd in infants' blood;
They shall have semina cum sanguine,
Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our house;
We are no niggard.
Fire. They fare but too well when they come hither; they ate up as much t' other night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.
Hec. Give me some lizard's brain, quickly, Firestone.
Where 's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o' th' sisters?
Fire. All at hand, forsooth.
[*The other* Witches *appear.*
Hec. Give me marmaritin, some bear-breech · when?
Fire. Here 's bear-breech and lizard's-brain, forsooth.
Hec. Into the vessel,
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl
I kill'd last midnight.
Fire. Whereabout, sweet mother?
Hec. Hip; hip or flank. Where 's the acopus?
Fire. You shall have acopus, forsooth.
Hec. Stir, stir about, whilst I begin the charm.

A Charm Song about a Vessel

Hec. Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about!
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

First Witch. Here 's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, O, put in that!

Sec. Witch. Here 's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put in again!

First Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.

Sec. Witch. Those will make the younker madder.

Hec. Put in, there 's all, and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay, here 's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

All. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. So, so, enough: into the vessel with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection. I am so light
At any mischief[1]! there 's no villany
But is a tune, methinks.

Fire. A tune? 'tis to the tune of damnation then, I warrant you,
And that song hath a villanous burthen.

Hec. Come, my sweet sisters; let the air strike our tune,
While we show reverence to yond peeping moon.
[*The* Witches *dance, et Exeunt.*

[Though some resemblance may be traced between the Charms in Macbeth and the Incantations in this Play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare His witches are distinguished from the witches of Middleton by essential differences These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief *might resort for occasional consultation Those originate deeds* of blood, and begin bad impulses to men From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound That meeting sways his destiny He can never break the fascination These witches can hurt the body those have power over the soul —Hecate in Middleton has a Son, a low bufloon the

[1] Light-hearted

hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul Anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them —Except Hecate, they have no names; which heightens their mysteriousness. Their names, and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles The Weird Sisters are serious things Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creations Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*]

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN, A TRAGEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LIVIA, *the Duke's creature, cajoles a poor widow with the appearance of hospitality and neighbourly attentions, that she may get her daughter-in-law (who is left in the mother's care in the son's absence) into her trains, to serve the Duke's pleasure*

LIVIA. WIDOW. *A* GENTLEMAN, *Livia's guest.*

Liv. Widow, come, come, I have a great quarrel to you,
Faith I must chide you that you must be sent for;
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind,
Troth, you 're to blame; you cannot be more welcome
To any house in Florence, that I 'll tell you.

Wid. My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam.

Liv. How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometimes whole days together without company,
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society
Which I so well affect as that of yours:
I know you 're alone too; why should not we,

Like two kind neighbours then, supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps
To laugh down time, and meet age merrily?

Wid. Age, madam! you speak mirth; 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your ladyship yet.

Liv. My faith, I'm nine and thirty, every stroke, wench;
And 'tis a general observation
'Mongst knights—wives or widows, we account ourselves
Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking at 's,
Come, now I have thy company I 'll not part with 't
Till after supper.

Wid. Yes, I must crave pardon, madam.

Liv. I swear you shall stay supper, we 've no strangers, woman,
None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward, you know your company.

Wid. Some other time I 'll make bold with you, madam.

Liv. Faith, she shall not go:
Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Wid. 'Tis a great while
Till supper-time, I 'll take my leave then now, madam,
And come again i' th' evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so.

Liv. I' th' evening? by my troth, wench,
I 'll keep you while I have you: you 've great business, sure,
To sit alone at home, I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in 't, were 't to me now,
I should be ever at one neighbour's house
Or other all day long, having no charge,

Or none to chide you, if you go or stay,
Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heart's ease?
Come, we 'll chess or draughts; there are an hundred tricks
To drive out time till supper, never fear 't, wench.
[*A chess-board is set.*

Wid. I 'll but make one step home, and return straight, madam.

Liv. Come, I 'll not trust you; you use more excuses
To your kind friends than ever I knew any.
What business can you have, if you be sure
You 've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you have,
I know you 're careful on 't. One afternoon
So much to spend here! say I should entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
Or leave your own house for a month together;
It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in;
Would you deny such a request? i' faith
Speak truth, and freely.

Wid. I were then uncivil, madam.

Liv. Go to then; set your men; we 'll have whole nights
Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench.

Wid. As good now tell her then, for she will know 't;
I 've always found her a most friendly lady. [*Aside.*

Liv. Why, widow, where 's your mind?

Wid. Troth, even at home, madam:
To tell you the truth, I left a gentlewoman
Even sitting alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods.

Liv. Another excuse!

Wid. No, as I hope for health, madam, that 's a truth.
Please you to send and see.

Liv. What gentlewoman? pish!
Wid. Wife to my son, indeed.
Liv. Now I beshrew you;
Could you be so unkind to her and me,
To come and not bring her? faith, 'tis not friendly.
Wid. I fear'd to be too bold.
Liv. Too bold! O, what 's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Mongst neighbours in old time!
Wid. And she 's a stranger, madam.
Liv. The more should be her welcome when is courtesy
In better practice than when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers? I could chide, i' faith
Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman! alone too!
Make some amends, and send for her betimes—go
Wid. Please you, command one of your servants, madam.
Liv. Within there!—
Attend the gentlewoman[1]—

BRANCHA *resists the Duke's attempt*

Bran. O, treachery to honour!
Duke Prithee, tremble not;
I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on 't:
Why art so fearful?
Bran. O my extremity!
My lord, what seek you?
Duke. Love.
Bran. 'Tis gone already,
I have a husband.
Duke. That 's a single comfort.

[1] This is one of those scenes which has the air of being an immediate transcript from life Livia the "good neighbour" is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters She is such another jolly housewife as the Wife of Bath

Take a friend to him.
Bran. That 's a double mischief,
Or else there 's no religion.
Duke. Do not tremble
At fears of thy own making.
Bran. Nor, great lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you, me they must fright—
Then am I best in health. should thunder speak,
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still. I 'm not like those
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests,
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue.——

Winding Sheet.

—— to have a being, and to live 'mongst men,
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
Let a man truly think on 't
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots.
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
When even the very sheets they commit sin in
May prove, for aught they know, all their last garments

Great Men's Looks.

Did not the duke look up? methought he saw us —
—— That 's every one's conceit that sees a duke;
If he look steadfastly, he looks straight at them,
When he, perhaps, good, careful gentleman,
Never minds any, but the look he casts
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Only the public good.——

Weeping in Love.

Why should those tears be fetch'd forth? cannot love
Be even as well express'd in a good look,
But it must see her face still in a fountain?
It shows like a country maid dressing her head
By a dish of water. come, 'tis an old custom
To weep for love.

Lover's Chidings.

—— prithee, forgive me,
I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
There 's something sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,
And make 'em taste their wine well; so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape

Wedlock.

O thou, the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock,
When all his thoughts, like over-laden trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies!
O, that 's a fruit that ripens hastily,
After 'tis knit to marriage! it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to show colour.——

Marrying the Adulteress, the Husband dead.

Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to 't? worse,
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,
That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful

To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness? is this penitence
To sanctify hot lust? what is it otherwise
Than worship done to devils? is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots?
As if a drunkard, to appease Heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice:
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar.

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN, A COMEDY

By the same Author.

Death.

—— when the heart 's above, the body walks here
But like an idle-serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.
He that lives fourscore years is but like one
That stays here for a friend, when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.

Loving a Woman.

—— of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women,
There 's no excuse for that, 'tis such a madness,
There is no cure set down for 't, no physician
Ever spent hour about it, for they guess'd
'Twas all in vain when they first lov'd themselves,
And never since durst practise, cry *heu mihi*,
That 's all the help they 've for 't. I had rather meet

A witch far north, than a fine fool in love,
The sight would less afflict me: but for modesty,
I should fall foul in words upon fond man,
That can forget his excellence and honour,
His serious meditations, being the end
Of his creation to learn well to die,
And live a prisoner to a woman's eye.

Widow's Vow.

Lord Cardinal. Increase of health and a redoubled courage
To chastity's great soldier! what, so sad, madam?
The memory of her seven years deceas'd lord
Springs yet into her eyes, as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure:
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue!
Too much t' afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requir'd
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, madam,
You need no weightier task.

Duch. Religious sir,
You heard the last words of my dying lord.

Lord Card Which I shall ne'er forget.

Duch. May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
As near as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think awhile I stand in presence
Of my departing husband

Lord Card. What's your meaning
In this, most virtuous madam?

Duch. 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, sir, at this time especially,
Urge it no farther yet, as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me, only I desire it
Effectually from you, sir, that 's my request.

Lord Card. I wonder, yet I 'll spare to question farther.—

You shall have your desire.
Duch. I thank you, sir;
A blessing come along with it.
Lord Card. [*repeats*] "You see, my lords, what all earth's glory is,
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath;
A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
To most not half the time. Beware ambition,
Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission.
And you, Lord Cardinal, labour to perfect
Good purposes begun; be what you seem,
Steadfast and uncorrupt, your actions noble,
Your goodness simple, without gain or art,
And not in vesture holier than in heart
But 'tis a pain, more than the pangs of death
To think that we must part, fellow of life,
Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear princess,
Death had no sting but for our separation,
It would come more calm than an evening's peace
That brings on rest to labours: thou art so precious,
I should depart in everlasting envy
Unto the man that ever should enjoy thee:
O, a new torment strikes his force into me
When I but think on 't! I am rack'd and torn;
Pity me in thy virtues."
Duch. "My lov'd lord,
Let your confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
To draw my affections to a second liking."
Lord Card. "'T has ever been the promise, and the spring
Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
Is honourable in woman, and her ignorance
Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh;

But second marriage shows desires in flesh;
Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows;
But she 's part virgin who but one man knows.
I here expect a work of thy great faith
At my last parting; I can crave no more,
And with thy vow I rest myself for ever;
My soul and it shall fly to heaven together:
Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
And I go hence in peace."

Duch. "Then here I vow never ——"

Lord Card. Why, madam ——

Duch. I can go no further.

Lord Card. What, have you forgot your vow?

Duch. I have, too certainly.

Lord Card. Your vow? that cannot be, it follows now,
Just where I left.

Duch. My frailty gets before it;
Nothing prevails but ill.

Lord Card. What ail you, madam?

Duch. Sir, *I'm in love.*

THE GAME AT CHESS, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1624.

Popish Priest *to a great* Court Lady, *whom he hopes to make a convert of*

LET me contemplate,
With holy wonder season my access,
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more Catholical aspect: that eye
Doth promise single life and meek obedience;

Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropp'd from the opening eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose. How beauteously
A gentle fast, not rigorously impos'd,
Would look upon that cheek! and how delightfully
The courteous physic of a tender penance,
Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride, to beat down frailty!

THE OLD LAW, A COMEDY.

By Philip Massinger, Thomas Middleton, and William Rowley.

The Duke *of* Ephre *enacts a law, that all men who have reached the age of fourscore, shall be put to death as being adjudged useless to the commonwealth* Simonides, *the bad, and* Cleanthes, *the good son, are differently affected by the promulgation of the edict.*

Sim. Cleanthes!
O, lad, here 's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down, kept the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.
Cle Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms, among those trees
Which we had shelter from?
Sim Yes, from our growth,
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on 't. How old is thy father?
Cle Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year with me.
Sim. Prithee, how old 's thy father? then I can tell thee.
Cle. I know not how to answer you, Simonides;
He is too old, being now exposed,
Unto the rigor of a cruel edict;

And yet not old enough by many years,
'Cause I 'd not see him go an hour before me.
Sim. These very passions I speak to my father.

. . . . . .

Cle. Why, here 's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!
Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
In parent distribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is seen when he 's unseen;
And must not gratitude descend again
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?

CLEANTHES, *to save his old father,* LYONIDES, *from the operation of the law, gives out that he is dead, celebrating a pretended funeral, to make it believed*

DUKE. COURTIERS. CLEANTHES, *as following his father's body to the grave.*

Duke. Cleanthes!
Court. 'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.
Duke. Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark it,
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it?
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed
Light colours and light cheeks! who should this be?
'Tis a thing worth resolving.—Cleanthes ———
Cle. Oh, my lord!
Duke He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay, profess'd openly?
Cle. 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.
Duke How can that be?
Cle. I joy to make it plain, my father 's dead.
Duke. Dead!
Court. Old Leonides!
Cle. In his last month dead:

He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest
That ever age was blest to.
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon 't,
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
Will work it out, I see; when his poor heart broke
I did not [do] so much: but leap'd for joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
But chose a colour, orient like my mind:
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to 't; it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning grief
That 's only faced with sables for a show,
But gaudy-hearted when I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir—forgive me,
I could not choose but be entirely merry,—
And yet to see now!—of a sudden
Naming but death, I show myself a mortal,
That 's never constant to one passion long
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on 't, sorrow 's a thief,
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I have perform'd
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.

Duke. Well, perform it,
The law is satisfied; they can but die.

CLEANTHES *conceals* LEONIDES *in a secret apartment within a wood, where himself, and his wife* HIPPOLITA, *keep watch for the safety of the old man. This coming to the* DUKE'S *knowledge, he repairs to the wood and makes discovery of the place where they have hid* LEONIDES

The wood.—CLEANTHES *listening, as fearing every sound.*

Cle. What 's that? Oh, nothing but the whispering wind

Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much [n]ever to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost. and if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,
That prove vexation often more than comfort,
How mighty ought our providence to be
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make poor man delight to live!
Pshaw! I 'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded, nay, let him change
The place continually, where'er it keeps,
There will the fear keep still. Yonder 's the store-house
Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

HIPPOLITA *enters.*

A dear one to me. Precious chief of women,
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?
Hip. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to-day;
Much good may 't do his health.
Cle. A blessing on thee,
Both for thy news and wish
Hip. His stomach, sir,
Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.
Cle. Heaven has a blessed work in 't. Come, we are safe here,

I prithee, call him forth, the air is much wholesomer.
Hip. Father!

LEONIDES *comes forth.*

Leon. How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!
I 've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.
Cle. I hope to see you often, and return
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some;
I find them all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands, they are dispers'd
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest;
I find them, as angels are found, by legions.
[*A Horn is heard.*
Ha!
Leon. What was 't disturb'd my joy?
Cle. Did you not hear,
As afar off?
Hip. What, my excellent comfort?
Cle. Nor you?
Hip. I heard a——
Cle. Hark, again!
Leon. Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden?
Cle. Now, since—lately?
Leon. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care, man.
Cle. Alas! you do not hear well
Leon. What was 't, daughter?
Hip. I heard a sound, twice.
Cle. Hark! louder and nearer:
In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!
Louder and nearer yet; at hand, at hand!
A hunting here? 'tis strange! I never knew
Game followed in these woods before.
[LEONIDES *goes in.*

Hip. Now let them come, and spare not.

Enter DUKE, Courtiers, Attendants, *as if hunting.*

Cle. Ha! 'tis——is 't not the Duke?——look sparingly.
Hip. 'Tis he, but what of that? alas, take heed, sir,
Your care will overthrow us.
Cle. Come, it shall not:
Let 's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
Though our hearts shake with horror. Ha, ha, ha!
Duke. Hark!
Cle. Prithee, proceed;
I 'm taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's decease.—Ha, ha, ha!—
Duke. Why, how should I believe this? Look, he 's merry,
As if he had no such charge. one with that care
Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still, with no difference,
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with,
He laugh'd thus then, you know.
Court. Ay, he may laugh, my lord,
That shows but how he glories in his cunning,
And, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
That only he has over-reach'd the law,
Than to express affection to his father.
Duke. If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.——
Cleanthes——
Cle. My loved lord—
Duke. Not moved a whit.
Constant to lightning still! 'Tis strange to meet you
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir:
This does not fit your passion, you 're for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.
Cle. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,

For any thing too much is vicious,
I come to these disconsolate walks of purpose,
Only to dull and take away the edge on 't.
I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
A natural propension, I confess, my lord,
Before that cheerful accident fell out—
If I may call a father's funeral cheerful
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Duke. It seems then, you take pleasure in these walks, sir.

Cle. Contemplative content I do, my lord:
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that in the parting
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

Duke So, sir!

Cle. Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.

Duke. And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to afford you
The least delight that has a name.

Cle My lord?

Duke. In your excess of joy you have express'd
Your rancour and contempt against my law
Your smiles deserve fining; you have profess'd
Derision openly, e'en to my face,
Which might be death, a little more incensed.
You do not come for any freedom here,
But for a project of your own —
But all that 's known to be contentful to thee,
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life 's mine,
If ever thy presumption do but lead you
Into these walks again——ay, or that woman;
I 'll have them watch'd o' purpose.

1st Court. Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

2nd Court. Mark hers too.

Hip. Oh, who shall bring food to the poor old man, now!

Speak somewhat, good sir, or we 're lost for ever.
[*Apart to* CLEANTHES.

Cle. Oh, you did wondrous ill to call me again.
There are not words to help us; if I entreat,
'Tis found, that will betray us worse than silence;
Prythee, let Heaven alone, and let 's say nothing.
[*Apart to* HIPPOLITA.

1st Court. You have struck them dumb, my lord.

2nd Court. Look how guilt looks!

Cle. He is safe still, is he not?
Hip. Oh, you do ill to doubt it.
Cle. Thou art all goodness.

2nd Court. Now does your grace believe?

Duke. 'Tis too apparent.
Search, make a speedy search; for the imposture
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

Cle. Ha!

2nd Court. Has the lapwing's cunning, I'm afraid, my Lord,
That cries most when she is farthest from the nest.

Cle. Oh, we are betrayed.

[There is an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike anything in the dramas which Massinger wrote alone The pathos is of a subtler edge Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate]

A FAIR QUARREL, A COMEDY:

By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley.

Captain Ager, in a dispute with a Colonel his friend, receives from the Colonel the appellation of Son of a Whore. A challenge is given and accepted, but the Captain, before he goes to the field, is willing to be confirmed of his mother's honour from her own lips. Lady Ager, being questioned by her son, to prevent a duel, falsely slanders herself of unchastity. The Captain, thinking that he has a bad cause, refuses to fight, but being reproached by the Colonel with cowardice, he esteems that he has now a sufficient cause for a quarrel, in the vindicating of his honour from that aspersion, and draws, and disarms his opponent.

Lady. Captain, *her son.*

Lady. Where left you your dear friend the colonel?
Capt. Oh, the dear colonel, I should meet him soon.
Lady. Oh, fail him not then, he 's a gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engaged to.
Capt. Yes, and you knew all, mother.
Lady. I thought I 'd known so much of his fair goodness.
More could not have been look'd for.
Capt. O yes, yes, madam.
And this his last exceeded all the rest.
Lady. For gratitude's sake, let me know this, I prithee.
Capt. Then thus, and I desire your censure freely,
Whether it appear'd not a strange noble kindness in him.
Lady. Trust me, I long to hear 't.
Capt. You know he 's hasty,
That by the way.
Lady. So are the best conditions,
Your father was the like.
Capt. I begin now
To doubt me more, why am not I so too then?
Blood follows blood through forty generations,

And I 've a slow-pac'd wrath, a shrewd dilemma.—
[*Aside.*

Lady. Well, as you were saying, sir.

Capt. Marry, thus good madam:
There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain——
Stay, stay——
Who should I liken him to, that you have seen?
He comes so near one that I would not match him with,
Faith, just of the colonel's pitch, he 's ne'er the worse man;
Usurers have been compared to magistrates,
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like,
But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.

Lady. That 's bad enough, they need not.

Capt. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice,
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd,
Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,
Which heighten'd my affliction

Lady. Mine? my honour, sir?

Capt. The colonel soon enrag'd (as he 's all touchwood)
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field; my wrath could not be heard,
His was so high pitch'd, so gloriously mounted.
Now what 's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake
A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly,
In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink,
Never to rise again, what pity 't were,
First to die here, and never to die there!

Lady. Why, what 's the quarrel, speak, sir, that should raise
Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on 't?
The words, whate'er they were——

Capt. Son of a whore.
Lady. Thou liest:
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee.
Which is as much now, as e'er mother's was,
So thou shouldst feel my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtful? where are all my merits?
[Strikes him.
Not one stand up to tell this man his error?
Thou mightst as well bring the Sun's truth in question,
As thy birth, or my honour
Capt. Now blessing crown you for 't,
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.
Lady. Nay stay, stay sir, thou art not left so soon;
This is no question to be slighted of,
And at your pleasure closed up fair again,
As though you 'd never touched it, no, honour doubted,
Is honour deeply wounded, and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making.
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort.
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood,
Is farthest off in bounty? O poor goodness!
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite
With this vile thought? which of my prayers or wishes?
Many thou owest me for. This seven year hast thou known me
A widow, only married to my vow;
That 's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honour'd father,
And live I now to know that good mistrusted?
Capt. No, 't shall appear that my belief is cheerful;
For never was a mother's reputation

Noblier defended ; 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firm [faith] to bestow upon it.
Lady. What 's that you said, sir ?
Capt. 'Twere too bold and soon yet
To crave forgiveness of you. I will earn it first.
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.
Lady. What 's all this, sir ?
Capt. My joy 's beyond expression :
I do but think how wretched I had been,
Were this another's quarrel, and not mine.
Lady. Why, is it your's ?
Capt. Mine ! think me not so miserable,
Not to be mine : then were I worse than abject,
More to be loathed than vileness, or sin's dunghill:
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful madam,
But came with greedy joy to be confirm'd in 't,
To give the nobler onset : then shines valour,
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause,
Without which I 'm ten fathoms under coward,
That now am ten degrees above a man,
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.
Lady. But pray stay ; all this while I understood you,
The colonel was the man.
Capt. Yes, he 's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.
Lady. The colonel do 't ! that 's strange.
Capt. The villain did it :
That 's not so strange ;—your blessing, and your leave—
Lady. Come, come, you shall not go.
Capt. Not go ? were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I 'd put him off an hour : why, the whole world
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from 't :
The strongest is my reverence to you,

Which if you force upon me in this case,
I must be forced to break it.
Lady. Stay, I say.
Capt. In anything command me but in this, madam.
Lady. 'Las! I shall lose him. You 'll hear me first?
Capt. At my return I will.
Lady. You 'll never hear me more then.
Capt How?
Lady. Come back, I say·
You may well think there 's cause I call so often.
Capt. Ha, cause! what cause?
Lady. So much, you must not go.
Capt. Must not? why?
Lady. I know a reason for 't,
Which I could wish you 'd yield to, and not know:
If not, it must come forth. Faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.
Capt. Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury,
For one more great, I know the world includes not.
Lady. Yes, one that makes this nothing,—yet be ruled,
And if you understand not, seek no farther.
Capt I must, for this is nothing.
Lady. Then take all,
And if amongst it you receive that secret
That will offend you, though you condemn me,
Yet blame yourself a little, for perhaps
I would have made my reputation sound
Upon another's hazard with less pity;
But upon yours I dare not.
Capt. How!
Lady. I dare not:
'Twas your own seeking, this.
Capt. If you mean evilly,

I cannot understand you, nor for all the riches
This life has, would I.
Lady. Would you never might!
Capt. Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.
Lady. In that you neither right your joy nor me.
Capt. What an ill orator has virtue got here!
Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible,
That you were ever false?
Lady. Oh fearfully!
As much as *you* come to.
Capt. O silence, cover me;
I 've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False?
Lady. I was betray'd to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.
Capt. Where is she? let me pay her.
Lady. Oh! dead long since.
Capt. Nay then, she has all her wages.
False? do not say 't, for honour's goodness do not,
You never could be so. he I call'd father
Deserved you at your best, when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you, you 'd no grace
Or virtue that he match'd not, no delight
That you invented, but he sent it crown'd
To your full wishing soul.
Lady. That heaps my guiltiness.
Capt. Oh, were you so unhappy to be false,
Both to yourself and me, but to me chiefly!
What a day's hope is here lost, and with it
The joys of a just cause! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you 'd have died
Ere you 'd have yielded, for the sin's hate first,
Next for the shame of this hour's cowardice:
Curst be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for. Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee:

Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood,
I never shall have use of valour more.
Put off your vow for shame, why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood,
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock.
I should be dead, for all my life's work 's ended,
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage
[*Exit Lady.*
The noble resolution of my friends;

Enter two Friends of CAPTAIN AGER'S.

That were more vile. They 're here, kill me, my shame,
I am not for the fellowship of honour.
1 *Friend.* Captain, fie, come sir, we 've been seeking for you
Very late to-day; this was not wont to be.
Your enemy 's in the field.
Capt. Truth enters cheerfully.
2 *Friend.* Good faith, sir, you 've a royal quarrel on 't.
Capt. Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy,
It would be held so.
1 *Friend.* How! and is 't not here so?
Capt. 'Tis not so contumeliously received
In these parts, and you mark it.
1 *Friend.* Not in these?
Why prithee what is more, or can be?
Capt. Yes,
That ordinary commotioner *the lie*
Is father of most quarrels in this climate,
And held here capital, and you go to that.
2 *Friend.* But sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your own for it; *son of a whore!*
Why there 's the lie down to posterity;
The lie to birth, the lie to honesty.
Why would you cozen yourself so, and beguile

So brave a cause, manhood's best master-piece?
Do you ever hope for one so brave again?
Capt. Consider then the man, [the] colonel,
Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him:
And 'tis not well nor manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.
1 *Friend.* O miracle!
So hopeful, valiant and complete a captain,
Possess'd with a tame devil: come out, thou spoilest
The most improved young soldier of seven kingdoms,
Made captain at nineteen; which was deserved
The year before, but honour comes behind still:
Come out, I say, this was not wont to be;
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now. Away, sir.
Capt. Urge me not.
1 *Friend.* By manhood's reverend honour but we must.
Capt. I will not fight a stroke.
1 *Friend.* O blasphemy
To sacred valour!
Capt. Lead me where you list.
1 *Friend.* Pardon this traitorous slumber, clogg'd with evils
Give captains rather wives than such tame devils.

The Field

Enter CAPTAIN AGER, *with his two Friends.*

Capt. Well, your wills now.
1 *Friend.* Our wills? our loves, our duties
To honour'd fortitude: what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude

Due to a valorous cause?

Capt. Oh, that 's not mine.

2 *Friend.* War has his court of justice, that 's the field,
Where all cases of manhood are determined,
And your case is no mean one.

Capt. True, then 'twere virtuous:
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now ye 've got me hither, ye are as far
To seek in your desire, as at first minute.
For by the strength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.

1 *Friend.* How! not in this? be not so rash a sinner.
Why, sir, do you ever hope to fight again then?
Take heed on 't, you must never look for that.
Why, the universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.
Give up your right and title to desert, sir,
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after: let her take this wrong,
And never presume then to serve her more:
Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,
And let that honourable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel,
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead
That wears another's right by usurpation.
Good captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won·
This is your native seat, here you would seek
Most to preserve it; or if you will dote
So much on life, poor life, which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkness,
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,
(Which is to me too fearful to imagine,)
Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,
Her reputation, dear to nobleness,
As grace to penitence, whose fair memory
E'en crowns fame in your issue, for that blessedness,

Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell
And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.
Capt. Oh—o—o!
2 *Friend.* Why, well said, there 's fair hope in that;
Another such a one.
Capt. Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.
1 *Friend.* Then poor friendless merit,
Heaven be good to thee! thy professor leaves thee.

Enter COLONEL *and his two Friends.*

He 's come; do you but draw, we 'll fight it for you.
Capt. I know too much to grant that.
1 *Friend.* O dead manhood!
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?
Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him.
Col. I 've heard, sir, you 've been guilty of much boasting
For your brave earliness at such a meeting;
You 've lost the glory of that way this morning:
I was the first to-day.
Capt. So were you ever
In my respect, sir.
1 *Friend.* O most base præludium!
Capt. I never thought on victory our mistress
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever loved her better.
Success in you has been my absolute joy,
And when I have wish'd content I have wish'd your friendship.
Col. I came not hither, sir, for an encomium.
I came provided
For storms and tempests, and the foulest season
That ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness,
From the incensed prison of man's blood.
Capt. 'Tis otherwise with me, I come with mildness,

Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

1 *Friend.* Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence.

Capt. Yet sir, the world will judge the injury mine,
Insufferably mine, mine beyond injury.
Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Ay, and rejoiced in his most endless vengeance,
(A miserable triumph, though a just one),
But when I call to memory our long friendship,
Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong
That then I should not pardon. Why should man
For a poor hasty syllable or two,
(And vented only in forgetful fury)
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the revenge of that, die, lost for ever?
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again,
Whose venture is deceitful. Must he not, sir?

Col. I see what I must do, fairly put up again;
For here 'll be nothing done, I perceive that.

Capt. What shall be done in such a worthless business
But to be sorry, and to be forgiven.
You, sir, to bring repentance, and I pardon.

Col. I bring repentance, sir?

Capt. If it be too much
To say repentance, call it what you please, sir;
Choose your own word, I know you 're sorry for 't,
And that 's as good.

Col. I sorry? By fame's honour, I am wrong'd:
Do you seek for peace and draw the quarrel larger?

Capt. Then 'tis I 'm sorry that I thought you so.

1 *Friend.* A captain! I could gnaw his title off.

Capt. Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, sir,
In the best manliness, to repent a wrong,

Which made me bold with you.
1 *Friend.* I could cuff his head off.
2 *Friend.* Nay, pish.
Col. So once again take thou thy peaceful rest then ;
[*To his sword.*
But as I put thee up, I must proclaim
This captain here, both to his friends and mine,
That only came to see fair valour righted,
A base submissive coward ; so I leave him.
Capt. Oh, Heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
And sent me a cause : now I have a cause :
A coward I was never, —— Come you back, sir.
Col. How !
Capt. You left a coward here ?
Col. Yes sir, with you.
Capt. 'Tis such base metal, sir, 'twill not be taken,
It must home again with you.
2 *Friend.* Should this be true now——
1 *Friend.* Impossible ! coward do more than bastard ?
Col. I prithee mock me not, take heed you do not,
For if I draw once more I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me do what will grieve honour.
Capt. Ha, ha, ha.
Col. He smiles, dare it be he ? what think you, gentlemen ?
Your judgments ; shall I not be cozen'd in him ?
This cannot be the man ; why he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,
A thing in truth that moved a little with me,
Put up a fouler contumely far
Than thousand cowards came to, and grew thankful.
Capt. Blessed remembrance in time of need :
I 'd lost my honour else.
2 *Friend.* Do you note his joy ?
Capt. I never felt a more severe necessity :
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready ?
Have you such confidence in my just manhood

That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think me
Not worth your fury? do not use me so:
I shall deceive you, then: sir, either draw,
And that not slightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you 'll defend yourself from circular fire,
Your sin's rage, or her lord (this will require it)
Or you 'll be too soon lost: for I 've an anger,
Has gather'd mighty strength against you; mighty,
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.

Col. I 'll venture 't once again,
And if 't be but as true, as it is wondrous,
I shall have that I come for. Your leave, gentlemen. [*They fight.*

1 *Friend.* If he should do 't indeed, and deceive us all now——
Stay, by this hand he offers; fights i' faith;
Fights. by this light, he fights, sir.

2 *Friend.* So methinks, sir.

1 *Friend.* An absolute punto, ha?

2 *Friend.* 'Twas a passado, sir.

1 *Friend.* Why, let it pass, and 'twas, I 'm sure 'twas somewhat.
What 's that now?

2 *Friend.* That 's a punto.

1 *Friend.* O, go to then,
I knew 'twas not far off: What a world 's this!
Is coward a more stirring meat than bastard?
——ho! I honour thee:
'Tis right and fair, and he that breathes against it,
He breathes against the justice of a man,
And man to cut him off, 'tis no injustice.

Thanks, thanks, for this most unexpected nobleness.
[*The Colonel is disarmed.*

Capt. Truth never fails her servant, sir, nor leaves him
With the day's shame upon him.

1 *Friend.* Thou 'st redeem'd
Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.

[The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness They compare *notes* with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality out of which a writer may be supplied without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately, to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a common-place against duelling Yet such things would stand a writer nowadays in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour, and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living]



The Red Bull Playhouse, showing Stock Characters of the Elizabethan Stage

ALL 'S LOST BY LUST, A TRAGEDY:

By William Rowley.

Roderigo *king of Spain takes the opportunity to violate the daughter of* Julianus, *while that old general is fighting his battles against the Moors.* Jacinta *seeks her father in the camp, at the moment of victory.*

Julianus. *Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here 's a woman (forc'd by some tide of sorrow)
With tears entreats your pity, and to see you.
Jul. If any soldier has done violence to her,
Beyond our military discipline,
Death shall divide him from us: fetch her in.
I have myself a daughter, on whose face
But thinking, I must needs be pitiful:
And when I have told my conquest to my king,
My poor girl then shall know, how for her sake
I did one pious act.

Servant returns with Jacinta *veiled.*

Is this the creature?
Serv. Yes, my lord, and a sad one.
Jul Leave us. A sad one!
The downcast look calls up compassion in me,
A corse going to the grave looks not more deadly.
Why kneel'st thou? art thou wrong'd by any soldier?
Rise, for this honour is not due to me.
Hast not a tongue to read thy sorrows out?
This book I understand not.
Jacin. O my dear father!
Jul. Thy father? who has wrong'd him?
Jacin. A great commander.
Jul. Under me?
Jacin. Above you.
Jul. Above me! who 's above a general?

None but the general of all Spain's armies,
And that 's the king, king Roderick: he 's all goodness,
He cannot wrong thy father.

Jacin. What was Tarquin?

Jul. A king, and yet a ravisher.

Jacin. Such a sin
Was in those days a monster; now 'tis common.

Jul. Prithee be plain.

Jacin. Have not you, sir, a daughter?

Jul. If I have not, I am the wretched'st man
That this day lives; for all the wealth I have
Lives in that child.

Jacin. O for your daughter's sake then hear my woes.

Jul. Rise then, and speak them.

Jacin. No, let me kneel still;
Such a semblance of a daughter's duty
Will make you mindful of a father's love:
For such my injuries must exact from you,
As you would for your own.

Jul. And so they do.
For whilst I see thee kneeling, I think of my Jacinta.

Jacin. Say your Jacinta then, chaste as the rose,
Coming on sweetly in the springing bud,
And ne'er felt heat, to spread the summer sweet,
But to increase and multiply it more,
Did to itself keep in its own perfume;
Say that some rapine hand had pluck'd the bloom,[1]
Jacinta, like that flower, and ravish'd her,
Defiling her white lawn of chastity
With ugly blacks of lust, what would you do?

Jul. O 'tis too hard a question to resolve,
Without a solemn council held within
Of man's best understanding faculties:

[1] "Cropt this fair rose," &c.—Otway.

There must be love, and fatherhood, and grief,
And rage, and many passions, and they must all
Beget a thing call'd vengeance; but they must sit upon 't.

Jacin. Say this were done by him that carried
The fairest seeming face of friendship to yourself.

Jul. We should fall out.

Jacin. Would you in such a case respect degrees?

Jul. I know not that.

Jacin. Say he were noble.

Jul. Impossible, the act 's ignoble; the bee can breed
No poison, though it suck the juice of hemlock.

Jacin. Say a king should do 't? were th' act less done
By the greater power? does majesty
Extenuate a crime?

Jul. Augment it rather.

Jacin. Say then that Roderick, your king and master,
To quit the honours you are bringing home,
Had ravish'd your Jacinta.

Jul. Who has sent
A fury in this foul-fair shape to vex me?
I have seen that face methinks, yet know it not:
How darest thou speak this treason 'gainst my king?
Durst any man i' th' world bring me this lie?
By this, he had been in hell: Roderick a Tarquin!

Jacin. Yes, and thy daughter (had she done her part)
Should be the second Lucrece: view me well,
I am Jacinta.

Jul. Ha!

Jacin. The king my ravisher.

Jul. The king thy ravisher! Oh, unkingly sound!
He dares not sure, yet in thy sullied eyes
I read a tragic story.

ANTONIO, ALONZO, *and other* Officers, *enter.*

Jul. O noble friends,
Our wars are ended, are they not?

All. They are, sir.
Jul. But Spain has now begun a civil war,
And to confound me only. See you my daughter?
She sounds the trumpet which draws forth my sword
To be revenged.
Alon. On whom? speak loud your wrongs,
Digest your choler into temperance;
Give your considerate thoughts the upper hand
In your hot passions, 'twill assuage the swelling
Of your big heart; if you have injuries done you,
Revenge them, and we second you.
Jacin. Father, dear father.
Jul. Daughter, dear daughter.
Jacin. Why do you kneel to me, sir?
Jul. To ask thee pardon that I did beget thee.
I brought to a shame stains all the way
'Twixt earth and Acheron: not all the clouds
(The skies' large canopy) could they drown the seas
With a perpetual inundation,
Can wash it ever out leave me, I pray.
[*Falls down.*
Alon. His fighting passions will be o'er anon,
And all will be at peace.
Ant. Best in my judgment
We wake him with the sight of his won honours.
Call up the army, and let them present
His prisoners to him, such a sight as that
Will brook no sorrow near it.
Jul. 'Twas a good doctor that prescrib'd that physic.
I 'll be your patient, sir; show me my soldiers,
And my new honours won; I will truly weigh them
With my full griefs, they may perhaps o'ercome.
Alon. Why, now there 's hope of his recovery.
Jul. Jacinta welcome, thou art my child still,
No forced stain of lust can alienate
Our consanguinity.

Jacin. Dear father,
Recollect your noble spirits, conquer grief,
The manly way; you have brave foes subdued,
Then let no female passions thus o'erwhelm you.
Jul. Mistake me not, my child, I am not mad,
Nor must be idle; for it were more fit,
(If I could purchase more) I had more wit,
To help in these designs; I am grown old,
Yet I have found more strength within this arm
Than without proof I durst have boasted on.
Roderick, thou king of monsters, couldst thou do this,
And for thy lust confine me from the court?
There 's reason in thy shame, thou shouldst not see me.
Ha! they come, Jacinta, they come, hark, hark,
Now thou shalt see what cause I have given my king.

Vanquish'd Moor's address to the Sun.

Descend thy sphere, thou burning deity,
Haste from our shame, go blushing to thy bed;
Thy sons[1] we are, thou everlasting ball,
Yet never sham'd these our impressive brows
Till now; we that are stamp'd with thine own seal,
Which the whole ocean cannot wash away,
Shall those cold ague cheeks that nature moulds
Within her winter shop, those smooth white skins,
That with a palsy hand she paints the limbs,
Make us recoil?

Man's Heart.

I would fain know
What kind of thing a man's heart is.
——— were you never

[1] "Children of the Sun"—*Zanga in the Revenge*

At Barber Surgeons' Hall to see a dissection ?
I 'll report it to you : 'tis a thing framed
With divers corners, and into every corner
A man may entertain a friend : (there came
The proverb, A man may love one well, and yet
Retain a friend in a corner.)——
———— tush, 'tis not
The real heart, but the unseen faculties.——
——— Those I 'll decipher unto you, for surely
The most part are but ciphers. The heart indeed
For the most part doth keep a better guest
Than himself in him, that is, the soul : now the soul
Being a tree, there are divers branches spreading out of it,
As loving-affection, suffering-sorrows, and the like ;
Then, sir, these affections or sorrows being but branches,
Are sometimes lopp'd off, or of themselves wither,
And new shoot in their rooms ; as for example,
Your friend dies, there appears sorrow, but it quickly
Withers, then is that branch gone. Again, you love a friend,
There affection springs forth ; at last you distaste,
Then that branch withers again, and another buds
In his room.

A NEW WONDER: A WOMAN NEVER VEXT. A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Woman never Vext states her Case to a Divine.

WIDOW. DOCTOR.

Doct. You sent for me, gentlewoman?
Wid. Sir, I did, and to this end:
I have some scruples in my conscience;
Some doubtful problems which I cannot answer
Nor reconcile; I 'd have you make them plain.
Doct. This is my duty, pray speak your mind.
Wid. And as I speak, I must remember Heaven
That gave those blessings which I must relate:
Sir, you now behold a wondrous woman;
You only wonder at the epithet,
I can approve it good: guess at mine age.
Doct. At the half way 'twixt thirty and forty.
Wid. 'Twas not much amiss; yet nearest to the last.
How think you then, is not this a wonder,
That a woman lives full seven and thirty years,
Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own, yet all this while,
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity?
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for its acquaintance, with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it not strange?
Doct. Unparallel'd, this gift is singular,
And to you alone belonging: you are the moon,
For there 's but one, all women else are stars,

For there are none of like condition.
Full oft and many have I heard complain
Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities;
But a second to yourself I never knew,
To groan under the superflux of blessings,
To have ever been alien unto sorrow;
No trip of fate? sure it is wonderful.

Wid. Ay, sir, 'tis wonderful; but is it well?
For it is now my chief affliction.
I have heard you say, that the child of heaven
Shall suffer many tribulations;
Nay, kings and princes share them with their subjects:
Then I that know not any chastisement,
How may I know my part of childhood?

Doct. 'Tis a good doubt; but make it not extreme.
'Tis some affliction, that you are afflicted
For want of affliction; cherish that:
Yet wrest it not to misconstruction;
For all your blessings are free gifts from Heaven,
Health, wealth, and peace, nor can they turn into
Curses, but by abuse. Pray let me question you:
You lost a husband, was it no grief to you?

Wid. It was, but very small: no sooner I
Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,
But straight it turn'd unto my treble joy;
A comfortable revelation prompts me then,
That husband whom in life I held so dear,
Had chang'd a frailty to unchanging joys;
Methought I saw him stellified in heaven,
And singing hallelujahs 'mongst a quire
Of white sainted souls: then again it spake,
And said: it was a sin for me to grieve
At his best good, that I esteemed best:
And this the slender shadow of a grief
Vanish'd again.

Doct. All this was happy, nor can you wrest it

From a heavenly blessing. Do not appoint
The rod; leave still the stroke unto the
Magistrate; the time is not past, but
You may feel enough.—

Wid. One taste more I had, although but little,
Yet I would aggravate to make the most on 't:
Thus 'twas: the other day it was my hap,
In crossing of the Thames,
To drop that wedlock ring from off my finger,
That once conjoined me and my dead husband;
It sunk; I prized it dear; the dearer, 'cause it kept
Still in mine eye the memory of my loss;
Yet I griev'd the loss, and did joy withal
That I had found a grief, and this is all
The sorrow I can boast of.

Dor. This is but small.

Wid. Nay, sure I am of this opinion.
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made for it,
The bottom would have sent it up again,
I am so wondrously fortunate.

Foster, a wealthy merchant, has a profligate brother, Stephen, *whom* Robert, *son to* Foster, *relieves out of prison with some of his father's money entrusted to him. For this, his father turns him out of doors and disinherits him. Meantime by a reverse of fortune,* Stephen *becomes rich, and* Foster *by losses in trade is thrown into the same prison (Ludgate) from which his brother had been relieved.* Stephen *adopts his nephew, on the condition that he shall not assist or go near his father; but filial piety prevails above the consideration either of his uncle's displeasure or of his father's late unkindness, and he visits his father in prison.*

Foster. Robert.

Fos. O torment to my soul! what mak'st thou here?
Cannot the picture of my misery,
Be drawn, and hung out to the eyes of men,
But thou must come to scorn and laugh at it?

Rob. Dear sir, I come to thrust my back under your load,
To make the burthen lighter.

Fos. Hence from my sight, dissembling villain; go,
Thine uncle sends defiance to my woe,
And thou must bring it: hence, thou basilisk,
That kill'st me with thine eyes. Nay, never kneel;
These scornful mocks more than my woes I feel.
Rob. Alas! I mock ye not, but come in love
And natural duty, sir, to beg your blessing;
And for mine uncle——
Fos. Him and thee I curse;
I 'll starve ere I eat bread from his purse,
Or from thy hand. Out, villain, tell that cur,
Thy barking uncle, that I lie not here
Upon my bed of riot, as he did,
Cover'd with all the villanies which man
Had ever woven, tell him I lie not so,
It was the hand of Heaven struck me thus low,
And I do thank it. Get thee gone, I say,
Or I shall curse thee, strike thee, prithee away:
Or if thou 'lt laugh thy fill at my poor state,
Then stay, and listen to the prison grate,
And hear thy father, an old wretched man,
That yesterday had thousands, beg and cry
To get a penny · oh, my misery!
Rob. Dear sir, for pity hear me.
Fos. Upon my curse I charge no nearer come;
I 'll be no father to so vile a son.
Rob. O my abortive fate!
Why for my good am I thus paid with hate?
From this sad place of Ludgate here I freed
An uncle, and I lost a father for it;
Now is my father here, whom if I succour,
I then must lose my uncle's love and favour.
My father once being rich, and uncle poor,
I him relieving was thrust forth of doors;
Baffled, revil'd, and disinherited.
Now mine own father here must beg for bread,
Mine uncle being rich, and yet, if I

Feed him, myself must beg. Oh misery,
How bitter is thy taste! yet I will drink
Thy strongest poison; fret what mischief can,
I 'll feed my father; though, like the pelican,
I peck mine own breast for him.

His Father *appears above at the Grate, a Box hanging down.*

Fos. Bread, bread, one penny to buy a loaf of bread, for the tender mercy!

Rob. O me, my shame! I know that voice full well;
I 'll help thy wants, although thou curse me still.

He stands where he is unseen by his Father.

Fos. Bread, bread, some christian man send back
Your charity to a number of poor prisoners;
One penny for the tender mercy—
[*Robert puts in money.*
The hand of Heaven reward you, gentle sir,
Never may you want, never feel misery;
Let blessings in unnumber'd measure grow,
And fall upon your head where'er you go.

Rob. O happy comfort! curses to the ground
First struck me now with blessings I am crown'd.[1]

Fos. Bread, bread, for the tender mercy; one penny for a loaf of bread.

Rob. I 'll buy more blessings; take thou all my store,
I 'll keep no coin, and see my father poor.

Fos. Good angels guard you, sir, my prayers shall be
That Heaven may bless you for this charity.

Rob. If he knew me, sure he would not say so;
Yet I have comfort, if by any means
I get a blessing from my father's hands.
How cheap are good prayers! a poor penny buys
That, by which man up in a minute flies
And mounts to heaven.

[1] A blessing stolen at least as fairly as Jacob's was.

Enter STEPHEN.

O me, mine uncle sees me!

Steph. Now, sir, what makes you here
So near the prison?

Rob. I was going, sir,
To buy meat for a poor bird I have,
That sits so sadly in the cage of late,
I think he 'll die for sorrow.

Steph. So, sir,
Your pity will not quit your pains, I fear me;
I shall find that bird, I think, to be that churlish wretch
Your father, that now has taken
Shelter here in Ludgate. Go to, sir; urge me not,
You 'd best, I have given you warning. fawn not on him,
Nor come not near him if you 'll have my love.

Rob. 'Las! sir, that lamb
Were most unnatural that should hate the dam.

Steph Lamb me no lambs, sir.

Rob. Good uncle, 'las! you know, when you lay here,
I succour'd you, so let me now help him.

Steph. Yes, as he did me,
To laugh and triumph at my misery;
You freed me with his gold, but 'gainst his will:
For him I might have rotted, and lain still;
So shall he now.

Rob. Alack the day!

Steph. If him thou pity, 'tis thine own decay.

Fos. Bread, bread, some charitable man remember the poor prisoners; bread for the tender mercy, one penny.

Rob. O listen, uncle, that 's my poor father's voice.

Steph. There let him howl. Get you gone, and come not near him.

Rob. O my soul!
What tortures dost thou feel; earth ne'er shall find
A son so true, yet forc'd to be unkind.

ROBERT *disobeys his Uncle's injunctions, and again visits his* Father.

FOSTER. WIFE. ROBERT.

Fos. Ha! what art thou? Call for the keeper there,
And thrust him out of doors, or lock me up.
Wife. O, 'tis your son, sir.
Fos. I know him not:
I am no king, unless of scorn and woe,
Why kneel'st thou then? why dost thou mock me so?
Rob O my dear father, hither am I come,
Not like a threatening storm to increase your wrack,
For I would take all sorrows from your back,
To lay them all on my own.
Fos. Rise, mischief, rise, away, and get thee gone.
Rob. O, if I be thus hateful to your eye,
I will depart, and wish I soon may die;
Yet let your blessing, sir, but fall on me.
Fos My heart still hates thee.
Wife. Sweet husband.
Fos. Get you both gone;
That misery takes some rest that dwells alone;
Away, thou villain.
Rob. Heaven can tell,
Ache but your finger, I to make it well
Would cut my hand off.
Fos. Hang thee, hang thee.
Wife. Husband.
Fos. Destruction meet thee. Turn the key there, ho.
Rob. Good sir, I 'm gone, I will not stay to grieve you.
Oh, knew you for your woes what pains I feel,
You would not scorn me so. See, sir, to cool
Your heat of burning sorrow, I have got

Two hundred pounds, and glad it is my lot
To lay it down with reverence at your feet;
No comfort in the world to me is sweet,
Whilst thus you live in moan.

Fos. Stay.

Rob. Good truth, sir, I 'll have none on 't back,
Could but one penny of it save my life.

Wife. Yet stay, and hear him. Oh unnatural strife
In a hard father's bosom!

Fos. I see mine error now: oh, can there grow
A rose upon a bramble? did there e'er flow
Poison and health together in one tide?
I 'm born a man; reason may step aside,
And lead a father's love out of the way:
Forgive me, my good boy, I went astray;
Look, on my knees I beg it: not for joy
Thou bring'st this golden rubbish, which I spurn,
But glad in this, the heavens mine eyeballs turn,
And fix them right to look upon that face,
Where love remains with pity, duty, grace.
Oh, my dear wronged boy!

Rob. Gladness o'erwhelms my heart with joy: I cannot speak.

Wife. Crosses of this foolish world
Did never grieve my heart with torments more
Than it is now grown light
With joy and comfort of this happy sight.

[The old play writers are distinguished by an honest boldness of exhibition, they show every thing without being ashamed If a reverse in fortune be the thing to be personified, they fairly bring us to the prison-grate and the alms-basket. A poor man on our stage is always a gentleman, he may be known by a peculiar neatness of apparel, and by wearing black Our delicacy, in fact, forbids the dramatizing of distress at all. It is never shown in its essential properties;[1] it appears but as the adjunct to some

[1] Guzman de Alfarache, in that good old book "The Spanish Rogue," has summed up a few of the properties of poverty.—"That poverty, which is not the daughter of the spirit, is but

virtue, as something which is to be relieved, from the approbation of which relief the spectators are to derive a certain soothing of self-referred satisfaction We turn away from the real essences of things to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties: whereas, if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science.]

---

the mother of shame and reproach; it is a disreputation that drowns all the other good parts that are in man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil, it is man's most foe, it is a leprosy full of anguish; it is a way that leads unto hell, it is a sea wherein our patience is overwhelmed our honour is consumed, our lives are ended, and our souls are utterly lost and cast away for ever The poor man is a kind of money that is not current, the subject of every idle housewife's chat; the offscum of the people; the dust of the street, first trampled under foot and then thrown on the dunghill; in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass; he dineth with the last, fareth of the worst, and payeth dearest. his sixpence will not go so far as a rich man's threepence, his opinion is ignorance, his discretion, foolishness, his suffrage, scorn; his stock upon the common, abused by many and abhorred of all If he come in company, he is not heard; if any chance to meet him, they seek to shun him, if he advise, though never so wisely, they grudge and murmur at him, if he work miracles, they say he is a witch. if virtuous, that he goeth about to deceive, his venial sin is a blasphemy, his thought is made treason, his cause, be it never so just, it is not regarded, and, to have his wrongs righted, he must appeal to that other life. All men crush him, no man favoureth him, there is no man that will relieve his wants, no man that will comfort him in his miseries, nor no man that will bear him company, when he is all alone, and oppressed with grief None help him, all hinder him, none give him, all take from him, he is debtor to none, and yet must make payment to all. O, the unfortunate and poor condition of him that is poor, to whom even the very hours are sold, which the clock striketh, and pays custom for the sunshine in August!"

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

By William Rowley, Thomas Decker, John Ford, &c.

Mother Sawyer (*before she turns Witch*) *alone.*

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse:
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it.[1]

Banks, *a Farmer, enters.*

Banks. Out, out upon thee, Witch.
Saw. Dost call me Witch?
Banks. I do, Witch, I do: and worse I would, knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou upon my ground?
Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.
Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly; I 'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.
Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser: there they

[1] This soliloquy anticipates all that Addison has said in the conclusion of the 117th Spectator

be. Would they stuck cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff——

Banks. Say'st thou me so? Hag, out of my ground.

Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon? Now thy bones aches, thy joints cramps,
And convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews.

Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that.
[*Exit.*

Saw. Strike, do, and wither'd may that hand and arm
Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk.
Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name, where, and by what art learn'd?
What spells, what charms, or invocations,
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?
——————————I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness: made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of Familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I 'm now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,
Instruct me which way I might be revenged
Upon this churl, I 'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age;
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
Or anything that 's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood

Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
To be a witch as to be counted one.

She gets a Familiar *which serves her in the likeness of a Black Dog.*

MOTHER SAWYER. Familiar.

Saw. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness, and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? Let 's tickle.
Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?
Famil. Yes, and nipp'd the sucking child.
Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little pearl! No lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or parakeet, as I do thee.
Famil. The maid has been churning butter nine hours; but it shall not come.
Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choke.
Famil. I had rare sport
Among the clowns i' th' mornice.
Saw. I could dance
Out o' my skin to hear thee. But, my curl-pate,
That jade, that foul-tongued——Nan Ratcliff,
Who, for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck, and almost had lamed it; did not I charge thee
To pinch that quean to th' heart?

Her Familiar *absents himself she invokes him.*

Saw. ———— ————Not see me in three days?
I 'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come;
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life:
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings

Revenge comes flying to me: O, my best love!
I am on fire, (even in the midst of ice)
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my darling,
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me
In some dark cloud; and, as I oft have seen
Dragons and serpents in the elements,
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' the sea?
Muster up all the monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them: so that my bulch
Show but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from hell, I care not: could I run
Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to find out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it.—Not yet come!
I must then fall to my old prayer: *sanctibiceter nomen tuum.*

He comes in white

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

Famil. I am dogged, list not to tell thee, yet to torment thee,
My whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding-sheet.

Saw. Am I near death?

Famil. Be blasted with the news; whiteness is day's footboy, a fore-runner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face: villanies are stript naked, the witch must be beaten out of her cockpit.

Saw. Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour,
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-paleness. ——

[Mother Sawyer differs from the hags of Middleton or Shakspeare. She is the plain traditional old woman witch of our

ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of a county at his heels, that would lay hands on the Weird Sisters They are of another jurisdiction But upon the common and received opinion the author (or authors) have engrafted strong fancy There is something frightfully earnest in her invocations to the Familiar.]

NOTES TO
"ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS"

"A Chast Mayd in Cheapе-side." 1630. The exact date of production is uncertain, but it is stated on title page to have been often acted at the Swan on the Bankside, by the lady Elizabeth her Servants," which has caused it to be assigned, but not indisputably, to the years 1611-13.

"*Which wound too high.*" Dyce suggests "*Sound too high.*"

"A Tragi-Coomodie called The Witch." No printed Edition extant before 1778, being the facsimile of a MS. in which it is stated to have been "long since acted by His Majestie's Servants at the Black-friers." Mr Bullen refers this play to the later part of Middleton's career

"*Sylvans.*" MS and early edition "*Silence.*"

"Women beware Women." 1657.

"More Dissemblers besides Women. 1657. . . . as it hath bine sundrey times acted at the Globe on the Banck-side"

"A Game at Chesse" There is no date to early 4to, but it was acted in 1624. Expression was given in this play to the satisfaction felt by the nation at the breaking off of the proposed Spanish match.

Philip Massinger, Thomas Middleton, and William Rowley.

"The Excellent Comedy called The Old Law, or, A new way to please you Acted before the King and Queene at Salisbury House, and at severall other places, with great Applause." 1656. Rowley had a considerable share in the composition of this work, but if it was written in 1599, a date suggested by a line in the play, Massinger, who was then only fifteen years of age, could have had nothing to do with it in its original form, although he may have revised the text later on. (See Bullen, Middleton, p. xv.)

"*What, my excellent comfort?*" Gifford "*My excellent consort,*" 4to.

Thomas Middleton and William Rowley.

"A Faire Quarrell As it was Acted before the King and divers times publickly by the Prince his Highnes Servants." 1617.

"*Insufferably mine,*" "*insufferable,*" 4to.

William Rowley.

"All 's Lost by Lust." 1633. Acted at the Cock-pit about eleven years previously

"A New Wonder: A Woman never vext. A pleasant conceited Comedy." 1632.

NOTES

William Rowley, Thomas Decker, and John Ford.

"The Witch of Edmonton. A known true Story. Composed into A Tragi-Comedy By divers well-esteemed Poets; William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, etc. Acted by the Prince Servants, often at the Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane, once at Court, w[i]th singular Applause." 1658

This play was probably written soon after the execution of reputed witch, Elizabeth Sawyer, in 1621.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

NOTES TO
"ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS"

Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst (1536–1608).

Thomas Norton (1532–1584).

"The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex set forth without addition or alteration but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the Queenes Majestie, about nine yeares past, vz. the xviij day of Januarie 1561. by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple."

The 8vo, which was the first authorised Edition of the play, bears no further date than this.

"*When with a braid*"—braid = start Lamb gave an incorrect reading, "wherewith abraid," and explained it as "awaked, raised up."

Robert Wilmot (fl. 1568–1608).

"Trancred and Gismund" The first 4to is dated 1591 or 1592 In this version "revised and polished according to the decorum of these daies" by R W The initials of four other composers are given in turn at the close of the acts Rod Staf, Hen. No; G. Al; Ch. Hat; Acted before Queen Elizabeth by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple in 1568

Sir Fulke Greville—First Lord Brooke (1554–1628).

"Alaham" }
"Mustapha" } published 1633.

"Mustapha" is also extant in a 4to dated 1609, the Edition of 1633, which was followed by Lamb, differs considerably from the earlier one There is no record of these plays being acted

"*My pomps to cloud;*" 1633 reading "*cloud*" should have been put in text.

"*Chance, therefore,*" etc , 1633

"*And Fortune, if thou scorn'st those that scorn thee,*
Shame, if thou do hate those, that force thy trumpet," 1609

NOTES TO

John Lyly (1554?–1606).

"Sapho and Phao. Played *before* the Queene's Majestie on Shrove Tuesday, by her Majesties Children and the Children of Paules." 1548.

"Love's Metamorphosis, A wittie and courtly Pastoral, written by Mr John Lyllie, first play'd by the Children of Paules, and now by the Children of the Chappell." 1601

Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593).

"Tamburlaine the Great, who from a Scythian Shephearde by his rare and woonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mightye Monarque. And (for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God; devided into two tragicall discourses" 8vo 1590.

The title pages of early editions do not bear Marlowe's name.

"*His arms and fingers, long and snowy*" (Dyce), the 8vo has "*long and snowy.*" The later 4to was responsible for Lamb's version, "*His arms long, his fingers snowy-white.*"

"The Tragedy of Doctor Faustus." 1604. Entered Stationers' Register 1600–1. Written probably in or before 1588. The early quarto differs considerably from the later one of 1616, to which Lamb's extracts correspond

"*Wertemberg*," "*Wittenberg*," 1616, "*Wertenberg*," 1604

"*Œconomy*," "*on cas we ou*," Bullen.

"*Albertus*," 4tos, "*Albanus*"

"*Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds*," line omitted in 1616 "*Fell the public schools with silk*" (Dyce). 4tos, "*shill*"

". . . *are for petty wits*," 1604 4to inserts after this line

"*Divinity is basest of the three,*
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile."

"The Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta as it was played before the King and Queene in Her Majesties Theatre at White Hall, by her Majesties servants at the Cock-pit" 1633. A reference to the death of the Duke of Guise fixes the date as subsequent to 1588. The play was acted 1591–2.

"*Samnites*," old eds., "*Samnites;*" Bullen, "*Sabans*"

"Edward II." Entered Stationers' Registers 1593 8vo 1594, 4to 1598, earliest known edition in this country

George Peele (1558?–1597?).

"The Araygnement of Paris, a Pastorall." 1584. Published anonymously, probably acted by the Children of the Chapel in 1581.

"The Battell of Alcazar, fought in Barbarie betweene Sebastian King of Portugal, and Abdel-Melec King of Marocco etc" 1594. Mention of this play, under the title of "*Muly Mulocco*," is made

by Henslowe in February 1592. Played by "the Lord high Admirall his servants."

"The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe, with the Tragedie of Absalon." 1599. The date of composition is uncertain

"*Flowing tops;*" "*His covenants sure;*" 4to reading "*flow'ring,*" "*pure*" should have been put in the text

Thomas Lodge (1558?–1625).
Robert Greene (1560?–1592).

"A Looking-glass for London and England." 1594. Mentioned by Henslowe under March 1591–2.

Thomas Kyd (1557?–1595?).

"The Spanish Tragedy, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Belimperia, with the pitiful death of old Hieronimo" 1594 Licensed for press 1592 The name of the author is not given in this or the later Edition of 1599 Another play is extant dealing with the earlier history of Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain

"Let them go, *like the Marshal of Spain,*" 4to

Author Uncertain.

"The lamentable and true Tragedie of M Arden, of Feversham, in Kent Who was Most wickedlye murdered, by the Means of his disloyall and wanton Wyfe, who for the Love she bore to one Mosbie, hyred two desperat Ruffins, Blackwill and Shagbag, to kill him. Wherein is shewed, the great Malice and Discimulation of a wicked Woman, the unsatiable desire of filthie lust, and the shameful End of all Murders" 1592

This play has been attributed to Shakspeare (see Introduction to facsimile of play, by Edward Jacob, 1770), and later criticism does not entirely reject the idea that Shakspeare may have worked on an older version (see Bullen. 1887).

Author Unknown.

"The Wars of Cyrus, King of Persia, against Antiochus, King of Assyria, with the Tragical end of Panthæa. played by the Children of Her Majesty's Cha[illegible] 1594.

Author Uncertain.

"Edward III." 1596. Licensed for press 1595. This play was at an early date attributed to Shakspeare.

Henry Porter (fl. 1599).

"The Pleasant Historie of the two Angrie Women of Abingdon. With the humourous mirth of Dick Coomes and Nicholas Proverbes, two serving men. As it was lately playde by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall, his servants" 1599.

"*Summer thoughts*," 4to has "*scholar thoughts*." It was a misprint in a passage of this play which occasioned Lamb's letter to Hone, "Damnable *erratum*," etc.

Robert Yarrington, or Yarington (fl. early 17th century).

"Two lamentable Tragedies, the one, of the Murther of Master Beech, a Chaundler, in Thames Streete, and his boye, done by Thomas Merry: the other of a young Child, murthered in a Wood by two Ruffins, with the consent of their Uncklea." 1601

Henry Chettle (d. 1607?).
Anthony Munday (1553–1633).

"The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntingdon, Afterward called Robin Hood of Merrie Sherwodde with his love to Chaste Matilda, the Lord Fitzwater's daughter, afterwardes his faire Maide Marian Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of Notingham, Lord high Admirall of England, his servants." 1601.

This play was written by Munday, and Chettle was paid for "mending" it The second part, the *Death* of Robert, Earle of Huntingdon, by the two authors, was published the same year. Both parts were originally ascribed to T Heywood.

Henry Chettle.

"The Tragedy of Hoffmann; or, A Revenge for a Father Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane, with great applause" 1631 Published anonymously. The name of this play occurs in Henslowe under date of December 1602

"*Foot of man;*" 4to reading "*foot of war*" should have been put in the text.

Author Uncertain.

"Lust's Dominion, or, The Lascivious Queen" 1657 Wrongly ascribed to Marlowe on the title page of this quarto. It has been identified, but not without query, with "The Spaniah Moor's tragedy," written 1600, by Dekker, Haughton, and Day.

Author Unknown.

"The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll; as it hath been sundry times acted by the children of St. Paul's." 1600.

"*The firmamental part*," "*Rasy lips*;" 4to reading "*ground*," "*ruby*," should have been put in the text.

Author Uncertain.

"Jack Drum's Entertainments, or, the Comedie of Pasquil and Katherine. As it hath been sundry times played by the Children of St Paul's." 1601 Marston had a considerable share in the composition of this play.

Author Uncertain.

"Sir Gyles Goosecappe 1606 Presented by the children of the Chapel in 1601"

Either Chapman, or an imitator of his style, helped in the composition of this play

Thomas Tomkis, or Tomkys (fl. 1614).

"Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority" 1607 Formerly attributed, as by Lamb, to Anthony Brewer

Author Uncertain.

"The Merry Divel of Edmonton." 1608 Mention of it as a popular piece in 1604. It has been assigned to several dramatists, but the authorship remains undecided.

"*In wanton springs*;" "*and wanton springs*," 4to; "*Where'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial*," Lamb.

Lodowick Barry, or Barrey (fl. early 17th century).

"Ram Alley, or, Merry Tricks" 1611 Acted before 1611 by the children of the King's Revels

Samuel Daniel (1562–1619).

"Tethy's Festival, or, The Queene's Wake Celebrated at Whitehall the fifth day of June 1610"

This play was given as an entertainment in celebration of Prince Henry's creation as Knight of the Bath

"Hymen's Triumph 1615 Presented at the Queen's Court in the Strand, at her Majestie's magnificent entertainment of the

King's Most Excellent Majestie, being at the Nuptials of the Lord Roxborough."

Sir Robert Ker, Lord Roxburgh, married Jane, third daughter of Patrick, Lord Drummond, Feb. 3, 1613–14.

Benjamin Jonson (1573?–1637).

"The Case is Altered." 1598–9. 4to 1609.

"Poëtaster, or The Arraignment." 1601 4to 1602.

"Sejanus, his Fall." Performed 1603 4to 1605. An original version, in which, as Jonson tells us, "a second pen" had a share, is lost

"Volpone, or the Foxe" 1605. 4to 1607

"The Alchemist" 1610. 4to 1612

"Catiline, his Conspiracy" 4to 1611.

"The New Inn, or the Light Heart" 1629. 8vo 1631

"The Sad Shepherd, or a Tale of Robin Hood" Fol. 1641 The prologue indicates an earlier date

George Chapman (1559?–1634).

"All Fools" 1605 Probably identical with the play entitled "The World runs on Wheels, or, All Fools but the Fool," for which he received payment in 1599

"The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France" 1608

Objection had been taken by the French Ambassador to certain passages in these plays when given in 1605, and apparently they are expunged from the printed copy

"*When guilty, made Nobleſſe*," etc., 4to Lamb gives "*When guilty mad Nobleſſe fed*," etc.

"The Gentleman Usher" 1606

"Bussy d'Ambois a Tragedie" First Edition, 1607. The text of a fourth Edition in 1641 was corrected by the Author before his death

"Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois" 1613

"Cæsar and Pompey, a Roman Tragedy declaring their Warres Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition, Only a just man is a freeman." 1631; written some years previously.

George Chapman and James Shirley (1596–1666).

"The Tragedie of Chabot, Admirall of France." 1639 Licensed 1635.

John Marston (1575?–1634).

"History of Antonio and Mellida." 1602. "*Speak like yourself*," 4to. "*Spake like yourself*," Bullen. "*O Chaune thy breast*," 4to. "*Open thy breast*," so given by Lamb.

"Antonio's Revenge." 1602. Second part of A. and M. "*poze of style and sense*," 4to has "*paze*" "*Clears his heart*," 4to. "*Cleaves his heart*," Bullen.

Both the above plays were entered at Stationers' Registers in 1601, and were acted by the Children of Paul's.

"Malcontent" 1604. Republished the same year with additions by Webster.

"*Pierce your eyes*," 4to. "*Pain your eyes*," Bullen.

"Parasitaster, or the Fawne" 1606

"Wonder of Women, or the Tragedie of Sophonisba." 1606

"What you will." 1607

"*Hat philosophers*," "*he philosophers*," 4to

"The Insatiate Countess" 1613. This play was not included in the 1633 Edition of Marston's plays, and the name of the actor, Barksteed or Barksted (fl 1611), is given as the author in a copy dated 1631 Two lines in Barksteed's poem of "Myrrha" are found also in this play (see Bullen, Marston, p xlix.).

"*Suppose he sung*," 4to "*Suppose her sung*," Bullen.

Thomas Decker, or Dekker (1570?–1641?).

"The Pleasant Comedie of Old Fortunatus" 1600. Acted before the Queen at Christmas by the Earl of Nottingham's servants

"Satiro-mastix, or the untrussing of the Humourous Poet" 1602 A satire retaliating on Ben Jonson for the latter's "Poetaster"

"The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife" 1604.

Second part, "with the Humors of the Patient Man and the Impatient Wife" 1630

Only Dekker's name occurs on the title pages of the earliest extant quartos of these two plays, but Henslowe in his Diary, 1604, associates Middleton's name in the composition, stating that he and Dekker received payment for their play called the "Pasyent Man and the onest hore." The latest editors consider that Middleton's share in the text was inconsiderable.

Thomas Decker and John Webster.

"Westward Hoe." 1607. Written in conjunction with Webster in or before 1605. Acted by the Children of Paules.

Thomas Heywood (d. 1650?).

'A Woman kilde with kindnesse." 1607. Acted in 1603.

"The fayre Mayde of the Exchange, with the pleasaunt humours of the Cripple of Fanchurch." Very delectable, and full of mirth. 1607.

"The Golden Age: or The Lives of Jupiter and Saturne, with the {deifying / defining} of the Heathen Gods." 1611.

"The Silver Age, including The love of Jupiter to Alcmena; The birth of Hercules, and The Rape of Proserpine, concluding with the Arraignement of the Moone" 1613 Acted 1812 before the Court at Greenwich.

"The Brazen Age The First Act containing, The death of the Centaure Nessus; The Second, The Tragedy of Meleager; The Third, The Tragedy of Jason and Medea; The Fourth, Vulcans Net; The Fifth, The Labours and death of Hercules." 1613.

"The English Traveller." 1633 Acted at the Fortune and the Cock-pit.

"A Challenge for Beauty" 1636 Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe

"*With that to grve 't another.*" "*With that to get another,*" 4to.

"The Royal King and the Loyal Subject As it hath beene acted with great applause by the Queene's Majesties Servants." 1637. Written at a much earlier date.

Thomas Heywood and Richard Brome (d. 1652?).

"The Late Lancashire Witches." 1634. Acted at the Globe on the Bank side.

Thomas Heywood and William Rowley (1585?–1642?).

"Fortune by Land and Sea. As it was acted with great applause by the Queen's Servants" 1634. Probably written at a much earlier date

"*Colour pale,*" 4to reading "*colour fail*" should have been put in the text

Thomas Middleton (1570?–1627).

"Blurt, Master-Constable, or the Spaniard's Night-walke. As it hath bin sundry times privately acted by the Children of Paules." 1602.

"No Wit, No Help like a Woman's" 1657. Thought by Mr Bullen to be one of the earlier plays, and to bear indications of having been written in 1613