MAID
IN THE
MILL.
A
COMEDY.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DON Philippo, King of Spain.
Otrante, a Spanish Count, in love with Florimel.
Julio, a Nobleman, Uncle to Antonio.
Bellides, Father to Ismenia, Enemy to Julio.
Lifauro, Brother to Ismenia, Bellides' Son.
Terzo, Kinsman to Lifauro, and Friend to Bellides.
Antonio, in love with Ismenia, an Enemy to Bellides.
Martino, Friend to Antonio, and his secret Rival.
Gerafto, Friend to Otrante.
Pedro,
Moncado,
Goffanzo,
Giraldo,
Philippo,
Vertigo, a French Taylor.
Lords attending the King in Progress.
Franio, a Miller, supposed Father to Florimel.
Buftopha, Franio his Son, a Clown.
Pedro, a Songster.
Constable.
Officers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Ismenia, Daughter to Bellides, Mistress of Antonio.
Aminta, Cousin to Ismenia, and her private Competetrix in Antonio's Love.
Florimel, supposed Daughter to Franio, Daughter to Julio, stolen from him a Child.
Gillian, Franio the Miller's Wife.
Country Maids.

SCENE SPAIN.

THE
THE

MAID in the MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[Enter Lisauro, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

LIS AURO.

Let the Coach go round, we'll walk along these Meadows, [Sister,
And meet at Port again: Come, my fair These cool Shades will delight ye.

Amin. Pray be merry,
The Birds sing as they meant to entertain ye,
Ev'ry thing smiles abroad; methinks the River,
As he steals by, curles up his Head, to view ye:
Ev'ry thing is in Love.

Ism. You'd have it so.
You that are fair, are easie of belief, Cousin,
The theam slides from your Tongue.

Amin. I fair? I thank ye,
Mine's but a Shadow when your Sun shines by me.

Ism. No more of this; you know your worth, Aminta.

Where are we now?

Amin. Hard by the Town, Ismenia.

Ter. Close by the' Gates.

Ism. 'Tis a fine Air.

Lis. A delicate;
The way so sweet and even, that the Coach

Would
The Maid in the Mill.

Would be a tumbling trouble to our Pleasures:
Methinks I'm very merry.

If$m.$ I am sad.

Amin. You're ever so when we entreat ye, Cousin.

If$m.$ (1) I have no reason: such a trembling here

Over my Heart methinks——

Amin. Sure you are fasting,

Or. not slept well to Night; some Dream, If$menia$?

If$m.$ My Dreams are like my Thoughts, honest and
innocent,
Yours are unhappy; who are these that coax us?
You told me th' Walk was private.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ter. 'Tis most commonly.

If$m.$ Two proper Men: It seems they have some busi-

With me none sure; I do not like their Faces;
They are not of our Company.

Ter. No, Cousin.

Lisauro, we are dog'd.

Lif. I find it, Cousin.

Ant. What handsome Lady?

Mar. Yes, she's very handsome;
They're handsome both.

Ant. Martino, stay, we're cozen'd.

Mar. I will go up; a Woman is no Wild-fire.

Ant. Now by my Life she's sweet: Stay good Martino.
They're of our Enemies, the House of Bellides;
Our mortal Enemies.

Mar. Let 'em be Devils,

They 'pear so handsomely, I will go forward;
If these be Enemies, I'll ne'er seek Friends more.

Ant. Prithee forbear, the Gentlewomen——

Mar. That's it, Man,

(1) I have no reason: such a trembling here] The Gentleman,
to whom my Readers are indebted for some Remarks upon The
Knight of the Burning Pencil, points thus, —

I have (no reason) such a trembling here,
Which I think clears and heightens the place, tho' I have not
ventur'd to disturb the old pointing, which is certainly sense.

That
That moves me like a Gin.

'Pray ye stand off, Ladies——

Lit. They're both our Enemies, both hate us equally;

By this fair Day our mortal Foes.

Ter. I know 'em,

And come here to affront: how they gape at us?

They shall have gaping work.

Ifm. Why your Swords, Gentlemen?

Ter. Pray ye stand you off, Cousin,

And good now leave your whistling, we're abus'd all;

Back, back, I say.

Lit. Go back.

Ant. We are no Dogs, Sir,

To run back on Command.

Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.

Ant. Having a civil Charge of handsome Ladies,

We are your Servants; pray ye no Quarrel, Gentlemen,

There's way enough for both.

Lit. We'll make it wider. [at ye.

Ant. If you will fight; arm'd from this Saint, have

Ifm. O me unhappy! are ye Gentlemen

Discreet, and civil, and in open View thus——

Amin. What will Men think of us; nay you may kill us.

Mercy o’me, through my Petticoat; what bloody Gentle-

men! [necent

Ifm. Make way through me, y’had best, and kill an In-

Brother, why Cousin by this Light I’ll die too.

This Gentleman is temperate, be you merciful:

Alas, the Swords!

Amin. You had best run me through,

’Twill be a valiant Thrust.

Ifm. I faint amongst ye.

Ant. Pray ye ben’t fearful: I have done, sweet Lady,

My Sword’s already aw’d, and shall obey ye:

I come not here to violate sweet Beauty,

I bow to that.

Ifm. Brother, you see this Gentleman,

This noble Gentleman.

Lit. Let him avoid then,

And leave our Walk.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. The Lady may command, Sir,
She bears an Eye more dreadful than your Weapon.
Ism. What a sweet Nature this Man has? dear Brother,
Put up your Sword.
Ter. Let them put up, and walk then. [us:
Ant. No more loud Words, there’s time enough before
For shame put up, do Honour to these Beauties.
Mar. Our way is this, we will not be deny’d it.
Ter. And ours is this, we will not be crost’d in it.
Ant. What e’er your way is, Lady, ’tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude Hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. [Exeunt.
Ism. I thank ye, Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly; a brave Enemy!
Here’s a sweet Temper now: This is a Man, Brother;
This Gentleman’s anger is so nobly seat’d,
That it becomes him, yours proclaim ye Monsters.
What if he be our House-Foe? we may brag on’t;
We’ve ne’er a Friend in all our House so honourable:
I’d rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy distances (2) and modest deference,
Than from a Race of empty Friends, loud nothings:
I’m hurt between ye.
Amin. So am I, I fear too. Dear Cousin,
Why look ye pale? Where are ye hurt?
Ism. I know not,
But here methinks.

Lis. Unlace her, gentle Cousin.
Ism. My Heart, my Heart, and yet I bless the hurter.
Amin. Is it so dangerous?
Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Amin. Here is no Blood that I find, sure ’tis inward.
Ism. Yes, yes, ’tis inward; ’twas a subtle Weapon,
The hurt not to be cur’d I fear.

Lis. The Coach thare.

(2) — and modest difference.] The Sense of this place requires evidently a Lection different from any the other Editions exhibit: I propos’d reading thus,

— and worthy deference,
i. e. respect, before Mr. Seward communicated to me the same conjectural Lection, and so have not scrupled to reject the old Text.
Amin.
The Maid in the Mill.

Amin. May be a fright.
Ifm. Aminta, 'twas a sweet one,
And yet a cruel.
Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handsome Gentleman —
Ifm. Oh no deeper:
Prithee be silent, Wenchant, it may be thy case. [Cousin;
Amin. You must be search'd; the Wound will rancle,
And of so sweet a Nature —
Ifm. Dear Aminta,
Make it not forer.
Amin. And on my Life admires ye.
Ifm. Call the Coach, Cousin.
Amin. The Coach, the Coach.
Ter. 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.
Lis. Well my brave Enemies, we shall yet meet ye,
And our old Hate shall testify —
Ter. It shall, Cousin. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonino and Martino.

Ant. Their Swords, alas, I weigh 'em not, dear Friend,
The Indiscretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The Fury of the House affrights not me,
It spends it self in Words: Oh me, Martino,
There was a two-edg'd Eye, a Lady carry'd;
A Weapon that no Valour can avoid,
Nor Art, the Hand of Spirit, put aside.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a Bullet
Wrap'd in a Cloud of Fire; (3) that Point, Martino,
Dazled my Sense, and was too subtle for me;

Shot

(3) —--- that Point, Martino,
Dazled my Sense,] I don't approve any of the Text where it
is good Sense before, otherwise a small change in the Letters would
perhaps keep closer to the Metaphor that is carry'd on thro' the
Speech. I therefore only mention it as a mere Query, whether the
Poet might not possibly have wrote
Baffled my Sense, —---
There is this Reason to render it probable; in both Folios Sense is
spelt in the latter part with a c, as Fence is. Now suppose the f
The Maid in the Mill.

Shot like a Comet in my Face, and wounded
(To my Eternal Ruin,) my Heart’s Valour.

Mar. Methinks she was no such Piece.

Ant. Blaspheme not, Sir,
She is so far beyond weak Commendation,
That Impudence will blufh to think ill of her.

Mar. I see it not, and yet I had both Eyes open,
And I could judge, I know there is no Beauty
’Till our Eyes give it ’em, and make ’em handsome;
What’s red and white, unless we do allow ’em?
A green Face else; and methinks such another——

Ant. Peace thou lewd Heretick; thou Judge of Beauties?
Thou haft an excellent Sense for a Sign-Post, Friend,
(4) Didst thou not see, (I’ll swear thou art stone blind else,
As blind as Ignorance;) when she appear’d first,
Aurora breaking in the Eaft, and through her Face,
(As if the Hours and Graces had strew’d Roses,)
A Blufh of Wonder flying? (5) when she was frighted
At our uncivil Swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the Purity of Snow
The soft Wind drives, whiteness of Innocence,
Or anything that bears celestial Paleness,
Sh’ appear’d o’th’ sudden? Didst thou not see her Tears
When she entreated? O thou Reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient Tears flow’d from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A set, Martino,

to have been accidentally changed, (and ’tis the least change a Letter can undergo) the Editors woud then naturally alter Baffled to Dazzled.

Mr. Seward.

(4) Didst thou not see—— soon blind else.] This Line labours under two Corruptions; the first is the wrong Tense of the Verb in the front of the Line, which the unknown Gentleman alters with me thus,

Didst thou not see—— The other is,

Thou art soon blind else, a Passage which Mr. Theobald and
Mr. Seward saw with me ought to be wrote,

Thou art stern blind else. And accordingly I have ventured to insert the Passage thus corrected into the present Text.

(5) —— when he was frighted] As the Discourse is solely about a Lady, the reading in the Text, which is from the Copy of 1647, and my Correspondent’s Conjecture, is undoubtedly genuine.
The Maid in the Mill.

Of such sanctified Beads, and a holy Heart to love,
I could live ever a religious Hermit.

Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was o’th’ lowest Sature.

Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep. Nature’s chief Art, Martino,
Is to reference her Models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such an one
For fear the should exceed upon her Matter,
Has she fram’d this; (6) oh ’tis a Spark of Beauty,
And where they bear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention spoils ’em:
Martino learn this, th’ narrower that our Eyes
Keep way unto our Object, still the sweeter
That comes unto’s: Great Bodies are like Countries,
Discovering still, Toil and no Pleasure finds ’em.

Mar. A rare Cosmographer for a small Island.

Now I believe she’s handsome.

Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy Belief, though long a coming, sate thee.

Mar. She was, certain, fair.

Ant. But mark ye, Friend Martino,
Do not believe your self too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.

Mar. Who bid ye teach me?

D’you show me Meat, and stitch my Lips, Antonio?
Is that fair Play?

Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me——
And yet I know thee for an arrant Wencher,
A most immoderate thing, thou canst not love long——

Mar. A little serves my turn, I fly at all Games,
But I believe——

Ant. How if we never see her more?

She is our Enemy.

(6) ——— Ob ’tis a Spark of Beauty,

And when they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great;] If this be genuine, Flame,
when apply’d to Beauty, must be a term of Contempt, whereas it is, I believe, universally apply’d to it as a term of Excellence. I verily think the Original was, not flame, and then the Reason that follows is just, because Extention spoils ’em. 

Mr. Seward.

Mar.
The Maid in the Mill.

Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive he hates our whole House.
Ant. Yet, good Martino—
Mar. Come, come, I've mercy on ye:
You shall enjoy her in your Dream, Antonio,
And I'll not hinder; though now I persuade my self—

Enter Aminta with a Letter.

Ant. Sit with Persuasion down, and you deal honestly;
I will look better on her.
Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?
Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?
Mar. Yes; a Letter—
She brings no Challenge sure; if she do, Antonio,
I hope she'll be a Second too; I'm for her.
Amin. A good Hour, Gentlemen.
Ant. You're welcome, Lady;
'Tis like our late rude Passage has pour'd on
Some Reprehension.
Amin. No, I bring no Anger,
Though some deserv'd it.
Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part, in all Humility
And with no little Shame, I ask your Pardons;
Indeed I wear no Sword to fright sweet Beauties.
Amin. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye view't, Sir,
And my Commission's done.
Mar. Have ye none for me, Lady?
Amin. Not at this time.
Mar. I am sorry for't; I can read too.
Amin. I'm glad; but Sir, to keep you in your Exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.
Mar. Thank ye,
So't be a Woman's, I can pick the Meaning,
For likely they've but one end.
Amin. You say true, Sir. [Exit.
Ant. Martino', my Wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave Return; most happy, happy;
I am a bless'd Man; where's the Gentlewoman?
Mar. Gone, the Sp'rits gone, what News?
Ant:
The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we saw; from that same Miracle,
I know her Name now; read but these three Lines;
Read, with Devotion, Friend, the Lines are holy.

Martino reads.

I dare not abide ye in my Letter, Sir,
'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair Stone Window
(6) Carved with white Cupids; there I'll entertain ye:
Night and Discretion guide ye. Call me Ismenia.

Ant. Give't me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I'm all Fire.

Mar. There may be Danger.

Ant. So there is to drink,
When Men are thirsty, to eat hastily
When we are hungry: So there is in Sleep, Friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us;
(7) We may die laughing, chock'd e'en at Devotions:
An Apoplexy, or a sudden Falsie,
May strike us down.

Mar. 'T may be a Train to catch ye.

Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love answer for't,
'Tis not my Folly, but his Infamy.
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things.—

Mar. Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy Spell,
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a Villany.
'Tis almost Night; away Friend.

Mar. I am ready,

(6) Carved with white Cupid;] The Text is from 1647, and
1679 Editions; and so reads too my unknown Friend.
(7) We may die laughing, chock'd e'en at Devotions:
An Apoplexy, &c.] Here the false Pointings have depriv'd us
of a beautiful compound Word, and apply'd chocking to Devotions,
which cannot in a serious Sense have any tendency to kill a Man
in that way. I read,

We may die laughing, chock'd, e'en at Devotions,
An Apoplexy, or a sudden Falsie
May strike us down. &c.

Mr. Seward.

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I think I know the House too.

_Ant._ Then we're happy.

_[Exeunt._

SCENE III.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

_Ism._ Did you meet him?

_Amin._ Yes.

_Ism._ And did you give my Letter?

_Amin._ To what end went I?

_Ism._ Are ye sure 'twas he?

_Was it that Gentleman?_

_Amin._ D'you think I was blind?

_I went to seek no Carrier, nor no Midwife._

_Ism._ What kind of Man was he? Thou may'st be deceiv'd, Friend.

_[Eyes too._

_Amin._ A Man with a Nose on's Face: I think he had And Hands, for sure he took it.

_Ism._ What an Answer?

_[troubled._

_Amin._ What Questions are these to one that's hot and Do you think me a Babe? Am I not able, Cousin, At my Years and Discretion, to deliver A Letter handsomely? Is that such a hard thing? Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it: A Sempster's Girl, or a Tailor's Wife won't miss it: A Puritan Hostess, Cousin, would scorn these Questions. My Legs are weary.

_Ism._ I'll make 'em well again.

_Amin._ Are they at Supper?

_Ism._ Yes, and I'm not well,

_Nor desire no Company: Look out, 'tis darkish._

_Amin._ I see nothing yet; assure your self, Ismenia,

_If he be a Man, he will not miss._

_Ism._ It may be he is modest,

_And that may pull him back from seeing me;

_Or has made some wild Construction of my Easiness:_

_I blush to think what I writ._

_Amin._ What should ye blush at?

_Blush when you act your Thoughts, not when you write 'em;_
The Maid in the Mill.

Blush soft between a Pair of Sheets, sweet Cousin.
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I can't think
He's so unnatural to leave a Woman,
(A young, a noble, and a beauteous Woman,)
Leave her in her Desires: Men of this Age
Are rather prone to come before they're sent for.
Hark, I hear something: Up to th' Chamber, Cousin,
You may spoil all else.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ifm. Let me see, they're Gentlemen;
It may be they.
Amin. They are they; get ye up,
(9) And like a Land-flar draw him.
Ifm. I'm shame-fac'd.
Ant. This is the Street.
Mar. I'm looking for the House:
Close, close, pray ye close—— here.
Ant. No, this is a Merchant's;
I know the Man well.—
Mar. And this a Potheckary's: I've lain here many times,
For a looseness in my Hils.
Ant. Have ye not past it?
Mar. No sure:
There is no House of mark that we have scaped yet.
Ant. What place is this?
Mar. Speak softer, 'tis may be Spies;
If any, this, a goodly Window too,
(10) Carv'd fair above, that I perceive; 'tis dark,
But she has such a Luftre.

(9) And like a Land-flar——] Mr. Theobald here reads
Load-flar, and so does Mr. Seward; the former upon what Authority I know not, but the latter upon that of Sir John Davies in his Poem upon the Soul,
Load-flone to Hearts, and Load-flar to all Eyes.
(10) Carv'd fair above,] I read by a slight Alteration fair, so just before,
—— a fair flone Window
Carv'd with white Cupids.
And so reads likewise my anonymous Correspondent.

O 2

Enter
The Maid in the Mill.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above with a Taper.

Ant. Yes Martino,
So radiant she appears —
Mar. Else we may mis, Sir: [clear:
The Night grows vengeance black, pray Heav'n she shine
Hark, hark, a Window, and a Candle too.
Ant. Step close, 'tis she; I see the Cloud disperse,
And now the beauteous Planet.
Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the soul of Love a Divine Creature.
Ism. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Most blessed Lady.
Ism. Pray ye stand out.
Amin. You need not fear, there's no Body now stirring.
Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite strangely taken.
Amin. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble Body:
I love him heartily.
Ism. 'Tis the right Gentleman;
But what to say to him. Sir —— [Aside.
Amin. Speak.
Ant. I wait still,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this Houfe, fo it pлеае you.
Ism. Speak softly,
And 'pray ye speak truly too.
Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.
Ism. And do not think me impudent to ask ye;
I know ye are an Enemy; speak low,
But I would make y' a Friend.
Ant. I'm Friend to Beauty;
There is no Handomness, I dare be Foe to.
Ism. Are ye married?
Ant. No.
Ism. Are ye betrothed?
Ant. No, neither.
Ism. Indeed, fair Sir?
Ant. Indeed, fair Sweet, I am not.

Most
The Maid in the Mill.

Most beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.

Ifm. That may be, Sir, then ye are miserable,
For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the Bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your self for Pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than Liberty:
There is no blessedness but in such Bondage.
Give me that freedom, Madam, I beseech ye,
(Since you have question'd me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you're bound to; he must be certain
More than Human, that bounds in such a Beauty:
Happy that happy Chain, such Links are Heav'nly.

Ifm. Pray ye don't mock me, Sir.

Ant. Pray ye, Lady, tell me.

Ifm. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not scorn what I speak?

Ant. I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you say, I dare swear to.

Ifm. I'll set the Candle by, for I shall blush now;
Fie, how it doubles in my Mouth? It must out.
'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Speak that word again.

I understand ye not.

Ifm. 'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Here is another Gentleman.

Ifm. 'Tis you, Sir.

Amin. He may be lov'd too.

Mar. Not by thee, first curse me.

Ifm. And if I knew your Name ———

Ant. Antonio, Madam.

Ifm. Antonio, take this Kiss, 'tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. And when I set ye free, may Heav'n forfake me,

Ismenia.

Ifm. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You've learn'd my Name.

Ant. Hear but some Vows I'll make to ye:
Hear but the Proteftations of a true Love.

Ifm. No, no, not now: Vows should be cheerful things;
Done in the cleareft Light, and nobleft Testimony:

O 3

No
No Vow, dear Sir; tie not my fair Belief
To such strict Terms: those Men have broken Credits,
Loose and dismembred Faiths, my dear Antonio,
That splinter 'em with Vows: Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please.

Ant. I'd rather hear ye,
For so sweet Musick never struck mine Ears yet:
Will you believe now?

Ism. Yes.

Ant. I am yours.

Ism. Speak louder,
If ye answer th' Priest so low, you'll lose your Wedding.

Mar. Would I might speak, I'd hollow.

Ant. Take my Heart,
And if he be not firm and honest to you,
Heav'n ———

Ism. Peace, no more: I'll keep your Heart and credit it.
Keep you your word; when will you come again, Friend?
For this time we have woo'd indifferently.
I would fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why any Night; only, dear noble Mistress,
Pardon three Days, my Uncle Julio
Has bound me to attend him upon Promise,
Upon expectation too; we have rate Sports there,
Rare Country Sports, I would you could but see 'em.
Dare ye so honour me?

Ism. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I must not, Friend;
Where I may come with honourable Freedom ———
Alas, I'm ill too, we in Love ———

Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I'm sickly,
And am in Love, but you must be Physician.

Ant. I'll make a Plaister of my best Affection.

Ism. Be gone, we've supp'd, I hear the People stir,
Take my best Wishes, give me no cause, Antonio,
To curfe this happy Night.

Ant. I'll lose my Life first:
A thousand Kisses.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ifm. Take ten thousand back again.
Mar. I'm dumb with Admiration; shall we go, Sir? [Exeunt.

Ifm. Dost thou know his Uncle?
Amin. No, but I can ask, Cousin.
Ifm. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to Bed both,
And give me handsome Dreams, Love, I beseech thee.
Amin. 'Has giv'n y' a handsome Subject.
Ifm. Pluck to th' Windows. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Buftopha.

Buft. THE thund'ring Seas, whose wat'ry Fire washes
the (11) Whiting-Mops.
The gentle Whale whose Feet so fell flies o'er the Mountains tops.
Fra. [within.] Boy.
Buft. The thund'ring
Fra. Why, Boy, Buftopha.
Buft. Here I am; The gentle Whale

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Sister?
Buft. The gentle Whale flies o'er the Mountains tops—
Fra. Where's your Sister, Man?
Buft. Washes the Whiting-Mops —
Fra. Thou ly'ft, she has (12) none to wash. Mops? The Boy is half way out of his Wits, fire:

(11) — Whiting-Mops.] A sort of Fifh so called; our Au-
thors have the same Term in the Martial Maid, Act 2. Scene 2.
— they will tread you their Measures like
Whiting-Mops, &c.
So in the Guardian of Philip Masoner, Camillo says,
If it were a Fifh-day,
I have a Stomach and 'wou'd content my self
With this pretty Whiting-Mop. Meaning Mirtilia.

(12) — none to wash Mops!] My nameleis Friend wou'd have
Mops left out in the Text, but I think without reason: By the pre-
sent pointing Mops heightens the Snee, and makes the repetition in
this place necessarly.

O 4 Sirrah,
The Maid in the Mill.

Sirrah, who am I?

Butt. The thund'ring Seas —

Fra. Mad, stark mad.

Butt. Will you not give a Man leave to Con?

Fra. Yes, and 'fes too, ere I have done with you,

Sirrah. Am I your Father?

Butt. The Question is too hard for a Child, ask me any thing that I have learnt, and I'll answer you.

Fra. Is that a hard Question? Sirrah, am not I your Father?

Butt. If I had my Mother's wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a Thief?

Butt. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Butt. Let it go by Eldership. The gentle Whale —

Fra. Sirrah, lay by thy foolish Study there,

And beat your Brains about your own Affairs; or —

Butt. I thank you; you'd have me go under the Sails,

and beat my Brains about your Mill? a natural Father you are.

Fra. I charge you go not to the Sports to Day;

Last Night I gave you leave, now I recant.

Butt. Is the Wind turn'd since last Night?

Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill;

There's my Command upon you.

Butt. I may go round about then as your Mill does:

I will see your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in Steaks, ere I deceive the Country so; have I not my part to study? How shall the Sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their Fool indeed, if thou be't not there.

Butt. Consider that, and go your self.

Fra. I have fears, Sirrah, that I cannot utter.

You go not, nor your Sister; there's my Charge.

Butt. The price of your golden Thumb can't hold me,

[ Hounds in full Cry. ] (13) Fra. Ay, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd,

(13) Fra. I, this was sport, &c.] Without the Stage Direction which Mr. Seward and I have affix'd here, this abrupt Speech would not be understand'd by any Reader.
The Maid in the Mill.

I could have kept Company with the Hounds —
But. You are fit for no other Company yet.
Fra. Run with the Hare, and been in the Whore's tail i' faith:
But. That was before I was born, I did ever mistrust I was a Baftard, because Lapis is in the singular number with me.

Enter Otrante and Geraito.

Otr. Leave thou that Game, Geraito, and chase here; Do thou but follow it with my desires, Thou'lt not return home empty.
Ger. I'm prepar'd, My Lord, with all Advantages; and see Yonder's the Subject I must work upon.
Otr. Her Brother 'tis: Methinks it should be easie:
(14) That gros Compound cannot but diffuse The Soul, in such a Latitude of easie,
As to make dull her Faculties, and lazie:
What Wit above the leaf, can be in him,
That Reason ties together?
Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way To make him follow me a Hackney-pace,
With all that Flesh about him; yes, and dragg His Sister after him: This baits the old one,

[Cry of Hounds.

Rid you but him, and leave me to the other. [Exit.

Otr. 'Tis well: Oh Franio, the good Day to you; You were not wont, to hear this Mufick, standing; The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the first rank of Huntsmen.
(15) But. The Dogs cry out for him now.

(14) That gros Compound] The Sense and Measure both seem here to be incomplete: The deficiency I would remedy thus,
For this gros. &c. Mr. Seward to,
Sure this gros. The Reader may take his Choice of either.
(15) But. The Dogs cry out of him now.] I read for: Without this trifling Change, I see no Humour in Butupha's Answer. The very Dogs cry out against him, does not suit the rest of his Drolle-
ties; but the Dogs cry out for him as Carrion proper for 'em, is quite in his Stile.
Mr. Seward.

Fra.
Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you else.

Buf. Cur? Cur?

Fra. Slave, do't call me Dog?

Otr. Oh fie, Sir, he speaks Latin to you, he would know why you'll bite him. [Lord.

Buf. Responde, cur? You see his Understanding, my

Fra. I shall have a time to curry you for this;

But, my Lord, to answer you, the Days have been
I must have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the Stones grind empty: But those Dancings
Are done with me; I have good will to't still,
And that's the best I can do.

Otr. Come, come, you shall be hors'd,
Your Company deserves him; though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Buf. He'll do't o' th' purpose, my Lord, to bring him up to the Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my Lord.

Otr. There is a foot 't'h Stirrop; I'll not leave you
Now: You shall see the Game fall once again.

Fra. Well, my Lord, I'll make ready my Legs for you, and try 'em once a Horseback. (16) Sirrah, my Charge, keep it.

[Exit.

Buf. Yes, when you pare down your dish for Consci-ence sake, when your Thumb's coin'd into bone & le-galis, when you are a true Man, Miller.

Otr. What's the matter, Buftopha?

Buf. My Lord, if you have e'er a drunken Jade that has the Staggers, that will fall twice the height of our Mill with him, set him o' th' back on him; a galled Jennet that will winch him out o' the Saddle, and break one on's Necks, or a shank of him; (there was a Fool going that way, but the Ais had better luck;) or one of your brave Barbaries, that would pass the Straits, and

(16) —— Sirrab, my Charge, keep it.] My unknown Friend fills up the Ellipsis here thus, Sirrab, remember my Charge and keep it, tho' I believe it not necessary. The old Miller is in an hurry to get ready for the Chace, and he may easil be suppos'd to be concise upon that account.

run
The Maid in the Mill.

run into his own Country with him; the first Moor he
met, would cut his Throat for Complexions sake; there's
as deadly feud between a Moor and a Miller, as be-
tween Black and White.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural, Busstopha,
Unless on some strong cause.

Buft. Be Judge, my Lord, I am studied in my Part;
the Julian Feast is to Day, the Country expect me, I
speak all the dumb shews; my Sitter's chosen for a
Nymph. The gentle Whale whose feet so fell. Cry
mercy, that was some of my part; but his Charge is, to
keep the Mill, and disappoint the Revels.

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee, the
Country expecting.

Buft. Ay, and for mine own Grace too.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main Speaker
too.

Buft. The main? Why all my Speech lies in the Main,
and the dry Ground together:
The thundering Seas whose—

Otr. Nay, then we must go, thou'lt be much con-
But then o'th' other side, Obedience.

Buft. Obedience? But speak your Conscience now,
my Lord, am not I past asking Blessing at these Years?
Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your Fa-
ther.

Otr. I must yield to you, Busstopha; your Reasons are
so strong, I cannot contradict: This I think, if you go,
your Sitter ought to go along with you.

Buft. There I stumble now: She is not at Age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.

Buft. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's Woman's ripe Age; as full as thou art at
one and twenty: She's manable, is she not?

Buft. I think not; poor Heart, she was never try'd,
in my Conscience. 'Tis a coy thing; she will not kis
you a Clown, not if he would kis her—

Otr. What, Man?

Buft. Not if he would kis her, I say.
The Maid in the Mill.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleaner than I expected; well, Sir, I'll leave you to your own; (17) but my Opinion is, you may take her along: This is half way: The rest, Gerasto, and I hunt my Prey.—— [Exit.

Buft. Away with the old Miller, my Lord, and the Mill strikes fail presently.

Enter Pedro, with Gerasto blind, singing.

SONG.

Ger. Come follow me, you Country Lasses,
And you shall see such Sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing;
Pedro, he shall rub the String;
Each shall have a loose-bodied Gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lye down,
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Buft. O sweet Diego, the sweetest Diego; stay, Sister Florimel.

Flo. What's that, Brother?

Buft. Didst not hear Diego? Hear him, and thou'lt be ravish'd.

Flo. I have heard him sing, yet am unravish'd, Brother.

Buft. You had the better Luck, Sister. I was ravish'd by my own Content; come away, for the Sports.

Flo. I have the Fear of a Father on me, Brother.

Buft. Out; the Thief is as safe as in his Mill; he's hunting with our great Landlord, the Don Otrante. Strike up, Diego.

Flo. But say he return before us, where's our Excuse?

Buft. Strike up, Diego. Haft no Strings to thy Apron?

Flo. Well, the Fault lye upon your Head, Brother.

Buft. My Faults never mount so high, Girl; they rise but to my Middle at most. Strike up, Diego.

(17) But my Opinion is,) So the Folios. The Octavo, But Opinion is.

Ger.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ger. Follow me by the Ear, I'll lead thee on, Busstopha, and pretty Florimel thy Sister; oh that I could see her.
Buft. Oh Diego, there's two Pities upon thee; great Pity thou art blind; and as great a Pity, thou canst not see.

SONG.

Ger. You shall have Crowns of Roses, Daifes,
Buds, where the (18) Hony-maker grazes;
You shall taste the golden Thigbes,
Such as in Wax-Chambres eies.
What Fruits please you, taste, freely pull,
'Till you have all your Bellies full.

Come follow me, &c.

Buft. Oh, Diego, the Don was not so sweet when he perfum'd the Steeple. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Mar. Why, how now, Friend, thou art not lost again?
Ant. Not lost? Why, all the World's a Wilderness;
Some Places peopled more by braver Beasts
Than others are: but Faces, Faces, Man,
May a Man be caught with Faces?
Mar. Without Wonder,
'Tis Odds against him: May not a good Face
Lead a Man about by the Nose? alas,
The Nose is but a part against the whole.
Ant. But is it possible that two Faces
Should be so twinn'd in Form, Complexion,
Figure, Aspect? that neither Wen, nor Mole,
The Table of the Brow, the Eyes Luftre,
The Lips cherry: neither the Blush nor Smile

(18) Hony-maker grazes.] The Nonsense of this Passage
Mr. Theobald, as well as myself, saw might easily be remedied by
the Insertion of a single Letter, thus,

Hony-maker grazes.

Should
The Maid in the Mill.

Should give the one Distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in Molds?

Mar. Ay, altogether.
We're all one Mold, one Dust.

Ant. Thy Reason's mouldy.

I from the Form speak, thou the Matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's Glories,
Nay, her great Piece of wonder, that amongst
So many Million Millions of her Works
She left the Eye Distinction, to cull out
Th' one from th' other; yet all one Name, the Face?

Mar. You must compare 'em by some other part of
the Body, if the Face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her Name?

Mar. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, besides a Spoon,
And what Apostles Picture; She is christen'd too,
In Token whereof she's called Isabella,
The Daughter of a Country plow-Swain by:
If this be not true, she lyes.

Ant. She cannot:

It would be seen a Blister on her Lip,
Should Falshood touch it, it is so tender:

Had her Name held, 't had been Jsmenia,
And not another of her Name.

Mar. Shall I speak? [like?]

Ant. Yes, if thou wilt speak truth: Is she not wondrous

Mar. As two Garments of the same Fashion,
Cut from the same Piece; yet if any excel,

(19) This has the first; and in my Judgment 'tis so.

(19) *This has the first;* This is a kind of Latinism which is no
where else made uie of, as I remember, thro' the rest of our Au-
thors Plays; but we have one of the same Family introduced into
our Language by two fine Writers, Contemporaries with our Au-
thors, Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Spencer. The one in *Tasso*, Book 2.
St. 24.

The Wretch of new enraged at the same.
The other in *Fairy Queen*, Book 6. C. 11. St. 43.
The wibiles fair Pastorell —

Was almost dead, misdoubting left of new
Some Uprore were like that, which lately she did view.
Ant. 'Tis my Opinion.
Mar. Were it the Face
Where on mine Eyes should dwell, I would please both
With this; as soon as one with the other.
Ant. And yet the other is the Case of this.
Mr. Mr. Seward.
Had I not look'd upon Ismenia,
I ne'er had said beyond good Morrow's time
In view of this.
'Twere a free Passage to Ismenia:
I must now blow, as to put out the Fire,
Yet kindle't more. You not consider, Sir,
The great Disparity in their Bloods,
Estates and Fortunes: There is the rich Beauty,
Which this poor Homeliness is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The least of all.
Equality is no Rule in Love's Grammar:
That sole Unhappiness is left to Princes
To marry Blood: We are free Disposers,
And have the Pow'r to equalize their Bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due Debt from us.
Mar. Ay, Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with your self at your Pleasure;
But as it is ——
Ant. As it is; it is nothing:
(21) Their Pow'rs will come too late, to give me back
The Yesterdays I lost.

(20) And yet the other is the Case of this.] If this has any Sense
at all, it is a repetition of what had been so often said, That Ismene
was the very Picture and Image of Isabella. But who, to ex-
press this would say, that one was the Case of the other? I be-
lieve, the loss of a Letter has depriv'd us of a more proper Sent-
iment, as well as Expression. Antonio is afraid of being guilty of
Inconstancy, in being so enamour'd with Isabella, and says there-
fore that Ismenia herself was the Cause of it, for
Had I not look'd, &c.

(12) Their Pow'rs will come too late, to give me back
The Yesterdays I lost.] Tho' this is a true Sentiment, I can-
not see its Connection with the Context. My Father and Uncle
The Maid in the Mill.

Mar. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your Opposition from the other part
Is of more Force; there you run the hazard
Of every Hour a Life, had you Supply;
You meet your dearest Enemy in Love
With all his Hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your Jñmenia to come home to you,
Than you to go to Country Isabel.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush, 'tis not Fear removes me,
Mar. No more; your Uncle.
Jul. Oh, the good Hour upon you, Gentlemen:
Welcome my Nephew; speak it to your Friend, Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his Acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, good Uncle,
To do't before; and I think he believes it.
Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.
Jul. Here are Sports, Dons,
That you must look on with a loving Eye,
And without Censure, unless it be giving
My Country Neighbours Loves their yearly Off'ring,
That must not be refused; though't be more Pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor,
It will abide no more Teft than the Tinfoil
We clad our Masks in for an Hour's wearing,
Or the Liv'ry Lace sometimes on the Cloaks of
A great Don's Followers: I speak no further
Than our own Country, Sir.

Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.
Jul. You'll find the Guest you look for: I heard, Cousin,
You were at Toledo th' other Day.
Ant. Not late, Sir.
Jul. Oh fie! Must I be plainer? You chang'd the Point

cannot hinder me from being in Love, because they can't recall the
Hours that I have loft. I believe we shou'd read,
—what Yesterday I loft.
Meaning, his Heart and Affections.
Mr. Seward.
The Maid in the Mill.

With Terzo and Lisaur, two o’th’ Stock
Of our Antagonists, the Bellides.

Ant. A meer Proffer, Sir; the Prevention was quick
with us: We had done somewhat else; this Gentleman
was engaged in’t.

Jul. I am the Enemy to his Foe for’t: That wild-fire
will crave more than fair Water to quench it I suspect:
Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle Reconcilement,
But I do fear I shall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the Sports are coming on us;
nay, I have more Guests to grace it: Welcome Don
Goflanzo, Giraldo, Philippo; Seat, feast all. [Musick.

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a Fire; (22) therefore you may lament him.

Mar. Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench
him?

Jul. He’s not without those Members, fear him not.

Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my Eyes are out. [before.

Mar. I never heard Love give Reafon for what he did

Enter Buftopha, for Paris.

Cup. Let such as can see see, such as cannot: Behold
Our Goddesses all three strive for the Ball of Gold:
And hence fair Paris comes, the hopeful Youth of Troy,
Queen Hecuba’s darling Son, King Priam’s only Joy.

(22) — Therefore you may lament him.] The Rhyme by this
reading is prefer’d ’tis true, but I am afraid the Sense is lost;
for where is the Congruity between Love’s being a fire, and our la-
menting of him? Besides, the next Line contradicts this, which
runs so,

Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench him?
I imagine therefore that we shou’d read as the Line quoted gives us
Licence,

— Therefore you may quench him.

V O L. VII. P Mar.
The Maid in the Mill.

Mar. Is this Paris? I should have taken him for Hector rather.

Bus. Paris at this time: Pray you hold your prating.

Ant. Paris can be angry.

Jul. Oh at this time

You must pardon him; he comes as a Judge.

Mar. — Mercy on all that look upon him, say I.

Bus. The thundering Seas whose wat’ry Fire washes the Whiting-Mops.

The gentle Whale, whose feet so fell, flies o’er the Mountain:
No Roars so fierce, no Throats so deep, no Howls can bring such Fears,

As Paris can, if Garden from, be call bis Dogs and Bears.

Mar. Ay, those they were that I fear’d all this while.

Bus. These Jack-an-apes.

Mar. I thank you, good Paris. [o’th’ way then:

Bus. You may hold your Peace, and stand further out

The Lines will fall where they light, [Mirth,

These Jack-an-apes, be bath to Sports, and Faces make like Whist bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts, do toss from

Ground to Earth:

(23) Blind Bear there is, as Cupid blind ——

Ant. That Bear thou’d be whipp’d for losing of his Eyes.

Bus. Be-whipped Men may see, [be.

But we present no such Content, but Nymphs such as they

Ant. These are long Lines.

Mar. Can you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in ’em.

Enter Shepherds singing, with Ilmenia, Aminta, Florimel.

(as Juno, Pallas, Venus) and three Nymphs attending.

Bus. Go Cupid blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must not speak here.

Let Shepherds sing with dancing Feet, and Cords of Muffick break here.

(23) Blind Bear there is, &c.] Mr. Seward is of Opinion that a Line here is got out of its place, and that Antonio drolls upon whipping the Bear before the whipping was spoke of, and proposes reading thus.

Bus. Blind Bear there is, as Cupid blind be-whipped Man may see.

Ant. That Bear thou’d be whipp’d for losing of his Eyes.

Bus. But we present, &c.

SONG.
SONG

Now Ladies fight, with Heels so light,
By Lot your Luck must fall,
Where Paris please, to do you Ease,
And give the golden Ball.  [Dance.

Mar. If you plaid Paris now, Antonio, where would you bestow it?

Ant. I prithee, Friend, take the full Freedom of Thought, but no Words.

Mar. I protest there's a third, which by her Habit should perfonate Venus, and by Consequence of the Story, receive the Honour's Prize: And were I Paris, there it should be. Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine Eye's so fix'd, I cannot move it.  

Cup. The Dance is ended, now to Judgment, Paris.  

Butl. Here Juno, here — but stay, I do espy  
A pretty Gleek coming from Pallas' Eye:
Here Pallas, here — yet stay again; methinks
I see the Eye of lovely Venus winks:
Oh close them both; shut in those golden Ey'n,
And I will kiss those sweet blind Cheeks of thine.

Juno is angry; yes and Pallas frowns;  
Would Paris now were gone from Ida's Downs.
They both are fair, but Venus has the Mole,  
The fairest Hair, and sweetest dimple Hole:
To her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one Man please three Ladies altogether?
No; take it Venus, toss it at thy Pleasure,
 Thou art the Lover's Friend beyond his Measure.

Jul. Paris has done what Man can do, pleas'd one,  
Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another Person.

Enter Geraosto, as Mars.

Ger. Come lovely Venus, leave this lower Orb,  
And mount with Mars, up to his glorious Sphere.  
Butl. How now, what's he?
Flo. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ger. Thy silver Yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt fly thorough Apollo's Beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,
And bold with Mars a sweet Conjunction.

[Exit.

Bus. Ha! What Fellow's this? he's carry'd away
my Sister Venus: He never rehearsed his Part with me
before.

Jul. What follows now, Prince Paris?

Flo. [Within.] Help, help, help.

Bus. Hue and Cry, I think, Sir, this is Venus's Voice,
mine own Sister Florimel's.

Mar. What, is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Bus. No, no, altogether Comical; Mars and Venus
are in the old Conjunction, it seems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for Venus
Never cries out when she conjoins with Mars.

Bus. That's true indeed; they are out of their Parts
sure, it may be 'tis the Book-holder's Fault, I'll go see—

[Exit.

Jul. How like you our Country Revels, Gentlemen?

All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

Ant. Methinks now Juno and Minerva should take
Revenge on Paris, it cannot end without it.

Mar. I did expect,
Instead of Mars, th' Storm-Goaler Æolus;
And Juno proferring her Deiopeia
As satisfaction to the blustering God,
To send his Tossers forth.

Jul. It may so follow,
Let's not prejudice the History.

Enter Buffopha.

Bus. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Jul. So here's a Passion towards.

Bus. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,
my Venus, she's stolen away.

Jul. The Story changes from our Expectation.

Bus. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me else,
God Mars is a bawdy Villain; he said he should ride upon
Doves: She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.

Mar. Sure I think he's serious.
The Maid in the Mill.

But. She's horse'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horse in the Breech of her: the poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none of you will help.

Jul. Speak, is it the Show, or dost thou bawl?

But. A pox on the Ball: My Sister bawls, and I bawl, either bridle Horse and follow, or give me a Halter to hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a Hog.

Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Country with pursuit, but I will find the Thief; my House thus abus'd? [Exit.

But. 'Tis my House that's abus'd, the Sister of my Flesh and Blood; oh! oh! [Exit.

1 Wench. 'Tis time we all shift for our selves, if this be serious.

2 Wench. Howe'er I'll be gone.

3 Wench. And I. [Exit.

Ant. You need not fright your Beauties, pretty Souls, With the least pale Complexion of a Fear. [discreet.

Mar. Juno has better Courage, and Minerva's more I'm. Alas, my Courage was so counterfeit, It might have been struck from me with a Feather.

Juno ne'er (24) had so weak a Prefenter.

Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for Minerva, That I find yet about me.

Ism. My Dwelling, Sir? [Antonio whispers Ismenia. 'Tis a poor Yeoman's Roof, scarce a League off, That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle Pardon:
I vow my erring Eyes had almost cast you For one of the most mortal Enemies
That our Family has.

Ism. I'm sorry, Sir,
I am so like your Foe: 'Twere fit I hafted From your offended Sight.

Ant. Oh, mistake not,
It was my Error, and I do confess it:
You'll not believe you're Welcome; nor can I speak it,

(24) — bad so weak a Prefenter. As the Measure here halts, the Reader may perhaps like to let this crippled Verse sound, and read with my anonymous Correspondent and myself thus,
The Maid in the Mill.

But there's my Friend can tell you, pray hear him.

Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the Employ-
Ant. A Kinswoman to that Beauty. [ment.
Amin. A Kin to her, Sir,
But nothing to her Beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it, it is not far behind her.
Amin. Her hinder Parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.
Mar. Let me but kiss you with his Ardour now,
You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh forbear:

'Tis not the Fashion with us; but would you
Persuade me that he loves me?

Mar. I'll warrant you he dies in't, and that were Wite-
eness enough on't.

Ism. Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what Reason?

Mar. Fie, will you ask me? that which you've about

Ism. I know nothing, Sir.

Mar. Let him find it then;

He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely Beauty.

Ism. So Sir; pray you
Show me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his Bosome Counsellor.)

Nay then I see your Answer is not ready;
I'll not believe you, if you study farther.

Mar. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ism. Or speak no more.

Mar. There was a Smile thrown at him, from a Lady,
Whose Deserts might buy him treble, and lately
He receive'd it, and I know where he left it—
In this Face of yours: I know his Heart's within you.

Ism. May I know her Name?

Mar. In your Ear you may,

With vow of Silence.

Amin. He'll not give over, Sir.

If he speak for you, he'll sure sped for you.

Ant. But that is not the Answer to my Question.

Amin. You are the first upon my Virgin-Conscience:
That ever spok Love to her: Oh, my Heart!
The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. How do you?
Amin. Nothing, Sir; but would I had a better Face.

How well your Pulse beats.
Ant. Healthfully, does it not?
Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.
Ifm. Alack, I hear it.

With much Pity: How great is your Fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?
Mar. You forget
The difficult Passage he has to her,

A Hell of Feud's between the Families.
Ifm. And that, has often Love, wrought by Advantage
To peaceful Reconciliation.
Mar. There impossible.
Ifm. This way 'tis worse; 't may Seed again
In her unto another Generation:
For where, poor Lady, is her Satisfaction?
Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her,
(I'll go no farther for Comparison,
As dear as he loves you.
Ifm. How if she love not?
Mar. Tush, be that my Pains: You know not what Art
I have those ways.
Ifm. Behrow you, you have practis'd upon me;
Well, speed me here, and you with your Ifmenia.
Mar. Go, the Condition's drawn, and ready dated,
There wants but your Hand to't.
Amin. Truly you have taken great Pains, Sir.
Mar. A friendly part, no more, sweet Beauty.
Amin. They're happy, Sir, have such Friends as you are,
But do you know you have done well in this?
How'll his Allies receive it? She though I say't,
Is of no better Blood than I am.
Mar. There I leave it, I am at farthest that way.
Ifm. You shall extend your Vows no larger that way.
My Heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reafon, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unslated long
Either by Pen or Person.
Ant. You may discourse

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The Maid in the Mill.

With me, when you think y'are alone, I shall
Be present with you.
  *Ism. Come, Cousin, will you walk?
  *Amin. Alas, I was ready long since: In Conscience,
You would with better will yet stay behind.
  *Ism. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dst been so blind.
  *Mar. You'll answer this, Sir. [Exeunt.
  *Ant. If e'er 't be spoke on:
I purpose not to propound the Question.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor knave said; some ravisher,
Some of lust's blood-hounds have feiz'd upon her:
The girl is hurry'd, as the devil were with 'em,
And help'd their speed.
  *Mar. It may be not so ill, Sir.
A well-prepared lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform't honestly.
  Jul. What? steal away a virgin 'gainst her will?
  *Mar. It may be any man's ease; despite nothing:
And that's a thief of a good quality,
Most commonly he brings his theft home again,
Though with a little shame.
  Jul. There's a charge by't
Fall'n upon me: Paris (the Miller's son)
Her brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better tidings follow of his sister.
  *Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the mischance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-hailing, I should as soon
Have stoll'n him as his sister: Marry then,
To render him back in the same plight he is
May be costly; his flesh is not maintain'd with little.
  Jul. I think the poor knave will pine away,
He cries all-to-be-pitied yonder.
  *Mar. Pray you, Sir, let's go see him: I should laugh
To see him cry, sure.
  Jul. Well, you're merry, Sir.
  *Antonio, keep this charge; (I have fears
Move me to lay it on you :) Pray forbear
The Maid in the Mill.

The ways of your Enemies, the Belides.
I have Reason for my Injunction, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Aminta as a Page, with a Letter.

Ant. To me, Sir? From whom?

Amin. A Friend, I dare vow, Sir.

Though on the Enemies part: The Lady Ismenia.

Mar. Take heed, blush not too deep; let me advise you

In your Answer, 't须 be done heedfully.

Ant. I should not see a Masculine, in peace,

Out of that House.

Amin. Alas, I'm a Child, Sir,

Your Hates cannot last 'till I wear a Sword.

Ant. Await me for your Answer.

Mar. He must see her,

To manifest his Shame; 'tis my Advantage;

While our Blood's under us, we keep above,

But then we fall, when we do fall in Love. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. My Lord, my Lord, your House hath injur'd me,

(25) Rob'd me of all the Joys I had on Earth.

Jul. Where wert thou brought up, Fellow?

Fran. In a Mill.

You may perceive it by my loud Exclamis,

Which must rise higher yet.

Jul. Obstrep'rous Carle,

If thy Throat's Tempest could o'er-turn my House,

What Satisfaction were it for thy Child?

Turn thee the right way to thy Journey's end.

Wilt have her where she's not?

(25) Rob'd me, &c.] Thus reads the Copy of 1647, which con-

firms my Correspondent's Conjecture. The other Books, against

both Senie and Measure,

Rob'd of all Joy, &c.

Fra.
The Maid in the Mill.

Fra. Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a Pow'r to punish,
I will not rest: You are not quick to Grief.
Your hearing's a dead Sense; were yours the Loss,
(26) Had you a Daughter stol'n, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end should come the Thief?)
You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high,
But being not a Sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.

Jül. Oh, thou haft op'd a Sluice was long shut up,
And let a Flood of Grief in; a buried Grief.
Thy Voice hath wak'd again, a Grief as old
As likely 'tis thy Child is; Friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a Daughter.

Fra. Did you, Sir?
Beseech you then, how did you bear her Loss?

Jül. With thy Grief trebled.

Fra. But was she stol'n from you?

Jül. Yes, by devouring Thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a Satisfaction:
The wild Beasts had her in her swathing Cloaths.

Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.

Jül. (27) Away tough Churl.

Fra. Why, she was better, eaten, than my Child,
Better by Beasts, than beastly Men devoured:
They took away a Life, no Honour from her;
Those Beasts might make a Saint of her; but these
Will make my Child a Devil. But was she, Sir,
Your only Daughter?

Enter Gilian.

Jül. I ne'er had other, Friend.

(26) The Text is from the oldest Copy. The others,
Had you a Daughter perhaps be-whor'd. Mr. Theobald.

(27) Away tough Churl.] Mr. Seward proposes reading rough
Churl, as much properer to the Occasion. I can't, with Submis-
sion, think a Change here necessary, as we have this Expression a
little lower.

— The Miller has a stout Heart,
Tough as his Toal-pin.

Gil.
The Maid in the Mill.

Gil. Where are you, Man? Your Business liyes not here.
Your Daughter's in the Pound, I have found where;
'Twill cost you dear, her Freedom.
Fra. I'll break it down, and free her without pay:
Horse-Locks nor Chains shall hold her from me.
Jul. I'll take this Relief.
I now have time to speak alone with Grief.       [Exit.
is Lord of my Lands,
But not my Cattle: I'll have her again, Gil.
Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.
Fra. No, Gil. I have been mad these five Hours:
I'll sell my Mill, and buy a roaring.
I'll batter down his House, and make a Stews on't.
Gil. Will you gather up your Wits a little,
And hear me? The King is near by, in Progress,
Here I have got our Supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.
Fra. Give it me, Gil.
I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own Hands, God blefs him, will I give it,
And he shall set the Law upon their Shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a Hand in it.
Gil. Where is your Son?
Fra. He shall be hang'd in Flitches: The Dogs shall
eat him in Lent, there's Cats Meat and Dog's Meat
enough about him.
Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the Count's Whore by this
time.
Fra. If he be the Count's Whore, the Whore's Count
shall pay for't. He shall pay for a new Maiden-Head.
Gil. You are fo violous: This I'm resolv'd,
If she be a Whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every Man had his Right, she's
None of our Child, but a meer Foundling.
(And I can guess the Owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her.
Fra. Gil, no more of that,
I'll cut your Tongue out, if you tell those Tales.

Hark,
Hark, hark, these Toasters tell us the King’s coming:
Get you gone; I’ll see if I can find him. 

[Exeunt.

Enter Lifauro, Terzo, Pedro, and Moncado.

Lis. Does the King remove to Day?
Ter. So say the Harbingers,
And keeps his way on to Valenbia,
There ends the Progres.

Ped. He hunts this Morning, Gentlemen,
And dines i’th’ Fields: The Court is all in Readiness.

Lis. Pedro, did you send for this Tailor? or you
Moncado?
This light French Demi-Lance that follows us?
Ped. No, I assure ye on my Word, I’m guileless,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Mon. I am not quit I’m sure: There is a Reck’ning
(Of some four scarlet Cloaks, and two lac’d Suits.)
Hangs on the File still, like a fearful Comet,
Makes me keep off.

Lis. I’m in too, Gentlemen,
I thank his Faith, for a Matter of three hundred.

Ter. And I for two: What a Deel makes he this Way?
I do not love to see my Sins before me.

Ped. ’Tis the Vacation, and these things break out
To see the Court, and glory in their Debtors.

Ter. (28) What do you call him? for I never love
To remember their Names I owe Mony to,
’Tis not gentile; I shun ’em like the Plague ever.

Lis. His Name’s Vertigo; hold your Heads, and wonder,
A Frenchman, and a Founder of new Fashions:
The Revolutions of all Shapes and Habits
Run madding through his Brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Mon. He’s very brave.

(28) What did you call him for? I never love] This Passage is a direct Contradiction to what was said above: Tho’ the Fault is only in the Punctuation, which is amended, I hope, in the present Edition.

Lis.
The Maid in the Mill.

Lis. The Shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Make him a mighty Man: He comes, have at ye.
Ver. Save ye together, my sweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking ———
Ter. Not for Mony, Sir?
You know the hard time.
Ver. Pardon me, sweet Signior, [Gentlemen,
Good Faith the least Thought in my Heart; your Love,
Your Love's enough for me: Mony, hang Mony:
Let me preserve your Love.
Lis. Yes marry shall ye,
And we our Credit; you would see the Court?
Mon. He shall see ev'ry Place.
Ver. Shall I i'faith, Gentlemen?
Ped. The Cellar, and the Buttr'ry, and the Kitchen,
The Pastry, and the Pantry.
Ter. Ay, and taste too
Of ev'ry Office, and be free of all too;
That he may say, when he comes home in Glory——
Ver. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too: Shall I see the King also?
Lis. Shalt see him every Day: (29) Shalt see the Ladies
In their French Cloaths, shalt ride a hunting with them,
Shalt have a Mistres too. We must fool handiomly [Aside.
To keep him in Belief we honour him,
He may call on us else.
Ped. A Pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own House for salt Butter.
Ver. And when the King puts on a new Suit ———
Ter. Thou shalt see it first,
And d textbox; his Doublet, that thou may'ft be perfect.
Ver. The Wardrobe I wou'd fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe.
Lis. Thou shalt see it,
And see the Secret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations

(29) ———Shalt see the Ladies
——Shalt ride a hunting with him] As him has nothing to refer to but Ladies, I wou'd alter the number, and read,
——— a hunting with them.

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Of Fashions five Years hence.

Ver. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me.

Ter. Any thing 'tis Court, Sir,
Or within the Compass of a Courtier ———

Ver. My Wife shall give ye Thanks.

Ter. You shall see any thing.
The privat'ft place, the Stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your Bounties, Gen-
In such abundance. [elemen,

Lif. I will shew thee presently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open View, that thou may'ft tell thy Neighbours
Over a Shoulder of Mutton, thou'ft seen something.

Nay thou shalt, present the King for this time——

Ver. Nay, I pray, Sir. [belong to't;

Lif. That thou may'ft know what State there does
Stand there I say, and put on a sad Count'nance,
Mingled with height: Be cover'd, and reserv'd;
Move like the Sun, by soft Degrees, and glorious.
Into your Order, Gentlemen, uncover'd,
The King appears; we'll sport with you a while, Sir,
I'm sure you're merry with us all th' Year long, Tailor,
Move softer still, keep in that fencing Leg, Monsieur,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franois out of Breath.

Ter. What's this that appears to him?

Lif. Has a Petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we're made.

Fra. This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay Clothes.

Lif. Now bear your self, that you may say hereafter——

Fra. I have recover'd Breath, I'll speak to him presently.

May it please your gracious Majesty to consider
A poor Man's Case?

Ver. What's your Will, Sir?

Lif. You must accept, and read it.

Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my Life for't.

Ped. How he mumps and bridles: He'll ne'er cut
Clothes again.

Ver.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ver. And what's your Grief?
Mon. He speaks 'th Note like his Goose. [Sir,
Fra. I pray you read there; I'm abus'd and frumpt,
By a great Man that may do ill by Authority;
Poor honest Men are hang'd for doing less; Sir:
My Child is stoll'n, the Count Ostrante stole her;
(29) A pretty Child she is, although I say it,
A handsome Mother, he means to make a Whore of her,
A filken Whore, his Knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd Knaves, that do him beastly Offices:
I kneel for Justice. Shall I have it, Sir?

Enter King Philippo, and Lords.

Phil. What Pageant's this?
Lif. The King:
Tailor, stand off, here ends your Apparition;
Miller, turn round, and there address your Paper
There, there's the King indeed.
Fra. May't please your Majesty.
Phil. Why didn't thou kneel to that Fellow?
Fra. In good Faith, Sir,
I thought he'd been a King, he was so gallant,
There's none here wears such Gold.
Phil. So foolishly?
You've golden Business sure; because I'm homely
Clad, in no glit'ring Suit, I am not look'd on.
Ye Fools that wear gay Cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your End calls on you?
Will Gold preserve ye from the Grave? Or Jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings:
Unto your Bodies minister warm Raiments,
Wholesome and good; glitter within, and spare not.
Let my Court have rich Souls, their Suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took such State upon ye?

(29) A pretty Child he is,—
A handsome Mother.] Mr. Theobald proposes changing Mo-
ther for Mather, a word us'd now in Suffolk for a Girl: But there
is no occasion at all for this Change. Sir, Henry Spelman in his
Glossary tells us Mother is a Corruption of the Danish word Moer,
which signifies a Girl. Vide in Vico Moer.
Are ye a Prince?

Lift. The Prince of Tailors, Sir:

We owe some Mony to him, and't like your Majesty.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more; be modester,
And you les saucy, Sir; and leave this Place:
Your Pressing-Iron will make no perfect Courtier.
Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor Neighbours;
Show such another Pride, I'll have ye whipt for't;
And get worfe Clothes, these but proclaim your Fellony.
And what's your Paper?

Fra. I befeech you read it. [Villany,

Phil. What's here, the Count Otrante task'd for a base
For stealing of a Maid?

Lord. The Count Otrante? Is not the Fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I'm in my Wits, I am a labouring Man,
And we have seldom Leisure to run mad;
We've other Business to employ our Heads in.
We've little Wit to lose too: If we complain,
(30) And if a heavy Lord lye on our Shoulders,
Worse than a Sack of Meal, and oppress our Poverties,
(31) We are mad straight, and whip'd, and ty'd in Fetters,
Able to make a Horfe mad, as you use us;
You're mad for nought, and no Man dare proclaim it,
In you a Wildness is a noble Trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all Men must love it?
Oppressions of all sorts, fit like new Cloaths,
Neatly and handomely upon your Lordships;
And if we kick but when your Honours spur us,
We're Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Justice;
I'm a true Miller.

Phil. Then thou art a Wonder.

2 Lord. I know the Man reputed for a good Man,

(30) And if a heavy Load, &c.] I was doubtful about the reading of this place, and suspected that Lord might bid fair to be the Text, and found my Conjecture confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(31) We are mad straight, and whip'd.] This slight Corruption here my Friend alters and amends thus with me,
We are mad straight, and whip'd.
An honest and substantial Fellow.

Phil. He speaks Sense,

And to the Point: Greatness begets much Rudeness,

How dare you, Sirrah, 'gainst so main a Person,

A Man of so much noble Note and Honour,

Put up this base Complaint? Must ev'ry Peasant

Upon a fancy Will affront great Lords?

All Fellows, Miller?

Fra. I have my Reward, Sir.

I was told one Greatness, would protect another,

As Beams support their Fellows; now I find it:

If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I'm ready,

'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief dispatch'd:

Though I steal Bread, I steal no Flesh to tempt me.

I have a Wife, and 'tis his Honour's Hogs,

He's able (32) to instruct his Honour's Hogs,

Or rub his Horse's Heels; when't please his Lordship

He may have his Slave too, or his Bawd:

The Boy is well bred, can exhort his Sister:

For me, the Prison, or the Pillory,

To lose my Goods, and have mine Ears cropped off,

Whipt like a Top, and have a Paper stuck before me,

For abominable Honesty to his own Daughter,

Tough as his Toal-pin,

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly,

Is it his Daughter that the People call

The Miller's fair Maid?

2 Lord. It should seem so, Sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i'th' right, Sirrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,

Be sure you hang me, I will ask no Courtesie:

Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir.

She may be fair, and she may be abus'd too;

(A King is not exempted from these Cases.)

(32) ——— to instruct his Honour's Hogs.] Here the Gentleman so often mention'd, says we ought to read Dogs. The Reader is left to his Choice.
Stol'n from your loving Care

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heav'n forbid she should be in that Venture
That mine's in at this Hour: I'll assure your Grace
Th' Lord wants a Water-Mill, and means to grind with her:
Would I'd his Stones to set, I'd fit him for it. [then

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye still—
And keep this private all, upon your Loyalties:
To Morrow Morning, though I'm now beyond him,
And th' lets lookt for, I'll break my Fast with the good
Count.

No more, away, all to our Sports, be silent. [Exeunt.

Ver. What Grace shall I have now?

Lis. Chuse thine own Grace,
And go to Dinner when thou wilt, Vertigo,
We must needs follow th' King.

Ter. You heard the Sentence.

Mon. If you stay here,
I'll send thee a shoulder of Venison;—
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the Dogs. [Monkey,

Ped. Or thou shalt be special Tailor to the King's

'Tis a fine place; we cannot stay.

Ver. No Mony,

Nor no Grace, Gentlemen?

Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor,
The King hasn't broke his Fast yet.

Ver. I shall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.

Ped. Thou shalt not mis us:
Prethee provide some Cloaths, and dost thou hear Vertigo
Commend me to thy Wife: I want some Shirts too.

Ver. I've Chambers for ye all.

Lis. They are too musty,
When they are clear we'll come.

Ver. I must be patient
And provident, I shall ne'er get home else. [Exeunt.

SCENE
The Maid in the Mill.

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante and Florimel.

Otr. Prithee be wiser Wench, thou canst not escape me,
Let me with Love and Gentleness enjoy that
That may be still preserv’d with Love, and long’d for:
If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee,
And after I’ve enjoy’d thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me
I shall despise thee, cast thee off——

Flo. I pray ye Sir,
Begin it now, and open your Doors to me,
I do confess I’m ugly; let me go, Sir:
A Gipsy-girl: Why would your Lordship touch me?
Fie, ’tis not noble: I am homely bred,
Courte, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
There be young Ladies many, that will love ye,
That will dote on ye: (34) You’re a handsome Gentle
man:
What will they say when once they know your Quality?
A Lord, a Miller? Take your Toal-Dish with ye,
(35) You that can deal with Gudgeons, and course Flower,
’Tis pity you should taste what Manchet means;
Is this fit, Sir, for your Repute and Honour?

Otr. I’ll love thee still.

Flo. You cannot, there’s no Sympathy
Between our Births, or Breeding, Arts, Conditions;
And where these are at Difference, there’s no liking:

(34) ——— You’re an handsome] I have chose to read thus with the
Edition of the oldeste Date, rather than with the reft, thus,
You a handsome, &c.

(35) You that can deal with Gudgeons.] This Reading has the Au-
thority of all the Copies, and as such I have not dared to displace or
dispossess it: Yet still I suspect a latent Corruption, and that the Au-
thor’s own Manuscript run originally thus,
You that can deal with Gurgeons,
which is explained by the Words that immediately follow,
—— and course Flower.

Mr. Seward reads the Line, as supposing it corrupted, thus,
You that can deal with Cutlings, &c.
Cutlings being a Word us’d in the Weft for Greets or Oats cleared of the
Huks.

Vol. VII. Q 2 This
The Maid in the Mill

This Hour it may be I seem handsome to you,
And you are taken with Variety
More than with Beauty,
To-morrow when you have enjoyed me,
Your Heat and Luft affwag'd, and come t' examine
Out of a cold and penitent Condition

What you have done, whom you have shar'd your Love
Made Partner of your Bed, how it will vex ye,
How you will curse the Devil that betray'd ye,
And what shall come of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flo. As hafty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this Beauty shew'd unto ye,
You'll kick me out of Doors, you'll whore, and ban me;
And if I prove with Child with your fair Issue,
Give me a Pension of five Pound a Year
To breed your Heir withal, and so good speed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a Woman.

Flo. I'll keep my self, Sir,
Keep my self honest, Sir, there's the brave keeping:
If you will marry me——

Otr. Alas, poor Floramel.

Flo. I do confess I am too course and base, Sir,
To be your Wife, and it is fit you scorn me;
Yet such as I, have crown'd the Lives of great ones;
To be your Whore I'm sure I am too worthy,
(For by my troth, Sir, I am truly honest)
And that's an Honour equal to your Greatnes.

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flo. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that Peace, and then you give me abundance.
I know you do but try me, ye are noble,
All these, are but to try my Modesty,
If you should find me easie, and once coming,
I see your Eyes already how they'd fright me;
I see your honest Heart how it would swell,
And burst itself into a Grief against me;
Your Tongue in noble Anger, now, e'en now, Sir,
Ready to rip my loose Thoughts to the Bottom,
And lay my Shame unto my self, wide open:

You
The Maid in the Mill. 245

You are a noble Lord, you pity poor Maids;
The People are mistaken in your Courtes;
You, like a Father, try’em to the uttermost,
As they do Gold, you purge the Dross from them,
And make them shine.

Otr. This Cunning cannot help ye:
(36) I love ye to enjoy ye: I have tol’n ye
To enjoy ye now, not to be fool’d with Circumstance.
Yield willingly, or else ——

Flo. What?

Otr. I will force ye.
I will not be delay’d; a poor base Wench
That I, in curtesie, make offer to,
Argue with me?

Flo. Do not, you’l lose your Labour,
Do not, my Lord, it will become ye poorly:
Your Courtesie may do much on my Nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender:
If you compel, I have my Strengths to flye to,
My honest Thoughts, and those are Guards about me:
I can cry too, and Noife enough I dare make,
And I have Curtesie, that will call down Thunder;
For all I am a poor Wench, Heav’n will hear me:
My Body you may force, but my Will never;
And be sure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no Tongue to tell your beastly Story,
For if I have, and if there be a Justice ——

Otr. Pray ye go in here: I’ll calm my self for this time,
And be your Friend again.

Flo. I am commanded, [Exit.

Otr. You cannot scape me yet, I must enjoy ye;
I’ll lye with thy Wit, though I mis’st thy Honesty;
Is this a Wench for a Boor’s hungry Bosome?
A morrel for a Peasant’s base Embraces?
And must I starve, and the Meat in my Mouth?
I’ll none of that.

(36) I love ye to enjoy ye: ]This reading which makes the Sense
more explicit, and the Line run better, is from the Edition of 1647:
The others,
Flo love ye to enjoy: I have &c.

Q3 Enter
Enter Geraldo.

Ger. How now, my Lord, (37) how sped ye? Have ye done the Deed?
Otr. No, pox upon't, she's honest.
Ger. Honest, what's that? You took her bare denial! Was there e'er a Wench brought up in a Mill, and honest?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle.
Is your Belief so large? What did she say to ye?
Otr. She said her Honesty was all her Dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how dishonourable 't would seem in me
To act my Will, popt me th' Mouth with Modesty —
Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? That's their trick ever.
Otr. And then discoursed to me very learnedly,
What Fame and loud Opinion would tell of me:
A Wife she touch'd at ———
Ger. Out upon her Varlet.
Was she so bold? These (38) home-spun things are Devils,
They'll tell ye a thousand Lies, if you'll believe 'em,
And stand upon their Honours like great Ladies;
They'll speak unhappily too, Good words to cozen ye,
And outwardly seem Saints; they'll cry down-right and,
But 'tis for Anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with Child?
Otr. She touch'd at it.
[ship:
Ger. The trick of an arrant Whore to milk your Lord—
And then a Pension nam'd?
Otr. No, no, she scorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing, but she refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident Hate.
Ger. You thought so,

(37) ——— How sped ye? I have inserted this reading from the first Folio Copy; and as the Sense is chang'd here upon the Authority of that Edition, I have upon my own alter'd take her bare denial into took, three Lines below: The other Copies read, My Lord, how speed ye!

(38) ——— home-spun things are Devils.] Devils, which I have inserted into the Text, seem'd to me manifestly the reading the Context required, and the Copy of 1647, confirm'd me in it.

You
The Maid in the Mill.

You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I' th' strength of all her Resolution, flatter'd her,
And shak'd her stubborn Will; she would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely: They must seem
modest,
It is their Parts; if you had plaid your part, Sir,
And handl'd her as Men do * unman'd Hawks,
Cast her, and malde her up in good clean Linnen,
And there have coyed her,you had caught her heart-strings.
These tough Virginities they blow like white Thorns,
In Storms and Tempests.

Otr. She's beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Crystal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her,Sir, she longs to be ravish'd,
Some have no Pleasure but in Violence;
To be torn in pieces is their Paradise:
'Tis ord'nary in our Country, Sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their Sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they swear they'll hang the Man comes near 'em,
And swear it on his Lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing,
I have another Course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and d'you command your Fellows,
That when you see her next, ye disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out o' th' Doors o' th' sudden,
And leave her to Conjecture, then seize on her.

Away, be ready straight.

Ger. We shall not fail, Sir.

Otr. Florimel.

Enter Florimel.

Flo. My Lord.

Otr. I'm sure you've now consider'd,
And like a wife Wench weigh'd a Friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud Thoughts, and cast your Scorn off.

Flo. My Lord, I am not proud, I was ne'er beautiful.
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can ye love yet? You told me
Kindness would far compel ye: I'm kind to ye,

* Metaphors from Falconry. Mr. Theobald.

Q. 4

And
The Maid in the Mill.

And mean t' exceed that way.

Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with Modesty,
With Honour, and with Honesty I'd yield to ye:
Good my Lord, take some other Theme; for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden, Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his most mystick Art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with Lust, which is an Heresie,
A foul one too; to learn that in my Childhood:
O good my Lord.

Otr. You will not out of this Song,
Your Modesty, and Honesty, is that all?
I will not force ye.

Flo. Y'are too noble, Sir.

(39) Otr. Nor play the childish Fool, and marry ye:
I'm not yet mad.

Flo. If ye did, Men wou'd imagine.

Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.

Flo. I expect your Pardon,
And a Discharge, my Lord, that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for Love.

Flo. 'Tis a healthful Year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o' doors, and scorn ye.

Flo. Thank ye, my Lord.

Otr. A proud flight Peat I found ye,
A Fool, it may be too —

Flo. An honest Woman,
Good my Lord think me.

Otr. And a base I leave ye,
So fare ye well.

[Exit Otrante.

(40) Flo. Blessing attend your Lordship.

This

(39) Otr. Nor play, &c.] These two Speeches I have recover'd from the first Folio; and I am from hence farther confirm'd in my Opinion, touching the Octavo Edition of 1711, that it was only a bare Transcript of the Folio of 1679.

(40) Flo. Blessing attend, &c.] This whole Speech has been dropt upon us ever since the Year 1647. I thought necessary to restore it to its ancient undoubted Inheritance, as the latter part prepares us for
The Maid in the Mill.

This is hot Love that vaniseth like Vapours;
His Ague's off, his burning Fits are well quench'd,
I thank Heav'n for't. His Men — they will not force me.

Enter Gerafo and Servants.

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know
Thou base unprovident Whore? [the way,  
Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.
1 Ser. Has my Lord smoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken, that you stand so uselesse?
2 Ser. An impudent Quean, upon my life she's un-
wholesome,
Some base discarded thing my Lord has found her,
He'd not have turn'd her off o'th' sudden else.
Ger. Now against every Sack, my honest Sweet-heart,
With every (41) Smig and Smug.
Flo. I must be patient.
Ger. And every greasy Guest, and sweaty Rascal
For his Royal hire between his Fingers, Gentlewoman.
1 Ser. I fear thou'rt giv'n my Lord the — thou damn'd
2 Ser. I've seen her in the Stews. [thing.
Ger. The Knave her Father
Was Bawd t' her there, and kept a Tipling-House;
You must e'en to't again: a modest Function!
Flo. If ye had Honesty, ye would not use me
Thus basely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye;
But he that knows ———
Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You Meat for every Man: A little Meal
Flung in your Face, makes ye appear so proud.
Flo. This is inhuman. Let these Tears persuade you,
(If ye be Men,) to use a poor Girl better;
I wrong not you, I'm sure, I call you Gentlemen.

for the rude Behaviour of Gerafo, and those Servants who are
Bullies for their Lord, and designly Promoters of the ruin of Flo-
rimel's Chalfity.

(41) — Smig and Smug.] The Copy of 1679, and the Octavo
read fo, but the oldiet Folio, Sim and Smug: Perhaps the Reader
might not think the various reading worth a Note.
Enter Otrante

Otr. What business is here? away, aren't you gone yet?

Flo. My Lord, this is not well, (altho' you hate me,
For what I know not;) to let your People wrong me,
Wrong me maliciously, and call me——

Otr. Peace,
And mark ye what we say, advisedly,
Mark, as you love that, that you call your Credit.
Yield now, or you're undone; your good Name's perish'd
(42) Not all the World can buy your Reputation,
'Tis sunk for ever else; these Peoples Tongues will
poison ye,
Though you be white as Innocence, they'll taint ye;
They will speak terrible and hidous things,
And People in this Age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a Woman;
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll save ye.

Flo. How?

Otr. I'll show ye;
Their Mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is hon'rable and honest of ye,
And Saintlike they shall worship ye: They're mine,
And what I charge them, Florimel——

Flo. I'm ruin'd;
Heav'n will regard me yet, they're barbarous Wretches:
Let me not fall, my Lord.

Otr. You shall not, Florimel:
Mark how I'll work your Peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

(42) Not all the World can buy your Reputation,
'Tis sunk for ever else; ] It seems as if the Poets had a
mind to keep up a Contrast here, and if that really was their De-
sign, then the Execution of it is chargeable only upon the Editors,
for they must have indisputably expreis'd themselves fo,
——— can buoy your Reputation;
'Tis sunk for ever.
Thus the Antithesis is neatly preserv'd, and the Confusion of the
Metaphors manifestly clear'd up.

Enter
Enter Geraint and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, Sir.
Otr. Who dare say this sweet Beauty is not heav'ly?
This Virgin, the most pure, the most untainted,
The holiest thing?
Ger. We know it, my dear Lord,
We are her Slaves; and that proud Impudence
That dares disparage her, this Sword, my Lord——
1 Ser. They are Rascals base, the Sons of common
Women,
That wrong this Virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her; when we flight her,
Hang us, or cut's in Pieces; let's tug i'th' Gallies.
2 Ser. Brand us for Villains.
Flo. Why sure I dream; these are all Saints.
Otr. Go, and live all her Slaves.
Ger. We're proud to do it. [Exeunt.]
Otr. What think ye now? Am not I able, Florimel,
Yet to preserve ye?
Flo. I'm bound to your Lordship,
Ye are all Honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Until to Morrow, leave to weigh my Fortunes,
May give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing,
Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy ye.
Otr. Take your good time; this Kiss, till then farewell,
Sweet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martino, and Bustopha.

Mar. By all means discharge your Follower.
Ant. If we can get him off; Sirrah, Bustopha,
Thou must needs run back.
Bust. But I must not; unless you send a Bier, or a
Lictor at my Back, I do not use to run from my Friends.
Ant. Well, go, will serve the turn; I have forgot —
Bust.
252 The Maid in the Mill.

Bus. What, Sir?

Ant. See if I can think on't now.

Bus. I know what 'tis now.

Ant. A Pistolet of that.

Bus. Done; you have forgot a Device to send me away, you're going a smocking perhaps.

Mar. His own, due, due it's th' Antonio.

The Pistolet is his own.

Ant. I confess it.

There 'tis; now if you could afford out of it

A reasonable Excuse to mine Uncle——

Bus. Yes, I can; but an Excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a Lyre; a full Lyre, 'twill do no good else; if you'll go to the price of that?

Ant. Is a Lyre dearer than an Excuse?

Bus. Oh, treble; this is the price of an Excuse; but a Lyre is two more; look, how many Foils go to a fair Fall, so many Excuses to a full Lyre, and let's cannot serve your turn, let any Tailor 'th' Town make it.

Mar. Why 'tis reasonable, give him his Price:

Let it be large enough now.

Bus. I'll warrant you, to cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Bus. What? (43) state my Invention beforehand? you shall Pardon me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.

Ant. By no means, I cannot come to Night, Man.

Bus. I know that too, you do not know a Lyre when you see it.

Mar. Remember it must stretch for all Night.

Bus. I shall want stuff, I doubt 'twill come to the other Pistolet.

(43) Scale my Invention] Scale is a word, that has by mistake been put into a wrong place, once in Shakespeare's Coriolanus, and twice in our Authors, viz. in Bondocca, and this Play; and as what has been substituted for it there will do full as well here, I make no Scruple to correct the place thus,

What, talle my Invention.

I must add farther, that my anonymous Friend propos'd the same Alteration.

Ant.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. Well, lay out, you shall be no loser, Sir.

Busb. It must be faced, you know, there will be a yard of Diffimulation at least, City-measure, and cut upon an Untruth or two: (44) lined with Fables, that must needs be, cold Weather's coming; if it had a Gallon of Hypocrisy, 'twould do well; and hooked together with a Couple of Conceits, (45) that's necessity; well, I'll bring in my Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lye by that time I have done with it, as any Gentleman 'th' Town can swear to, if he would betray his Lord and Master.

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mar. I would you had bought an Excuse of him Before he went; you'll want one for Ismenia.

Ant. Truth, there needs none, there's no Suspicion yet, And I'll be arm'd before the next Encounter, In a fast tye with my fair Isabel.

Enter Buftopha.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your Errand is before you now.

Busb. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are Men of another World else; your Enemies are upon you; the old House of the Bellides will fall upon your Heads: Signior Lifauro.

Ant. Lifauro?

Busb. And Don what call you him? he's a Gentleman: Yet he has but a Yeoman's Name. Don Terzo, Terzo, Terzo, and a dozen at their Heels.

Ant. Lifauro, Terzo, nor a dozen more Shall fright me from my Ground, nor shun my Path,

(44) lined with Fables —— if it had a Gallon of Hypocrisy,

Mr. Theobald disliketh the reading of Fables here, and proposto to correct Sables, as being the better lining. I suppose for cold Weather. But this was only correcting an imaginary Corruption in this, at the same time that he slip'd over a real one in the next Line, and that is measuring Hypocrisy by the Gallon: I read Gallon before I saw the oldest Edition which has Gallon, and so have accordingly reform'd the Text.

(45) —— that's necessity; The reading of necessary as suggested by the anonymous Gentleman, is, I think pretty, and bids fair for being right.

Let
Let 'em come on in all their ablest fury.

_Mar._ 'Tis worthily resolved; I'll stand by you, Sir,
This way, I am thy true Friend.

_Bust._ I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell
what's become of you. Put up, put up; will you never
learn to know a Lyce from an _Ætop's_ Fable? There's a
Taste for you now. [Exit.

_Enter Ismenia and Aminta._

_Mar._ Look, Sir, what time of Day is it?

_Ant._ I know not,

My Eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now;
I prethee tell me, _Martin_, if thou canst,
Is that _Ismenia_ or _Isabella_?

_Mar._ This is the Lady, forget not _Isabella_.

_Ant._ If this Face may be borrowed and lent out,
Ipt can shift Shoulders, and take other Tyres,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it——

_Ism._ Be sudden. [Exit Aminta.

I cannot hold out long.

_Mar._ Believe't, she frowns.

_Ant._ Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't;
How prettily it woos me to come nearer?

(46) How do you, Lady, since yesterday's Pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith——

_Ism._ I think you were.

_Ant._ What, Lady?

_Ism._ Weary of your Faith; it is a burthen
That Men faint under, though they bear little of it,

_Mar._ So, this is to the purpose.

_Ant._ You came home
In a fair hour, I hope.

_Ism._ From whence, Sir?

_Enter Aminta._

_Amin._ Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without desire to
speak with you.

(46) _How do you do, Lady._ The second _do_, which is the reading
of the Octavo, and Copy of 1679, I have rejected upon the Au-
thority of the old Folio.

_Ant._
The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. They were pretty homely Toys; but your Presence made them illustrious.

Jem. My Cousin speaks to you.

Amin. A Gentlewoman, Sir, Iphemia

She names her self.

Mar. So, so, it is finally now.

Ant. Name your self how you please; speak what you I'll hear you cheerfully.

Jem. You are not well,

Request her in, she may have more acquaintance

With his Passions, and better cure for 'em.

Amin. She's nice in that, Madam; poor Soul, it seems

She's fearful of your Displeasure.

Jem. I'll quit her

From that presently, and bring her in my self. [Exit.

Mar. How carefully do you behave your self,

When you should call all your best Faculties

To counsel in you? how will you answer

The breach you made with fair Iphemia?

Have you forgot th' retrograde Vow you took

With her, that now is come in evidence?

You'll die upon your shame, you need no more

Enemies of the House, but th' Lady now;

You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Iphemia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that Face,

And I am satisfied, upon whose Shoulders

So e'er it grows; Juno, deliver us

Out of this amazement; Beseech you Goddess

Tell's of our Friends, how does Iphemia?

And how does Iphelia? both in good Health

I hope, as you your self are.

Jem. I'm at farthest

In my counterfeit; my Antonio,

I've matter against you may need a Pardon,

As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you, Sir,

What Evidence is come against me? What think you

The Hydra-headed Jury will say to't?
The Maid in the Mill.

Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My Hopes are pour'd into the bottomles tubes.
'Tis labour for the House of Belides;
I must not seem so yet; but in sooth, Lady,
Did you imagine your changeable Face
Hid you from me? By this Hand I knew you.

Ant. I went by th' Face: and by these Eyes I might
Have been deceive'd. Ifm. You might indeed, Antonio,
For this Gentleman did vow to Isabella,
That he it was that lov'd Ismenia,
And not Antonio.

Mar. (47) Good, and was not that
A manifest Confession that I knew you?
I else had been unjust unto my Friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out,
And speak your Conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest?

Ifm. Yes, I vow to you, had Antonio wedded Isabella,
Ismenia had not been loft, there had been her Lover.

Ant. Why much good do you Friend; take her to you;
I crave but one, here have I my Wish full,
I am glad we shall be so near Neighbours.

Mar. Take both, Sir, Juno to boot, three Parts in one;

(48) St. Hilarie blest you! now Opportunity
Beware to meet with Falhood, if thou canst
Shun it, my Friends Faith's turning from him.

Ifm. Might I not justly accuse Antonio
For a Love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confes Troth now?

Ant. Here was my Guide, where-ere I find this Face
I am a Lover, marry, I must not mis
This Freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this Dimple, nor a Silk from this Brow.
I carry th' full Idea ever with me:

(47) Good was not that So the Oeclave and the later Folio: The Text is restored from 1647 Copy.
(48) St. Hilarie blest you. Here I think Martino's Speech shou'd end, and Antonio speak the Remainder,
My Friend's Faith's turning from him,
Plainly appears to be Antonio's upbraiding to Martino.

Mr. Seward.

If
The Maid in the Mill.

If Nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.

Ifsm. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our Love must now
Come to our En'mies Hands, where neither Part
Will ever give Content to it.

Ant. Most certain:
For which Reason it must not be put to 'em
Ha'n't we Prevention in our own Hands?
Shall I walk by the Tree, desire the Fruit,
(49) Yet be so nice to pull 'till I ask Leave
O'th' churlish Gardiner, that will deny me?

Ifsm. O Antonio!

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When Grace is said.

Ifsm. That holy Act's to come.

Mar. You may ope an Oyster or two before Grace.

Ant. Are there not double Vows, as valuable
And as well spoke as any Friar utters?

Heaven has heard all.

Ifsm. Yes; but stays the Blessing,
'Till all dues be done; Heav'n's not serv'd by hal's,
We shall have ne'er a Father's Blessing here,
Let us not lose the better from above.

Ant. You take up Weapons of unequal Force,
It shows you cowardly; hark in your Ear.

Amin. Have I lo't all Employment? Would this Proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it with
A reasonable Penance. Mar. Have I pa't
All thy Fore-Lock, Time? I'll stretch a long Arm
But I'll catch hold again; (do but look back
Over thy Shoulder,) and have a pull at thee.

Ifsm. I hear you, Sir, nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know that custom'd Place

(49) Yet be so nice to pull till, &c.] Here seems to be an Ellipsis to my anonymous Friend, which he fills up thus,

Yet be so nice to pull not,
But to make up the Line full, as to the Sense methinks we should read so,

Yet be so nice as not to pull.
258  *The Maid in the Mill.*

Of our Night-parley; if you can ascend,
The Window shall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.

_Ant._ I'd meet no other Man.

_Ifm._ Aminta, you hear this.

_Amin._ With Joy, Madam, because it pleases you.

It may be mine own Cafe another time:
Now you go the right way, ask the Banes out,
Put it past Father, or Friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your *Hymen Taper*
I'll light up for you; the Window shall show you
The way to Sepos.

_Ant._ I will venture drowning.

_Mar._ The Simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.

You must ascend your Castle by a Ladder;
To the Foot I'll bring you,

_Ant._ Leave me to climb it.

_Mar._ If I do turn you off?

_Ant._ 'Till Night farewell: Then better. _Ifm._ Besh
'T should be;
But peevish Hatred keeps back that Degree. [Exeunt.

_Mar._ I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then beware: Knave is at worst of Knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [Exit.

**SCENE II.**

_Enter Julio._

_Jul._ My Mind's unquiet; while _Antonio_
My Nephew's abroad, my Heart's not at home,
Only my Fears stay with me; bad Compny!
But I cannot shift 'em off. This Hatred
Betwixt the House of Bellides and us?
Is not fair War; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near Neighbours, were, of Love as near,
'Till a cro's Milconstuction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far afunder:
I would 'twere reconciled; it has lasted
Too many Sun-fets, if Grace might moderate:
Man should not lose so many Days of Peace,
To satisfy the Anger of one Minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The Knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no Comfort to me neither.

Enter Busopha.

Bus. No, I must not ——
Jul. Ha, he’s come.
Bus. I must not, 'twill break his Heart to hear it —
Jul. How? there’s bad Tidings: I must obscure and hear
He'll not tell me for breaking of my Heart, [it
It is half split already.

Bus. I have spy’d him: Now to knock down a Don
with a Lie, a sily harmless Lie; 'twill be valiantly done,
and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Bus. O the bloody Days that we live in; the envious,
malicious; deadly Days that we draw Breath in!
Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Bus. (50) The Children that never shall be born may
rue it; for Men that are slain now, might have liv’d to
have got Children, that might have curs’d their Fa-
thers.

Jul. Oh, my Posterity is ruin’d.

Bus. Oh sweet Antonio!

Jul. O dear Antonio!

Bus. Yet it was nobly done of both Parts: When
he and Lisauro met ——

Jul. Oh, Death has parted 'em!

Bus. Welcome my mortal Foe, says one; Welcome
my deadly Enemy, says th’ other; off go their Doublets,
they in their Shirts, and their Swords stark naked; here
lyes Antonio, here lies Lisauro; he comes upon him with

(50) The Children that ever shall be born] As Busopha is pour-
ing out his Nonence to the no small Laughter of his Auditors, I
could not help thinking that in this place he was design’d to be all of
a Piece, and therefore read in my Margin,

— that never shall be, &c.

And found my Conjecture turn’d to a Certainty by the Felio of 1647.
an Embroccado, that he puts by with a punta reversa; Lisauro recoils me two Paces, and some six Inches back, takes his Career, and then oh——

Jul. Oh.

Bus. Runs Antonio quite through ———

Jul. Oh Villain!

Bus. Quite through between the Arm and the Body so; yet he had no Hurt at that Bout.

Jul. Goodness be prais'd.

Bus. But then, at next Encounter, he fetches me up Lisauro; Lisauro makes out a Long at him, which he thinking to be a Passado, Antonio's Foot slipping, down, oh down ———

Jul. O now thou art loft!

Bus. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both Gentlemen, both Spanish Christians, yet one Man to shed ———

Jul. Say his Enemies Blood.

Bus. His Hair, may come by divers Casualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe; but a Man to lose nine Ounces and two Drams of Blood at one Wound, thirteen and a Scrape at another, and to live 'till he die in cold Blood — yet the Surgeon, that cur'd him, said if Pia mater had not been perish'd, he had been a lives Man 'till this Day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Fra. But all this is nothing; Now I come to the Point ———

Jul. Ay, the Point, that's deadly; the ancient Blow Over the Buckler, ne'er went half so deep.

Bus. Yet Pity bids me keep in my Charity; for me to pull an old Man's Ears from his Head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! No, be silent Tale — Furthermore, there is the Charge of Burial; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the least Finger dipt in his Blood, though ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-Plums and Sweet-Breads; yet I say, the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Jul. What motley Stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth, What
The Maid in the Mill.

What hath befall'n my dear Antonio?
Restrain your Pity in concealing it:
Tell me the Danger full; take off your Care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my Death; what thou keep'st back from Truth
Thou shalt speak in Pain; do not look to find
A Limb in his right Place, a Bone unbrok'd,
Nor so much Flesh unbroil'd of all that Mountain,
As a Worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispa[r]ch'd.

Buft. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that Antonio is a
Man of God's making to this Hour, 'tis not two since I
left him so.

Jul. Where didst thou leave him? [from you,
Buft. In the same Cloaths he had on when he went
Jul. Does he live?
Buft. I saw him drink.
Jul. Is he not wounded?
Buft. He may have a Cut 'th' Leg by this time; for
Don Martino and he were at whole slashes.

Jul. Met he not with Lisauro?
Buft. I do not know her.
Jul. Her? Lisauro is a Man, as he is.
Buft. I saw ne'er a Man like him.
Jul. Didst thou not discourse a Fight (51) betwixt
Antonio and Lisauro?
Buft. Ay, to my self; I hope a Man may give himself
the Lie if it please him.

Jul. Didst thou lye then?
Buft. As sure as you live now.
Jul. I live the happier by it: When will he return?
Buft. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten
Days at fartheft.

Jul. Ten Days? he's not wont to be absent two.
Buft. Nor I think he will not, he said he would be at
home to Morrow, but I love to speak within my Com-
pass.

(51) Betwixt Antonio and Lisander? Mr. Thosbald and my
Correspondent read with me Lisauro; 'tus odd to mistake so soon,
where but a Line or so above, Lisauro's Name is wrote at length.
262  The Maid in the Mill.

Jul. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now: Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this Fellow into Custody, keep him safe, I charge you.

Butt. Safe? Do you hear? take notice what Plight you find me in, if there want but a Collop or a Steak o'me look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in Health to Morrow, thou goest to the Rack.

Butt. Let me go to th' Manger first; I had rather eat Oats than Hay. [Exit.

Enter Bellides with a Letter.

Bel. By your Leave, Sir. Jul. For outh I know yet, you Are welcome, Sir. Bel. Read that, and tell me so; Or if thy Spectacles be not easie, Keep thy Nose unfadled, and ope thine Ears; I can speak thee the Contents, I made 'em; 'Tis a Challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't: I scorn to hire my Second to deliver't, I bring't my self: Doft know me, Julio?

Jul. Bellides?

Bel. Yes, is not thy Hair on end now?

Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash Hardinesse;

How durft thou come so near thine Enemy?

Bel. Durft?

I dare come nearer; thou art a Fool, Julio.

Jul. Take it home to thee, with a Knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy Teeth again; and all that's quit:

Give me not a Fool more than I give thee,

Or if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an Encounter's this?

Bel. A noble one:

My Hand is to my Words, thou hast it there,

There I do challenge thee, if thou darst be

Good Friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul.
Jul. Be Friends with thee?
Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:
A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of Discretion,
The Rules of Grammar so unwilling Youth
To take out Lessons by: we that should check
And quench the raging fire in others Bloods,
We strike the Battel to Destruction?
Read 'em the black Art? and make 'em believe
It is Divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy Conscience, how hast thou slept this Month,
Since this Fiend haunted us?
Jul. Sure some good Angel
Was with us both last Night; speak thou Truth now,
Was it not last Night's motion?
Bel. 'Dost not think
I would not lay hold of it at first proffer?
Should I ne'er sleep again?
Jul. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the Doctrine of my Vision.
Say that Lysauro, best of all thy Blood,
Or any one, the leaft allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto Antony's Sword,
Or any of the House of Belides?
Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on, on.
Jul. How would thine Eyes have emptied thee in Sor-
And left the Conduit of Nature dry?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the Balls,
And broke the Glasse s? with thine own curses
Have torn thy Soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next Posterity?
Bel. Yes, and thou caus'd: so it said to me, [Friends,
They fight but your mischiefs; th' young Men were
As is the Life and Blood coagulate,
And cur'd in one Body; but this is yours,
(52) An 'Heritage that you have gather'd for 'em,
The Maid in the Mill.

A Legacy of Blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not so?
Jul. Word for word.
Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.
Jul. 'Tis far enough; let us atone it here;
And in a reconciled Circle fold
Our Friendship new again.
Bel. The Sign's in Gemini,
An auspicious House, 't's has join'd both ours again.
Jul. You can't proclaim me Coward now, Don Bellides,
Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant Fellow, so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this Hug, to the last Leg
I have to stand on, or Breath or Life left.
Jul. This is the Salt unto Humanity,
And keeps it sweet.
Bel. Love! oh Life flinks without it.
I can tell you News.
Jul: Good has long been wanting.
Bel. I do suspect, and I have some Proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epistle comes to)
That Antonio (your Nephew) and my Daughter
Ismenia are very good Friends before us.
Jul. That were a double Wall about our Houses,
Which I could with were builded. Bel. I'd it from
Antonio's Intimate, Don Martino:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly Part
To show it me.
Jul. Perhaps 'twas his Consent:
Lovers have Policies as well as Statesmen:
They look not always at the Mark they aim at.
Bel. We'll take up Cudgels, and have one bout with'em,
They shall know nothing of this Union,
And 'till they find themselves most desperate,
Succour shall never see 'em.
Jul. I'll take your part, Sir.
Bel. It grows late; there's a happy Day past us,
Jul. The Example I hope to all behind it. [Exeunt,

the Reader knows this is a Change which is quite unnecessary, 'tis
but flurring the two first Syllables in the Pronunciation, and the Bu-
finels is over.

SCENE
Enter Aminta above, with a Taper.

Amin. (53) Stand fair, light of Love, which Epithet and Place
Adds to thee Honour, to me 'twould be Shame,
We must be weight in Love, no Grain too light,
Thou art the Land-mark, but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his Darkness?
(54) Love's a Jewel (some say) ineffimable,
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not our selves.
I speak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could with a nearer Document;
Alas, the ignorant desire to know:
Some say, Love's but a Toy, and with a But
Now methinks I should love it ne'er the worse;
A Toy is harmless sure, and may be plaid with,
It seldom goes without his adjunct, Pretty,
A pretty Toy we say, 'tis metre to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad Night yet, for all this;
Here's a Priest ready, and a Lady ready;
A Chamber ready, and a Bed ready;
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done:
My Lady is my Cousin; I my self;
Which is nearest then? My Desires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worser cause——

(53) Stand fair, light of Love.] Mr. Thobald says in his Margin, Light Love. The Reader is left to his Choice.
(54) Love is a Jewel, (some say) ineffimable,
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own sight.] What the Poets design'd to say seems to be this, viz. That the Jewel of Love being hung at the Ear, is unseen by them that affix'd it there; but as this is not possible to be made of the words as they stand, I imagine the Line might originally run thus,
Love is a Jewel——
But hung at this Ear is depriv'd our own sight.
The Maid in the Mill.

I must go question with my Conscience:  
I have the word; Centinel, do thou stand.  
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand.  

[Exit.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'st thou, Friend?  
Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.

Ant. There are that bite  
And bark not, Man; methought I spy'd two Fellows  
That through two Streets together walk'd aloof,  
And wore their Eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mar. Your Jealousie, nothing else; or such perhaps  
As are afraid as much of us; who knows
But about the like business? but for your fears sake,  
I'll advise and intreat one courteisie.

Ant. What is that, Friend?  
Mar. I will not be denied, Sir,
Change your upper Garments with me.

Ant. It needs not.  
Mar. I think so too; but I will have it so,  
If you dare trust me with the better, Sir.

Ant. Nay then.

Mar. If there should be danger towards,  
There will be the main mark I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me ————

Mar. Tush, the General  
Must be safe, howsoe'er the Battel goes  
See you the Beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes, we're neathore.

Enter two Gentlemen with Weapons drawn, they set upon  
Martino: Antonio pursues them out in rescue of Martino.

Mar. Come, land, land, you must clamber by the Cliff,  
Here are no Stairs to rife by.

Ant. Ay, are you there.  
[Fight, and Exeunt.

Enter Aminta above, and Martino return'd again ascends.

Amin. Antonio?

Amin.
The Maid in the Mill.

Amin. Thine own.
Mar. Quench th' light, thine Eyes are guides illustrious.
Amin. 'Tis necessary.

[Exeunt.

(55) Enter Antonio.

Ant. Your Legs have fav'd your lives, whose'er you are.
Friend? Martin? where art thou? not hurt I hope;
Sure I was farthest i'th' pursuit of 'em:
My Pleasures are forgotten through my Fears.
The Light's extinct, it was discreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the Broil,
And fearing that might call up Company,
Have carefully prevented, and clos'd up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my Friend,
I fear he's hurt; Friend? Friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, Friend?
A groan, or any thing that may discover thee:
Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine Ear as low as thou canst fall:
Friend, Don Martin, I must answer for thee,
'Twas in my cause thou fell'st, if thou be'st down—
Such Dangers stand betwixt us and our Joys,
That should we forethink e'er we undertake,
We'd sit at home, and savor—What a Night's here?
Purpos'd for so much Joy, and now dispos'd
To so much Wretchedness? I shall not rest in't:
If I had all my Pleasures there within,
I should not entertain 'em with a Smile.
Good-night to you: Mine will be black and sad,
A Friend cannot, a Woman may be had.

[Exit.

(55) Enter Antonio.

Mar. Your Legs have fav'd your, &c.] What a glaring Contradiction is here, Enter Antonio, and yet not he, but Martino, who was safe within, and deceiving his Friend as he thought, begins the Soliloquy. I have therefore without any Scruple given the true Speaker his own Part, and turn'd Martino out of Possession, tho' he has kept it since the Year 1647, and I must add with Pleasure that my kind Correspondent conquer'd in the same Change.
**ACT V. SCENE I.**

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

*Ism.* Thou false—

*Amin.* Do your daring fit, he's mine own,
Soul and Body mine, Church and Chamber mine,
Totally mine:

*Ism.* Darest thou face thy Falshood?

*Amin.* Shall I not give a welcome to my Wishes
Come home so sweetly? Farewel, your Company
'Till you be calmer, Woman———

[Exit.

*Ism.* Oh what a heap
Of Misery has one Night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

*Ant.* Where is he? do you turn your shame from me?
You're a blind Adulteress, you know you are.

*Ism.* How's that, Antonio?

*Ant.* 'Till I have Vengeance,
Your Sin's not pardonable: I will have him,
If Hell hide him not; you've had your last of him. [Exit.

*Ism.* What did he speak? I understood him not,
He call'd me a foul Name, it was not mine,
He took me for another sure.

Enter Bellides.

*Bel.* Ha? are
You there? Where is your Sweetheart? I have found you,
Traytor to my House: wilt league with mine Enemy?
You'll shed his Blood, you'll say: hah! will you so?
And fight with your Heels upwards? No, Minion,
I have a Husband for you, since you're so rank,
And such a Husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?

*Ism.* It Thunders with the Storm now.

*Bel.*
The Maid in the Mill.

Bel. And to Night
I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it sure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
(56) Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an Out-cry: Go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, though, up to your Coop, Pea-hen.

Ism. Then I'll try my Wings. [Exit.
Bel. Ay, are you good at that? Stop, stop, Thief, stop there. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

First SONG.

Flo. Now having Leisure, and a happy Wind,
Thou may'st at Pleasure cause the Stones to grind,
Sails spread, and Grift here ready to be ground,
Fie, stand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
And kiss my Hands?
Flo. If I were high enough,
I'd kiss your Lips too.

Otr. Do, this is some kindness,
This taste of willingness; nay, you may kiss still,
But why o'th' sudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoff'red, or uncom'led? why these sweet Curt'sies?
E'en now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus:
Prithee let me be prepar'd to meet thy Kindness,

(56) Shall not be worth a Chicken.] In this place the unknown
Gentleman reads thus,
worth a Chequin,
And adds that Sir Isaac Newton in his Tables of Gold and Silver
Coins says, Sequin, Chequin, or Zecchiun is a Gold Venetian Coin,
worth Nine and Sixpence. It may be so, but yet my Friend will
I hope pardon me if I have not alter'd the Line according to his
Direction, for I am not sure, that there is not a double Entendre
couch'd under this Word, which will be lost by his propos'd Cor-
rection of the Text.
The Maid in the Mill.

I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, Wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your Blessings,
If this be Love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your Strictness to me,
it is so sudden, it wants Circumstance.
Fie. Fie, how dull?

Second SONG.

How long shall I pine for Love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle-Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love stand still?
Shall the Grifts of my Hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Out. Prithee be calm a little,
Thou mak’st me wonder; thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious Rules to my Behaviour
But yefternight; thou that wert made of Modesty,
Shouldst in a few short Minutes turn thus desperate.
Fie. You are too cold.
Out. I do confess I freeze now,
I am another thing, all over me:
It is my part to woo, not to be courted:
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o’th’ instant e’er I can expect,
E’er I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest Carriage
From the desires of Youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation——
Fie. I will tell ye,
And tell ye seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded.
I have no Modesty, I’m truly wanton:
I’m that you look for, Sir; now come up roundly:
If my strict Face and counterfeited Stateliness
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way,
And
The Maid in the Mill.

And you should ne'er have come t'have known who
hurt ye.
Prity, sweet Count, be more familiar with me.
However we are open in our Natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't:
I saw you touch not at the bait of Chastity,
And that it grew distasteful to your Palate
T'appear so holy, therefore I take my true shape:
Is your Bed ready, Sir? you shall quickly find me.

Third S O N G.

On the Bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
   Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid
To try the Rights that belong to Love?
No, no, there I'll woo thee with a Crown,
Crown our Defires,
Kindle the fires,
When Love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play;
If thou com'st short, for thee I'll stay;
If thou unskilful art, (57) the Ground,
I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.

Otr. Are ye no Maid?
Flo. Alas, my Lord, no certain.
I'm sorry you're so innocent to think so.
Is this an Age for silly Maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They're (58) peerish, petish things, that hold no Game up.
No Pleasure neither, they are sport for Surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fix you beyond Maiden-head:

(57) [---on the Ground.] The omission of on is upon the
credit of the first Folio.
(58) [---peerish, petish things.] So reads 1647 Edition,
Others, peerish, prety, &c.
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A fair and easie way Men travel right in,
And with Delight, discourse, and twenty Pleasures,
Th' enjoy their Journey, mad Men creep thro' Hedges.
Otr. I'm metamorphos'd; why do you appear,
I conjure ye, beyond Belief thus wanton?
Flo. Because I would give ye Pleasure beyond belief.

Fourth S O N G.

Think me still in my Father's Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my Back,
On a well-fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has still gone round-a:
Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.

Otr. Then you have Traded?
Flo. Traded? how should I know else how to live, Sir,
And how to satisfie such Lords as you are,
Our belte Guests and our richest? Otr. How I shake now?
You take no base Men? Flo. Any that will offer,
All manner of Men, and all Religions, Sir,
We touch at in our time; all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

Fifth S O N G.

The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though he'er so unfound,
The Jew or the Turk,
Have leave for to work,
The whilst that the Mill goes around.

Otr. You are a common thing then?
Flo. No matter, since you have your private Pleasure,
And have it by an Artist excellent;
Whether I am thus, or thus, your Men can tell ye.
Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on fee: do I bite at such an Orange?
After my Men? I am preferr'd.
Flo. Why stay ye?
Why do we talk, my Lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for Lips, and sweet Embraces,
Let Lawyers use their Tongues. (59) (Pardon me,
Modesty.) [Aside.] This desp'rate way must help; or I am miserable.
Otr. She turns, and wipes her Face, she weeps for certain,
Some new way now, she cannot be thus beastly,
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the Elements of common looseness,
Sir. (60) The art of lewdness: That, that, that—how now,

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The King, and t'please your Lordship, is alighted
Close at the Gate. Otr. The King?
Ser. And calls for ye, Sir,
Means to breakfast here too. Flo. Then I'm happy.
Otr. Stollen so suddenly? Go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not see her,
Lock her up closely, Sirrah, in my Closet.
Ser. I will, my Lord, what, does she yield yet? [Exit.
Otr. Peace:
She's either a damn'd Devil, or an Angel.
No noise, upon your Life, Dame, but all silence.

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lifsuro, and Terzo.

Otr. Your Majesty heaps too much Honour on me,
With such delight to view each several corner

(59) — Pardon my Modesty.] How much finer is the Text which
is from the Folio of the oldest date.
(60) The art of lewdness:—] However Florimel's Language shews
that she had heard of the Elements at least of Loosefnes, yet I think
Otrante thou'd say, that he did not believe she knew the practical
part of it, and so I would read,
Not th' Art of Lewdnes —
Or rather thus,
Not th' Art of Lewdnes. Art and Ad being often con-
found both in Shakespeare and our Authors. Mr. Seward.

Vol. VII. 8 Of
The Maid in the Mill.

Of a rude Pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the Rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd: the Gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet: What Rooms are these?

Otr. They're fluttish ones.

Phil. Nay, I must see.

Otr. Pray ye do, Sir,

They're Lodging-chambers o'er a homely Garden.

Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well: and those?

Otr. Those lead to th' other side o'th' House, and't like

Phil. Let me see those.

Otr. Ye may, the Doors are open.

(61) What shou'd this View mean? I am half suspitious.

[Aside.

Phil. This little Room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a Place for trash, Sir,

For rubbish of the House.

Phil. I would see this too?

I will see all.

Otr. I do beseech your Majesty,
The Savour of it, and the coarse Appearance —

Phil. 'Tis not so bad, you'd not offend your House

Come, let me see.

[with't;

Otr. Faith, Sir.

Phil. I'faith I will see.

Otr. My Groom has th' Key, Sir, and 'tis ten to one—

Phil. But I will see it: Force the Lock, my Lords,

There be Smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep some rare things here, you would not show, Sir.

Florimel discover'd.

Ter. Here's a fair Maid indeed.

Phil. By my Faith is she;

A handsome Girl: Come forward, do not fear, Wench.

Ay marry, here's a Treasure worth concealing:

Call in the Miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd.

(61r) What would this View, &c.] Would I have chang'd for

[found, from the Authority of Folio 1647.
I'll confess all before the Miller comes, Sir, 'Twas but Intention, from all Act I'm clear yet:

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your Daughter?
Fra. Yes, and't please your Highness,
This is the Shape of her; for her Substance, Sir,
Whether she be now honourable or
Dishonourable, whether she be now
A white Rose, or a Canker, is the Question.
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If she be for your Pace, y'had best preserve her; Sir,
She's tender-mouth'd, let her be broken handfomely.

Phil. Maid, were you stoll'n?
Flo. I went not willingly,
And't please your Grace, I was never bred so boldly.

Phil. How has he us'd ye?
Flo. Yet, Sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure ye tell Truth; and be sure, my Lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell ye
You've lost me, and your self too; speak again, Wench.

Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I'm yet a Maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir:
Only I suffer'd under strong Temptations
The Heat of Youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no Whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to ou't-do you; I had been robb'd elle,
I had been miserable, but I forgive ye.

Phil. What Recompence for this?

Otr. A great one, Sir,
First a Repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, Sweet.

Flo. I do, my Lord.

Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and these; all I have, Florimel.

Flo. No, good my Lord, these often corrupt Maidens,
I dare not touch at these, they're Lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me——

Otr. Any thing in my Power,
Or in my Purchase.

_Flo._ Take heed, noble Sir,
You'll make me a bold Asker.

_Otr._ Ask me freely.

_Flo._ Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
I've kept ye from a crying Sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your Credit,
That would have dy'd to all Posterity:
Curfes of Maids shall never now affliet ye,
Nor Parents bitter Tears make your Name barren:
If he deserves well that redeems his Country,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
To be your Friend, that have preserv'd your Honour?

_Otr._ You are, and thus I take ye; thus I feal ye
Mine own, and only mine.

_Phil._ Count, she deserves ye,
And let it be my Happiness to give ye——

[Graves her to Otrante.

I've giv'n a virtuous Maid now, I dare say it,
'Tis more than Blood; I'll pay her Portion, Sir,
And't shall be worthy you.

_Fra._ I'll sell my Mill,
I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fidlers,
And we'll have all 'th' Country at this Wedding,
Pray let me give her too; here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my Heart, and kiss her freely;
Would I could give you all this Hand has toll'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The Wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.

_Ver._ She must have new Cloaths.

_Ter._ Yes.

_Ver._ Yes marry must she.

If't please ye, Madam, let me see the State of your Body,
I'll fit you instantly.

_Phil._ Art not thou gone yet? [now,

_Ver._ And't please your Grace, a Gown, a handsome Gown

An orient Gown.

_Phil._ Nay, take thy Pleasure of her.

_Ver._ Of Cloth of Tiffew I can fit ye, Madam:

(My
The Maid in the Mill.

(My Lords, stand out o’th’ Light, a curious Body,—
The neatest Body in Spain this Day;) with embroi-der’d
A clinqvant Petticoat of some rich Stuff,[Flowers,
To catch the Eye: I have a thousand Fashions.
O Sleeve, O Sleeve: I’ll study all Night, Madam,
To magnifie your Sleeve.

Otr. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye’ve more time.

Flo. Make me no more than Woman, and I’m thine.

Otr. Sir, happily my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot,
But if the Fashion be not there, you marr her.

Enter Antonio, Constable and Officers.

Ant. Is my Offence so great, e’er I be convict,
To be torn with Rascals? If it be Law,
Let ’em be wild Horses rather than these.

Phil. What’s that? [Grace.

Con. This is a Man suspected of Murther, if it please your
Phil. It pleases me not, Friend; but who suspects him?

Con. We that are your Highness’ extraordinary Officers,
We that have taken our Oaths to maintain you in Peace.

Phil. ’Twill be a great Charge to you.

Con. ’Tis a great Charge indeed; but then we call our
Neighbours to help us. This Gentleman and another were
fallen-out (yet that’s more than I am able to say, for I heard
no Words between ’em, but what their Weapons spoke,
clash, and clatter) which we seeing, came with our Bills
of Government, and first knock’d down their Weapons,
and then the Men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the Peace?

Con. Yes, and ’t like your Grace, we knock’d ’em down
to keep the Peace: This we laid hold on, the other
we set in the Stocks. That I could do by mine own
Power, without your Majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, Sir?

Con. I am a Shoemaker by my Trade.
The Maid in the Mill.

Amin. (62) Oh my Husband!
Why stands my Husband as a Man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful.
I'll answer for him. [bawling, Ant. What Woman's this? what Husband? hold thy
I know thee for no Wife. Amin. You married
Me last Night. Ant. Thou ly'st: I neither was in Church
Nor House last Night, nor saw I thee; a thing
That was my Friend, I scorn to name now, was with
Ismenia, like a Thief, and there he violated
A sacred Trust. This thou may'lt know, Aminia.
Amin. Are not you he?
Ant. No, nor a Friend of his:
Would I had killed him; I hope I have.
Amin. That was my Husband, Royal Sir, that Man,
That excellent Man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That Villain, that Thief.
Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken.
This is mine Enemy: Pardon, my Sovereign.
Phil. Good Charity, to crave Pardon for your Enemy.
Bel. Mine own Pardon, Sir, for my Joy's Rudeness.
In what Place better could I meet my Foe,
And both of us so well provided too?
He with some black blood-thirsty Crime upon him,
That (e'er the Horfe-Leech burst) will suck him dry:
I with a second Accusation,
Enough to break his Neck, if need should be,
And then to have e'en (63) Justice self to right us;
How should I make my Joys a little civil,

(62) Ant. Oh my Husband! ] Mr. Thoobald has here reflov'd the
true Speaker, and 'tis confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.
(63) — Justice self to right us: ] Is from the most ancient
Edition; the Octavo has it
Justice it self, &c.
The reading in the Text completes the Measure here, and I wish I
could have done the same by the assistance of all the Copies through
the rest of the Play, for great part of it is so far from being Verse,
that it has no pretence to any such thing, and indeed in a multi-
tude of places is neither better nor worse than Profe rus subud.
They
The Maid in the Mill

They might not keep this Noise?  
*Ant.* Here is some Hope.

*Phil.* What is your Accusation, Sir? We've heard the former.

**Enter Julio.**

*Bel.* Mine, my Lord? A strong one.

*Jul.* A false one, Sir,

At least malicious; an Evidence
Of hatred and despight: He would accuse
My poor Kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw, the stealing of his Daughter.
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.

*Antonio,* speak, didn't thou e'er see her? *Ant.* Yes, Sir, I have seen her. *Bel.* Ah, ha, Friend *Julio.*

*Jul.* He might, but how? with an unheedful Eye,
An accidental View, as Men see Multitudes,
That the next Day dare not precisely say
They saw that Face, or that, amongst 'em all.

(64) Didst thou so look on her?

*Bel.* Guilty, guilty:

His Looks hang themselves.

*Phil.* Your Patience, Gentlemen,

I pray you tell me if I be in Error,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some Show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it; pray you speak,
(If seems no more) Is't any thing but a Show?

*Bel.* My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my Daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough:
She is fled me, and I accuse this Thief for't.
Don *Martin* his own Friend, 's my Testimony;
A practis'd Night-Work.

*Phil.* That *Martin*'s the other

(64) Didst thou so look on her? Here I would insert a negative Particle, and read

Didst not thou so look on her?

The Sense and the Measure I think will thus be equal gainers.
The Maid in the Mill.

In your Custody; he was forgotten;

Fetch him hither.

Cox. We'll bring the Stocks and all else, and't please your Grace.

Enter Bustopha and Ilmenia.

Amin. That Man's my Husband certain, 'stead of this: (65) Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Buft. So ho, Miller, Miller, look out Miller; is there ne'er a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?

Ter. Yes, Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen,

A Gentleman Miller.

Buft. I should not be far off then; there went but a Pair of Sheers and a Bodkin between us. Will you to work, Miller? Here's a Maid has a Sack full of News for you: Shall your Stones walk? Will you grind, Miller?

Phil. S'this your Son, Frasier?

Fras. My ungracious, my disobedient,

My unnatural, my Rebel Son, my Lord,

Buft. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Fras. This Villain (of my own Flesh and Blood) was accessory to the stealing of my Daughter.

Buft. Oh Mountain, shalt thou call a Molehill a Scab upon the Face of the Earth? Though a Man be a Thief, shall a Miller call him so? Oh egregious!

Ful. Remember, Sirrah, who you speak before.

Buft. I speak before a Miller, a Thief in Grain; for he steals Corn: He that steals a Wench, is a true Man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another Cause that was in pleading.

Buft. I'll prove it strongly. He that steals Corn, steals the Bread of the Commonwealth; he that steals a Wench, steals but the Flesh.

(65) Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.] What deceiv'd and beguil'd too? Aminta purpos'd no such Tautology, but only that she and Martina were two designing Cheats, and had been as well fitted for their purpos'd Knavery. But as the old reading does not, may not make out this Sense, I suspect we should write thus.

Both (i.e. of us) would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd. Phil.
The Maid in the Mill.

Pbil. And how is the Bread stealing more criminal than the Flesh?

Buft. He that steals Bread, steals that which is lawful every Day: He that steals Flesh, steals nothing from the fasting Day: Ergo, to steal the Bread is the arranter Theft.

Pbil. This is to some purpose.

Buft. Again, he that steals Flesh steals for his own Belly full: He that steals Bread, robs the Guts of others: Ergo, the arranter Thief, the Bread stalker.

Again, he that steals Flesh, steals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other steals every Day, without Satisfaction: To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more capital Crime, for what he steals he puts in at the Head: he that steals Flesh (as the Dutch Author says) puts it in at the Foot (the lower Member.) Will you go as you are now, Miller?

Pbil. How has this satisfied you, Don Bellides?

Bel. Nothing, my Lord, my Cause is serious.

I claim a Daughter from that loving Thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ha, ha, Julio. [Daughter?]

Jul. How said you, Antonio? Wish you, you had his

Ant. With all my Soul I wish her; and my Body

Shall perish, but I will enjoy my Soul's Wish.

I would have slain my Friend for his Deceit,
But I do find his own Deceit hath paid him.

Jul. Will you vex my Soul forth? no other Choice

But where my Hate is rooted? Come hither, Girl,

Who's pretty Maid art thou?

Ifm. The Child of a poor Man, Sir.

Jul. The better for it. With my Sovereign's Leave,

I will wed thee to this Man, will he, ill he.

Pbil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love Enforcer,

I use no Power of mine unto those Ends,

Jul. Will thou have him?

Ifm. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewel all other Beauties,

I settle here: You are Ifmenia. [Aside to Ifmenia.

Ifm. The same I was; better, nor worse, Antonio.

Ant.
The Maid in the Mill.

Ant. I shall have your Consent here, I am sure, Sir.
Bel. With all my Heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this Kindness to mine Enemy,
And give her as a Father.
Ant. She'll thank you as a Daughter,
Will you not, Ismenia?
Bel. How? Ismenia?
Ism. Your Daughter, Sir.
Bel. Is't possible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you'd caught th' old ones; you wade, you
In shallow Fords, we can swim, we; look here, [wade
We made the Match; we are all Friends, good Friends;
Thin, thin; why the Fool knew all this, this Fool.
Bufk. Keep that to your self, Sir; what I knew I
knew. This Sack is a Witness. Miller, this is not for
your thumming. Here's gold Lace; you may see her in
her Holiday Cloaths if you will; I was her Wardrobe
Man.

Enter Martino, Aminta, Constable and Officers.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.
Mar. Did you speak to me, Sir?
Ant. It might seem to you, Martino, your Conscience
has quick Ears.
Mar. My Sight was a little dim i' th' Dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better Understander now,
I know my Wife wants nothing of a Woman?
There you're my Junior.
Ant. You are not hurt?
Mar. Not shrewdly hurt; I have good Flesh to heal you
Good round Flesh: these Cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack-Stones and all; I should not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.
Ant. You mistake the Weapon: Are you not hurt?
Mar. A little scratch; but I shall claw't off well enough.
The Maid in the Mill.

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free Conscience: My Liege, your Pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this Woman?

Fra. I beft, my Lord, I've been acquainted with her
these forty Summers, and as many Winters, were it
Spring again; she's like the Gout, I can get no cure
for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, Franio?

Fra. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed, my Lord, a painful
stitch to my side; would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your silience.

Busf. Will you be older and older every day than
other? the longer you live the older still? Must his
Majesty command your Silence, e'er you'll hold your
Tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
Pray Sir, will you be silent?

Busf. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but
Age will have his course, and his weaknesses——

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Busf. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that
cannot hold his Tongue e'er he be bidden——

Phil. Why Sirrah?

Busf. But I believe your Majesty will not be long trou-
bled with him: I hope that Woman has something to
confess will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Destiny upon you,
If you cease not, the sooner.

Busf. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves
me that I should call that Man Father, that should
be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his
Tongue——

Phil. To th' Porter's Lodge with him.

Busf. I thank your Grace; I have a Friend there.

Phil. Speak, Woman,

If any interruption meet thee more, it shall
Be punish'd sharply. Gill. Good my Liege, I dare not
Ask you the question why that old Man weeps.

Phil.
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Phil. Who? Count Julio? I observed it not. You hear the question, Sir, will you give the cause?

Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get passage, (It is a Sorrow of that greatness grown,) Let's it dissolve in Tears, and come by Parcels.

Gill. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery, And bring you forth a joy. You lost a Daughter.

Jul. 'Twas that recounted Thought brought forth these Sorrows.

Gill. She's found again. Know you this Mantle, Sir?

Jul. Hah?

Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you This did enwrap your Child, whom ever since I have call'd mine, when Nurse Amaranta, In a remove from Mora to Corduba, Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear, She was the Ravin's Prey, as Heav'n so would, He with his booty fill'd, forsook the Babe; All this was in my sight; and so long I saw, Until the cruel Creature left my sight, At which advantage I adventur'd me To rescue the sweet Lamb: I did it, Sir, And ever since I have kept back your Joy, And made it mine: but Age hath wearied me, And bids me back restore unto the Owner What I unjustly kept these fourteen Years.

Jul. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many Years from me, And made me young as 'twas her Birth-day to me. Oh, good my Liege, give to my Joys a pardon, I must go pour a blessing on my Child,

Which here would be too rude and troublesome. [Ex.

Phil. Fracio, you knew this before.

Busb. Oh, oh; Item for you, Miller.

Fra. I did, my Liege, I must confess I did, And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that Woman's Tongue begun to me. We poor ones love, and would have Comforts, Sir, As well as great; this is no strange fault, Sir, There's many Men keep other Men's Children,
The Maid in the Mill.

As though they were their own.

Buß. It may stretch farther yet; I beseech you, my Liege, let this Woman be a little farther examin’d; (66) let the wounds of her Conscience be search’d, I would know how she came by me: I am a loft Child, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind, methought, to be a greater Man.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gill. Ay, ay, Boy; thou art mine own Flesh and Blood, born of mine own Body.

Buß. 'Tis very unlikely that such a Body should bear me; There’s no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my Father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he a Knight, Squire, or Captain; let he should not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own Child, Boy.

Buß. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldst thou make thy Mother a Whore, Knave?

Buß. Ay, if she make me a Bastard. The Rack must make her confess, my Lord, I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful Mind in me sure; methinks I do scorn poor Folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day:
Love yoak’d with Love, the best Equality,

(66) Let the words of her Conscience be search’d.] This would be as odd a search as a Man cou’d well be put upon, and as little to any good Purpose; Gillian, (the words of whose Conscience are here propo’d to be search’d,) had a little above made a grand Discov’ery, the Secret of which had laid so hard, and so long upon her Mind, that she cou’d not possibly contain it longer; in allusion to this therefore, Bußopba, to speak Senfe, was probably made to say thus,

Let the wounds of her Conscience, &c.

Thus we get rid of a most nonsensical Passag’; and the Poets are clear’d from the Error of the Pres.”
Without the (67) level of Estate or Person.

Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully,
We'll be a-kin too; Brother and Sister
Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Bust. Thank you, Uncle, my Sister is my Cousin yet
at the last cast: Farewel, Sister-sister. If I had known
the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had
another manner of Husband than thou hast, but much
good do thee; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiss the Bride,
and so.

Jul. Why, how now, Sirrah?

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my Sister.

It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a Scabbard and a Sword,
He put it up in the Country word,

The Miller and his Daughter.

She has a Face, and she can sing,
She has a Grace; and she can spring,
She has a Place with another thing,

Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish Brother of yours, my Lord.

Bust. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor,
noble Brother.

Otr. You may, there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir,
I fitted the Lady.

Bust. My Sister, Tailor? what fits her will hardly
fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you, Sir, the Tailor can do
both.

(67) —— level of Estate or Person.] In the Business of Match-
making, generally the chief Consideration turns not on the Qua-

ty of the Persons, but the Quantity of their Means. If so, then
possibly the Poets made the King express himself thus,

Without the level of Estate or Portion.

So in this very Play, Act II. Scene 2. Martino says to Antonio,

—— You not consider, Sir,

The great Disparity is in their Bloods,
Estates, and Fortunes.

Unless the Reader will say that Person above may mean the Qua-

lity of Blood. On that Supposition indeed the Line may stand with-

out any Alteration,
The Maid in the Mill.

Busf. You have a true Yard, Tailor.
Ver. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.
Busf. Then, Tailor, march with me away,
I scorn these Robes, I must be gay;
My noble Brother be shall pay

Tom Tailor. [Exeunt

Phil. Your recovered Friendships are found, Gentlemen?
Bel. At Heart, at Heart, my Lord, the Worm shall not
Beyond many Ages find a Breach to enter at.
Phil. These Lovers Unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our Progress then,
To be the witness of such fair Accords?
Come, now we'll eat with you, my Lord Otrante,
'Tis a Charge fav'd; you must not grudge your Guest,
'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feast.

[Exeunt omnes.

THE