

SCENE VIII.

A room prepared for the pretended enchantments.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, my masters; the dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in god's name, and leave us.—[*Exit Hume.*] Mother *Jordan*, be prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—*John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all! to this geer, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady, wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was set on fire,
The time when screechows cry, and bandogs howl,
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*here they perform the ceremonies and make the circle: Bolingbrook or Southwel reads. Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*]

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jord. Asmuth, by the eternal god, whose name
And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

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