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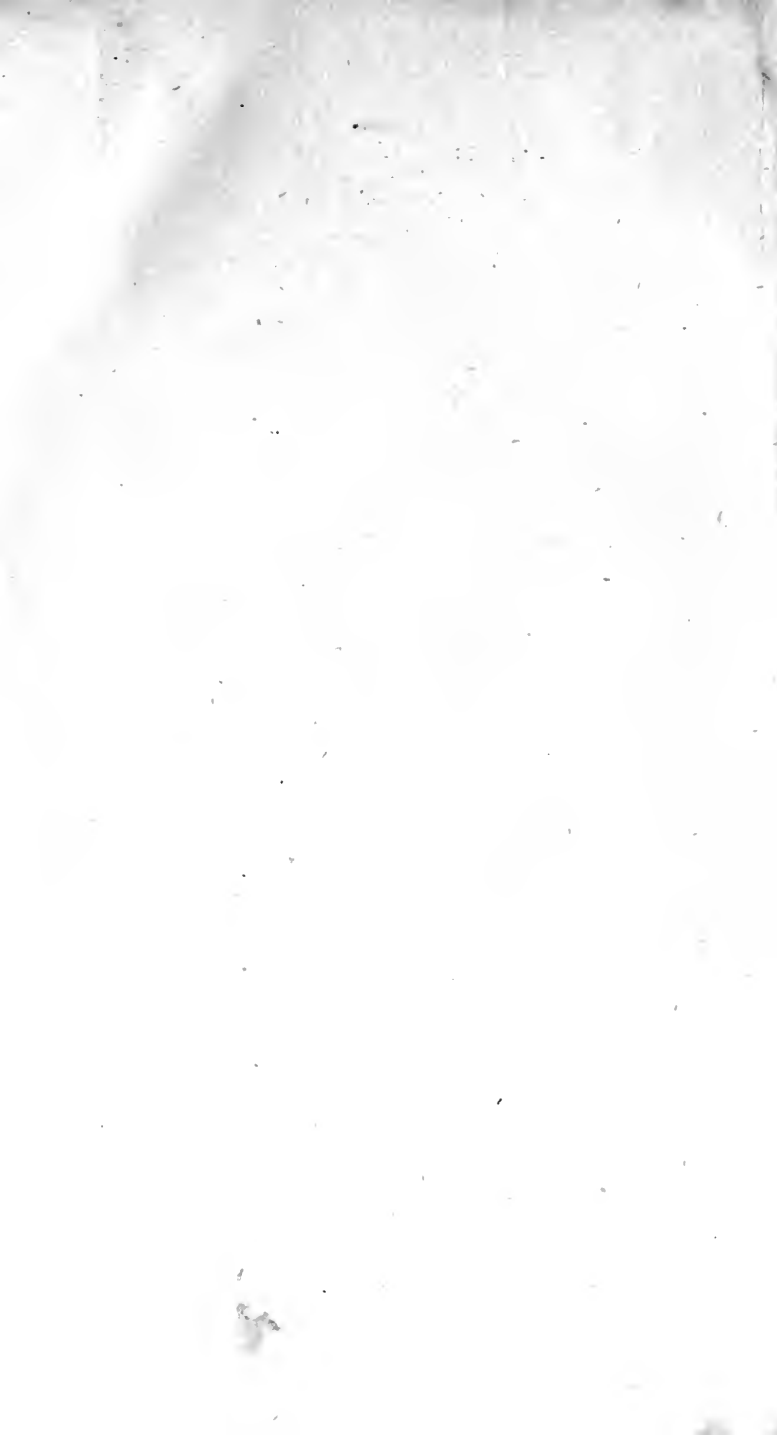
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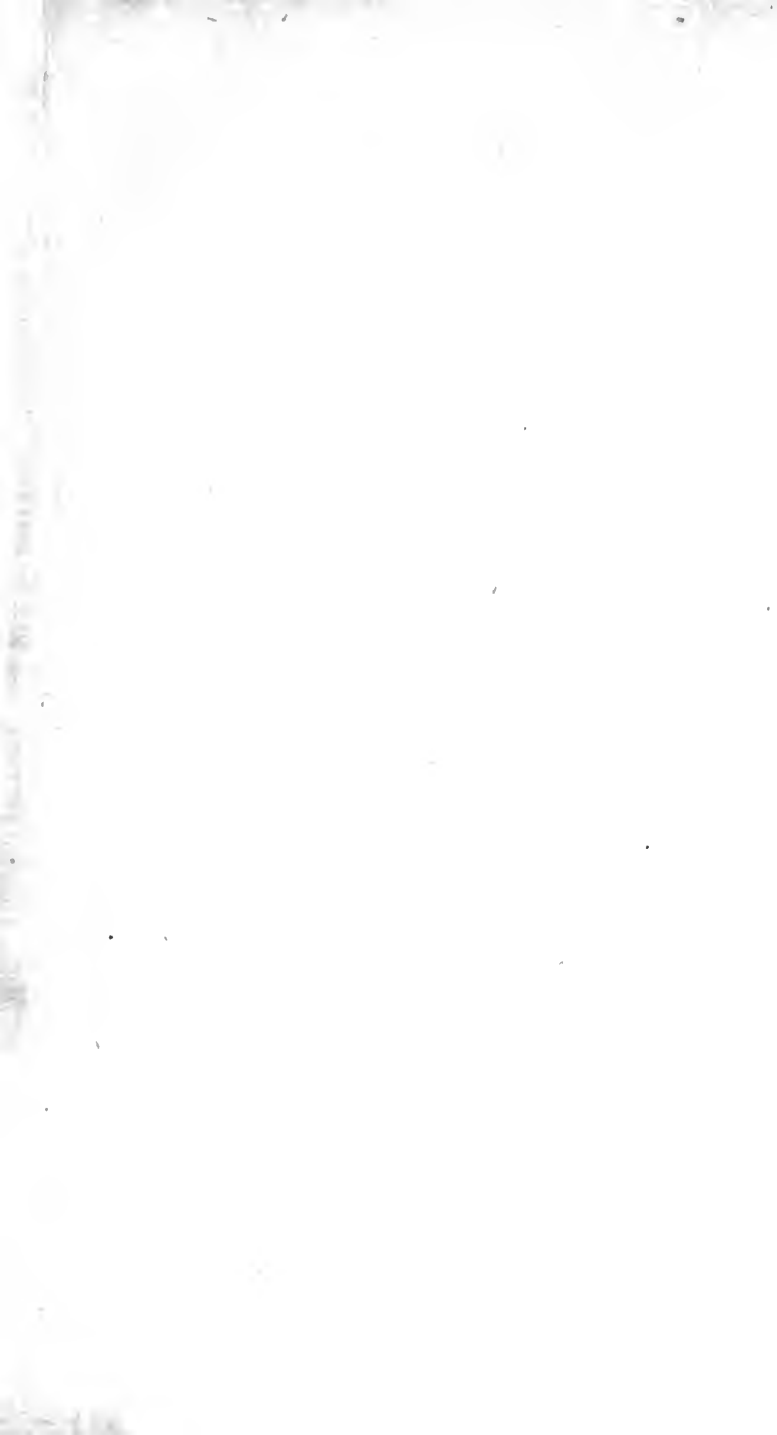
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THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL II.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1950

THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER
COMPLETE,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED,

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,
BY JOHN MONCK MASON, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS
CRITICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD ENGLISH
DRAMATICK WRITERS;

AND

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
MASSINGER, INSCRIBED TO DR. S. JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

L O N D O N :

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and H. PAYNE, in PALL-MALL.

MDCCLXXIX.

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

JOHN GARDNER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

CONTAINING

THE

TRAGEDIES

OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

AND

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R E N E G A D O.

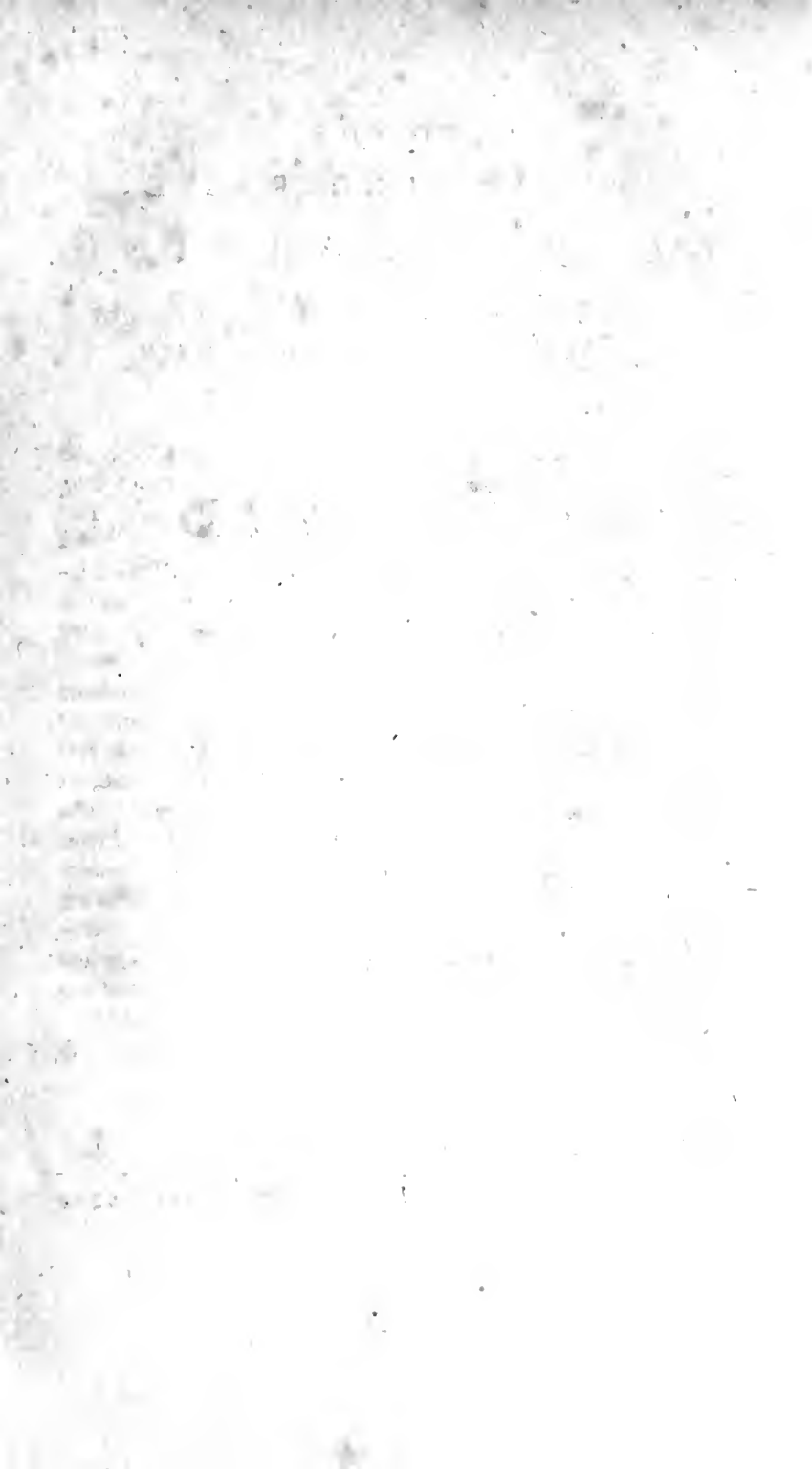
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TRAGI-COMEDY.

VOL. II.

A

414968



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE HARDING,

Baron *Barkley*, of *Barkley Castle*, and Knight
of the Honourable Order of the BATH.

My good Lord,

TO be honoured for old Nobility, or hereditary Titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your Rank, who may challenge the like Privilege with you: But in our Age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready Hand to raise the dejected Spirits of the contemned Sons of the Muses; such as would not suffer the glorious Fire of Poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your Lordship, that with a full Vote and Suffrage, it is acknowledged that the Patronage and Protection of the dramatic Poem, is yours, and almost without a Rival. I despair not therefore, but that my Ambition to present my Service in this Kind, may in your Clemency meet with a gentle Interpretation. Confirm it, my good Lord, in your gracious Acceptance of this Trifle; in which, if I were not confident there are some Pieces worthy the Perusal, it should have been taught an humbler Flight; and the Writer (your Countryman) never yet made happy in your Notice and Favour, had not made this an Advocate to plead for his Admission among such as are wholly and sincerely devoted to your Service. I may live to tender my humble Thankfulness in some higher Strain; and, till then, comfort myself with Hope, that you descend from your Height, to receive

Your Honour's commanded Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Original Actors.

<i>Afambeg</i> , Viceroy of <i>Tunis</i> .	JOHN BLANYE:
<i>Mustapha</i> , Basha of <i>Aleppo</i> .	JOHN SUMNER.
<i>Vitelli</i> , a Gentleman of <i>Venice</i> , disguis'd.	MICHAEL BOWIER.
<i>Francisco</i> , a Jesuit.	WILLIAM REIGNALDS.
<i>Antonio Grimaldi</i> , the <i>Renegado</i> .	WILLIAM ALLEN.
<i>Carazie</i> , an Eunuch.	WILLIAM ROBINS.
<i>Gazet</i> , Servant to <i>Vitelli</i> .	EDWARD SHAKERLEY.
<i>Aga</i> .	
<i>Capiaga</i> .	
<i>Master</i> .	
<i>Boatfwain</i> .	
<i>Sailors</i> .	
<i>Jailor</i> .	
Three <i>Turks</i> .	
<i>Donufa</i> , Niece to <i>Amurath</i> .	EDWARD ROGERS.
<i>Paulina</i> , Sister to <i>Vitelli</i> .	THEO. BOURNE.
<i>Manto</i> , Servant to <i>Donufa</i> .	

The Scene, *Tunis*.

T H E

R E N E G A D O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Vitelli and Gazet.

Vitelli.

YOU'VE hir'd a Shop, then?
Gaz. Yes, Sir; and our Wares
(Tho' brittle as a Maidenhead at sixteen)
Are safe unladen; not a Crystal crack'd,
Or China Dish needs ford'ring; our choice Pictures,
As they came from the Workman, without Blemish;
And I have studied Speeches for each Piece;
And in a thrifty Tone, to sell 'em off,
Will swear by *Mahomet* and *Termagant*,¹

¹ *Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant.*

Dr. *Percy*, in his Remarks on the ancient Ballad of *King Estmere*, says, that *Termagant* is the Name given by the Authors of the old Romances to the God of the *Saracens*: And as he was generally represented as a very furious Being, the Word *Termagant* was applied to any Person of a turbulent outrageous Disposition, though at present it is appropriated to the female Sex: Dr. *Grey*, in his Annotations on *Hudibras*, is of the same Opinion with Respect to the original Signification of this Word, and in Confirmation of it, he cites a Passage from *Chaucer*, and the following Lines from *Fairfax's* Translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem*, which are in the 84th Stanza of the first Canto,

The lesser Part in Christ believed wele,
In *Termagant* the more, and in *Mahowne*.

This Translation, however, is not warranted by the Original, for in that *Mahowne* only is mentioned.

That this is Mistress to the great Duke of *Florence*,
That Niece to old King *Pepin*, and a third
An *Austrian* Princess by her *Roman* Nose,
How'er my Conscience tells me they are Figures
Of Bawds and common Courtesans in *Venice*.

Vitel. You make no Scruple of an Oath, then?

Gaz. Fye, Sir!

'Tis out of my Indentures; I'm bound there
To swear for my Master's Profit, as securely
As your Intelligencer must for his Prince,
That sends him forth an honourable Spy
To serve his Purposes. And, if it be lawful
In a Christian Shopkeeper to cheat his Father,
I cannot find but, to abuse a *Turk*
In the Sale of our Commodities, must be thought
A meritorious Work.

Vitel. I wonder, Sirrah,
What's your Religion?

Gaz. Troth, to answer truly,
I would not be of one that should command me
To feed upon *Poor John*, when I see Pheasants
And Partridges on the Table: Nor do I like
The other that allows us to eat Flesh
In Lent, tho' it be rotten, rather than be
Thought superstitious, as your zealous *Cobler*
And learned *Botcher* preach at *Amsterdam* ²
Over a Hotchpotch. I'd not be confin'd
In my Belief; when all your Sects and Sectaries

La debil Parte, et la Minore in Christo,
La grande et forte in *Macometto* crede.

Termagant is supposed to be derived, either from the *Latin* *ter-*
magnus, or from the *Saxon* *tyr Magon*, both of which signify emi-
nently great. *M. M.*

☞ 2. ———— *As your zealous Cobler*
And learned Botcher preach at Amsterdam.

Much about this Time the *Low Countries* were infested with a fu-
perstitious Crew of Puritans and Fanaticks, and the Persons here allu-
ded to were perhaps the most noted: A *Cobler* and a *Taylor*,

Are grown of one Opinion, if I like it,
I will profess myself,—in the mean Time,
Live I in *England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva,*
I'm of that Country's Faith.

Vitel. And what in *Tunis* ?

Will you turn *Turk* here ?

Gaz. No : So I should lose
A Collop of that Part my *Doll* enjoin'd me
To bring Home as she left it : 'Tis her Venture,
Nor dare I barter that Commodity
Without her special Warrant.

Vitel. You're a Knaves, Sir ;
Leaving your Roguery, think upon my Business :
It is no Time to fool now——
Remember where you are too : Tho' this Mart-time
We are allowed free Trading, and with Safety,
Temper your Tongue, and meddle not with the *Turks,*
Their Manners nor Religion.

Gaz. Take you Heed, Sir,
What Colours you wear. Not two Hours since, there
landed

An *English Pirate's* Whore with a green Apron,
And, as she walk'd the Streets, one of their *Mufti's*
(We call them Priests at *Venice*) with a Razor
Cuts it off, Petticoat, Smock and all, and leaves her
As naked as my Nail ; the young Fry wond'ring
What strange Beast it should be. I 'scap'd a Scouring,
My Mistress' Busk Point of that forbidden Colour
Then ty'd my Codpiece, had it been discover'd,
I had been capon'd.

Vitel. And had been well serv'd.
Haste to the Shop, and set my Wares in Order,
I will not long be absent.

Gaz. Tho' I strive, Sir,
To put off Melancholy, to which you are ever
Too much inclin'd, it shall not hinder me
With my best Care to serve you.

[Exit Gaze

Enter Francisco.

Vitel. I believe thee.

O welcome, Sir! Stay of my Steps in this Life
And Guide to all my blessed Hopes hereafter!
What Comfort, Sir? Have your Endeavours prof-
per'd?

Have we tir'd Fortune's Malice with our Sufferings?
Is she at length, after so many Frowns,
Pleas'd to vouchsafe one cheerful Look upon us?

Fran. You give too much to Fortune and your Pas-
sions,

O'er which a wise Man, if religious, triumphs.
That Name Fools worship, and those Tyrants, which
We arm against our better Part, our Reason,
May add, but never take from our Afflictions.

Vitel. Sir, as I am a sinful Man, I cannot
But like one suffer.

Fran. I exact not from you
A Fortitude insensible of Calamity,
To which the Saints themselves have bow'd, and shew
They're made of Flesh and Blood: All that I challenge
Is manly Patience. Will you, that were train'd up
In a religious School, where divine Maxims,
Scorning Comparison with moral Precepts,
Were daily taught you, bear your Constancy's Trial,
Not like *Vitelli*, but a Village Nurse,
With Curses in your Mouth? Tears in your Eyes?
How poorly it shows in you.

Vitel. I am school'd, Sir,
And will hereafter to my utmost Strength
Study to be myself.

Fran. So shall you find me
Most ready to assist you: Neither have I
Slept in your great Occasions since I left you:
I have been at the Viceroy's Court, and press'd
As far as they allow a Christian Entrance.
And something I have learn'd that may concern
The Purpose of this Journey,

Vitel. Dear Sir, what is it?

Fran. By the Command of *Afambeg*, the Viceroy,
The City swells with barbarous Pomp and Pride
For the Entertainment of stout *Mustapha*,
The Basha of *Aleppo*, who in Person
Comes to receive the Niece of *Amurath*,
The fair *Donusa*, for his Bride.

Vitel. I find not
How this may profit us.

Fran. Pray you give me Leave.
Among the rest that wait upon the Viceroy,
(Such as have under him Command in *Tunis*)
Who, as you've often heard, are all false Pirates,
I saw the Shame of *Venice* and the Scorn
Of all good Men: The perjur'd *Renegado*,
Antonio Grimaldi.

Vitel. Ha! his Name
Is Poison to me.

Fran. Yet again?

Vitel. I've done, Sir!

Fran. This debauch'd Villain, whom we ever thought
(After his impious Scorn done in *St. Mark's*
To me as I stood at the holy Altar)
The Thief that ravish'd your fair Sister from you,
The virtuous *Paulina*, not long since
(As I am truly given to understand)
Sold to the Viceroy a fair Christian Virgin,
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel Nature
Afambeg dotes extremely.

Vitel. 'Tis my Sister:
It must be she; my better Angel tells me
'Tis poor *Paulina*, Farewel all Disguises!
I'll show in my revenge that I am Noble.

Fran. You are not mad?

Vitel. No, Sir; my virtuous Anger
Makes ev'ry Vein an Artery; I feel in me
The Strength of twenty Men; and, being arm'd
With my good Cause to wreak wrong'd Innocence,
I dare alone run to the Viceroy's Court

And with this Poniard, before his Face,
Dig out *Grimaldi's* Heart.

Fran. Is this religious?

Vitel. Would you have me tame now? Can I know
my Sister

Mew'd up in his Seraglio, and in Danger
Not alone to lose her Honour, but her Soul?
The Hell-bred Villain by too, that has sold both
To black Destruction, and not haste to send him
To the Devil his Tutor? To be patient now,
Were, in another Name, to play the Pander
To th' Viceroy's loose Embraces, and cry Aim
While he by Force or Flattery compels her
To yield her fair Name up to his foul Lust,
And after turn *Apostate* to the Faith
That she was bred in.

Fran. Do but give me Hearing,
And you shall soon grant how ridiculous
This childish Fury is. A wise Man never
Attempts Impossibilities: 'Tis as easy
For any single Arm to quell an Army
As to effect your Wishes. We come hither
To learn *Paulina's* Fate and to redeem her:
Leave your Revenge to Heaven. I oft have told you
Of a Relick that I gave her, which has Power
(If we may credit holy Men's Traditions)
To keep the Owner free from Violence:
This on her Breast she wears, and does preserve
The Virtue of it by her daily Prayers.
So, if she fall not by her own Consent,
(Which it were Sin to think) I fear no Force.
Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd Shape,
Till Time and Opportunity present us
With some fit Means to see her; which perform'd,
I'll join with you in any desperate Course
For her Delivery.

Vitel. You have charm'd me, Sir!
And I obey in all Things: Pray you, pardon
The Weakness of my Passion.

Fran. And excuse it.

Be cheerful, Man; for know that good Intent
Are, in the End, crown'd with as fair Events.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room.

Enter Donusa, Manto, and Carazie,

Don. Have you seen the Christian Captive,
The great Bashaw is so enamour'd of?

Manto. Yes, an't please your Excellency,
I took a full View of her, when she was
Presented to him.

Don. Is she such a Wonder,
As 'tis reported?

Manto. She was drown'd in Tears then,
Which took much from her Beauty; yet, in spite
Of Sorrow, she appear'd the Mistress of
Most rare Perfections; and, tho' of low Stature,
Her well-proportion'd Limbs invite Affection:
And, when she speaks, each Syllable is Musick
That does enchant the Hearers.—But your Highness,
That are not to be parallell'd, I never yet
Beheld her Equal.

Don. Come, you flatter me;
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,
Seldom distaste our Servants, tho' they give us
More than we can pretend to. I have heard
That Christian Ladies live with much more Freedom
Than such as are born here. Our jealous *Turks*
Never permit their fair Wives to be seen
But at the public Bagnios or the Mosques;
And even then veil'd and guarded. Thou, *Carazie*,
Wert born in *England*; what's the Custom there
Among your Women? Come, be free and merry:

I'm no severe Mistrefs; nor hast thou met with
A heavy Bondage.

Car. Heavy? I was made lighter
By two Stone Weight at least, to be fit to serve you.
But to your Question, Madam; Women in *England*,
For the most Part, live like Queens. Your Country
Ladies.

Have Liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast;
To give free Entertainment to all Comers,
To talk, to kifs: There's no such Thing known there
As an *Italian* Girdle. Your City Dame,
Without Leave, wears the Breeches, has her Husband
At as much Command as her 'Prentice; and, if Need be,
Can make him Cuckold by her Father's Copy.

Don. But your Court-Lady?

Car. She, I assure you, Madam,
Knows nothing but her Will; must be allow'd
Her Footmen, her Coach, her Ushers, her Pages,
Her Doctor, Chaplains; and, as I have heard,
They're grown of late so learn'd, that they maintain
A strange Position, which their Lords with all
Their Wit cannot confute.

Don. What's that, I prithee?

Car. Marry, that it is not only fit but lawful
Your Madam there, her much Rest and high Feeding
Duly consider'd, should, to ease her Husband,
Be allow'd a private Friend. They have drawn a Bill
To this good Purpose; and, the next Assembly,
Doubt not to pass it.

Don. We enjoy no more
That are of the *Ottoman* Race, tho' our Religion
Allows all Pleasure. I am dull:—Some Musick.
Take my Chapins off.³ So, a lusty Strain—[*A Galliard*.
Who knocks there?

☞ 3 *Take my Chapins off.*

Chapin (*Spanish*) a high Cork-heel'd Shoe, or rather a Kind of
Slipper.

T H E R E N E G A D O.

13

Manto. 'Tis the *Basha* of *Aleppo*,
Who humbly makes Request he may present
His Service to you.

Don. Reach a Chair.—We must
Receive him like ourself, and not depart with
One Piece of Ceremony, State and Greatness,
That may beget Respect and Reverence
In one that's born our Vassal. Now admit him.

Enter Mustapha; puts off his yellow Pantoufles. ⁴

Musta. The Place is sacred, and I am to enter
The Room where she abides with such Devotion
As Pilgrims pay at *Meccha*, when they visit
The Tomb of our great Prophet.

Don. Rise, the Sign
That we vouchsafe your Presence.

[The Eunuch takes up the Pantoufles.]

Musta. May those Powers,
That rais'd the *Ottoman* Empire, and still guard it,
Reward your Highness for this gracious Favour
You throw upon your Servant. It hath pleas'd
The most invincible, mightiest *Amurath*,
(To speak his other Titles would take from him
That in himself does comprehend all Greatness,)
To make me the unworthy Instrument
Of his Command. Receive, divinest Lady,

[Delivers a Letter.]

This Letter, sign'd by his victorious Hand,
And made authentick by th' imperial Seal.
There when you find me mention'd, far be it from you
To think it my Ambition to presume
At such a Happiness, which his pow'ful Will
From his great Mind's Magnificence, not my Merit,
Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your Consent
Join with his good Opinion and Allowance
To perfect what his Favours have begun,

⁴ 4 Pantoufles (*French*) Slippers; it is a Custom with the *Turks* to be bare-footed whenever they appear before any of the royal Blood.

I shall in my Obsequiousness and Duty
 Endeavour to prevent all just Complaints,
 Which Want of Will to serve you may call on me.

Don. His sacred Majesty writes here that your Valour
 Against the *Persian* hath so won upon him,
 That there's no Grace or Honour in his Gift
 Of which he can imagine you unworthy ;
 And, what's the greatest you can hope or aim at,
 It is his Pleasure you should be receiv'd
 Into his Royal Family—Provided,
 (For so far I am unconfin'd) that I
 Affect and like your Person. I expect not
 The Ceremony which he uses in
 Bestowing of his Daughters and his Nieces.
 As that he should present you for my Slave,
 To love you if you pleas'd me; or deliver
 A Poniard on my least Dislike to kill you.
 Such Tyranny and Pride agree not with
 My softer Disposition. Let it suffice
 For my first Answer, that thus far I grace you.

[Gives him her Hand to kiss.]

Hereafter, some Time spent to make Enquiry
 Of the good Parts and Faculties of your Mind,
 You shall hear further from me.

Musta. Tho' all Torments
 Really suffer'd, or in Hell imagin'd
 By curious Fiction, in one Hour's Delay
 Are wholly comprehended: I confess
 That I stand bound in Duty, not to check at
 Whatever you command, or please to impose
 For Trial of my Patience.

Don. Let us find
 Some other Subject; too much of one Theme cloy's me;
 Is't a full Mart?

Musta. A Confluence of all Nations
 Are met together: There's Variety too
 Of all that Merchants traffick for.

Don. I know not.—
 I feel a Virgin's Longing to descend
 So far from my own Greatness, as to be,

Tho' not a Buyer, yet a Looker on
Their strange Commodities.

Musta. If without a Train
You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine.
And wait upon you as a common Man,
And satisfy your Wishes.

Don. I embrace it.
Provide my Veil; and at the Postern Gate
Convey us out unseen. I trouble you.

Musta. It is my Happiness you deign to command me.
[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Shop discovered, Gazet in it.

Francisco and Vitelli walking by.

Gaz. What do you lack? Your choice *China* Dishes,
your pure *Venetian* Crystal of all Sorts, of all neat and
new Fashions, from the Mirror of the Madam, to the
private Utensil of the Chamber-maid; and curious Pic-
tures of the rarest Beauties of *Europe*: What do you
lack, Gentlemen?

Fran. Take Heed, I say; howe'er it may appear
Impertinent, I must express my Love,
My Advice and Counsel. You are young
And may be tempted; and these *Turkish* Dames,
(Like *English* Mastiffs, that increase their Fierceness
By being chain'd up) from the Restraint of Freedom,
If Lust once fire their Blood from a fair Object,
Will run a Course the Fiends themselves would shake at,
To enjoy their wanton Ends.

Vitel. Sir, you mistake me:
I am too full of Woe to entertain
One Thought of Pleasure, tho' all *Europe's* Queens
Kneel'd at my Feet and courted me: Much less
To mix with such, whose Difference of Faith
Must, of Necessity, (or I must grant

Myself neglectful of all you have taught me)
Strangle such base Desires:

Fran. Be constant in
That Resolution, I'll abroad again
And learn, as far as it is possible,
What may concern *Paulina*. Some two Hours
Shall bring me back:

Vitel. All Blessings wait upon you! [*Exit Francisco*]

Gaz. Cold Doings, Sir! a Mart do you call this?
'Slight!

A Pudding-wife, or a Witch with a Thrum Cap
That sells Ale under-ground to such as come
To know their Fortunes in a dead Vacation;
Have, ten to one, more Stirring.

Vitel. We must be patient.

Gaz. Your Seller by Retail ought to be angry
But when he's fingering Money.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors, and Turks.

Vitel. Here are Company;
Defend me, my good Angel, I behold
A Basilisk!

Gaz. What do you lack? What do you lack? Pure
China Dishes, clear Crystal Glasses, a dumb Mistress
to make Love to? What do you lack, Gentlemen?

Grim. Thy Mother for a Bawd; or, if thou hast
A handsome one, thy Sister for a Whore;
Without these, do not tell me of your Trash,
Or I shall spoil your Market.

Vitel. —Old *Grimaldi*!

Grim. 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to Sea, or stand
The raging Winds aloft, or piss upon
The foamy Waves, when they rage most? Deride
The Thunder of the Enemy's Shot, board boldly
A Merchant's Ship for Prize, tho' we behold
The desperate Gunner ready to give Fire
And blow the Deck up? Wherefore shake we off
Those scrupulous Rags of Charity and Conscience,
Invented only to keep Churchmen warm,

Or feed the hungry Mouths of famish'd Beggars ;
But, when we touch the Shore, to wallow in
All sensual Pleasures.

Master. Ay, but, noble Captain,
To spare a little for an After-clap
Were not Improvidence.

Grim. Hang Consideration :
When this is spent, is not our Ship the same ?
Our Courage too the same to fetch in more ?
The Earth, where it is fertilest, returns not
More than three Harvests, while the glorious Sun
Posts thro' the Zodiack and makes up the Year :
But the Sea, which is our Mother, (that embraceth
Both the rich *Indies* in her out-stretch'd Arms)
Yields every Day a Crop if we dare reap it.
No, no, my Mates ! let Tradesmen think of Thrift,
And Usurers hoard up ; let our Expence
Be as our Comings in are, without Bounds ;
We are the *Neptunes* of the Ocean,
And such as traffick shall pay Sacrifice
Of their best Lading. I'll have this Canvass
Your Boy wears lin'd with Tissue, and the Cates
You taste, serv'd up in Gold ; tho' we carouse
The Tears of Orphans in our *Greekish* Wines,
The Sighs of undone Widows paying for
The Musick bought to cheer us ; ravish'd Virgins
To Slav'ry sold for Coin to feed our Riots.
We will have no Compunctiön.

Gaz. Do you hear, Sir ?
We have paid for our Ground.

Grim. Hum !

Gaz. And hum too,
For all your big Words, get you farther off,
And hinder not the Prospect of our Shop,
Or——

Grim. What will you do ?

Gaz. Nothing, Sir,—but pray
Your Worship to give me Handfel.

Grim. By the Ears ;

Thus, Sir ; by the Ears.

Master. Hold, hold !——

Vitel. You'll still be prating ?

Grim. Come, let's be drunk : Then each Man to his Whore.

—'Slight, how you look ! you had best go find a Corner To pray in and repent. Do, do, and cry.

It will shew fine in Pirates.

[*Exit Grimaldi.*]

Master. We must follow ;

Or he will spend our Shares.

Boatsw. I fought for mine.

Master. Nor am I so precise but I can drab too :

We will not fit out for our Parts.

Boatsw. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Master, Boatswain, and Sailors.*]

Gaz. The Devil gnaw off his Fingers ! If he were In *London* among the Clubs, up went his Heels For striking of a 'Prentice. What do you lack ? What do you lack, Gentlemen ?

1 *Turk.* I wonder how the Viceroy can endure The Insolence of this Fellow.

2 *Turk.* He receives Profit From the Prizes he brings in ; and that excuses Whatever he commits.—Ha ! what are these ?

Enter Mustapha, and Donufa veil'd.

1 *Turk.* They seem of Rank and Quality ; observe 'em.

Gaz. What do you lack ? See what you please to buy ; Wares of all Sorts, most honourable Madona.

Vitel. Peace, Sirrah ! Make no Noise : These are not People

To be jested with .

Don. Is this the Christians' Custom In the vending their Commodities ?

Musta. Yes, best Madam !

But you may please to keep your Way, here's nothing But Toys and Trifles, not worth your observing.

Don. Yes, for Variety's Sake. Pray you shew us
Friends

The chiefest of your Wares.

Vitel. Your Ladyship's Servant ;
And, if in Worth or Title, you are more,
My Ignorance plead my Pardon.

Don. He speaks well.

Vitel. Take down the Looking-Glass. — Here is a
Mirrour

Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from,
Nor flattering the Object, it returns
To the Beholder, that *Narcissus* might
(And never grow enamour'd of himself)
View his fair Feature in't.

Don. Poetical too!

Vitel. Here *Cbina* Dishes to serve in a Banquet,
Tho' the voluptuous *Persian* sat a Guest!
Here Crystal Glasses, such as *Ganymede*
Did fill with Nectar to the Thunderer,
When he drank to *Alcides*, and receiv'd him
In the Fellowship of the Gods, true to the Owners :
Corinthian Plate studded with Diamonds
Conceal oft deadly Poison ; this pure Metal
So innocent is and faithful to the Mistress
Or Master that possesses it, that rather
Than hold one Drop that's venomous, of itself
It flies in Pieces and deludes the Traitor.

Don. How movingly could this Fellow treat upon
A worthy Subject that finds such Discourse
To grace a Trifle!

Vitel. Here's a Picture, Madam ;
The Master-piece of *Michael Angelo*,
Our great *Italian* Workman — Here's another,
So perfect in all Parts, that, had *Pygmalion*
Seen this, his Prayers had been made to *Venus*
T' have given it Life, and his carv'd Iv'ry Image
By Poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,
The rarest Beauties of the Christian World,
And no where to be equal'd.

Don. You are partial
In the Cause of those you favour, I believe;
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.

Vitel. With your Pardon, Madam,
I am incredulous.

Don. Can you match me this? [Unveils herself.

Vitel. What Wonder look I on! I'll search above,
And suddenly attend you. [Exit Vitelli.

Don. Are you amaz'd?
I'll bring you to yourself. [Breaks the Glasses.

Musta. Ha! what's the Matter!

Gaz. My Master's Ware?—We are undone!—O
strange!

A Lady to turn Roarer, and break Glasses!
'Tis Time to shut up Shop then.

Musta. You seem mov'd.

If any Language of these Christian Dogs
Have call'd your Anger on, in a Frown shew it,
And they are dead already.

Don. The Offence

Looks not so far. The foolish paltry Fellow
Shew'd me some Trifles, and demanded of me,
For what I valu'd at so many Aspers,
A thousand Ducats. I confess he mov'd me?
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a Beggar
Receive least Loss from me.

Musta. Is it no more?

Don. No, I assure you. Bid him bring his Bill
To-morrow to the Palace and enquire
For one *Donusa*: That Word gives him Passage
Thro' all the Guard; say there he shall receive
Full Satisfaction. Now when you please—

Musta. I wait you.

[Exeunt *Mustapha*, *Donusa*, and two *Turks*.

1 Turk. We must not know them.—Let's shift off,
and vanish.

Gaz. The Swine's-pox overtake you: There's a Curse
For a *Turk* that eats no Hog's Flesh.

THE RENEGADO.

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Vitel. Is she gone?

Gaz. Yes: You may see her Handy-work.

Vitel. No Matter:

Said she aught else?

Gaz. That you should wait upon her,
And there receive Court Payment; and to pass
The Guards, she bids you only say, you come
To one *Donusa*.

Vitel. How! remove the Wares.
Do it without Reply, The Sultan's Niece!
I have heard among the *Turks* for any Lady
To shew her Face bare, argues Love or speaks
Her deadly Hatred. What should I fear? My Fortune
Is sunk so low there cannot fall upon me
Aught worth my shunning.—I will run the Hazard.—
She may be a Means to free distress'd *Paulina*.—
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die
Is a full Period to Calamity. [Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Carazie and Manto.

Carazie.

IN the Name of Wonder, *Manto*, what hath my
Lady
Done with herself since yesterday?

Manto. I know not.

Malicious Men report we are all guided
In our Affections by a wand'ring Planet:
But such a sudden Change in such a Person.

May stand for an Example to confirm
Their false Assertion.

Car. She's now pettish, froward:
Musick, Discourse, Observance tedious to her.

Manto. She slept not the last Night; and yet
prevented

The rising Sun, in being up before him.
Call'd for a costly Bath, then will'd the Rooms
Should be perfum'd; ransack'd her Cabinets
For her choicest, richest Jewels, and appears now
Like *Cynthia* in full Glory, waited on
By the fairest of the Stars.

Car. Can you guess the Reason,
Why the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, and he
That guards the Entrance of the inmost Port,
Were call'd before her?

Manto. They are both her Creatures,
And by her Grace preferr'd. But I am ignorant
To what Purpose they were sent for.

Enter Donusa.

Car. Here she comes,
Full of sad Thoughts: We must stand farther off.—
What a Frown was that!

Manto. Forbear.

Car. I pity her.

Don. What Magick hath transform'd me from my-
self?

Where is my Virgin Pride? How have I lost
My boasted Freedom? What new Fire burns up
My scorched Entrails? What unknown Desires
Invade, and take Possession of my Soul,
All virtuous Objects vanish'd? Have I stood
The Shock of fierce Temptations, stopp'd mine Ears
Against all *Syren* Notes Lust ever sung,
To draw my Bark of Chastity (that with Wonder
Hath kept a constant and an honour'd Course)
Into the Gulf of a deserv'd ill Fame?
Now fall unpitied? And, in a Moment
With mine own Hands dig up a Grave to bury

The monumental Heap of all my Years,
 Employ'd in noble Actions? O my Fate!
 —But there is no resisting. I obey thee,
 Imperious God of Love, and willingly
 Put mine own Fetters on to grace thy Triumph:
 'Twere therefore more than Cruelty in thee
 To use me like a Tyrant. What poor Means
 Must I make use of now? And flatter such,
 To whom, till I betray'd my Liberty,
 One gracious Look of mine would have erected
 An Altar to my Service? How now, *Manto!*
 My ever careful Woman; and *Carazie*,
 Thou hast been faithful too.

Car. I dare not call
 My Life mine own, since it is yours; but gladly
 Will part with it whene'er you shall command me,
 And think I fall a Martyr, so my Death
 May give Life to your Pleasures.

Manto. But vouchsafe
 To let me understand what you desire
 Should be effected, I will undertake it
 And curse myself for Cowardice if I paus'd
 To ask a Reason Why.

Don. I'm comforted
 In the Tender of your Service, but shall be
 Confirm'd in my full Joys in the Performance.
 Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you
 But what you stand engag'd for, to a Mistress;
 Such as I have been to you. All I ask
 Is Faith and Secrecy.

Car. Say but you doubt me,
 And, to secure you, I'll cut out my Tongue,
 I am lib'd in the Breech already.

Manto. Do not hinder
 Yourself by these Delays.

Don. Thus then I whisper
 My own Shame to you. O that I should blush
 To speak what I so much desire to do!
 And further—

[*Whispers, and uses vehement Actions.*]

Manto. Is this all?

Don. Think it not base;
Altho' I know the Office undergoes
A coarse Construction.

Car. Coarse? 'Tis but procuring;
A Smock Employment which has made more Knights,
In a Country I could name, than twenty Years
Of Service in the Field.

Don. You have my Ends.

Manto. Which say you have arriv'd at, be not wanting
To yourself and fear not us.

Car. I know my Burthen:
I'll bear it with Delight.

Manto. Talk not, but do. [*Exeunt Carazie and Manto.*]

Don. O Love! what poor Shifts thou dost force us to?
[*Exit Donusa.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, and Janizaries.

Aga. She was ever our good Mistrefs and our Maker,
And should we check at a little Hazard for her,
We were unthankful.

Cap. I dare pawn my Head,
'Tis some disguised Minion of the Court
Sent from great *Amurath*, to learn from her
The Viceroy's Actions.

Aga. That concerns not us;
His Fall may be our Rise: Whate'er he be,
He passes thro' my Guards.

Cap. And mine—provided
He give the Word.

Enter Vitelli.

Vitel. To faint now, being thus far,
Would argue me of Cowardice.

Aga. Stand—the Word—

Or, being a Christian, to press thus far
Forfeits thy Life.

Vitel. *Donusa.*

Aga. Pass in Peace. [*Exeunt Aga and Janizaries.*]

Vitel. What a Privilege her Name bears!

'Tis wondrous strange!

If the great Officer,
The Guardian of the inner Port, deny not.—

Cap. Thy Warrant.—Speak,
Or thou art dead.

Vitel. *Donusa.*

Cap. That protects thee; without Fear enter.

So—Discharge the Watch. [*Exeunt Vitelli and Capiaga.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Carazie and Manto.

Car. Tho' he hath past the *Aga* and chief Porter,
This cannot be the Man.

Manto. By her Description, I am sure it is.

Car. O Women, Women!

What are you? A great Lady dote upon
A Haberdasher of small Wares!

Manto. Pish! thou hast none.

Car. No; if I had I might have serv'd the Turn:
This 'tis to want Munition, when a Man
Should make a Breach and enter.

Enter Vitelli.

Manto. Sir! you're welcome:

Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.

Car. Perfume the Rooms there and make Way.

Let Musick's choice Notes entertain the Man,
The Princess now purposes to honour.

Vitel. I am ravish'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room of State.

A Table set forth, Jewels and Bags upon it: Loud Musick.

Enter Donusa, takes a Chair; to her Carazie, Vitelli, and Manto.

Don. Sing o'er the Ditty that I last compos'd
Upon my Love-sick Passion: Suit your Voice
To the Musick that's plac'd yonder, we shall hear you
With more Delight and Pleasure.

Car. I obey you.

[*Song.*

Vitel. Is not this *Tempe*, or the blessed Shades,
Where innocent Spirits reside? Or do I dream,
And this a heavenly Vision? Howsoever,
It is a Sight too glorious to behold
For such a Wretch as I am.

[*Stands amaz'd.*

Car. He is daunted.

Manto. Speak to him, Madam! cheer him up, or
you

Destroy what you have built.

Car. Would I were furnish'd
With his Artillery, and if I stood
Gaping as he does, hang me.

Vitel. That I might ever dream thus.

[*Kneels.*

Don. Banish Amazement:

You wake; your Debtor tells you so, your Debtor:
And to assure you that I am Substance,

And no aerial Figure, thus I raise you.

Why do you shake? My soft Touch brings no Ague;
No biting Frost is in this Palm; nor are

My Looks like to the *Gorgon's* Head that turns
Men into Statues: Rather they have Power

(Or I have been abus'd) where they bestow
Their Influence (let me prove it Truth in you)

To give to dead Men Motion.

Vitel. Can this be?

May I believe my Senses? Dare I think
I have a Memory? Or that you are
That excellent Creature that of late disdain'd not
To look on my poor Trifles.

Don. I am She.

Vitel. The Owner of that blessed Name, *Donusa*,
Which, like a potent Charm, altho' pronounc'd
By my prophane, but much unworthier Tongue,
Hath brought me safe to this forbidden Place
Where Christian ne'er yet trod?

Don. I am the same.

Vitel. And to what End, great Lady, pardon me
That I presume to ask, did your Command
Command me hither? Or what am I to whom
You should vouchsafe your Favours? nay, your Anger?
If any wild or uncollected Speech
Offensively deliver'd, or my Doubt
Of your unknown Perfections, have displeas'd you,
You wrong your Indignation to pronounce
Yourself my Sentence: To have seen you only,
And to have touch'd that Fortune-making Hand,
Will with Delight weigh down all Tortures that
A flinty Hangman's Rage could execute,
Or rigid Tyranny command with Pleasure.

Don. How the Abundance of Good, flowing to thee,
Is wrong'd in this Simplicity? And these Bounties,
Which all our Eastern Kings have kneel'd in vain for,
Do by thy Ignorance, or wilful Fear,
Meet with a false Construction. Christian! know
(For till thou art mine by a nearer Name,
That Title, tho' abhorr'd here, takes not from
Thy Entertainment) that 'tis not the Fashion
Among the greatest and the fairest Dames,
This *Turkish* Empire gladly owns and bows to,
To punish where there's no Offence; or nourish
Displeasures against those, without whose Mercy
They part with all Felicity. Prithee, be wise,
And gently understand me; do not force her,
That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor e'er read
The Elements of Affection but from such

As gladly su'd to her, in the Infancy
Of her new-born Desires, to be at once
Importunate and immodest.

Vitel. Did I know,
Great Lady, your Commands ; or, to what Purpose
This personated Passion tends, (since 'twere
A Crime in me deserving Death, to think
It is your own) I should, to make you Sport,
Take any Shape you please t' impose upon me ;
And with Joy strive to serve you.

Don. Sport ! Thou art cruel,
If that thou canst interpret my Descent
From my high Birth and Greatness, but to be
A Part in which I truly act myself.
And I must hold thee for a dull Spectator
If it stir not Affection and invite
Compassion for my Sufferings. Be thou taught
By my Example, to make Satisfaction
For Wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly
I do confess my Fault ; I injur'd thee
In some poor petty Trifles ; thus I pay for
The Trespas I did to thee. Here—receive
These Bags stuff'd full of our imperial Coin ;
Or, if this Payment be too light, take here
These Gems for which the slavish *Indian* dives
To th' Bottom of the Main : Or, if thou scorn
These as base Dross (which take but common Minds)
But fancy any Honour in my Gift
(Which is unbounded as the *Sultan's* Power)
And be possesst of't.

Vitel. I am overwhelm'd
With the Weight of Happiness you throw upon me :
Nor can it fall in my Imagination
What Wrong I e'er have done you ; and much less
How like a royal Merchant to return
Your great Magnificence.

Don. They are Degrees,
Not Ends, of my intended Favours to thee,
These Seeds of Bounty I yet scatter on
A Glebe I have not try'd :—But, be thou thankful,
The Harvest is to come.

Vitel. What can be added
To that which I already have receiv'd,
I cannot comprehend.

Don. The Tender of
Myself.—Why dost thou start! and in that Gift
Full Restitution of that Virgin Freedom
Which thou hast robb'd me of. Yet, I profess,
I so far prize the lovely Thief that stole it,
That, were it possible thou couldst restore
What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me,
I should refuse the Present.

Vitel. How I shake
In my constant Resolution! and my Flesh,
Rebellious to my better Part, now tells me,
(As if it were a strong Defence of Frailty,)
A Hermit in a Desert, trench'd with Prayers,
Could not resist this Battery.

Don. Thou an *Italian*?
Nay more, I know't, a natural *Venetian*,^s
Such as are Courtiers born to please fair Ladies,
Yet come thus slowly on?

Vitel. Excuse me, Madam,
What Imputation soe'er the World
Is pleas'd to lay upon us; in myself
I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis
That I should offer.

Don. By Instinct I'll teach thee,
And with such Ease as Love makes me to ask it.
When a young Lady wrings you by the Hand—thus;
Or with an amorous Touch presses your Foot
Looks Babies in your Eyes, plays with your Locks,
Do not you find, without a Tutor's Help,
What 'tis she looks for.

Vitel. I am grown already
Skillful i' th' Mystery.

Don. Or, if thus she kifs you,
Then tastes your Lips again.—

^s A Native of *Venice*. The Venetians are celebrated for licentious Love and Gallantry above all other Italians: Baretti in his Reply to Sharp's Letters from Italy, seems to confirm this Opinion. D.

Vitel. That latter Blow
Has beat all chaste Thoughts from me.

Don. Say, she points to
Some private Room the Sun Beams never enters,
Provoking Dishes passing by to heighten
Declined Appetite, active Musick ushering
Your fainting Steps, the Waiters too as born dumb,
Nor daring to look on you. [*Exit, inviting him to follow.*]

Vitel. Tho' the Devil
Stood by and roar'd, I follow: Now I find
That Virtue's but a Word, and no sure Guard,
If set upon by Beauty and Reward. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, Grimaldi, *Master, Boatswain, &c.*

Aga. The Devil's in him, I think.

Grim. Let him be damn'd too.

I'll look on him, tho' he star'd as wild as Hell;
Nay, I'll go nearer to tell him to his Teeth,
If he mends not suddenly and proves more thankful,
We do him too much Service. Wer't not for Shame
now,

I could turn honest, and forswear my Trade,
Which, next to being truss'd up at the Main-yard
By some low Country Butter-box, I hate
As deadly as I do Fasting or long Grace
When Meat cools on the Table.

Cap. But take Heed,
You know his violent Nature.

Grim. Let his Whores
And Catamites know't; I understand myself,
And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home,
And rail at us that run abroad all Hazards,
If ev'ry Week we bring not Home new Pillage,
For the fattening his Seraglio.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, and Aga.

Aga. Here he comes.

Cap. How terrible he looks!

Grim. To such as fear him :
The Viceroy *Afambeg* ! were he the Sultan's self, —
He'll let us know a Reason for his Fury,
Or we must take Leave, without his Allowance,
To be merry with our Ignorance.

Afam. *Mahomet's* Hell
Light on you all—you crouch and cringe now. Where
Was the Terror of my just Frowns when you suffered
Those Thieves of *Malta*, almost in our Harbour,
To board a Ship and bear her safely off
While you stood idle Lookers-on

Agā. The Odds
I th' Men and Shipping, and the Suddenness
Of their Departure, yielding us no Leisure
To send forth others to relieve our own,
Deterr'd us, mighty Sir.

Afam. Deterr'd you, Cowards ?
How durst you only entertain the Knowledge
Of what Fear was, but in the not Performance
Of our Command ? In me great *Amurath* spake ;
My Voice did echo to your Ears his Thunder,
And will'd you, like so many Sea-born Tritons,
Arm'd only with the Trumpets of your Courage,
To swim up to her, and, like *Remoras*
Hanging upon her Keel, to stay her Flight
Till Rescue, sent from us, had fetch'd you off.
You think you're safe now ; who durst but dispute it,
Or make it questionable, if this Moment
I charg'd you from yon hanging Cliff, * that glasses
His rugged Forehead in the neighbouring Lake,
To throw yourselves down Headlong ? Or like Faggots
To fill the Ditches of defended Forts,
While on your Backs we march'd up to the Breach ?

Grim. That would not I.

Afam. Ha ?

* *Southern* in his *Oroonoko* seems to have borrowed this beautiful Image from *Massinger*.

—O for a Whirlwind's Wing
To hurry us to yonder Cliff that frowns
Upon the Flood.

Oroon. Act 5th. D.

Grim. Yet I dare as much
As any of the Sultan's boldest Sons,
(Whose Heaven and Hell hang on his Frown or
Smile,)

His warlike Janizaries.

Asam. Add one Syllable more;
Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a Sentence
That, Earthquake-like, will swallow thee.

Grim. Let it open ;
I'll stand the Hazard : Those contemned Thieves
Your Fellow-pirates, Sir ! the bold *Maltese*;
Whom with your Looks you think to quell, at *Rhodes*
Laugh'd at great *Solyman's* Anger : And, if Treason
Had not delivered them into his Power,
He had grown old in Glory as in Years,
At that so fatal Siege ; or ris'n with Shame,
His Hopes and Threats deluded.

Asam. Our great Prophet !
How have I lost my Anger and my Power ?

Grim. Find it, and use it on thy Flatterers,
And not upon thy Friends that dare speak Truth :
These Knights of *Malta*, but a Handful to
Your Armies that drank Rivers up, have stood
Your Fury at the Height, and with their Crosses
Struck pale your horned Moons ; these Men of *Malta*,
Since I took pay from you, I've met and fought with ;
Upon Advantage too ; yet, to speak Truth,
By th' Soul of Honour, I have ever found them
As provident to direct, and bold to do,
As any train'd up in your Discipline,
Ravish'd from other Nations.

Musta. I perceive
The Lightning in his fiery Looks, the Cloud
Is broke already.

Grim. Think not, therefore, Sir,
That you alone are Giants ; and such Pigmies
You war upon.

Asam. Villain, I'll make thee know
Thou hast blasphem'd the *Ottoman* Power, and safer
At Noon-day might have given Fire to *St. Mark's*,

Your proud *Venetian* Temple.—Seize upon him;—
 I am not so near reconcil'd to him,
 To bid him die: That were a Benefit
 The Dog's unworthy of, to our Use confiscate
 All that he stands possess'd of: Let him taste
 The Misery of Want, and his vain Riots,
 Like to so many walking Ghosts, affright him
 Where'er he sets his desperate Foot. Who is't
 That does command you?

Grim. Is this the Reward.

For all my Service, and the Rape I made
 On fair *Paulina*?

Asam. Drag him hence,—he dies,
 That dallies but a Minute.

Boatsw. What's become
 Of our Shares now, Master?

[*Grimaldi dragg'd off, his Head covered.*]

Maft. Would he had been born dumb:
 Patience, the Beggar's Cure, is all that's left us.

[*Exeunt Master and Boatswain.*]

Musta. 'Twas but Intemperance of Speech, excuse
 him——

Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out
 For a deserving Fellow.

Asam. At *Aleppo*,
 I durst not press you so far: Give me Leave
 To use my own Will and Command in *Tunis*,
 And, if you please, my Privacy.

Musta. I will see you,
 When this high Wind's blown o'er. [Exit *Mustapha.*]

Asam. So shall you find me
 Ready to do you Service. Rage, now leave me;
 Stern Looks, and all the ceremonious Forms
 Attending on dread Majesty, fly from
 Transformed *Asambeg*. Why should I hug

[*Plucks out a gilt Key.*]

So near my Heart, what leads me to my Prison?
 Where she, that is intrall'd, commands her Keeper,
 And robs me of the Fierceness I was born with.

Stout Men quake at my Frowns; and, in Return,
 I tremble at her Softness. Base *Grimaldi*
 But only nam'd *Paulina*, and the Charm
 Had almost choak'd my Fury, ere I could
 Pronounce his Sentence. Would! when first I saw her,
 Mine Eyes had met with Lightning, and, in Place
 Of hearing her enchanting Tongue, the Shrieks
 Of Mandrakes had made Musick to my Slumbers:
 For now I only walk a loving Dream,
 And, but to my Dishonour, never wake;
 And yet am blind, but when I see the Object,
 And madly doat on it. Appear, bright Spark

[*Opens a Door, Paulina discovered, comes forth.*]

Of all Perfection! any Simile
 Borrow'd from Diamonds or the fairest Stars,
 To help me to express how dear I prize
 Thy unmatched Graces, will rise up, and chide me
 For poor Detraction.

Pau. I despise thy Flatteries:
 Thus spit at 'em, and scorn 'em; and, being arm'd
 In the Assurance of my innocent Virtue,
 I stamp upon all Doubts, all Fears, all Tortures
 Thy barbarous Cruelty, or, what's worse, thy Dotage,
 (The worthy Parent of thy Jealousy)
 Can show'r upon me.

Asam. If these bitter Taunts
 Ravish me from myself, and make me think
 My greedy Ears receive angelical Sounds;
 How would this Tongue, tun'd to a loving Note,
 Invade, and take Possession of my Soul,
 Which then I durst not call mine own!

Pau. Thou art false;
 Falser than thy Religion. Do but think me
 Something above a Beast, nay more, a Monster,
 Would fright the Sun to look on, and then tell me,
 If this base Usage can invite Affection.
 If to be mew'd up, and excluded from
 Human Society; the Use of Pleasures;
 The necessary, not superfluous, Duties

Of Servants to discharge those Offices,
I blush to name.

Asam. Of Servants? Can you think
That I, that dare not trust the Eye of Heaven
To look upon your Beauties; that deny
Myself the Happiness to touch your Purenests,
Will e'er consent an Eunuch, or bought Handmaid,
Shall once approach you?—There is something in you
That can work Miracles, or I am cozen'd;
Dispose and alter Sexes, to my Wrong,
In Spite of Nature: I will be your Nurse,
Your Woman, your Physician, and your Fool;
Till, with your free Consent, which I have vow'd
Never to force, you grace me with a Name
That shall supply all these.

Pau. What is't?

Asam. Your Husband.

Pau. My Hangman, when thou pleasest.

Asam. Thus I guard me
Against your further Angers.—

Pau. Which shall reach thee,
Tho' I were in the Center.

[*Puts to the Door, and locks it.*

Asam. Such a Spirit,
In such a small Proportion I ne'er read of;
Which Time must alter:—Ravish her I dare not;
The Magick that she wears about her Neck,
I think, defends her, this Devotion paid
To this sweet Saint, Mistress of my four Pain,
'Tis fit I take mine own rough Shape again.

[*Exit Asambeg.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Francisco and Gazet.

Fran. I think he's lost.

Gaz. 'Tis ten to one of that;
I ne'er knew Citizen turn Courtier yet,

But he lost his Credit, tho' he fav'd himself:
 Why, look you, Sir! there are so many Lobbies,
 Out-offices, and Disputations⁷ here
 Behind these *Turkish* Hangings, that a Christian
 Hardly gets off but circumcised.

Enter Vitelli, Carazie and Manto.

Fran. I'm troubl'd,
 Troubled exceedingly.—Ha! what are these?

Gaz. One by his rich Suit should be some *French*
 Ambassador:

For his Train, I think they are *Turks*.

Fran. Peace!—be not seen.

Cara. You are now past all the Guards, and undiscover'd

You may return.

Vitel. There's for your Pains:—Forget not
 My humblest Service to the best of Ladies.

Manto. Deserve her Favour, Sir! in making Haste
 For a second Entertainment.

[*Exeunt Carazi and Manto.*

Vitel. Do not doubt me;
 I shall not live till then.

Gaz. The Train is vanish'd:
 They've done him some good Office, he's so free
 And liberal of his Gold. Ha! do I dream?
 Or is this mine own natural Master?

Fran. 'Tis he;
 But strangely metamorphos'd. You have made, Sir,
 A prosperous Voyage; Heaven grant it be honest!
 I shall rejoice then, too.

Gaz. You make him blush,
 To talk of Honesty: You were but now
 In the giving Vein, and may think of *Gazet*,
 Your Worship's 'Prentice.

7 Disputations.

This Word seems to convey here no Meaning: It is very probable that the Author wrote Dispartations, a Word signifying separate Apartments. *D.*

Vitel. There's Gold : Be thou free too,
And Master of my Shop, and all the Wares
We brought from *Venice*.

Gaz. Rivo then.

Vitel. Dear Sir !

This Place affords not Privacy for Discourse ;
But I can tell you Wonders : My rich Habit
Deserves least Admiration ; there's nothing,
That can fall in the Compass of your Wishes,
Tho' it were to redeem a thousand Slaves
From the *Turkish* Gallies, or at Home to erect
Some pious Work, to shame all Hospitals,
But I am Master of the Means.

Fran. 'Tis strange.

Vitel. As I walk, I'll tell you more.

Gaz. Pray you, a Word, Sir !

And then I will put on. I have one Boon more—

Vitel. What is't ? Speak freely.

Gaz. Thus then : As I am Master
Of your Shop and Wares, pray you, help me to some
Trucking,
With your last She-customer ; tho' she crack'd my best
Piece,

I will endure it with Patience.

Vitel. Leave your prating.

Gaz. I may : You have been doing ; we will do too :

Fran. I am amaz'd, yet will not blame nor chide you,
Till you inform me further : Yet must say,
They steer not the right Course, nor traffick well,
That seek a Passage to reach Heaven, thro' Hell.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Donufa and Manto,

Donufa.

WHEN, said he, he would come again?

Manto. He swore,
Short Minutes should be tedious Ages to him,
Until the Tender of his second Service,
So much he seem'd transported with the first.

Don. I'm sure I was. I charge thee, *Manto*, tell me,
By all my Favours and my Bounties, truly,
Whether thou art a Virgin; or, like me,
Hast forfeited that Name.

Manto. A Virgin, Madam?
At my Years, being a Waiting-woman, and in Court
too?

That were miraculous. I so long since lost
That barren Burthen, I almost forget
That ever I was one.*

Don. And could thy Friends
Read in thy Face, thy Maidenhead gone, that thou
Hadst parted with it?

Manto. No, indeed: I past
For current many Years after; till, by Fortune,
Long and continued Practice in the Sport
Blew up my Deck: A Husband then was found out
By my indulgent Father, and to the World
All was made whole again. What need you fear, then,
That at your Pleasure may repair your Honour?
Durst any envious or malicious Tongue
Presume to taint it?

Don. How now?

* I almost forget

That ever I was one.

This is little more than a Translation from *Petronius Arbitr.*
Quartilla, at Fourteen Years of Age, cannot recollect the Time
when she was a Virgin. D.

Enter Carazie.

Car. Madam, the *Basha*
Humbly desires Access.

Don. If it had been
My neat *Italian*, thou hadst met my Wishes.
—Tell him we would be private.

Car. So I did ;
But he is much importunate.

Manto. Best dispatch him :
His ling'ring here else, will deter the other
From making his Approach.

Don. His Entertainment
Shall not invite a second Visit.—Go,
Say we are pleas'd.

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. All Happiness.

Don. Be fudden.

'Twas saucy Rudeness in you, Sir, to press
On my Retirements ; but ridiculous Folly
To waste the Time that might be better spent
In complimentary Wishes.

Car. There's a Cooling
For his hot Encounter.

Don. Come you here to stare ?
If you have lost your Tongue and Use of Speech,
Resign your Government : There's a Mute's Place void
In my Uncle's Court, I hear, and you may work me
To write for your Preferment.

Musta. This is strange !
I know not, Madam, what Neglect of mine
Has call'd this Scorn upon me.

Don. To the Purpose——
My Will's a Reason, and we stand not bound
To yield Account to you.

Musta. Not of your Angers,
But with erected Ears, I should hear from you

The Story of your good Opinion of me
Confirm'd by Love and Favours.

Don. How deserv'd?

I have consider'd you from Head to Foot,
And can find nothing in that Wainfcoat Face,
That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken
With your grim Aspect, or tadpole-like Complexion.
Those Scars you glory in I fear to look on;
And had much rather hear a merry Tale,
Than all your Battles won with Blood and Sweat,
Tho' you belch forth the Stink too in the Service,
And swear by your Mustachios all is true.
You're yet too rough for me: Purge and take Physick,
Purchase Perfumers; get me some *French* Taylor
To new-create you; the first Shape you were made with
Is quite worn out: Let your Barber wash your Face too,
You look yet like a Bugbear to fright Children;
Till when I take my Leave—Wait me, *Carazie*.

[*Exeunt Donusa and Carazie.*

Musta. Stay you, my Lady's Cabinet-key!

Manto. How's this, Sir?

Musta. Stay, and stand quietly, or you shall fall else;
Not to firk your Belly up, Flounder-like, but never
To rise again. Offer but to unlock
These Doors that stop your fugitive Tongue (observe me)
And, by my Fury, I'll fix there this Bolt

[*Draws ais Scymitar.*

To bar thy Speech for ever,—So.—Be safe now,
And but resolve me (not of what I doubt,
But bring Assurance to a Thing believ'd)
Thou mak'st thyself a Fortune; not depending
On the nucertain Favours of a Mistress,
But art thyself one. I'll not so far question
My Judgment and Observance, as to ask
Why I am slighted and contemn'd; but in
Whose Favour it is done. I, (that have read
The copious Volumes of all Women's Falsehood,
Commented on by the Heart-breaking Groans
Of abus'd Lovers; all the Doubts wash'd off
With fruitless Tears the Spider's Cobweb Veil

Of Arguments, alleg'd in their Defence,
Blown off with Sighs of desperate Men, and they
Appearing in their full Deformity)
Know that some other hath displanted me,
With her Dishonour. Has she giv'n it up?
Confirm it in two Syllables.

Manto. She has.

Musta. I cherish thy Confession thus, and thus,
[Gives her Jewels.

Be mine.—Again I court thee thus, and thus:
Now prove but constant to my Ends.

Manto. By all—

Musta. Enough; I dare not doubt thee. O Land-
Crocodiles,
Made of *Ægyptian* Slime, accursed Women!
But 'tis no Time to rail: Come, my best *Manto*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Vitelli and Francisco.

Vitel. Sir, as you are my Confessor, you stand bound
Not to reveal whatever I discover
In that religious Way: Nor dare I doubt you.
Let it suffice you've made me see my Follies,
And wrought, perhaps, Compunction; for I would not
Appear an Hypocrite: But, when you impose
A Penance on me beyond Flesh and Blood
To undergo, you must instruct me how
To put off the Condition of a Man;
Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse
My Disobedience. Yet, despair not, Sir;
For, tho' I take mine own Way, I shall do
Something that may hereafter, to my Glory,
Speak me your Scholar.

Fran. I enjoin you not
To go, but send.

Vitel. That were a petty Trial;
Not worth one, so long taught and exercis'd

Under so grave a Master. Reverend *Francisco!*
 My Friend, my Father! in that Word, my All!
 Rest confident you shall hear something of me
 That will redeem me in your good Opinion,
 Or judge me lost for ever. Send *Gazet*
 (She shall give Order that he may have Entrance)
 To acquaint you with my Fortunes. [*Exit Vitelli.*]

Fran. Go, and prosper.

Holy Saints guide and strengthen thee! Howsoever,
 As thy Endeavours are, so may they find
 Gracious Acceptance.

Enter Gazet and Grimaldi, in Rags.

Gaz. Now, you do not roar, Sir;
 You speak not Tempests, nor take Ear-rent from
 A poor Shopkeeper. Do you remember that, Sir?
 I wear your Marks here still.

Fran. Can this be possible?
 All Wonders are not ceas'd then.

Grim. Do, abuse me,
 Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the Nose!
 Thrust out these fiery Eyes, that yesterday
 Would have look'd thee dead.

Gaz. O save me, Sir!

Grim. Fear nothing!
 I'm tame and quiet; there's no Wrong can force me
 To remember what I was. I have forgot
 I e'er had ireful Fierceness, a steel'd Heart,
 Insensible of Compassion to others:
 Nor is it fit that I should think myself
 Worth mine own Pity.—Oh!

Fran. Grows this Dejection
 From his Disgrace, do you say?

Gaz. Why he's cashier'd, Sir!
 His Ships, his Goods, his Livery-punks confiscate:
 And there is such a Punishment laid upon him,
 The miserable Rogue must steal no more,
 Nor drink, nor drab.

Fran. Does that torment him.

Gaz. O, Sir!

Should the State take Order to bar Men of Acres
From these two laudable Recreations;
Drinking and Whoring, how should Panders purchase,
Or thrifty Whores build Hospitals? 'Slid! if I,
That, since I am made free, may write myself
A City Gallant, should forfeit two such Charters,
I should be ston'd to Death, and ne'er be pitied
By th' Liveries of those Companies.

Fran. You'll be whipp'd, Sir!

If you bridle not your Tongue. Haste to the Palace,
Your Master looks for you.

Gaz. My quondam Master,

Rich Sons forget they ever had poor Fathers;
In Servants 'tis more pardonable.—As a Companion,
Or so, I may consent: But, is there Hope, Sir!
He has got me a good Chapwoman? Pray you, write
A Word or two in my Behalf.

Fran. Out, Rascal!

Gaz. I feel some Insurrections,

Fran. Hence!

Gaz. I vanish.

[Exit Gazet.

Grim. Why should I study a Defence or Comfort,
In whom black Guilt and Misery, if balanc'd,
I know not which would turn the Scale? Look up-
ward

I dare not; for, should it but be believ'd
That I (dy'd deep in Hell's most horrid Colours)
Should dare to hope for Mercy, it would leave
No Check or Feeling in Men innocent
To catch at Sins, the Devil ne'er taught Mankind yet.
No! I must downward, downward; tho' Repentance
Could borrow all the glorious Wings of Grace,

¶ 9 No, I must downward, downward; tho' Repentance
Could borrow all the glorious Wings, &c.

The Beauty of this Passage is inimitable, and truly original:
Shakespeare has, indeed, many that are similar to it; but none that
can be brought in Competition.

My mountainous Weight of Sins would crack their
Pinions,
And sink them to Hell with me.

Fran. Dreadful! hear me,
Thou miserable Man!

Grim. Good Sir! deny not
But that there is no Punishment beyond
Damnation.

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master. Yonder he is: I pity him.

Boatsw. Take Comfort, Captain: We live still to
serve you.

Grim. Serve me? I am a Devil already.—Leave me!¹⁰
Stand farther off! you're blasted, else. I've heard
Schoolmen affirm, Man's Body is compos'd
Of the four Elements; and, as in League together
They nourish Life, so each of them affords
Liberty to the Soul, when it grows weary
Of this fleshy Prison.—Which shall I make Choice of?
The Fire? No; I shall feel that hereafter.
The Earth will not receive me.—Should some Whirl-
wind

Snatch me into the Air, and I hang there,
Perpetual Plagues would dwell upon the Earth,
And those superior Bodics, that pour down
Their cheerful Influence, deny to pass it
Thro' those vast Regions I have infected.
The Sea; I,¹¹ that is Justice, there I plow'd up

¹⁰ ————— *Leave me!*
Stand farther off! you're blasted else.

Whenever the Mind is harrassed by the Stings of Conscience, or
the Horrors of Guilt, the Senses are liable to infinite Delusions, and
startle at hideous imaginary Monsters. The Poet, who can touch
such Incidents with happy Dexterity, and paint such Images of Con-
demnation, will infallibly work upon the Minds of others.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH.

¹¹ In all the ancient Poets, *I* is used for *My*. *M. M.*

Mischief as deep as Hell : There, I'll hide
This curf'd Lump of Clay : May it turn Rocks,
Where Plummets' Weight could never reach the
Sands !

And grind the Ribs of all fuch Barks as prefs
The Ocean's Breast in my unlawful Course.

I hafte then to thee : Let thy rav'nous Womb,
Whom all Things elfe deny, be now my Tomb !

[Exit Grimaldi.

Master. Follow him, and refrain him.

Fran. Let this ftand

For an Example to you. I'll provide
A Lodging for him, and apply fuch Cures
To his wounded Confcience as Heaven hath lent me.
He's now my fecond Care ; and my Profeflion
Binds me to teach the Deſperate to repent,
As far as to confirm the Innocent.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Afambeg, Muſtapha, Aga and Capiaga.

Afam. Your Pleaſure ?

Muſta. 'Twill exact your private Ear ;
And, when you have receiv'd it, you will think
Too many know it. [Exeunt Aga and Capiaga.

Afam. Leave the Room ; but be
Within our Call.—Now, Sir, what burning Secrets
bring you

(With which it feems you are turn'd Cinders)
To quench in my Advice or Power ?

Muſta. The Fire
Will rather reach you.—

Afam. Me ?

¹² Whom all Things elfe deny, be now my Tomb !

This is a Latinifm unufual in our Language ; the pronoun whom refers to me underftood, and comprized in the Pronoun poffeffive my. M. M.

Musta. And consume both ;
 For 'tis impossible to be put out,
 But with the Blood of those that kindle it :
 And yet one Vial of it is so precious,
 In being borrow'd from the *Ottoman* Spring,
 That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish
 Than prove the desp'rate Means that must restrain it
 From spreading farther.

Asam. To the Point and quickly :
 These winding Circumstances in Relations
 Seldom environ Truth.

Musta. Truth, *Asambeg* ?

Asam. Truth, *Mustapha*. I said it, and add more ;
 You touch upon a String that to my Ear
 Does sound *Donusa*.

Musta. You then understand
 Who 'tis I aim at.

Asam. Take Heed, *Mustapha* ;
 Remember what she is, and whose we are.
 'Tis her Neglect, perhaps, that you complain of ;
 And, should you practise to revenge her Scorn,
 With any Plot to taint her in her Honour.—

Musta. Hear me.

Asam. I will be heard first ; there's no Tongue
 A Subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine.

Musta. Well, take your Way.

Asam. I then again repeat it,
 If *Mustapha* dares with malicious Breath
 (On jealous Suppositions) presume
 To blast the Blossom of *Donusa's* Fame,
 Because he is deny'd a Happiness
 Which Men of equal, nay, of more Desert,
 Have su'd in vain for—

Musta. More ?

Asam. More. 'Twas I spake it,
 The *Basha* of *Natolia* and myself
 Were Rivals for her ; either of us brought
 More Victories, more Trophies to plead for us
 To our great Master, than you dare lay claim to ;
 Yet still, by his Allowance, she was left

To her Election : Each of us ow'd Nature
 As much for outward Form and inward Worth,
 To make Way for us to her Grace and Favour,
 As you brought with you. We were heard, repuls'd ;
 Yet thought it no Dishonour to sit down
 With the Disgrace ; if not to force Affection
 May merit such a Name.

Musta. Have you done yet ?

Asam. Be therefore more than sure the Ground on
 which

You raise your Accusation, may admit
 No undermining of Defence in her :
 For if with pregnant and apparent Proofs,
 Such as may force a Judge, more than inclin'd,
 Or partial in her Cause, to swear her guilty ;
 You win not me to set off your Belief :
 Neither our ancient Friendship, nor the Rites
 Of sacred Hospitality (to which
 I would not offer Violence) shall protect you.
 —Now when you please.

Musta. I will not dwell upon
 Much Circumstance ; yet cannot but profess,
 With the Assurance of a Loyalty
 Equal to yours, the Reverence I owe
 The Sultan, and all such his Blood makes sacred :
 That there is not a Vein of mine, which yet is
 Unemptied in his Service, but this Moment
 Should freely open, so it might wash off
 The Stains of her Dishonour. Could you think ?
 Or, tho' you saw it, credit your own Eyes ?
 That she, the Wonder and Amazement of
 Her Sex, the Pride and Glory of the Empire,
 That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted
 A frozen Coldness, which no Appetite
 Or Height of Blood could thaw, should now so far
 Be hurry'd with the Violence of her Lust,
 As, in it burying her high Birth and Fame,
 Basely descend to fill a Christian's Arms ?
 And to him yield her Virgin Honour up ?
 Nay, sue to him to take't !

Afam. A Christian?

Musta. Temper

Your Admiration:—And what Christian think you?
No Prince disguis'd; no Man of Mark nor Honour;
No daring Undertaker in our Service,
But one, whose Lips her Foot should scorn to touch,
A poor Mechanick Pedlar.

Afam. He?

Musta. Nay; more;

Whom do you think she made her Scout, nay Bawd,
To find him out, but me? What Place makes Choice of
To wallow in her foul and loathsome Pleasures,
But in the Palace? Who the Instruments
Of close Conveyance, but the Captain of
Your Guard, the *Aga*, and, that Man of Trust,
The Warden of the inmost Port?—I'll prove this;
And, tho' I fail to shew her in the Act,
Glu'd like a neighing Gennet to her Stallion,
Your Incredulity shall be convinc'd
With Proofs I blush to think on.

Afam. Never yet

This Flesh felt such a Fever.—By the Life
And Fortune of great *Amurath*, should our Prophet
(Whose Name I bow to) in a Vision speak this,
'Twould make me doubtful of my Faith.—Lead on;
And, when my Eyes and Ears are, like yours, guilty,
My Rage shall then appear; for I will do
Something;—but what, I am not yet determin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Carazie, Manto, and Gazet.

Car. They're private to their Wishes.

Manto. Doubt it not!

Gaz. A pretty Structure this! a Court do you call it?
Vaulted and arch'd: O! here has been old jumbling
Behind this Arras.

Car. Pry'thee let's have some Sport
With this fresh Codhead.

Manto. I am out of Tune,
But do as you please. My Conscience!—Tush! the
Hope

Of Liberty does throw that Burthen off;
I must go watch, and make Discovery.

[*Exit.*

Car. He's musing,
And will talk to himself; he cannot hold;
The poor Fool's ravish'd.

Gaz. I am in my Master's Clothes;
They fit me to a Hair too; let but any
Indifferent Gamester measure us Inch by Inch,
Or weigh us by the Standard, I may pass:
I have been prov'd, and prov'd again, true Metal.

Car. How he survey's himself.

Gaz. I've heard, that some
Have fool'd themselves at Court into good Fortunes,
That never hop'd to thrive by Wit i' th' City,
Or Honesty i' th' Country. If I do not
Make the best laugh at me, I'll weep for myself:
If they give me Hearing.—'Tis resolv'd—I'll try
What may be done. By your Favour, Sir! I pray
you,

Were you born a Courtier?

Car. No, Sir; why do you ask?

Gaz. Because I thought that none could be preferr'd.
But such as were begot there.

Car. O, Sir! many;

And, howsoe'er you are a Citizen born,
Yet if your Mother were a handsome Woman,
And ever long'd to see a Mask at Court,
It is an even Lay, but that you had
A Courtier to your Father; and I think so,
You bear yourself so sprightly.

Gaz. It may be;

But pray you, Sir! had I such an Itch upon me
To change my Copy, is there Hope a Place
May be had here for Money?

Car. Not without it ;
That I dare warrant you.

Gaz. I have a pretty Stock,
And would not have my good Parts undiscover'd,
What Places of Credit are there?

Car. There's your *Beglerbeg*.¹³

Gaz. By no Means that ; it comes too near the Beg-
gar ;
And most prove so that come there.

Car. Or your *Sangiack*.¹⁴

Gaz. Saucy Jack ? Fie ! none of that.

Car. Your *Chiaus*.¹⁵

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chief Gardener !

Gaz. Out upon't !

'Twill put me in Mind my Mother was an Herb-wo-
man.

What is your Place, I pray you ?

Car. Sir ! an Eunuch.

Gaz. An Eunuch ? Very fine ! I Faith ! an Eunuch !
And what are your Employments ? Neat and easy.

Car. In the Day I wait on my Lady when she eats,
Carry her Pantoufles, bear up her Train ;
Sing her asleep at Night, and, when she pleases,
I am her Bedfellow.

Gaz. How ? Her Bedfellow ?
And lie with her ?

Car. Yes, and lie with her.

☞ 13 *There's your Beglerbeg.*

(i. e. Lord of Lords) a chief Governor of a *Turkish* Province.

☞ 14 *Or your Sangiack.*

A *Turkish* Governor of a City or Province.

☞ 15 *Your Chiaus.*

An Officer in the *Turkish* Court, who performs the Duty of an Usher, and also an Ambassador to foreign Princes and States.

THE RENEGADO.

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Gaz. O rare!

I'll be an Eunuch, tho' I sell my Shop for't,
And all my Wares.

Car. It is but parting with
A precious Stone or two. I know the Price on't.

Gaz. I'll part with all my Stones; and, when I am
An Eunuch, I'll so tofs and towse the Ladies;
Pray you help me to a Chapman.

Car. The Court-Surgeon
Shall do you that Favour.

Gaz. I am made! an Eunuch!

Enter Manto.

Manto. *Carazie*, quit the Room.

Car. Come, Sir! we'll treat of
Your Business further.

Gaz. Excellent! an Eunuch?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Donufa and Vitelli.

Vitel. Leave me, or I am lost again: No Prayers,
No Penitence can redeem me.

Don. Am I grown
Old or deform'd since yesterday?

Vitel. You are still,
Altho' the sating of your Lust hath fullied
Th' immaculate Whiteness of your Virgin Beauties,
Too fair for me to look on: And, tho' Pureness,
The Sword with which you ever fought and conquer'd,
Is ravish'd from you by unchaste Desires,
You are too strong for Flesh and Blood to treat with,
Tho' Iron Grates were interpos'd between us,
To warrant me from Treason.

Don. Whom do you fear?

Vitel. That human Frailty I took from my Mother,
That, as my Youth increas'd, grew stronger on me;
That still pursues me, and, tho' once recover'd,
In Scorn of Reason, and, what's more, Religion,
Again seeks to betray me.

Don. If you mean, Sir,
To my Embraces, you turn Rebel to
The Laws of Nature, the great Queen and Mother
Of all Productions, and deny Allegiance,
Where you stand bound to pay it.

Vitel. I will stop
Mine Ears against these Charms, which, if *Ulysses*
Could live again, and hear this second *Syren*,
Tho' bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too
Fasten'd with all her Anchors, this Inchantment
Would force him, in Despite of all Resistance,
To leap into the Sea and follow her;
Altho' Destruction with outstretched Arms,
Stood ready to receive him.

Don. Gentle Sir;
Tho' you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe
To look upon me. Tho' I use no language,
The Grief for this unkind Repulse, will print
Such a dumb Eloquence upon my Face,
As will not only plead but prevail for me.

Vitel. I am a Coward: I will see and hear you;
The Trial, else, is nothing, nor the Conquest,
My Temperance shall crown me with hereafter,
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my Virtue!
And holy Thoughts and Resolutions arm me
Against this fierce Temptation! give me Voice
Tun'd to a zealous Anger, to express
At what an Over-value I have purchas'd
The wanton Treasure of your Virgin Bounties,
That in their false Fruition heap upon me
Despair and Horror—That I could with that Ease
Redeem my forfeit Innocence, or cast up
The Poison I receiv'd into my Entrails,
From the alluring Cup of your Enticements,
As now I do deliver back the Price [*Returns the Casket.*]

And Salary of your Lust! or thus unclothe me
 Of Sin's gay Trappings; (the proud Livery
 Of wicked Pleasure) which but worn and heated
 With the Fire of Entertainment and Consent,
 Like to *Alcides'* fatal Shirt, tears off
 Our Flesh and Reputation both together,
 Leaving our ulcerous Follies bare and open
 To all malicious Censure.

Don. You must grant,
 If you hold that a Loss to you, mine equals,
 If not transcends it. If you then first tasted
 That Poison, as you call it, I brought with me
 A Palate unacquainted with the Relish
 Of those Delights, which most (as I have heard)
 Greedily swallow; and then the Offence
 (If my Opinion may be believ'd)
 Is not so great; howe'er, the Wrong no more
 Than if *Hippolitus* and the Virgin Huntress,
 Should meet and kiss together.

Vitel. What Defences
 Can Lust raise to maintain a Precipice
 To the Abyss of Looseness? But affords not
 The least Stair, or the fast'ning of one Foot,
 To re-ascend that glorious Height we fell from.

Musta. By *Mahomet* she courts him!

Asam. Nay, kneels to him:
 Observe the scornful Villain turns away too,
 As glorying in his Conquest.

Don. Are you Marble? [Kneels.
 If Christians have Mothers, sure they share in
 The Tygress Fierceness; for, if you were Owner
 Of human Pity, you could not endure
 A Princess to kneel to you, or look on
 These falling Tears which hardest Rocks would soften,
 And yet remain unmov'd. Did you but give me
 A Taste of Happiness in your Embraces,
 That the Remembrance of the Sweetness of it

Might leave perpetual Bitterness behind it?
Or shew'd me what it was to be a Wife,
To live a Widow ever?

Enter Capiaga and Aga with others.

Asam. She has confest it;—
Seize on him, Villains! O the Furies!

Don. How?— [*Asambeg and Mustapha descend.*]
Are we betray'd?

Vitel. The better; I expected
A *Turkish* Faith.

Don. Who am I, that you dare this?
'Tis I that do command you to forbear
A Touch of Violence.

Aga. We already, Madam,
Have satisfied your Pleasure further than
We know to answer it.

Cap. Would we were well off;
We stand too far engag'd I fear.

Don. For us?
We'll bring you safe off. Who dares contradict
What is our Pleasure?

Enter Asambeg and Mustapha.

Asam. Spurn the Dog to Prison!
I'll answer you anon.

Vitel. What Punishment
So e'er I undergo, I'm still a Christian

[*Exit Vitelli guarded.*]
Don. What bold Presumption's this? Under what
Law

Am I to fall, that set my Foot upon
Your Statutes and Decrees?

Musta. The Crime committed
Our *Alcoran* calls Death.

Don. Tush! who is here,
That is not *Amurath's* Slave, and so unfit
To sit a Judge upon his Blood?

Asam. You've lost
And sham'd the Privilege of it; robb'd me too
Of my Soul, my Understanding, to behold
Your base, unworthy Fall from your high Virtue.

Don. I do appeal to *Amurath*.

Asam. We'll offer
No Violence to your Person, till we know
His sacred Pleasure; till when, under Guard
You shall continue here.

Don. Shall?

Asam. I have said it.

Don. We shall remember this.

Asam. It ill becomes
Such, as are guilty, to deliver Threats
Against the Innocent. [*The Guard leads off Donusa.*
I could tear this Flesh now,
But 'tis in vain; nor must I talk, but do:
Provide a well-mann'd Galley for *Constantinople*:
Such sad News never came to our great Master.
As he directs, we must proceed, and know
No Will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master.

HE does begin to eat?

Boatsf. A little, Master:
But our best Hope for his Recovery is, that
His Raving leaves him; and those dreadful Words,

Damnation and Despair, with which he ever
Ended all his Discourses, are forgotten.

Master. This Stranger is a most religious Man sure,
And I am doubtful, whether his Charity
In the relieving of our Wants, or Care
To cure the wounded Conscience of *Grimaldi*,
Deserves more Admiration.

Boatsf. Can you guess
What the Reason should be, that we never mention
The Church, or the high Altar, but his Melancholy
Grows, and increases on him?

Master. I have heard him
(When he gloried to profess himself an Atheist)
Talk often, and with much Delight and Boasting,
Of a rude Prank he did ere he turn'd Pirate,
The Memory of which, as it appears,
Lies heavy on him.

Boatsf. Pray you, let me understand it.

Master. Upon a solemn Day, when the whole City
Join'd in Devotion, and with barefoot Steps
Pass'd to *S. Mark's*, the Duke and the whole Signiory,
Helping to perfect the religious Pomp
With which they were received; when all Men else
Were full of Tears, and groan'd beneath the Weight
Of past Offences (of whose heavy Burden
They came to be absolv'd and freed,) our Captain,
Whether in Scorn of those so pious Rites
He had no Feeling of, or else drawn to it
Out of a wanton, irreligious Madness,
(I know not which) ran to the holy Man,
As he was doing of the Work of Grace,
And, snatching from his Hands the sanctify'd Means,
Dash'd it upon the Pavement,

Boatsf. How escap'd he?

It being a Deed deserving Death with Torture.

Master. The general Amazement of the People
Gave him Leave to quit the Temple, and a Gondola,
(Prepar'd, it seems, before) brought him aboard,
Since which he ne'er saw *Venice*. the Remembrance
Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated

With a strong Belief he cannot receive Pardon
For this foul Fact, but from his Hands, 'gainst whom
It was committed.

Boats. And what Course intends
His heavenly Physician, reverend *Francisco*,
To beat down this Opinion?

Master. He promis'd
To use some holy and religious Finesse,
To this good End; and, in the mean Time, charg'd me
To keep him dark, and to admit no Visitants;
But on no Terms to cross him.—Here he comes.

Enter Grimaldi, with a Book.

Grim. For Theft, he that restores treble the Value,¹⁶
Makes Satisfaction; and, for want of Means,
To do so, as a Slave, must serve it out
Till he hath made full Payment.—There's Hope left
here;

Oh! with what Willingness would I give up
My Liberty to those that I have pillag'd;
And with the Numbers of my Years, tho' wasted
In the most sordid Slavery, might equal
The Rapines I have made; till with one Voice,
My patient Sufferings might exact from my
Most cruel Creditors, a full Remission,
An Eye's Loss with an Eye, Limb's with a Limb;¹⁷
A sad Account!—yet, to find Peace within here,
Tho' all such as I have maim'd and dismember'd

¶ 16 For Theft, he that restores treble the Value, makes Satisfaction, &c.

This, and the following Part of this Speech alludes to the Law of *Moses*: As in *Exodus* we read, "If a Man shall steal an Ox or a Sheep, and kill it, or sell it, he shall restore five Oxen for an Ox; and four Sheep for a Sheep.—If he have nothing, then he shall be sold for his Theft." Chap. 22. Ver. 1, 3.

¶ 17 An Eye's Loss with an Eye, Limb's with a Limb.

These are common Expressions both in the Old and in the New Testament.

In drunken Quarrels, or o'ercome with Rage,
 When they were giv'n up to my Power, stood here now,
 And cry'd for Restitution to appease 'em,
 I'd do a bloody Justice on myself;
 Pull out these Eyes, that guided me to ravish
 Their Sight from others; lop these Legs, that bore me
 To barbarous Violence; with this Hand cut off
 This Instrument of wrong, till nought were left me
 But this poor bleeding limblefs Trunk, which gladly
 I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I

Enter Francisco in a Cope like a Bishop.

Of petty Fofeitures! in this reverend Habit,
 (All that I am turn'd into Eyes) I look on
 A Deed of mine fo fiend-like, that Repentance,
 Tho' with my Tears I taught the Sea new Tides,
 Can never wash off: All my Thefts, my Rapes
 Are venial Trespaffes, compar'd to what
 I offer'd to that Shape; and in a Place too,
 Where I stood bound to kneel to't. [Kneels.]

Fran. 'Tis forgiven;

I with his Tongue (whom in these facred Vestments
 With impure Hands thou didst offend) pronounce it;
 I bring Peace to thee; fee that thou deserve it
 In thy fair Life hereafter.

Grim. Can it be?

Dare I believe this Vifion? Or hope
 A Pardon e'er may find me?

Fran. Purchase it

By zealous Undertakings, and no more
 'Twill be remembered.

Grim. What celestial Balm

I feel now pour'd into my wounded Confcience!
 What Penance is there I'll not undergo;
 Tho' ne'er fo sharp and rugged, with more Pleasure
 Than Flefh and Blood e'er tasted! fhew me true Sorrow,
 Arm'd with an Iron Whip, and I will meet
 The Stripes she brings along with her, as if
 They were the gentle Touches of a Hand

That comes to cure me. Can good Deeds redeem me?
 I will rise up a Wonder to the World,
 When I have giv'n strong Proofs how I am alter'd,
 i that have sold such as profess'd the Faith
 That I was born in to Captivity,
 Will make their Number equal, that I shall
 Deliver from the Oar ; and win as many
 By the Clearness of my Actions, to look on
 Their Misbelief, and loath it. I will be
 A Convoy for all Merchants ; and thought worthy
 To be reported to the World hereafter
 The Child of your Devotion, nurs'd up,
 And made strong by your Charity, to break thro'
 All Dangers Hell can bring forth to oppose me :
 Nor am I, tho' my Fortunes were thought desperate,
 Now you have reconcil'd me to myself,
 So void of worldly Means, but, in Despight
 Of the proud Viceroy's Wrongs, I can do something
 To prove that I have Power when you please try me,
 And I will perfect what you shall injoin me
 Or fall a joyful Martyr.

Fran. You will reap
 The Comfort of it ; live yet undiscover'd,
 And with your holy Meditations strengthen
 Your Christian Resolution ; ere long,
 You shall hear further from me.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Grim. I'll attend
 All your Commands with Patience ;—come, my Mates !
 I hitherto have liv'd an ill Example ;
 And as your Captain led you on to Mischief ;
 But now will truly labour, that good Men
 May say hereafter of me, to my Glory,
 Let but my Power and Means hand with my Will,
 “ His good Endeavours did weigh down his Ill.”

[*Exeunt Grimaldi, Master and Boatswain.*]

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This Penitence is not counterfeit ; howsoever
Good Actions are in themselves rewarded ;
My Travail's to meet with a double Crown ;
If that *Vitelli* come off safe, and prove
Himself the Master of his wild Affections.—

Enter Gazet.

Oh ! I shall have Intelligence ; how now, *Gazet* !
Why these sad Looks and Tears ?

Gaz. Tears, Sir ? I have lost
My worthy Master. Your rich Heir seems to mourn
for

A miserable Father, your young Widow
Following a Bed-rid Husband to his Grave,
Would have her Neighbours think she cries and roars,
That she must part with such a Goodman Do-nothing ;
When 'tis, because he stays so long above Ground
And hinders a rich Suitor :—All's come out, Sir !
We are smok'd for being Cunny-catchers ; My Master
Is put in Prison ; his She-customer
Is under Guard too.—These are Things to weep for ;
But mine own Loss consider'd, and what a Fortune
I have had, as they say, snatch'd out of my Chops,
Would make a Man run mad.

Fran. I scarce have Leisure,
I am so wholly taken up with Sorrow
For my lov'd Pupil, to enquire thy Fate ;
Yet I will hear it.

Gaz. Why, Sir ! I had bought a Place,
A Place of Credit too, and I had gone thro' with it ;
I should have been made an Eunuch.—There was Ho-
nour

For a late poor 'Prentice ! when upon the sudden
There was such a Hurly-burly in the Court,
That I was glad to run away, and carry
The Price of my Office with me.

Fran. Is that all ?
 You've made a saving Voyage. We must think now,
 Tho' not to free, to comfort sad *Vitelli* ;
 My griev'd Soul suffers for him.

Gaz. I am sad too ;
 But, had I been an Eunuch——

Fran. Think not on it.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Asambeg, unlocks the Door, and leads forth Paulina.

Asam. Be your own Guard : Obsequiousness and Service

Shall win you to be mine. Of all Restraint
 For ever take your Leave : No Threats shall awe you ;
 No jealous Doubts of mine Disturb your Freedom :
 No fee'd Spies wait upon your Steps. Your Virtue
 And due Consideration in yourself,
 Of what is noble, are the faithful Helps
 I leave you as Supporters to defend you
 From falling basely.

Paul. This is wondrous strange !
 Whence flows this Alteration ?

Asam. From true Judgment,
 And strong Assurance : Neither Grates of Iron,
 Hemm'd in with Walls of Brass, strict Guards, high
 Birth,

The Forfeiture of Honour, nor the Fear
 Of Infamy or Punishment, can stay
 A Woman slav'd to Appetite from being
 False and unworthy.

Paul. You are grown satirical
 Against our Sex. Why, Sir, I durst produce
 Myself in our Defence, and from you challenge
 A Testimony that's not to be denied ;
 All fall not under this unequal Censure.
 I, that have stood your Flatteries, your Threats,

Borne up against your fierce Temptations ; scorn'd
 The cruel Means you practis'd to supplant me,
 Having no Arms to help me to hold out,
 But Love of Piety and constant Goodness ;
 If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly
 Enter into the Lists and combat with
 All Opposites Man's Malice can bring forth
 To shake me in my Chastity, built upon
 The Rock of my Religion.

Asam. I do wish

I could believe you ; but, when I shew you
 A most incredible Example of
 Your Frailty in a Princess, su'd and sought to
 By Men of Worth, of Rank, of Eminence ; courted
 By Happiness itself, and her cold Temper
 Approv'd by many Years ; yet she to fall,
 Fall from herself, her Glories, nay her Safety,
 Into a Gulf of Shame and black Despair ;
 I think you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding
 Her Punishment, for ever be deterr'd
 From yielding basely.

Paul. I would see this Wonder ;

'Tis Sir, my first Petition.

Asam. And thus granted ;——

Above, you shall observe all.

[*Paulina steps aside.*]

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. Sir, I fought you,
 And must relate a Wonder. Since I studied
 And knew what Man was, I was never Witness
 Of such invincible Fortitude as this Christian
 Shews in his Sufferings : All the Torments that
 We could present him with, to fright his Constancy,
 Confirm'd, not shook it ; and those heavy Chains
 That eat into his Flesh, appear'd to him
 Like Bracelets made of some lov'd Mistress' Hairs,
 We kiss in the Remembrance of her Favours.
 I'm strangely taken with it, and have lost
 Much of my Fury.

Afam. Had he suffer'd poorly,
It had call'd on my Contempt; but manly Patience,
And all-commanding Virtue, wins upon
An Enemy. I shall think upon him. Ha!

Enter Aga, with a Black Box.

So soon return'd? This Speed pleads in Excuse
Of your late Fault, which I no more remember.
What's the Grand Signior's Pleasure?

Aga. 'Tis inclos'd here.

The Box too that contains it may inform you
How he stands affected: I am trusted with
Nothing but this.—On Forfeit of your Head,
She must have a speedy Trial.

Afam. Bring her in

In Black, as to her Funeral: 'Tis the Colour
Her Fault wills her to wear; and which, in Justice,
I dare not pity. Sit, and take your Place:
However in her Life she has degenerated,
May she die nobly and in that confirm
Her Greatness and high Blood.

*Solemn Musick. A Guard. The Aga and Capiaga, leading
in Donusa in Black; her Train borne up by Carazie and
Manto.*

Musta. I now could melt;—
But soft Compassion leave me.

Manto. I am affrighted
With this dismal Preparation. Should the enjoying
Of loose Desires find ever such Conclusions
All Women would be Vestals.

[*Aside.*

Don. That you clothe me
In this sad Livery of Death, assures me
Your Sentence is gone out before, and I
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty Cause
To use Qualification or Excuse—
Yet must I not part so with mine own Strength,
But borrow from my Modesty Boldness, to enquire

By whose Authority you fit
My Judges, and whose Warrant digs my Grave
In the Frowns you dart against my Life?

Afam. See here!

This fatal Sign and Warrant! This, brought to
A General fighting at the Head of his
Victorious Troops, ravishes from his Hand
His e'en then conqu'ring Sword: This shewn unto
The Sultan's Brothers, or his Sons, delivers
His deadly Anger; and, all Hopes laid by,
Commands them to prepare themselves for Heaven;
Which would stand with the Quiet of your Soul,
To think upon and imitate.

Don. Give me Leave

A little to complain: First, of the hard
Condition of my Fortune, which may move you,
Tho' not to rise up Intercessors for me,
Yet, in Remembrance of my former Life,
(This being the first Spot tainting mine Honour)
To be the Means to bring me to his Presence;
And then I doubt not, but I could alledge
Such Reasons in mine own Defence, or plead
So humbly (my Tears helping) that it should
Awake his sleeping Pity.

Afam. 'Tis in vain!

If you have aught to say, you shall have Hearing,
And in me think him present.

Don. I would thus then

First kneel, and kiss his Feet; and after, tell him
How long I'd been his Darling; what Delight
My infant Years afforded him; how dear
He priz'd his Sister in both Bloods, my Mother;
That she, like him, had Frailty, that to me
Descends as an Inheritance; then conjure him
By her blest Ashes, and his Father's Soul;
The Sword that rides upon his Thigh; his right Hand
Holding the Scepter and the *Ottoman* Fortune;
To have Compassion on me.

Afam. But suppose

(As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then
Could you infer ?

Don. I, then, would thus rise up,
And to his Teeth tell him he was a Tyrant,
A most voluptuous and insatiable Epicure
In his own Pleasures; which he hugs so dearly,
As proper and peculiar to himself,
That he denies a moderate lawful Use
Of all Delight to others. And to thee,
Unequal Judge, I speak as much, and charge thee
But with impartial Eyes to look into
Thyself, and then consider with what Justice
Thou canst pronounce my Sentence. Unkind Nature!
To make weak Women Servants; proud Men, Masters.
Indulgent *Mahomet*! Do thy bloody Laws
Call my Embraces with a Christian, Death?
Having my Heat and *May* of Youth, to plead
In my Excuse? and yet want Power to punish
These that with Scorn break thro' thy Cobweb-ediicts,
And laugh at thy Decrees? To tame their Lusts
There's no religious Bit.¹⁸ Let her be fair,
And pleasing to the Eye, tho' *Persian*, *Moor*,
Idolatress, *Turk* or *Christian*, you are privileg'd,
And freely may enjoy her. At this Instant,
I know, unjust Man! thou hast in thy Power
A lovely Christian Virgin; thy Offence
Equal, if not transcending mine: Why, then,
We being both guilty, dost thou not descend
From that usurp'd Tribunal, and with me
Walk Hand in Hand to Death?

Asam. She raves! and we
Lose Time to hear her:—Read the Law.

Don. Do! do!——
I stand resolv'd to suffer.

¹⁸ I read in this Line *Bar*, instead of *Bit*, as the latter is not Sense. *M. M.*

Bit or *Curb*, by which Horses are tamed, is the Author's Allusion, and certainly very good Sense. *D.*

Aga. If any Virgin, of what Degree or Quality soever, born a natural *Turk*, shall be convicted of corporal Looseness, and Incontinence with any Christian, she is, by the Decree of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, to lose her Head.

Asam. Mark that! then tax our Justice.

Aga. Ever provided, That if she, the said Offender, by any Reasons, Arguments, or Persuasion, can win and prevail with the said Christian, offending with her, to alter his Religion and marry her, that then the Winning of a Soul to the *Mahometan* Sect shall acquit her from all Shame Disgrace and Punishment whatsoever.

Don. I lay hold on that Clause, and challenge from you The Privilege of the Law.

Musta. What will you do?

Don. Grant me Access and Means, I'll undertake To turn this *Christian Turk*, and marry him : This Trial you cannot deny.

Musta. O base!

Can Fear to die make you descend so low
From your high Birth, and brand the *Ottoman* Line
With such a Mark of Infamy?

Asam. This is worse

Than the parting with your Honour.—Better suffer
Ten thousand Deaths, and without Hope to have
A Place in our great Prophet's Paradise,
Than have an Act to After-times remember'd
So foul as this is.

Musta. Cheer your Spirits, Madam!
To die is nothing; 'tis but parting with
A Mountain of Vexations.

Asam. Think of your Honour:
In dying nobly, you make Satisfaction
For your Offence; and you shall live a Story
Of bold heroick Courage.

Don. You shall not fool me
Out of my Life: I claim the Law, and sue for
A speedy Trial; if I fail, you may
Determine of me as you please.

Asam. Base Woman!

—But use thy Ways, and see thou prosper in 'em :
For, if thou fall again into my Power,
Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand Tortures,
Cry out for Death, that Death which now thou fly'it
from.

Unloose the Prisoner's Chains.—Go! lead her on
To try the Magick of her Tongue—I follow :—
I'm on the Rack.—Descend, my best *Paulina*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Francisco and Jailor.

Fran. I come not empty-handed ;—I will purchase
Your Favour at what Rate you please.—There's Gold.

Jailor. 'Tis the best Oratory. I will hazard
A Check for your Content.—Below there!

Vitel. Welcome!— [Vitelli under the Stage.
Art thou the happy Messenger that brings me
News of my Death?

Jailor. Your Hand! [Vitelli pluck'd up.

Fran. Now, if you please,
A little Privacy.

Jailor. You have bought it, Sir ;
Enjoy it freely.

[*Exit Jailor.*]

Fran. O, my dearest Pupil!
Witness these Tears of Joy : I never saw you,
'Till now, look lovely ; nor durst I ever glory
In the Mind of any Man I had built up
With the Hands of virtuous and religious Precepts,
'Till this glad Minute. Now you have made good
My Expectation of you. By my Order!
All *Roman Cæsars*, that led Kings in Chains,
Fast bound to their triumphant Chariots, if
Compar'd with that true Glory and full Lustre
You now appear in ; all their boasted Honours,

Purchas'd with Blood and Wrong, would lose their
Names

And be no more remember'd.

Vitel. This Applause,
Confirm'd in your Allowance, joys me more
Than if a thousand full-cramm'd Theatres
Should clap their eager Hands, to witness that
The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.
But these are, Father, but Beginnings, not
The Ends of my high Aims. I grant t' have master'd
The rebel Appetite of Flesh and Blood
Was far above my Strength; and still owe for it
To that great Power that lent it. But, when I
Shall make't apparent the grim Looks of Death
Affright me not; and that I can put off
The fond Desire of Life (that, like a Garment,
Covers and cloathes our Frailty) hast'ning to
My Martyrdom, as to a heavenly Banquet,
To which I was a choice invited Guest.
Then you may boldly say you did not plough,
Or trust the barren and ungrateful Sands
With the fruitful Grain of your religious Counsels.

Fran. You do instruct your Teacher. Let the Sun
Of your clear Life (that lends to good Men Light)
But set as gloriously as it did rise,
Tho' sometimes clouded, you may write *nil ultra*
To human Wishes.

Vitel. I have almost gain'd
The End o' th' Race, and will not faint or tire now.

Enter Aga and Jailer.

Aga. Sir, by your Leave (nay stare not) I bring
Comfort;
The Viceroy, taken with the constant Bearing
Of your Afflictions; and presuming too
You will not change your Temper, does command
Your Irons should be ta'en off. Now arm yourself

With your old Resolution : Suddenly

[*The Chains taken off.*]

You shall be visited. You must leave the Room too ;
And do it without Reply.

Fran. There's no contending :

Be still thyself, my Son ;

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Vitel. 'Tis not in Man

Enter Donusa, Afambeg, Mustapha and Paulina.

To change or alter me.

Paul. Whom do I look on ?——

My Brother ?——'Tis he !——But no more my Tongue !
Thou wilt betray all.

[*Aside.*]

Afam. Let us hear this Temptress :

The Fellow looks as he would stop his Ears
Against her powerful Spells.

Paul. He is undone else !

Vitel. I'll stand th' Encounter——Charge me home.

Don. I come, Sir !

[*Bows herself.*]

A Beggar to you, and doubt not to find
A good Man's Charity, which if you deny,
You're cruel to yourself ; a Crime a wise Man
(And such I hold you) would not willingly
Be guilty of ; nor let it find less Welcome,
Tho' I (a Creature you contemn) now shew you
The Way to certain Happiness ; nor think it
Imaginary or fantastical,
And so not worth th' acquiring, in respect
The Passage to it is not rough nor thorny !
No steep Hills in the Way which you must climb up ;
No Monsters to be conquer'd ; no Inchantments
To be dissolv'd by Counter-charms, before
You take Possession of it.

Vitel. What strong Poison

Is wrapp'd up in these sugar'd Pills ?

Don. My Suit is,

That you would quit your Shoulders of a Burthen,
Under whose ponderous Weight you wilfully

Have too long groan'd, to cast those Fetters off,
 With which, with your own Hands, you chain your
 Freedom :

Forfake a severe, nay, imperious Mistress,
 Whose Service does exact perpetual Cares,
 Watchings and Troubles ; and give Entertainment
 To one that courts you, whose least Favours are
 Variety, and Choice of all Delights
 Mankind is capable of.

Vitel. You speak in Riddles.

What Burthen, or what Mistress ? or what Fetters
 Are those you point at ?

Don. Those which your Religion,
 The Mistress you too long have serv'd, compels
 To bear with Slave-like Patience.

Vitel. Ha !

Paul. How bravely

The virtuous Anger shows !

[*Aside.*

Don. Be wise, and weigh
 The prosperous Success of Things ; if Blessings
 Are Donatives from Heaven (which, you must grant,
 Were Blasphemy to question) and that
 They are call'd down and pour'd on such as are
 Most gracious with the great Disposer of 'em,
 Look on our flourishing Empire, if the Splendor,
 The Majesty, the Glory of it dim not
 Your feeble Sight, and then turn back, and see
 The narrow Bounds of yours ; yet that poor Remnant
 Rent in as many Factions and Opinions
 As you have petty Kingdoms ; and then, if
 You are not obstinate against Truth and Reason,
 You must confess the Deity you worship
 Wants Care or Power to help you.

Paul. Hold out now,
 And then thou art victorious.

Asam. How he eyes her !

Musta. As if he would look thro' her,

Asam. His Eyes flame too,
 As threat'ning Violence.

Vitel. But that I know

The Devil, thy Tutor, fills each Part about thee,
 And that I cannot play the Exorcist
 To dispossess thee, unless I should tear
 Thy Body Limb by Limb, and throw it to
 The Furies that expect it, I would now
 Pluck out that wicked Tongue, that hath blasphem'd
 The great Omnipotency, at whose Nod
 The Fabrick of the World shakes. Dare you bring
 Your juggling Prophet in Comparison with
 That most inscrutable and infinite Essence
 That made this All, and comprehends his Work?
 The Place is too prophane to mention him
 Whose only Name is sacred. O *Donusa!*
 How much in my Compassion I suffer,
 That thou, on whom this most excell'g Form,
 And Faculties of Discourse, beyond a Woman,
 Were by his liberal Gift conferr'd, shouldst still
 Remain in Ignorance of him that gave it!
 I will not foul my Mouth to speak the Sorceries
 Of your Seducer, his base Birth, his Whoredoms,
 His strange Impostures; nor deliver how
 He taught a Pigeon to feed in his Ear;
 Then made his credulous Followers believe
 It was an Angel that instructed him
 In the framing of his *Alcoran*. Pray you, mark me.—

Asam. These Words are Death, were he in nought
 else guilty.

Vitel. Your Intent to win me

To be of your Belief, proceeded from
 Your Fear to die. Can there be Strength in that
 Religion, that suffers us to tremble
 At that which every Day, nay Hour, we haste to?

Don. This is unanswerable, and there's something
 tells me

I err in my Opinion.

Vitel. Cherish it!

It is a heavenly Prompter; entertain
 This holy Motion, and wear on your Forehead

The sacred Badge he arms his Servants with,
 You shall, like me, with Scorn look down upon
 All Engines Tyranny can advance to batter
 Your constant Resolution: Then you shall
 Look truly fair, when your Mind's Pureness answers
 Your outward Beauties.

Don. I came here to take you,
 But I perceive a yielding in myself
 To be your Prisoner.

Vitel. 'Tis an Overthrow,
 That will outshine all Victories. O *Donusa!*
 Die in my Faith like me; and 'tis a Marriage
 At which celestial Angels shall be Waiters,
 And such as have been fainted welcome us.
 —Are you confirm'd?

Don. I would be; but the Means
 That may assure me?

Vitel. Heaven is merciful,
 And will not suffer you to want a Man
 To do that sacred Office, build upon it.

Don. Then thus I spit at *Mahomet*.

Asam. Stop her Mouth:
 In Death to turn Apostate! I'll not hear
 One Syllable from any;—wretched Creature:
 With the next rising Sun prepare to die.
 Yet Christian, in Reward of thy brave Courage,
 Be thy Faith right or wrong, receive this Favour.
 In Person I'll attend thee to thy Death;
 And boldly challenge all that I can give,
 But what's not in my Grant, which is to live. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli and Francisco.

Francisco.

YOU'RE wond'rous brave and jocund.
Vitel. Welcome, Father!
 Should I spare Cost, or not wear cheerful Looks
 Upon my Wedding Day, it were ominous,
 And shew'd I did repent; which I dare not,
 It being a Marriage, howsoever sad
 In the first Ceremonies that confirm it,
 That will for ever arm me against Fears,
 Repentance, Doubts, or Jealousies, and bring
 Perpetual Comforts, Peace of Mind, and Quiet
 To the glad Couple.

Fran. I well understand you;
 And my full Joy to see you so resolv'd
 Weak Words cannot express. What is the Hour
 Design'd for this Solemnity?

Vitel. The sixth;
 Something before the setting of the Sun,
 We take our last Leave of his fading Light,
 And with our Soul's Eyes seek for Beams eternal.
 Yet there's one Scruple with which I am much
 Perplex'd and troubl'd, which I know you can
 Resolve me of.

Fran. What is't?

Vitel. This, Sir; my Bride,
 Whom I first courted, and then won (not with
 Loose Lays, poor Flatteries, apish Compliments,
 But sacred and religious Zeal) yet wants
 The holy Badge that should proclaim her fit
 For these celestial Nuptials: Willing she is,
 I know, to wear it as the choicest Jewel

On her fair Forehead ; but to you, that well
 Could do that Work of Grace, I know the Viceroy
 Will never grant Access. Now, in a Case
 Of this Necessity, I would gladly learn,
 Whether in me a Layman, without Orders,
 It may not be religious and lawful,
 As we go to our Deaths to do that Office ?

Fran. A Question in itself with much Ease answer'd ;
 Midwives upon Necessity perform it ;
 And Knights that in the holy Land fought for
 The Freedom of *Jerusalem*, when full
 Of Sweat and Enemy's Blood, have made their Helmets
 The Fount, out of which with their holy Hands
 They drew that heavenly Liquor : 'Twas approved then
 By the holy Church, nor must I think it now
 In you a Work less pious.

Vitel. You confirm me ;
 I will find a Way to do it. In the mean Time
 Your holy Vows assist me.

Fran. They shall ever
 Be present with you.

Vitel. You shall see me act
 This last Scene to the Life.

Fran. And tho' now fall,
 Rise a bless'd Martyr.

Vitel. That's my End, my All.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain and Sailors.

Boatsf. Sir, if you slip this Opportunity,
 Never expect the like.

Master. With as much Ease now
 We may steal the Ship out of the Harbour, Captain,
 As ever Gallants in a wanton Bravery
 Have set upon a drunken Constable,
 And bore him from a sleepy rug-gown'd Watch :
 Be therefore wise.

Grim. I must be honest too,
 And you shall wear that Shape: You shall observe me,
 If that you purpose to continue mine.
 Think you Ingratitude can be the Parent
 To our unfeign'd Repentance? Do I owe
 A Peace within here, Kingdoms could not purchase,
 To my religious Creditor, to leave him
 Open to Danger, the great Benefit
 Never rememb'ed? No; tho' in her Bottom
 We could stow up the Tribute of the *Turk*;
 Nay, grant the Passage safe too; I will never
 Consent to weigh an Anchor up, till he,
 That only must, commands it.

Boatsf. This Religion
 Will keep us Slaves and Beggars.

Master. The Fiend prompts me
 To change my Copy: Plague on't, we are Seamen:
 What have we to do with't, but for a Snatch or so,
 At the End of a long Lent?

Enter Francisco.

Boatsf. Mum, See, who is here!

Grim. My Father!

Fran. My good Convert! I am full
 Of serious Business which denies me Leave
 To hold long Conference with you: Only thus much
 Briefly receive;—a Day or two at the most,
 Shall make me fit to take my Leave of *Tunis*,
 Or give me lost for ever.

Grim. Days nor Years,
 Provided that my Stay may do you Service,
 But to me shall be Minutes.

Fran. I much thank you:
 In this small Scroll you may in private read
 What my Intents are; and as they grow ripe
 I will instruct you further: In the mean Time
 Borrow your late distracted Looks and Gesture;

The more dejected you appear the less
The Viceroy must suspect you.

Grim. I am nothing,
But what you please to have me be.

Fran. Farewell, Sir!—
Be cheerful, Master! something we will do
That shall reward itself in the Performance;
And that's true Prize indeed.

Master. I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Grimaldi, Master and Boatswain.*]

Boats. And I:—There's no contending.

Fran. Peace to you all.
Prosper, thou great Existence! my Endeavours,
As they religiously are undertaken,
And distant equally from servile Gain,

Enter Paulina, Carazie and Manto.

Or glorious Ostentation.—I am heard
In this blest Opportunity, which in vain
I long have waited for.—I must show myself!
O, she has found me! now if she prove right
All Hope will not forsake us.

Paul. Farther off!
And in that Distance know your Duties too!
You were bestow'd on me as Slaves to serve me,
And not as Spies to pry into my Actions,
And after to betray me. You shall find
If any Look of mine be unobserv'd,
I am not ignorant of a Mistress' Power,
And from whom I receive it.

Car. Note this *Manto*.
The Pride and Scorn with which she entertains us!
Now we are made her's by the Viceroy's Gift.
Our sweet condition'd Princess, fair *Donusa*,
(Rest in her Death wait on her!) never us'd us
With such Contempt. I would he had sent me
To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gave me
To this proud little Devil.

[*Aside.*]

Manto. I expect

All tyrannous Usage, but I must be patient ;
And, though ten Times a Day, she tears these Locks,
Or makes this Face her Footstool, 'tis but Justice.

[*Aside.*

Paul. 'Tis a true Story of my Fortunes, Father !
My Chastity preserv'd by Miracle,
Or your Devotions for me ; and, believe it,
What outward Pride so e'er I counterfeit,
Or State to these appointed to attend me,
I am not in my Disposition alter'd,
But still your humble Daughter, and share with you,
In my poor Brother's Sufferings.—All Hell's Tor-
ments

Revenge it on accurs'd *Grimaldi's* Soul,
That in his Rape of me, gave a Beginning
To all the Miseries that since have follow'd.

Fran. Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle Daugh-
ter !

He's a chang'd Man, and may redeem his Fault
In his fair Life hereafter. You must bear too
Your forc'd Captivity (for 'tis no better,
Tho' you wear golden Fetters) and of him,
Whom Death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly.

Paul. You are still the same good Counsellor.

Fran. And who knows,
(Since what above is purpos'd, is inscrutable)
But that the Viceroy's extreme Dotage on you
May be the Parent of a happier Birth
Than yet our Hopes dare fashion. Longer Conference
May prove unsafe for you and me, however,
Perhaps for Trial, he allows you Freedom.

[*Delivers a Paper.*

From this learn therefore what you must attempt,
Tho' with the Hazard of yourself,—Heaven guard
you,

And give *Vitelli* Patience : then I doubt not

But he will have a glorious Day, since some
Hold truly, such as suffer, overcome. ¹⁹ [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Afambeg, Mustapha, Aga and Capiaga.

Afam. What we commanded, see perform'd; and fail
not

In all Things to be punctual.

Aga. We shall, Sir! [Exeunt *Aga and Capiaga.*

Musta. 'Tis strange, that you should use such Cir-
cumstance

To a Delinquent of so mean Condition!

Afam. Had he appear'd in a more sordid Shape
Than disguis'd Greatness ever deign'd to mask in,
The gallant bearing of his present Fortune
Aloud proclaims him noble.

Musta. If you doubt him
To be a Man built up for great Employments,
And, as a cunning Spy, sent to explore
The Cities Strength, or Weakness, you by Torture
May force him to discover it.

Afam. That were base;
Nor dare I do such Injury to Virtue
And bold assured Courage; neither can I
Be won to think, but if I should attempt it,
I shoot against the Moon. He that hath stood
The roughest Battery, that Captivity
Could ever bring to shake a constant Temper;
Despis'd the Fawnings of a future Greatness,
By Beauty in her full Perfection tender'd;
That hears of Death as of a quiet Slumber,
And, from the Surplusage of his own Firmness,
Can spare enough of Fortitude, to assure
A feeble Woman; will now, *Mustapha*, never
Be alter'd in his Soul for any Torments

¹⁹ That is, do overcome.

We can afflict his Body with?

Musta, Do your Pleasure!
I only offer'd you a Friend's Advice,
But without Gall or Envy to the Man
That is to suffer.—But what do you determine
Of poor *Grimaldi*? The Disgrace call'd on him,
I hear, has run him mad.

Ajam. There weigh the Difference
In the true Temper of their Minds. The one,
A Pirate sold to Mischiefs, Rapes, and all
That make a Slave relentless and obdurate;
Yet, of himself wanting the inward Strengths
That should defend him, sinks beneath Compassion
Or Pity of a Man; whereas this Merchant,
Acquainted only with a civil Life,
Arm'd in himself, intrench'd and fortify'd
With his own Virtue, valuing Life and Death
At the same Price, poorly does not invite
A Favour, but commands us do him right;
Which unto him, and her (we both once honour'd)
As a just Debt I gladly pay 'em—they enter;
Now sit equal Hearers. [*A dreadful Musick at one Door.*]

*The Aga, Janizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, and Gazet: at
the other Donufa, Paulina, Carazie and Manto.*

Musta. I shall hear
And see, Sir! without Passion; my Wrongs arm me.
Vitel. A joyful Preparation! to whose Bounty
Owe we our Thanks for gracing thus our Hymen?
The Notes, tho' dreadful to the Ear, sound here
As our *Epithalamium* were sung
By a Cœlestial Choir, and a full Chorus
Assur'd us future Happiness. These that lead me
Gaze not with wanton Eyes upon my Bride,
Nor for their Service are repaid by me
With Jealousies or Fears; nor do they envy
My Passage to those Pleasures from which Death
Cannot deter me. Great Sir, pardon me!
Imagination of the Joys I hasten to

Made me forget my Duty ; but the Form
 And Ceremony past, I will attend you,
 And with our constant Resolution feast you,
 Not with coarse Cates, forgot as soon as tasted,
 But such as shall, while you have Memory,
 Be pleasing to the Palate.

Fran. Be not lost

In what you purpose.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Gaz. Call you this a Marriage ?

It differs little from Hanging ; I cry at it.

Vitel. See, where my Bride appears ! in what full
 Lustre !

As if the Virgins that bear up her Train,
 Had long contended to receive an Honour
 Above their Births in doing her this Service.
 Nor comes she fearful to meet those Delights,
 Which, once past o'er, immortal Pleasures follow.
 I need not, therefore, comfort or encourage
 Her forward Steps ; and I should offer Wrong
 To her Mind's Fortitude, should I but ask
 How she can brook the rough high-going Sea,
 Over whose foamy Back, our Ship, well rigg'd
 With Hope and strong Assurance, must transport us.
 Nor will I tell her, when we reach the Haven
 (Which Tempests shall not hinder) what loud Welcome
 Shall entertain us ; nor commend the Place,
 To tell whose least Perfection would strike dumb
 The Eloquence of all boasted in Story,
 Tho' join'd together.

Don. 'Tis enough, my dearest :

I dare not doubt you ; as your humble Shadow,
 Lead where you please, I follow.

Vitel. One Suit, Sir !

And willingly I cease to be a Beggar ;
 And that you may with more Security hear it,
 Know, 'tis not Life I'll ask, nor to defer
 Our Deaths but a few Minutes.

Asan. Speak ; 'tis granted.

Vitel. We being now to take our latest Leave,
 And grown of one Belief, I do desire

I may have your Allowance to perform it,
But in the Fashion which we Christians use,
Upon the like Occasions.

Ajam. 'Tis allow'd of.

Vitel. My Service: Haste, *Gazet*, to the next Spring,
And bring me of it.

Gazet. Would I could as well
Fetch you a Pardon; I would not run but fly,
And be here in a Moment.

Musta. What's the Mystery of this? Discover it.

Vitel. Great Sir! I'll tell you.

Each Country hath its own peculiar Rites:
Some, when they are to die, drink Store of Wine,
Which pour'd in liberally does oft beget
A bastard Valour, with which arm'd they bear
The not-to-be declined Charge of Death
With less Fear and Astonishment: Others take
Drugs to procure a heavy Sleep, that so
They may insensibly receive the Means
That casts them in an everlasting Slumber;
Others—O welcome!

Enter Gazet with Water.

Ajam. Now the Use of yours?

Vitel. The Clearness of this is a perfect Sign
Of Innocence; and as this washes off
Stains and Pollutions from the Things we wear,
Thrown thus upon the Forehead, it hath Power
To purge those Spots that cleave unto the Mind,
[Throws it on her Face.

If thankfully receiv'd.

Ajam. 'Tis a strange custom!

Vitel. How do you entertain it, my *Donusa*!
Feel you no Alteration? No new Motives?
No unexpected Aids that may confirm you
In that to which you were inclin'd before?

Don. I am another Woman,—till this Minute
I never liv'd, nor durst think how to die.

How long have I been blind ! yet on the sudden,
 By this blest Means I feel the Films of Error
 Ta'en from my Soul's Eyes. O divine Physician !
 That hast bestow'd a Sight on me, which Death,
 Tho' ready to embrace me in his Arms,
 Cannot take from me. Let me kiss the Hand
 That did this Miracle, and seal my Thanks
 Upon those Lips from whence these sweet Words van-
 nish'd,

That freed me from the cruellest of Prisons,
 Blind Ignorance and Misbelief : false Prophet !
 Impostor *Mahomet* !

Afam. I'll hear no more ;
 You do abuse my Favours, sever 'em :
 Wretch, if thou hadst another Life to lose,
 This Blasphemy deserv'd it,—instantly
 Carry them to their Deaths.

Vitel. We part now, blest one !
 To meet hereafter in a Kingdom, where
 Hell's Malice shall not reach us.

Paul. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Afam. What means my Mistress ?

Paul. Who can hold her Spleen,
 When such ridiculous Follies are presented ;
 The Scene too made Religion ? O, my Lord,
 How from one Cause two contrary Effects
 Spring up upon the sudden.

Afam. This is strange !

Paul. That which hath fool'd her in her Death, wins
 me,

That hitherto have barr'd myself from Pleasure,
 To live in all Delight.

Afam. There's Musick in this.

Paul. I now will run as fiercely to your Arms
 As ever longing Woman did, borne high
 On the swift Wings of Appetite.

Vitel. O Devil !

Paul. Nay more ; for there shall be no odds betwixt
 us,

I will turn *Turk*.

Gazet. Most of your Tribe do so,
When they begin in Whore.

[*Aside.*

Asam. You are serious, Lady?

Paul. Serious:—But satisfy me in a Suit
That to the World may witness that I have
Some Power upon you, and to-morrow challenge
Whatever's in my Gift; for I will be
At your Disposal.

Gazet. That's ever the Subscription
To a damn'd Whore's false Epistle.

[*Aside.*

Asam. Ask this Hand,

Or, if thou wilt, the Heads of these. I am rapt
Beyond myself with Joy.—Speak, speak, what is it?

Paul. But twelve short Hours Reprieve for this base
Couple,

Asam. The Reason, since you hate them?

Paul. That I may

Have Time to triumph o'er this wretched Woman:
I'll be myself her Guardian; I will feast,
Adorned in her Choice and richest Jewels:
Commit him to what Guards you please. Grant this,
I am no more mine own but yours.

Asam. Enjoy it.

Repine at it who dares. Bear him safe off
To the Black Tower, but give him all Things useful;
The contrary was not in your Request.

Paul. I do contemn him.

Don. Peace in Death deny'd me?

Paul. Thou shalt not go in Liberty to thy Grave,
For one Night a Sultana is my Slave.

Musta. A terrible little Tyranness.

Asam. No more;

Her Will shall be a Law. 'Till now ne'er happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Francisco, Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, and Sailors.

Grim. Sir! all Things are in Readiness; the *Turks* That seiz'd upon my Ship stow'd under Hatches; My Men resolv'd and cheerful. Use but Means To get out of the Ports, we will be ready To bring you aboard, and then (Heaven be but pleas'd) This for the Viceroy's Fleet.

Fran. Discharge your Parts, In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, Master! Something will come along to fraught your Bark, That you will have just Cause to say you never Made such a Voyage.

Master. We will stand the Hazard.

Fran. What's the best Hour?

Boatsf. After the second Watch.

Fran. Enough;—each t'his Charge.

Grim. We will be careful.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, and Manto.

Paul. Sit, Madam! it is fit that I attend you; And pardon, I beseech you, my rude Language, To which the sooner you will be invited, When you shall understand, no Way was left me To free you from a present Execution, But by my personating that which never My Nature was acquainted with.

Don. I believe you.

Paul. You will, when you shall understand I may Receive the Honour to be known unto you By a nearer Name.—And, not to rack you further,

The Man you please to favour is my Brother ;
No Merchant, Madam, but a Gentleman
Of the best Rank in *Venice*.

Don. I rejoice in't ;
But what's this to his Freedom ? For myself,
Were he well off, I were secure.

Paul. I have
A present Means, not plotted by myself,
But a religious Man, my Confessor,
That may preserve all, if we had a Servant
Whose Faith we might rely on.

Don. She, that's now
Your Slave, was once mine ; had I twenty Lives,
I durst commit them to her Trust.

Manto. Oh ! Madam !
I have been false,—forgive me.—I'll redeem it
By any Thing, however desperate,
You please t' impose upon me.

Paul. 'Troth these Tears—
I think, cannot be counterfeit,—I believe her,
And if you please will try her.

Don. At your Peril ;
There is no further Danger can look towards me.

Paul. This only then—canst thou use Means to carry
This bak'd Meat to *Vitelli* ?

Manto. With much Ease ;
I am familiar with the Guard ; beside,
It being known 'twas I that did betray him,
My Entrance hardly will of them be question'd.

Paul. About it then.—Say, it was sent to him
From his *Donusa* : Bid him search the midst of't,
He there shall find a Cordial.

Manto. What I do
Shall speak my Care and Faith.

[Exit Manto.]

Don. Good Fortune with thee !

Paul. You cannot eat.

Don. The Time we thus abuse
We might employ much better.

Paul. I am glad
To hear this from you. As for you *Carazie!*
If our Intents do prosper, make Choice, whether
You'll steal away with your two Mistresses,
Or take your Fortune.

Car. I'll be gelded twice first;
Hang him that stays behind.

Paul. I wait you Madam.
Were but my Brother off, by the Command
Of the doting Viceroy there's no Guard dare stay me;
And I will safely bring you to the Place
Where we must expect him.

Don. Heaven be gracious to us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Guard.

Vitel. *Paulina* to fall off thus! 'tis to me
More terrible than Death; and, like an Earthquake
Totters this walking Building (such I am)
And in my sudden Ruin would prevent,
By choaking up at once my vital Spirits
This pompous Preparation for my Death.
But I am lost; that good Man, good *Francisco,*
Deliver'd me a Paper, which till now
I wanted Leisure to peruse. [Reads the Paper.]

Aga. This Christian
Fears not, it seems, the near approaching Sun
Whose second Rife he never must salute.

Enter Manto with the bak'd Meat.

1 *Guard.* Who's that?

2 *Guard.* Stand!

Aga. Manto?

Manto. Here's the Viceroy's Ring
Gives Warrant to my Entrance. Yet you may

Partake of any Thing I shall deliver ;
 'Tis but a Present to a dying Man
 Sent from the Princess that must suffer with him.

Aga. Use your own Freedom.

Manto. I would not disturb
 This his last Contemplation.

Vitel. O, 'tis well ! *

He has restor'd all, and I at Peace again
 With my *Paulina*.

Manto. Sir ! the sad *Donusa*
 Grieved for your Suff'rings, more than for her own,
 Knowing the long and tedious Pilgrimage
 You are to take, presents you with this Cordial,
 Which privately she wishes you should taste of,
 And search the middle Part, where you shall find
 Something that hath the Operation to
 Make Death look lovely.

Vitelli. I will not dispute.

What she commands, but serve it. [Exit Vitelli.]

Aga. Pr'ythee, *Manto*!

How hath the unfortunate Princess spent this Night
 Under her proud new Mistress ?

Manto. With such Patience
 As it o'ercomes the other's Insolence ;
 Nay triumphs o'er her Pride. My much Haste now
 Commands me hence ; but, the sad Tragedy past,
 I'll give you Satisfaction to the full
 Of all hath pass'd, and a true Character
 Of the proud Christian's Nature. [Exit Manto.]

Aga. Break the Watch up.—
 What should we fear i' th' midst of our own Strengths ?
 'Tis but the Bashaw's Jealousy. Farewell, Soldiers.

[Exeunt.]

* This is spoken after *Vitelli* has read the Paper from *Francisco*. D.

SCENE VII.

Enter Vitelli, with the bak'd Meats above.

Vitel. There's something more in this than means to cloy

A hungry Appetite,—which I must discover.

She will'd me search the midst.—Thus, thus I pierce it :

—Ha ! what is this ? A Scroll bound up in Packthread ?

What may the mystery be ? *[He reads the Scroll.*

“ Son, let down this Packthread at the West Window of the Castle. By it you shall draw up a Ladder of Ropes, by which you may descend ; your dearest *Donusa*, with the rest of your Friends, below attend you. Heaven prosper you !”

Francisco.

O best of Men ! he that gives up himself
To a true religious Friend, leans not upon
A false deceiving Reed, but boldly builds
Upon a Rock ; which now with Joy I find
In reverend *Francisco*, whose good Vows,
Labours and Watchings in my hoped-for Freedom,
Appear a pious Miracle.—I come,
I come, good Man, with Confidence ; though the Descent

Were steep as Hell, I know I cannot slide
Being call'd down by such a faithful Guide.

[Exit Vitelli]

SCENE *the last.*

Afambeg, Mustapha, and Janizaries.

Afam. Excuse me *Mustapha*, tho' this Night to me
Appear as tedious as that treble one

Was to the World, when *Jove* on fair *Alcmena*

Begot *Alcides*. Were you to encounter
 Those ravishing Pleasures, which the slow-pac'd Hours
 (To me they are such) bar me from, you would
 With your continu'd Wishes strive to imp
 New Feathers to the broken Wings of Time,
 And chide the amorous Sun, for too long Dalliance
 In *Thetis'* wat'ry Bosom.

Musta. You are too violent
 In your Desires, of which you are yet uncertain,
 Having no more Assurance to enjoy 'em
 Than a weak Woman's Promise, on which wise Men
 Faintly rely.

Asam. Tush! she is made of Truth;
 And what she says she will do, holds as firm
 As Laws in Bras that know no Change: What's this?
 Some new Prize brought in, sure.—Why are thy Looks
 [A Piece shot off.

So ghastly.—Villain, speak!

Enter Aga.

Aga. Great Sir! hear me,
 Then after kill me.—We are all betray'd,
 The false *Grimaldi* sunk in your Disgrace,
 With his Confederates, have seiz'd his Ship,
 And those that guarded it stow'd under Hatches:
 With him the condemn'd Princess, and the Merchant,
 That with a Ladder made of Ropes descended
 From the black Tower in which he was inclos'd
 And your fair Mistress.—

Asam. Ha!

Aga. With all their Train,
 And choicest Jewels, are gone safe aboard,
 Their Sails spread forth, and with a Fore-gale²⁰
 Leaving our Coast, in Scorn of all Pursuit
 As a Farewell they shew'd a Broadside to us.

²⁰ ————— *With a right Fore-gale.*

The Insertion of the Word *right* is necessary both for the Sense
 and the Metre. *M. M.*

Asam. No more.—

Musta. Now note your Confidence!

Asam. No more.—

O my Credulity! I am too full
Of Grief and Rage to speak.—Dull heavy Fool!
Worthy of all the Tortures that the Frown
Of thy incensed Master can throw on thee
Without one Man's Compassion. I will hide
This Head among the Defarts, or some Cave
Fill'd with my Shame and me; where I alone
May die without a Partner in my Moan.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S:

THE

BOND MAN.

AN

ANCIENT STORY.

И А М О Ф О Р

У Я О Т С

TO THE
RIGHT-HONOURABLE,
My SINGULAR GOOD LORD,
PHILIP Earl of MONTGOMERY,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the
GARTER, &c.

Right Honourable,

*H*owever I could never arrive at the Happiness to be made known to your Lordship, yet a Desire, born with me, to make a Tender of all Duties and Service, to the noble Family of the Herberts, descended to me as an Inheritance from my dead Father, Philip Massinger. Many Years he happily spent in the Service of your honourable House, and died a Servant to it; leaving His Son, to be ever most glad and ready, be at the Command of all such as derive themselves from his most honourable Master, your Lordship's Father. The Consideration of this encouraged me (having no other Means to present my humble Service to your Honour) to shroud this Trifle under the Wings of your noble Protection; and I hope, out of the Clemency of your heroic Disposition, it will find, tho' perhaps not a welcome Entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious Pardon. When it was first acted, your Lordship's liberal Suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it having received the undoubted Stamp of your Lordship's Allowance: And if in the Perusal of any vacant Hour, when your Honour's more serious Occasions shall give you Leave to read it, it answer in your Lordship's Judgment the Report and Opinion it had upon the Stage, I shall esteem my Labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue

the humblest of those that

truly honour your Lordship, 3

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMOLEON, the General of *Corinth*.

ARCHIDAMUS, the Prætor of *Syracusa*.

DIPHILUS, a Senator of *Syracusa*.

CLEON, a fat impotent Lord.

PISANDER (disguis'd) a Gentleman of *Thebes*.

POLIPHRON (disguis'd) Friend to PISANDER.

LEOSTHENES, a Gentleman of *Syracusa*, enamour'd of
CLEORA.

ASOTUS, a foolish Lover, and the Son of CLEON.

TIMAGORAS, the Son of ARCHIDAMUS.

CLEORA, Daughter of ARCHIDAMUS.

CORISCA, a proud wanton Lady, Wife to CLEON.

OLYMPIA, a rich Widow.

STATILIA, Sister to PISANDER, Slave to CLEORA.

ZANTHIA, Slave to CORISCA.

GRACCULO, } Bondmen.

CIMBRIO, }

A Jailor.

T H E
B O N D M A N*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Timagoras and Leosthenes.

Timagoras.

WH Y should you droop, *Leosthenes*, or despair
My Sister's Favour? What before you purchas'd

By Courtship, and fair Language, in these Wars
(For, from her Soul, you know, she loves a Soldier)
You may deserve by Action.

Leost. Good *Timagoras*,
When I have said my Friend, think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you, believe
The dreadful Voice of War, that shakes the City,
The thund'ring Threats of *Carthage*, nor their Army,

✍ * The Tale of this Play is one of the simplest and best of any among the Works of the old *English* Writers.—It consists of but one regular Vein, and has all its Parts, Pauses, and Incidents marked in so judicious a Manner, that nothing is either improbable, inconsistent, or unentertaining.—'Tis indeed clogg'd with some ridiculous comick Characters; but then they have no Share in the Business of the Play, and may be rejected at Pleasure.—Some State Affairs too are introduced, which, though they don't immediately relate to the Plot, yet are so assistant to the Incidents of it, as not to be spared on any Account. Beside which, they are in themselves entertaining, and serve to introduce his principal Woman in a Manner wholly grand, novel, and surprising. The Tale itself is calculated to shew the ill Effects of Jealousy in Love, and the Force of Address and Management.

Rais'd to make good those Threats, affright not me,
 If fair *Cleora* were confirm'd his Prize,
 That has the strongest Arm and sharpest Sword,
 I'd court *Bellona* in her horrid Trim,
 As if she were a Mistress, and bless Fortune
 That offers my young Valour to the Proof,
 How much I dare do for your Sister's Love.
 But, when that I consider how averse
 Your noble Father, great *Archidamus*,
 Is, and hath ever been, to my Desires,
 Reason may Warrant me to doubt and fear,
 What Seeds soever I sow in these Wars
 Of noble Courage, his determinate Will
 May blast, and give my Harvest to another
 That ne'er toil'd for it.

Timag. Prithee, do not nourish
 These jealous Thoughts; I'm thine, and, pardon me,
 Tho' I repeat it, my *Leosthenes*,
 That, for thy Sake, when the bold *Theban* su'd
 Far-fam'd *Pisander* for my Sister's Love,
 Sent him disgrac'd and discontented Home;
 I wrought my Father then; and I, that stopp'd not
 In the Career of my Affection to thee,
 When that renowned Worthy, brought with him
 High-Birth, Wealth, Courage, as fee'd Advocates
 To mediate for him, never will consent,
 A Fool, that only has the Shape of Man,
Astotus, tho' he be rich *Cleon's* Heir,
 Shall bear her from thee.

Leost. In that Trust I live.

Timag. Which never shall deceive you.

Enter Pisander.

Pisan. Sir, the General
Timoleon, by his Trumpets hath giv'n Warning
 For a Remove.

^a *When that renowned Worthy, that brought with him*
 Leaving out the Word *that*, which destroys both Sense and Metre. M. M.

Timag. 'Tis well; provide my Horse.

Pisan. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Pisan.*]

Leost. This Slave has a strange Aspect!

Timag. Fit for his Fortune; 'tis a strong-limb'd Knave;

My Father bought him for my Sister's Litter.
O Pride of Women! Coaches are too common,
They surfeit in the Happiness of Peace,
And Ladies think they keep not State enough,
If, for their Pomp and Ease, they are not borne
In Triumph on Men's Shoulders.

Leost. Whò commands
The *Carthaginian* Fleet?

Timag. *Gisco's* their Admiral,
And, 'tis our Happiness, a raw young Fellow,
One never train'd in Arms, but rather fashion'd
To tilt with Ladies Lips, than crack a Lance,
Ravish a Feather from a Mistress' Fan,
And wear it as a Favour. A Steel Helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious Plume, will crack
His Woman's Neck.

Leost. No more of him.—The Motives
That *Corinth* gives us Aid?

Timag. The common Danger:
For *Sicily* being on Fire, she is not safe;
It being apparent that ambitious *Carthage*,
(That to enlarge her Empire strives to fasten
An unjust Gripe on us, that live free Lords
Of *Syracusa*) will not end, till *Greece*
Acknowledge her their Sovereign.

Leost. I'm satisfy'd.
What think you of our General?

Timag. He is a Man
Of strange² and reserv'd Parts; but a great Soldier.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]
His Trumpets call us; I'll forbear his Character:

² *Strange* signifies here *distant*.

To-morrow, in the Senate-house, at large
He will express himself.

Leost. I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Cleon, Corisca, and Gracculo.

Corif. Nay, good Chuck.—

Cleon. I've said it : Stay at home ;
I cannot brook your Gadding, you're a fair one,
Beauty invites Temptation, and short Heels
Are soon tripp'd up.

Corif. Deny me ? By my Honour
You take no Pity on me. I shall swoon
As soon as you are absent ;—ask my Man else ;
You know he dares not tell a Lie.

Grac. Indeed,
You are no sooner out of Sight, but she
Does feel strange Qualms ; then sends for her young
Doctor,

Who ministers Physick to her on her Back,
Her Ladyship lying as she were entranc'd.
(I've peep'd in at the Key-hole, and observ'd them)
And sure his Potions never fail to work,
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,
She tickles again.

Corif. And all's to make you merry
When you come Home.

Cleon. You flatter me ; I'm old,
And Wisdom cries, beware.

Corif. Old ! Duck ? To me
You are a young *Adonis*.

Grac. Well said, *Venus* !
I am sure she *Vulcans* him.

[*Aside.*

Corif. I will not change thee
For twenty boist'rous young Things without Beards.
These Bristles give the gentlest Titillations,
And such a sweet Dew flows on them, it cures

My Lips without Pomatum :—Here's a round Belly,
'Tis a down Pillow to my Back. I sleep
So quietly by it; and this tunable Nose
(Faith when you hear it not) affords such Musick,
That I curse all Night-fidlers.

Grac. This is gross;

Not finds she flouts him?

[*Afide.*

Corif. As I live, I am jealous.

Cleon. Jealous of me, Wife?

Corif. Yes; and I have a Reason,

Knowing how lusty and active a Man you are.

Cleon. Hum! Hum!

[*Struts.*

Grac. This is no cunning Quean! 'flight, she will
make him

To think, that, like the Stag, he has cast his Horns,
And is grown young again.

[*Afide.*

Corif. You have forgot

What you did in your Sleep, and when you wak'd
Call'd for a Caudle.

Grac. It was in his Sleep;

For, waking, I durst trust my Mother with him. [*Afide.*

Corif. I long to see the Man of War; *Cleora*,
Archidamus's Daughter, goes, and rich *Olympia*;
I will not miss the Show.

Cleon. There's no contending:

—For this Time I am pleas'd; but I'll no more on't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Senate House.

*Enter Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olympia, Corif-
ca, Cleora, and Zanthia.*

Archid. So careless we have been, my noble Lords,
In the disposing of our own Affairs,
And ignorant in the Art of Government,

That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
 Yet we are happy that our Neighbour *Corinth*
 (Pitying the unjust Gripe *Carthage* would lay
 On *Syracusa*) hath vouchsaf'd to lend us
 Her Man of Men, *Timoleon*, to defend
 Our Country and our Liberties.

Diph. 'Tis a Favour
 We are unworthy of, and we may blush
 Necessity compells us to receive it.

Archid. O Shame! that we, that are a populous Na-
 tion,

Engag'd to lib'ral Nature, for all Blessings
 An Island can bring forth; we that have Limbs,
 And able Bodies, Shipping, Arms and Treasure,
 The Sinews of the War, now we are call'd
 To stand upon our Guard, cannot produce
 One fit to be our General.

Cleon. I'm old and fat;
 I could say something else.

Archid. We must obey
 The Time and our Occasions; ruinous Buildings,
 Whose Bases and Foundations are infirm,
 Must use Supporters: We are circled round
 With Danger; o'er our Heads with Sail-stretch'd
 Wings

Destruction hovers, and a Cloud of Mischief
 Ready to break upon us; no Hope left us
 That may divert it, but our sleeping Virtue
 Rous'd up by brave *Timoleon*.

Cleon. When arrives he?

Diph. He is expected every Hour.

Archid. The Braveries

Of *Syracusa*, among whom my Son
Timagoras, *Leosthenes* and *Asotus*,
 (Your hopeful Heir Lord *Cleon*) two Days since
 Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
 The City; every Minute we expect
 To be bless'd with his Presence.

Cleon. What Shout's this?

[*Shout at a Distance.*]

Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud Musick.

[*Trumpets flourish within.*]

Archid. Which confirms

His wish'd-for Entrance. Let us entertain him
With all Respect, Solemnity, and Pomp
A Man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From Slavery and Oppression.

Cleon. I'll lock up

My Doors and guard my Gold; these Lads of *Corinth*
Have nimble Fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our Walls, than those of *Carthage*;
They are far off.

Archid. And, Ladies, be it your Care
To welcome him and his Followers with all Duty:
For rest resolv'd, their Hands and Swords must keep
you

In that full Height of Happiness you live;
A dreadful Change else follows.

[*Exeunt Arch. Cleon. and Diph.*]

Olymp. We are instructed.

Coris. I'll kiss him for the Honour of my Country,
With any She in *Corinth*.

Olymp. Were he a Courtier,
I've Sweetmeat in my Closet shall content him,
Be his Palate ne'er so curious.

Coris. And if Need be,
I have a Couch and a Banqueting-house in my Orchard,
Where many a Man of Honour has not scorn'd
To spend an Afternoon.

Olymp. These Men of War,
As I have heard, know not to court a Lady.
They cannot praise our Dressings, kiss our Hands,
Usher us to our Litters, tell Love-stories,
Commend our Feet and Legs, and so search upwards;
A sweet becoming Boldness! They are rough,
Boist'rous and saucy, and at the first Sight
Ruffle and touze us, and, as they find their Stomachs,
Fall roundly to it.

Corif. 'Troth, I like 'em the better :
 I can't endure to have a perfum'd Sir
 Stand cringing in the Hams, licking his Lips
 Like a Spaniel over a Furmety-pot, and yet
 Has not the Boldness to come on, or offer
 What they know we expect.

Olymp. We may commend
 A Gentleman's Modesty, Manners, and fine Language,
 His Singing, Dancing, riding of great Horses,
 The Wearing of his Clothes, his fair Complexion ;
 Take Presents from him, and extol his Bounty :
 Yet, though he observe, and waste his 'State upon us,
 ' If he be staunch, and bid not for the Stock
 That we were born to traffick with ;—the Truth is,
 We care not for his Company.

Corif. Musing, *Cleora* ?

Olymp. She's studying how to entertain these Strangers,
 And to ingross them to herself.

Cleora. No, surely ;
 I will not cheapen any of their Wares,
 'Till you have made your Market ; you will buy,
 I know, at any Rate.

Corif. She has given it you.

Olymp. No more ; they come.
 The first Kifs for this Jewel. [Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter Timagoras, Leosthenes, Afotus, Timoleon in black, led in by Archidamus, Diphilus, and Cleon ; followed by Pisander, Gracculo, Cimbrio, and other Slaves.

Archid. It is your Seat.
 Which with a general Suffrage,

3 *If he be staunch, &c.*

I don't think that *staunch* can be Sense in this Passage ; we should probably read *starch'd*, that is *precise, formal*. M. M.

As to the supreme Magistrate, *Sicily* tenders,
And prays *Timoleon* to accept.

Timol. Such Honours

To one ambitious of Rules or Titles, †
Whose Heaven on Earth is plac'd in his Command,
And absolute Power o'er others, would with Joy,
And Veins swoln high with Pride be entertain'd.
They take not me; for I have ever lov'd
An equal Freedom, and proclaim all such
As would usurp another's Liberties,
Rebels to Nature, to whose bounteous Blessings
All Men lay Claim as true legitimate Sons.
But such as have made forfeit of themselves
By vicious Courses, and their Birthright lost,
'Tis not Injustice they are mark'd for Slaves
To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know
Honours and great Employments are great Burthens,
And must require an *Atlas* to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The Master of himself, richly indu'd
With Depth of Understanding, Height of Courage,
And those remarkable Graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto myself.

Archid. Sir, empty Men

Are Trumpets of their own Deserts; but you,
That are not in Opinion, but in Proof,
Really good, and full of glorious Parts,
Leave the Report of what you are to Fame;

† 4 ——— *Such Honours*
To one ambitious of Rule, &c.

Massinger has here finely drawn the Character of *Timoleon*, and been very true to History; I shall take the Liberty to transcribe such Parts as may be not only entertaining, but likewise throw a Lustre on several Parts of the Play before us: *Timoleon* was descended from one of the noblest Families in *Corinth*, loved his Country passionately, and discovered upon all Occasions a singular Humanity of Temper, except against Tyrants and bad Men. He was an excellent Captain; and as in his Youth he had all the Maturity of Age, in Age he had all the Fire and Courage of the most ardent Youth.

Which, from the ready Tongues of all good Men,
Aloud proclaims you.

Diph. Besides, you stand bound,
Having so large a Field to exercise
Your active Virtues offer'd you, to impart
Your Strength to such as need it.

Timol. 'Tis confessed :

And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,
For you, and for the Liberty of *Greece*,
I am most ready to lay down my Life :
But yet consider, Men of *Syracusa*,
Before that you deliver up the Power
(Which yet is yours) to me, to whom 'tis giv'n ;
To an impartial Man, with whom nor Threats
Nor Prayers shall e'er prevail ; for I must steer
An even Course.

Archid. Which is desir'd of all.

Timol. *Timophanes*, my Brother, for whose Death^s
I'm tainted in the World, and foully tainted ;
In whose Remembrance I have ever worn,
In Peace and War, this Livery of Sorrow,
Can witness for me, how much I detest
Tyrannous Usurpation ; with Grief
I must remember it : For, when no Persuasion
Could win him to desist from his bad Practice,
To change the Aristocracy of *Corinth*

^s *Timophanes*, my Brother, for whose Death
I'm tainted in the World, &c.

Timoleon had an elder Brother, called *Timophanes*, whom he tenderly loved, as he had demonstrated in a Battle, in which he covered him with his Body, and saved his Life at the great Danger of his own ; but his Country was still dearer to him. That Brother having made himself Tyrant of it, so black a Crime gave him the sharpest Affliction. He made Use of all possible Means to bring him back to his Duty : Kindness, Friendship, Affection, Remonstrances, and even Menaces. But, finding all his Endeavours ineffectual, and that nothing could prevail upon an Heart abandoned to Ambition, he caused his Brother to be assassinated in his Presence by two of his Friends and Intimates, and thought, that upon such an Occasion, the Laws of Nature ought to give Place to those of his Country.

Into an absolute Monarchy, I chose rather
 To prove a pious and obedient Son
 To my Country, my best Mother, than to lend
 Assistance to *Timophanes*, tho' my Brother,
 That, like a Tyrant, strove to set his Foot
 Upon the City's Freedom.

Timag. Twas a Deed

Deserving rather Trophies than Reproof.

Leost. And will be still remembered to your Honour,
 If you forsake us not.

Diph. If you free *Sicily*

From barbarous *Carthage*'s Yoke, it will be said
 In him you slew a Tyrant.

Archid. But, giving Way

To her Invasion, not vouchsafing us
 (That fly to your Protection) Aid and Comfort,
 'Twill be believ'd, that for your private Ends
 You kill'd a Brother.

Timol. As I then proceed,

To all Posterity may that Act be crown'd
 With a deserv'd Applause, or branded with
 The Mark of Infamy—Stay yet; ere I take
 This Seat of Justice, or engage myself
 To fight for you abroad; or to reform
 Your State at home, swear all upon my Sword,
 And call the Gods of *Sicily* to witness
 The Oath you take; that whatsoever I shall
 Propound for Safety of your Commonwealth,
 Not circumscrib'd or bound in, shall by you
 Be willingly obey'd.

Archid. Diphilus, Cleon. So may we prosper,
 As we obey in all Things!

Timog. Leosthenes, Asotus. And observe
 All your Commands as Oracles!

Timol. Do not repent it.

[Takes the State.

Olymp. He ask'd not our Consent.

Corif. He's a Clown, I warrant him.

Olymp. I offer'd myself twice, and yet the Churl
 Would not salute me.

Coris. Let him kiss his Drum!
I'll save my Lips, I rest on it.

Olymp. He thinks Women
No Part of the Republick;

Coris. He shall find
We are a Commonwealth.

Cleora. The less your Honour.

Timol. First then, a Word or two, but without Bitterness,

(And yet mistake me not, I am no Flatterer)
Concerning your ill Government of the State.
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,
Stand, in the first File, guilty.

Cleon. Ha! how's this?

Timol. You have not, as good Patriots should do,
studied

The public Good, but your particular Ends;
Factious among yourselves, preferring such
To Offices and Honours, as ne'er read
The Elements of saving Policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the Principles
That usher to Destruction.

Leost. Sharp.

Timag. The better.

Timol. Your Senate-house, which us'd not to admit
A Man, however popular, to stand
At the Helm of Government, whose Youth was not
Made glorious by Action; whose Experience
Crown'd with grey Hairs, gave Warrant to his Counsels,
Heard and receiv'd with Reverence; is now fill'd
With green Heads that determine of the State
Over their Cups, or when their fated Lusts
Afford them Leisure; or supply'd by those
Who, rising from base Arts and sordid Thrift,
Are eminent for Wealth, not for their Wisdom:
Which is the Reason that to hold a Place
In Council, which was once esteem'd an Honour,
And a Reward for Virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and Reputation, and is made
A mercenary Purchase.

Timag. He speaks home.

Leost. And to the Purpose.

Timol. From whence it proceeds

That the Treasure of the City is ingross'd
By a few private Men, the publick Coffers
Hollow with Want; and they, that will not spare
One Talent for the common Good, to feed
The Pride and Bravery of their Wives, consume
In Plate, in Jewels, and superfluous Slaves,
What would maintain an Army.

Coris. Have at us!

Olymp. We thought we were forgot.

Cleora. But it appears

You will be treated of.

Timol. Yet in this Plenty,

And Fat of Peace, your young Men ne'er were train'd
In martial Discipline, and your Ships unrigg'd
Rot in the Harbour: No Defence prepar'd,
But thought unuseful; as if that the Gods,
Indulgent to your Sloth, had granted you
A Perpetuity of Pride and Pleasure,
Nor Change fear'd or expected. Now you find
That *Carthage*, looking on your stupid Sleeps,
And dull Security, was invited to
Invade your Territories.

Archid. You've made us see, Sir,

To our Shame, the Country's Sickness: Now from you,
As from a careful and a wise Physician,
We do expect the Cure.

Timol. Old fester'd Sores

Must be lanc'd to the quick and cauteriz'd:
Which, borne with Patience, after I'll apply
Soft Unguents: For the Maintenance of the War,
It is decreed all Monies in the Hands
Of private Men, shall instantly be brought
To th' publick Treasury.

Timag. This bites sore.

Cleon. The Cure

Is worse than the Disease; I'll never yield to't:
What could the Enemy, tho' victorious,

Inflit more on us? All that my Youth hath toil'd for,
 Purchas'd with Industry, and preserv'd with Care,
 Forc'd from me in a Moment.

Diph. This rough Course
 Will never be allow'd of.

Timol. O blind Men!
 If you refuse the first Means that is offer'd
 To give you Health, no Hope's left to recover
 Your desp'rate Sickness. Do you prize your Muck
 Above your Liberties: And rather choose
 To be made Bondmen, than to part with that
 To which already you are Slaves? Or can it
 Be probable in your flattering Apprehensions,
 You can capitulate with the Conqueror,
 And keep that yours which they come to possess,
 And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?
 —But take your own Ways; brood upon your Gold,
 Sacrifice to your Idol, and preserve
 The Prey intire, and merit the Report
 Of careful Stewards: Yield a just Account
 To your proud Masters, who with Whips of Iron
 Will force you to give up what you conceal,
 Or tear it from your Throats; adorn your Walls
 With *Persian* Hangings wrought of Gold and Pearl;
 Cover the Floors on which they are to tread,
 With costly *Median* Silks; perfume the Rooms
 With Cassia and Amber, where they are
 To feast and revel; while, like servile Grooms
 You wait upon their Trenchers; feed their Eyes
 With massy Plate, until your cupboards crack
 With the Weight that they sustain; set forth your
 Wives

And Daughters in as vary'd Shapes
 As there are Nations, to provoke their Lusts,
 And let them be embrac'd before your Eyes,
 The Object may content you; and, to perfect
 Their Entertainment, offer up your Sons,
 And able Men for Slaves; while you, that are
 Unfit for Labour, are spurn'd out to starve,
 Unpity'd, in some Desert, no Friend by,

Whose Sorrow may spare one compassionate Tear
In the Remembrance of what once you were.

Leof. The Blood turns.

Timag. Observe how old *Cleon* shakes,
As if in Picture he had shown him what
He was to suffer.

Corif. I am sick ; the Man
Speaks Poignards and Diseases.

Olymp. Oh ! my Doctor !
I never shall recover.

Cleora. If a Virgin,
Whose Speech was ever yet usher'd with Fear ;
One knowing Modesty and humble Silence
To be the choicest Ornaments of our Sex,
I' th' Presence of so many Reverend Men,
Struck dumb with Terror and Astonishment,
Presume to clothe her Thought in vocal Sounds,
Let her find Pardon. First, to you, great Sir !
A bashful Maid's Thanks, and her zealous Prayers
Wing'd with pure Innocence bearing them to Heaven,
For all Prosperity that the Gods can give
To one whose Piety must exact their Care ;
Thus low I offer.

Timol. 'Tis a happy Omen.
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly : On my Virtue
I am thy Warrant, from so clear a Spring.
Sweet Rivers ever flow.

Cleora. Then thus to you,
My noble Father, and these Lords, to whom
I next owe Duty ; no Respect forgotten
To you, my Brother, and these bold young Men
(Such I would have them) that are, or should be,
The City's Sword and Target of Defence ;
To all of you I speak ; and, if a Blush
Steal on my Cheeks, it is shown to reprove
Your Paleness (willingly I would not say
Your Cowardice or Fear :) Think you all Treasure
Hid in the Bowels of the Earth, or shipwreck'd
In *Neptune's* watry Kingdom, can hold Weight,
When Liberty and Honour fill one Scale,

Triumphant Justice sitting on the Beam?
 Or dare you but imagine that your Gold is
 Too dear a Salary for such as hazard
 Their Blood and Lives in your Defence? For me,
 An ignorant Girl, bear Witness, Heaven! so far
 I prize a Soldier, that, to give him Pay,
 With such Devotion as our *Flamens* offer
 Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar,
 I do lay down these Jewels, will make sale
 Of my superfluous Wardrobe; to supply
 The meanest of their Wants.

Timol. Brave masculine Spirit!

Diph. We are shewn, to our Shame, what we in Honour
 Should have taught others.

Archid. Such a fair Example
 Must needs be follow'd.

Timag. Ever my dear Sister;
 But now our Family's Glory.

Leof. Were she deform'd,
 The Virtues of her Mind would force a Stoick
 To sue to be her Servant.

Cleon. I must yield;
 And, tho' my Heart-blood part with it, I will
 Deliver in my Wealth.

Afot. I would say something;
 But, the Truth is, I know not what.

Timol. We have Money;
 And Men must now be thought on.

Archid. We can press
 Of Labourers in the Country (Men inur'd
 To Cold and Heat) ten Thousand.

Diph. Or, if Need be,
 Inrol of Slaves, lusty and able Varlets,
 And fit for Service.

Cleon. They shall go for me;
 I will not pay and fight too.

Cleora. How! your Slaves?
 O Stain of Honour!—Once more, Sir, your Pardon;
 And to their Shames let me deliver what
 I know in Justice you may speak.

Timol. Most gladly :

I could not wish my Thoughts a better Organ
Than your Tongue to express them.

Cleora. Are you Men ?

(For Age may qualify, tho' not excuse;
The Backwardness of these) able young Men ?
Yet, now your Country's Liberty's at Stake,
Honour and glorious Triumph made a Garland
For such as dare deserve them ; a rich Feast
Prepar'd by Victory, of immortal Viands,
Not for base Men; but such as with their Swords
Dare force Admittance, and will be her Guests ;
And can you coldly suffer such Rewards
To be propos'd to Labourers and Slaves ?
While you, that are born Noble (to whom these
Valu'd at their best Rate, are next to Horses,
Or other Beasts of Carriage) cry, *Ay me* !
Like idle Lookers on, till their proud Worth
Make them become your Masters ?

6 ————— *Cry, Ay me !*

Like idle Lookers-on, &c.

This is wrong : Instead of *Cry, Ay me !* we should read, *Cry Aim.*
—To *cry aim*, is a Phrase which frequently occurs in the old Dramatick Writers, and seems to imply, to encourage, or to direct.

————— Must I *cry aim*

To this unheard-of Insolence ?

Beaum. and Fletch. Vol. IX. p. 419.

Glut yourself with him,

I will *cry aim.*

Massinger's Guardian, Vol. III. Scene VIII.

————— To be patient now,

Were, in another Time, to play the Pander

To the Viceroy's base Embraces, and *cry aim*,

While he, &c.

Massinger's Renegado, Act I. Scene I.

The Phrase, perhaps, may owe its Origin to Archery, which was much practis'd in those Days, both as an Amusement and a military Exercise, or perhaps to the Pastime of playing at Bowls ; the Person who points out to the Bowler the Ground he ought to take, might possibly, at that Time, be said to *cry aim* to him. But these are merely Conjectures, unsupported by any Authority.

Timol. By my Hopes,
There's Fire and Spirit enough in this to make
Thersites valiant.

Cleora. No; far, far be it from you:
Let those of meaner Quality contend,
Who can endure most Labour; plow the Earth,
And think they are rewarded when their Sweat
Brings home a fruitful Harvest to their Lords;
Let them prove good Artificers and serve you
For Use and Ornament; but not presume
To touch at what is noble: if you think them
Unworthy to taste of those Cates you feed on,
Or wear such costly Garments, will you grant them
The Privilege and Prerogative of great Minds,
Which you were born to? Honour won in War;
And to be stil'd Preservers of their Country,
Are Titles fit for free and generous Spirits,
And not for Bondmen. Had I been born a Man,
And such ne'er dying Glories made the Prize
To bold heroic Courage, by *Diana*,
I would not to my Brother, nay, my Father,
Be brib'd to part with the Piece of Honour
I should gain in this Action.

Timol. She's inspir'd,
Or in her speaks the Genius of your Country,
To fire your Blood in her Defence: I am rapp'd
With the Imaginatiou.—Noble Maid,
Timoleon is your Soldier, and will sweat
Drops of his best Blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant Conquest to you. Let me wear
Your Colours, Lady; and, tho' youthful Heats
That look no farther than your outward Form,
Are long since buried in me, while I live,
I am a constant Lover of your Mind,
That does transcend all Precedents.

Cleora. 'Tis an Honour, [Gives her a Scarf.
And so I do receive it.

7 It is *Cleora* that gives her a Scarf to *Timoleon*, not he that gives her one: In the Days of Chivalry the highest Favour a Knight could

Corif. Plague upon it !

She has got the start of us : I could ev'n burst
With Envy at her Fortune,

Olymp. A raw young Thing !

We've too much Tongue sometimes, our Husbands
say ;

And she outstrip us !

Leoft. I am for the Journey.

Timag. May all Diseases Sloth and Letchery bring,
Fall upon him that stays at home.

Archid. Tho' old,

I will be there in Person.

Diph. So will I.

Methinks I am not what I was : Her Words
Have made me younger by a Score of Years,
Than I was when I came hither.

Cleon. I am still

Old *Cleon*, fat and unweildy ; I shall never
Make a good Soldier, and therefore desire
To be excus'd at home.

Afot. 'Tis my Suit too :

I am a Gristle, and these Spider Fingers
Will never hold a Sword.—Let us alone
To rule the Slaves at Home, I can so yerk 'em ;
But in my Conscience I shall never prove
Good Justice in the War.

Timol. Have your Desires ;

You would be Burthens to us, no Way Aids.
Lead, Fairest, to the Temple ; first we'll pay
A Sacrifice to the Gods for good Success :
For all great Actions the wish'd Course do run,
That are, with their Allowance, well begun.

[*Exeunt all but the Slaves.*]

receive from his Mistress, was a Scarf, which he wore over his Armour ; and it is this Favour *Timoleon* requests from *Cleora*, when he desires to wear her Colours in the Speech preceding. *M. M.*

Pisan. Stay, *Cimbrio* and *Graculo*:

Cimb. The Business?

Pisan. Meet me to-morrow Night near to the Grove,
Neighbouring the east Part of the City.

Grac. Well.

Pisan. And bring the rest of our Condition with you:
I've something to impart may break our Fetters,
If you dare second me.

Cimb. We'll not fail.

Grac. A Cart-rope
Shall not bind me at home.

Pisan. Think on't and prosper.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes, with Gorgets, and Pisander.

Archidamus.

SO, so, 'tis well: How do I look?

Pisan. Most sprightly.

Archid. I shrink not in the Shoulders; tho' I'm old
I'm tough; Steel to the Back: I have not wasted
My Stock of Strength in Feather Beds.—Here's an
Arm too;

There's Stuff in't, and I hope will use a Sword
As well as as any beardless Boy of you all.

Timag. I'm glad to see you, Sir, so well prepar'd
To endure the Travail of the War.

Archid. Go to, Sirrah!

I shall endure, when some of you keep your Cabins,
For all your flaunting Feathers.—Nay, *Leosthenes*,
You're welcome too, all Friends and Fellows now.

Leost. Your Servant, Sir.

Archid. Pish! leave these Compliments;
They stink in a Soldier's Mouth; I could be merry,
(For, now my Gown's off, farewell Gravity,)
And must be bold to put a Question to you,
Without Offence, I hope.

Leost. Sir, what you please.

Archid. And you will answer truly?

Timag. On our Words, Sir.

Archid. Go to, then! I presume you will confess
That you are two notorious Whoremasters.
Nay, spare your Blushing, I've been wild myself;
A Smack or so for Physick does no Harin;
Nay, it is Physick, if us'd moderately:
But to lie at Rack and Manger——

Leost. Say we grant this,
(For if we should deny't you'll not believe us)
What will you infer upon it?

Archid. What you'll groan for,
I fear, when you come to the Test. Old Stories tell us,
There's a Month call'd *October*, which brings in
Cold Weather; there are Trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,
In which to stand all Night to th' Knees in Water,
In Gallants breeds the Tooth-ach; there's a Sport too,
Nam'd, *lying perdue*, do you mark me? 'tis a Game
Which you must learn to play at, now in these Seasons)
And choice Variety of Exercises,
(Nay I come to you) and fasts not for Devotion;
Your rambling Hunt-smock feels strange Alterations,
And in a frosty Morning looks as if
He could with Ease creep in a Pottle-pot,
Instead of his Mistress' Placket.—Then he curses
The Time he spent in Midnight Visitations,
And finds what he superfluously parted with,
To be reported good and well breath'd,

But if retriev'd into his Back again,
Would keep him warmer than a Scarlet Waistcoat.

Enter Diphilus and Cleora.

Or an Armour lin'd with Furr. O welcome, welcome!
You've cut off my Discourse, but I will perfect
My Lecture in the Camp.

Diph. Come, we are stay'd for;
The General's afire for a Remove,
And longs to be in Action.

Archid. 'Tis my Wish too.
We must part.—Nay, no Tears, my best *Cleora*;
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of Blessings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy Charge; and, Sirrah, look
You with that Care and Rev'rence observe her
As you would pay to me.—A Kiss, farewell! Girl!

Diph. Peace wait upon you, fair One!

[*Exit Archid. Diph. and Pisander.*]

Timag. 'Twere Impertinence
To wish you to be careful of your Honour,
That ever keep in Pay a Guard about you
Of faithful Virtues.—Farewell: Friend, I leave you
To wipe our Kisses off; I know that Lovers
Part with more Circumstance and Ceremony;
Which I give Way to. [Exit *Timag.*]

Leof. 'Tis a noble Favour,
For which I ever owe you.—We're alone:
But how I should begin, or in what Language
Speak the unwilling Word of parting from you,
I'm yet to learn.

Cleora. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.

Leof. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my Slackness: You have fir'd me
With the Heat of noble Action to deserve you;
And the least Spark of Honour that took Life
From your sweet Breath, still fann'd by it and cherish'd,

Must mount up in a glorious Flame, or I
Am much unworthy.

Cleora. May it yet burn here,
And, as a Sea-mark, serve to guide true Lovers
(Toss'd on the Ocean of luxurious Wishes)
Safe from the Rocks of Lust, into the Harbour
Of pure Affection rising up an Example
Which After-times shall witness to our Glory,
First took from us Beginning!

Leost. 'Tis a Happiness
My Duty to my Country, and mine Honour
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
It was your Pleasure, fortify'd by Persuasion
And Strength of Reason, for the general Good,
That I should go.

Cleora. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine Eye, fix'd
Upon the Hill of Honour, ne'er descended
To look into the Vale of certain Dangers,
Thro' which you were to cut your Passage to it.

Leost. I'll stay at home, then.

Cleora. No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own Ends, and to gain
A petty Wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain Triumph, which must fall upon you;
Or Virtue's turn'd a Hand-maid to blind Fortune:
How is my Soul divided! to confirm you
In the Opinion of the World most worthy
To be belov'd (with me you're at the Height,
And can advance no farther) I must send you
To court the Goddess of stern War, who, if
She see you with my Eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.

Leost. Sweet, take Comfort!
And what I offer you you must vouchsafe me
Or I am wretched: All the Dangers that
I can encounter in the War are Trifles;
My Enemies abroad to be contemn'd;

The dreadful Foes, that have the Pow'r to hurt me,
I leave at home with you,

Cleora. With me?

Leost. Nay, in you,
In every Part about you, they are arm'd
To fight against me.

Cleora. Where?

Leost. There's no Perfection
That you are Mistress of, but musters up
A Legion against me, and all sworn
To my Destruction.

Cleora. This is strange!

Leost. But true, Sweet:

Excess of Love can work such Miracles,
Upon this Ivory Forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand Rivals, and these Suns command
Supplies from all the World, on Pain to forfeit
Their comfortable Beams; these Ruby Lips,
A rich Exchequer to assure their Pay;
This Hand, *Sibylla's* golden Bough to guard them
Thro' Hell and Horror to the *Elysian* Springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the Virtues of your Mind invite,
Their Numbers would be infinite.

Cleora. Can you think

I may be tempted?

Leost. You were never prov'd.

For me, I have convers'd with you no farther
Than would become a Brother. I ne'er tun'd
Loose Notes to your chaste Ears; or brought rich Pre-
sents

For my Artillery, to batter down
The Fortrefs of your Honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your Blood run high at solemn Feasts
With Viands that provoke (the speeding Philtres):
I work'd no Bawds to tempt you; never practis'd
The cunning and corrupting Arts they study,
That wander in the wild Maze of Desire;
Honest Simplicity and Truth were all
The Agents I employ'd; and when I came

To see you, it was with that Reverence
 As I beheld the Altars of the Gods;
 And Love, that came along with me, was taught
 To leave his Arrows, and his Torch behind,
 Quench'd in my Fear to give Offence.

Cleora. And 'twas

That Modesty that took me and preserves me,
 Like a fresh Rose, in mine own natural Sweetness;
 Which, fuly'd with the Touch of impure Hands,
 Loses both Scent and Beauty.

Leost. But, *Cleora,*

When I am absent, as I must go from you,
 (Such is the Cruelty of my Fate) and leave you,
 Unguarded, to the violent Assaults
 Of loose Temptations; when the Memory
 Of my so many Years of Love and Service,
 Is lost in other Objects; you are courted
 By such as keep a Catalogue of their Conquests
 Won upon credulous Virgins; when nor Father
 Is here to awe you, Brother to advise you,
 Nor your poor Servant by, to keep such off,
 By Lust instructed how to undermine
 And blow your Chastity up; when your weak Senses,
 At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
 And play the Traitors to your Soul, your Virtue;
 How can you stand? 'Faith, tho' you fall, and I
 The Judge, before whom you then stood accus'd,
 I should acquit you.

Cleora. Will you then confirm

That Love and Jealousy, tho' of different Natures,
 Must of Necessity be Twins; the Younger
 Created only to defeat the Elder,
 And spoil him of his Birthright? 'tis not well.
 But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
 Nor with one Syllable or Tear, express
 How deeply I am wounded with the Arrows
 Of your Distrust: But when that you shall hear
 At your Return how I have borne myself,
 And what an austere Penance I take on me,

To satisfy your Doubts : When like a Vestal
 I shew you, to your Shame, the Fire still burning,
 Committed to my Charge by true Affection,
 The People joining with you in the Wonder :
 When, by the glorious Splendor of my Suff'rings,
 The prying Eyes of Jealousy are struck blind,
 The Monster too that feeds on Fears, ev'n starv'd
 For Want of seeming Matter to accuse me,
 Expect, *Leosthenes*, a sharp Reproof
 From my just Anger.

Leost. What will you do ?

Cleora. Obey me,

Or from this Minute you're a Stranger to me ;
 And do't without Reply.—All-seeing Sun,
 Thou Witness of my Innocence, thus I close
 Mine Eyes against thy comfortable Light,
 'Till the Return of this distrustful Man.

[*He binds her Eyes,*

Now bind them sure ;---nay, do't : If uncompell'd
 I loose this Knot, until the Hands that made it
 Be pleas'd t' untie it, may consuming Plagues
 Fall heavy on me ! Pray you, guide me to your Lips ;
 This Kiss, when you come back, shall be a Virgin
 To bid you welcome.---Nay, I have not done yet :
 I will continue dumb ; and, you once gone,
 No Accent shall come from me : Now to my Chamber ;
 My Tomb, if you miscarry : There I'll spend
 My Hours in silent Mourning, and thus much
 Shall be reported of me to my Glory,
 And you confess it, whether I live or die,
 My Chastity triumphs o'er your Jealousy.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Afotus driving in Gracculo.

Afot. You Slave ! you Dog ! down, Cur.

Gra. Hold, good young Master,
 For Pity's Sake !

Afot. Now am I in my Kingdom.
Who says I am not valiant?—I begin
To frown again: Quake, Villain.

Grac. So I do, Sir;
Your Looks are Agues to me.

Afot. Are they so, Sir?
'Slight, if I had them at this Bay, that flout me,
And say I look like a Sheep and an Afs, I'd make 'em
Feel, that I am a Lion.

Grac. Do not roar, Sir,
As you're a valiant Beast—But do you know
Why you use me thus?

Afot. I'll beat thee a little more,
Then study for a Reason.—O! I have it:
One brake a Jest on me, and then I swore,
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home
That I would break thy Head.

Grac. Pox on his Mirth;
I'm sure I mourn for't. [*Aside.*

Afot. Remember too, I charge you,
To teach my Horse good Manners; for this Morning
As I rode to take the Air, th' untutor'd Jade
Threw me, and kick'd me.

Grac. I thank him for't. [*Aside.*

Afot. What's that?

Grac. I say, Sir, I'll teach him to hold his Heels,
If you will hold your Fingers.

Afot. I'll think upon't

Grac. I am bruis'd to Jelly.—Better be a Dog,
Than Slave to a Fool or Coward. [*Aside.*

Afot. Here's my Mother.

Enter Corisca and Zanthia.

She is chastising too—How brave we live,
That have our Slaves to beat, to keep us in Breath
When we want exercise!

Coris. Careless Harlotary, [*Striking her.*
Look to't; if a Curl fall, or Wind or Sun

Take my complexion off, I will not leave
One Hair upon thine Head.

Grac. Here's a second Show
Of the Family of Pride.

Coris. Fie on these Wars!

I'm starv'd for want of Action, not a Gamester left
To keep a Woman play: If this World last
A little longer with us, Ladies must Study
Some new-found Mystery to cool one another,
We shall burn to Cinders else. I have heard there have
been

Such Arts in a long Vacation; would they were
Reveal'd to me! They've made my Doctor too
Physician to the Army, he was us'd
To serve the Turn at a Pinch; but I am now
Quite unprovided.

Asot. My Mother-in-Law is sure
At her Devotion.

[*Aside,*

Coris. There are none but our Slaves left;
Nor are they to be trusted.—Some great Women,
Which I could name, in a Dearth of Visitants,
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
At small Game; but I am so squeasy-stomach'd,
And from my Youth have been so us'd to Dainties,
I cannot taste such gross Meat. Some that are hungry
Draw on their Shoemakers, and take a Fall
From such as mend Mats in their Galleries;
Or when a Taylor settles a Petticoat on,
Take Measure of his Bodkin.—Fie upon't,
'Tis base; for my Part, I could rather lie with
A Gallant's Breeches, and conceive upon 'em
Than stoop so low.

Asot. Fair Madam, and my Mother——

Coris. Leave the last out, it smells rank of the Coun-
try,
And shews coarse Breeding; your true Courtier knows
not

His Niece, or Sister from another Woman,
If she be apt and cunning.—I could tempt now
This Fool: but he will be so long a working:

Then he's my Husband's Son.—The fitter to
Supply his Wants, I have the Way already.
I'll try if it will take——When were you with
Your Mistrefs, fair *Cleora*?

Afot. Two days fithence,
But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can
Speak a penn'd Speech I've bought and study'd for her,
Her woman calls her away,

Corif. Here's a dull Thing!
But better taught, I hope.—Send off your Man,

Afot. Sirrah, be gone.
Grac. This is the first good Turn
She ever did me. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Gracculo,*

Corrif. We'll have a scene of Mirth;
I must not have you sham'd for want of Practice.
I stand here for *Cleora*; and, do you hear, Minion?
(That you may tell her what her Woman should do)
Repeat the Lesson over that I taught you
When my young Lord came to visit me; if you miss
In a Syllable or Posture——

Zant. I am perfect.

Afot. Would I were so: I fear I shall be out.

Corif. If you are, I'll help you in.—Thus I walk
musing:

You are to enter, and, as you pass by,
Salute my Woman:—Be but bold enough,
You'll speed, I warrant you: Begin.

Afot. Have at it——

'Save thee, Sweet heart.—A Kiss.

Zant. *Venus* forbid, Sir,
I should presume to taste your Honour's Lips
Before my Lady.

Corif. This is well on both Parts.

Afot. How does thy Lady?

Zant. Happy in your Lordship,
As often as she thinks on you.

Corif. Very good
This Wench will learn in Time.

Afot. Does she think of me?

Zant. O, Sir! and speaks the best of you; admires
Your Wit, your Cloaths, Discourse; and swears, but
that

You are not forward enough for a Lord, you were
The most compleat and absolute Man,—I'll shew
Your Lordship a Secret.

Afot. Not of thine own?

Zant. O! no, Sir;

'Tis of my Lady:—But, upon your Honour,
You must conceal it.

Afot. By all Means,

Zant. Sometimes

I lie with my Lady, as the last Night I did;
She could not say her Pray'rs for thinking of you:
Nay, she talk'd of you in her Sleep, and sigh'd out
O sweet Afotus! sure thou art so backward
That I must ravish thee; and in that Fervour
She took me in her Arms, threw me upon her,
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd, and then wak'd, and wept
—Because 'twas but a Dream.

Coris. This will bring him on,
Or he's a Block.—A good Girl!

Afot. I am mad,

'Till I am at it.

Zant. Be not put off, Sir,

With, *Away, I dare not; Fie, you are immodest;*
My Brother's up; my Father will bear.—Shoot home,
Sir,

You cannot miss the Mark.

Afot. There's for thy Counsel. [Gives her Money,

This is the fairest Interlude; if it prove earnest,
I shall wish I were a Player.

Coris. Now my Turn comes.—

I am exceeding sick, pray you send my Page
For young Afotus; I cannot live without him;
Pray him to visit me; yet, when he's present,
I must be strange to him.

Afot. Not so; you're caught:

Lo, whom you wish, behold Afotus here!

Coris. You wait well, Minion; shortly I shall not speak

My Thoughts in my private Chamber, but they must Lie open to Discovery.

Afot. 'Slid, she's angry.

Zant. No, no, Sir, she but seems so.—To her again.

Afot. Lady, I would descend to kiss your Hand, But that 'tis glov'd, and Civit makes me sick; And to presume to taste your Lips not safe, Your Woman by.

Coris. I hope she's no Observer Of whom I grace.

[*Zant. looks on a Book.*

Afot. She's at her Book, O rare! [*Kisses her.*

Coris. A Kiss for Entertainment is sufficient: Too much of one Dish cloyes me.

Afot. I would serve in The second Course; but still I fear your Woman.

Coris. You're very cautious. [*Zant. seems to sleep.*

Afot. 'Slight she's asleep!

'Tis Pity these Instructions are not printed; They would sell well to Chambermaids.—'Tis no Time now

To play with my good Fortune, and your Favour; Yet to be taken, as they say—a Scout, To give the Signal when the Enemy comes,

[*Exit Zanthia.*

Were now worth Gold.—She's gone to watch.—

A Waiter so train'd up were worth a Million

To a wanton City-Madam.

Coris. You're grown conceited.

Afot. You teach me.—Lady, now—your Cabinet

Coris. You speak as it were yours.

Afot. When we are there, I'll shew you my best Evidence.

Coris. Hold! you forget;

I only play *Cleora's* Part.

Afot. No Matter;

Now we've begun, let's end the Act.

Coris. Forbear, Sir!

Your Father's Wife?

Afol. Why, being Heir, I am bound,
Since he can make no Satisfaction to you,
To see his Debts paid.

Enter Zanthia running.

Zant. Madam, my Lord.—

Coris. Fall off;

I must trifle with the Time too! Hell confound it!

Afol. Plague on his toothless Chaps! he cannot do't
Himself, yet hinders such as have good Stomachs.

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. Where are you, Wife? I fain would go
Abroad;

But cannot find my Slaves that bear my Litter.

I'm tir'd:—Your Shoulder, Son;—nay, Sweet, thy
Hand too;

A Turn or two in the Garden, and then to Supper,
And so to Bed.

Afol. Never to rise, I hope, more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Pifander and Poliphron bringing forth a Table.

Pifan. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

Polip. You may do your Pleasure:

But, in my Judgment, better to make Use of
The present Opportunity.

Pifan. No more.

Polip. I'm silenc'd

Pifan. More Wine; pry'thee drink hard, Friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter Cimbrio, Graculo, and other Slaves.

Second with Vehemency.—Men of your Words, all
welcome!

Slaves use no Ceremony; sit down, here's a Health.

Polip. Let it run round, fill every man his Glass.

Grac. We look for no Waiters; this is Wine.

Pisan. The better,

Strong, lusty Wine: Drink deep, this Juice will
make us

As free as our Lords,

[*Drinks.*

Grac. But, if they find we taste it,

We are all damn'd to the Quarry during Life,

Without Hope of Redemption.

Pisan. Pish! for that

We'll talk anon: Another Rouze, we lose Time;

[*Drinks.*

When our low Blood's wound up a little higher,

I'll offer my Design;—nay, we are cold yet

These Glasses contain nothing;—do me right

[*Takes the Bottle.*

As e'er you hope for Liberty. 'Tis done bravely;

How do you feel yourselves now?

Cimb. I begin

To have strange Conumdrums in my Head.

Grac. And I

To loath base Water: I would be hang'd in Peace
now,

For one Month of such Holidays.

Pisan. An Age, Boys;

And yet defy the Whip, if you are Men,

Or dare believe you've Souls.

Cimb. We are no Brokers:

Grac. Nor Whores, whose Marks are out of their
Mouths:

They hardly can get Salt enough to keep 'em
From stinking above Ground.

Pisan. Our Lords are no Gods?

Grac. They are Devils to us, I am sure.

Pisan. But subject to
Cold, Hunger, and Diseases.

Grac. In Abundance :
Your Lord that feels no Ach in his Chine at Twenty,
Forfeits his Privilege ; how should their Chirurgeons
build else,
Or ride on their Foot-cloaths ?

Pisan. Equal Nature fashion'd us
All in one Mold : The Bear serves not the Bear,
Nor the Wolf the Wolf ; 'twas odds of Strength in
Tyrants,
That pluck'd the first Link from the Golden Chain
With which that Thing of Things⁸ bound in the
World.

Why then, since we are taught, by their Examples,
To love our Liberty, if not command,
Should the Strong serve the Weak, the fair deform'd
ones ?

Or such as know the Cause of Things, pay Tribute
To ignorant Fools ? All's but the outward Gloss
And politic Form that does distinguish us.

Cymbrio, thou art a strong Man ; if, in Place
Of carrying Burthens, thou hadst been train'd up
In martial Discipline, thou might'st have prov'd
A General, fit to lead and fight for *Sicily*,
As fortunate as *Timoleon*.

Cymbrio. A little fighting
Will serve a General's Turn.

Pisan. Thou, *Graculo*,
Hast Fluency of Language, quick Conceit ;
And I think, cover'd with a Senator's Robe,
Formally set on the Bench, thou wouldst appear
As brave a Senator——

Grac. Would I had Lands,
Or Money to buy a Place ; and if I did not
Sleep on the Bench with the drowsiest of 'em,

⁸ *Thing of Things* is so harsh an Expression, and so little in *Maf-finger's* stile, that probably we should read *King of Kings*. I will not however alter the Text : If *Thing of Things* be the right Reading, it is probably intended as a literal Translation of *Ens Entium*.
M. M.

Play with my Chain,
Look on my Watch when my Guts chim'd Twelve,
and wear

A State Beard, with my Barber's Help; rank with 'em
In their most choice peculiar Gifts; degrade me
And put me to drink Water again, which (now
I've tasted Wine) were Poison.

Pisan. 'Tis spoke nobly,
And like a Gown-man:—None of these, I think too,
But would prove good Burghers.

Grac. Hum! the Fools are modest:
I know their Infides.—Here's an ill-fac'd Fellow.
(But that will not be seen in a dark Shop,)
If he did not in a Month learn to out-swear,
In the felling of his Wares, the cunningest Tradesman
In *Syracusa*, I've no Skill.—Here's another,
Observe but what a cous'ning Look he has,
(Hold up thy Head Man) if for drawing Gallants
Into Mortgages for Commodities, cheating Heirs
With your new counterfeit Gold Thread, and gumm'd
Velvets,

He does not transcend all that went before him,
Call in his Patent. Pass the rest; they'll all make
Sufficient *Beccos*, and with their Brow-antlers,
Bear up the Cap of Maintenance.

Pisan. Is't not Pity, then,
Men of such eminent Virtues should be Slaves?

Cimb. Our Fortune!

Pisan. 'Tis your Folly: Daring Men
Command, and make their Fates.—Say, at this
Instant,

I mark'd you out a Way to Liberty;
Possess'd you of those Blessings our proud Lords
So long have surfeited in; and, what is sweetest,
Arm you with Pow'r, by strong Hand to avenge
Your Stripes, your unregarded Toil, the Pride,
The Insolence of such as tread upon
Your patient Sufferings; fill your famish'd Mouths,
With the Fat and Plenty of the Land; redeem you

From the dark Vale of Servitude, and seat you
Upon a Hill of Happiness: What would you do
To purchase this and more?

Grac. Do any Thing:

To burn a Church or two, and dance by the Light on't
Were but a May-game.

Poliph. I have a Father living;

But, if the cutting of his Throat could work this,
He should excuse me.

Cimb. I would cut mine own,
Rather than miss it, so I might but have
A Taste on't ere I die.

Pisan. Be resolute Men,
You shall run no such Hazard; nor groan under
The Burthen of such crying Sins.

Cimb. The Means?

Grac. I feel a Woman's Longing.

Poliph. Don't torment us
With Expectation.

Pisan. Thus then: Our proud Masters,
And all the able Freemen of the City
Are gone unto the Wars—

Poliph. Observe but that.

Pisan. Old Men, and such as can make no Resistance,
Are only left at Home.

Grac. And the proud young Fool
My Master—If this take, I'll hamper him.

Pisan. Their Arsenal, their Treasure's in our Power,
If we have Hearts to seize 'em. If our Lords fall
In the present Action, the whole Country's ours.

Say they return victorious, we have Means
To keep the Town against them; at the worst
To make our own Conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their Daughters and their Wives, break up
Their Iron Chests, banquet on their rich Beds,
And carve yourselves of all Delights and Pleasures
You have been barr'd from, with one Voice cry with
me,

Liberty, Liberty!

All. Liberty, Liberty!

THE BOND MAN. 131

Pisan. Go then, and take Possession: Use all Freedom;

But shed no Blood.—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended till't be done.

[*Exeunt all, crying Liberty.*]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pifander, and Timandra.

Pifander.

WH Y, think you that I plot against myself?
Fear nothing; you are safe: These thick-
skin'd Slaves;

I use as Instruments to serve my Ends,
Pierce not my deep Designs; nor shall they dare
To lift an Arm against you.

Timand. With your Will:

But turbulent Spirits, rais'd beyond themselves
With Ease are not so soon laid: They oft prove
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

Pisan. 'Tis true,

In what is rashly undertook. Long since
I have consider'd seriously their Natures,
Proceeded with mature Advice, and know
I hold their Will and Faculties in more Awe
Than I can do my own. Now, for their Licence,
And Riot in the City, I can make
A just Defence and Use: It may appear too
A politic Prevention of such Ills
As might with greater Violence and Danger
Hereafter be attempted; tho' some smart for't

It matters not :—However, I'm resolv'd ;
 And sleep you with Security. Holds *Cleora*
 Constant to her rash Vow ?

Timand. Beyond Belief ;

To me that see her hourly, it seems a Fable.
 By Signs I guess at her Commands, and serve 'em
 With Silence ; such her Pleasure is made known
 By holding her fair Hand thus. She eats little,
 Sleeps less, as I imagine : Once a Day
 I lead her to this Gallery, where she walks
 Some half a dozen Turns, and, having offer'd
 To her absent Saint a Sacrifice of Sighs,
 She points back to her Prison.

Pisan. Guide her hither,
 And make her understand the Slaves Revolt ;
 And with your utmost Eloquence enlarge
 Their Insolence and Rapes done in the City.
 Forget not too I am their Chief, and tell her
 You strongly think my extreme Dotage on her,
 As I am *Marullo*, caus'd this sudden Uproar
 To make Way to enjoy her.

Timand. Punctually

I will discharge my Part. [Exit *Timandra*.

Enter Poliphron.

Poliph. O, Sir, I fought you :
 You've mis'd the Sport. Hell, I think's broke loose,
 There's such Variety of all Disorders,
 As Leaping, Shouting, Drinking, Dancing, Whoring,
 Among the Slaves ; answer'd with Crying, Howling,
 By the Citizens and their Wives ; such a Confusion,
 (In a Word, not to tire you) as I think
 The like was never read of.

Pisan. I share in
 The Pleasure though I'm absent. This is some
 Revenge for my Disgrace.

Poliph. But, Sir, I fear,
 If your Authority restrain them not,
 They'll fire the City, or kill one another,

They are so apt to Outrage ; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.

Pisan. I will among 'em ;
But must not long be absent.

Poliph. At your Pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Cleora, Timandra, a Chair, a Shout within.

Timand. They're at our Gates, my Heart! affrights
and Horrors

Increase each Minute : No Way left to save us,
No flattering Hope to comfort us, or Means
By Miracle to redeem us from base Lust
And lawless Rapine ? Are there Gods, yet suffer
Such innocent Sweetness to be made the Spoil
Of brutish Appetite ? Or, since they decree
To ruin Nature's Master piece (of which
They have not left one Pattern) must they choose,
To set their Tyranny off, Slaves to pollute
The Spring of Chastity, and poison it
With their most loth'd Embraces ? And of those
He that should offer up his Life to guard it ?
Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own Bondman,
Purchas'd to serve you, and fed by your Favours.

[*Cleora starts.*]

Nay, start not : It is he ; he, the grand Captain
Of these libidinous Beasts, that have not left
One cruel Act undone that barbarous Conquest
Yet ever practis'd in a captive City.

He, doting on your Beauty, and to have Fellows
In his foul Sin, hath rais'd these mutinous Slaves,
Who have begun the Game by violent Rapes,
Upon the Wives and Daughters of their Lords :
And he, to quench the Fire of his base Lust,

By Force comes to enjoy you :—Do not wring
 [Cleora wrings her Hands.
 Your innocent Hands, 'tis bootless ; use the Means
 That may preserve you. 'Tis no Crime to break
 A Vow when you are forc'd to it ; shew your Face,
 And with the Majesty of commanding Beauty
 Strike dead his loose Affections : If that fail,
 Give Liberty to your Tongue, and use Entreaties ;
 There cannot be a Breast of Flesh and Blood,
 Or Heart so made of Flint, but must receive
 Impression from your Words ; or Eyes so stern,
 But from the clear Reflection of your Tears,
 Must melt and bear them Company ; will you not
 Do these good Offices to yourself ? Poor I then
 Can only weep your Fortune :—Here he comes.

Enter Pisander speaking at the Door.

Pisand. He that advances
 A Foot beyond this, comes upon my Sword.
 You have had your Ways, disturb not mine.

Timand. Speak gently,
 Her Fears may kill her else.

Pisand. Now Love inspire me !
 Still shall this Canopy of envious Night
 Obscure my Suns of Comfort ? And those Dainties
 Of purest white and Red, which I take in at
 My greedy Eyes, deny'd my famish'd Senses ?
 The Organs of your Hearing are yet open ;
 And you infringe no Vow, tho' you vouchsafe
 To give them Warrant to convey unto
 Your understanding Parts, the Story of
 A tortur'd and despairing Lover, whom
 Not Fortune but Affection marks your Slave :

[Cleora shakes.

Shake not, best Lady ! for believ't, you are
 As far from Danger as I am from Force :
 All Violence I'll offer, tends no farther
 Than to relate my Sufferings, which I dare not

Presume to do, till by some gracious Sign
You shew you're pleas'd to hear me.

Timand. If you are,
Hold forth your Right-hand.

[*Cleora holds forth her right Hand.*

Pisan. So, 'tis done; and I
With my glad Lips seal humbly on your Foot,
My Soul's Thanks for the Favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what Wealth, what Honours
I made Exchange of to become your Servant:
And, tho' I knew worthy *Leoftheus*
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose Love
You have endur'd so much) to be my Rival;
When Rage and Jealousy counsel'd me to kill him,
(Which then I could have done with much more Ease,
Than now, in Fear to grieve you, I dare speak it)
Love, seconded with Duty boldly told me
The Man I hated, fair *Cleora* favour'd:
And that was his Protection.

[*Cleora bows.*

Timand. See, she bows
Her Head in Sign of Thankfulness.

Pisan. He remov'd,
By th' Occasion of the War (my Fires increasing
By being clos'd and stopp'd up) frantic Affection
Prompted me to do something in his Absence
That might deliver you into my Power,
Which you see is effected; and even now,
When my rebellious Passions chide my Dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my Fortunes;
Now 'tis in my Power to bear you hence,

[*Cleora starts.*

Or take my Wishes here, (nay, fear not, Madam,
True Love's a Servant, brutish Lust a Tyrant,
I dare not touch those Viands that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offer'd; Only thus much,
Be pleas'd I may speak in my own dear Cause,
And think it worthy your Consideration
I have lov'd truly, (cannot say deserv'd;
Since Duty must not take the Name of Merit)

That I so far prize your Content, before
 All Blessings that my Hope can fashion to me,
 That willingly I entertain Despair,
 And for your Sake embrace it. For I know,
 This Opportunity lost by no Endeavour
 The like can be recover'd. To conclude,
 Forget not that I lose myself to save you.
 For what can I expect but Death and Torture,
 The War being ended? And what is a Task
 Would trouble *Hercules* to undertake,
 I do deny you to myself, to give you
 A pure unspotted Present to my Rival.
 I've said: If it distate not, best of Virgins,
 Reward my Temperance with some lawful Favour,
 Tho' you contemn my Person.

[*Cleora kneels, then pulls off her Glove, and offers
 her Hand to Pisander.*]

Timand. See, she kneels,
 And seems to call upon the Gods to pay
 The Debt she owes your Virtue: To perform which,
 As a sure Pledge of Friendship, she vouchsafes you
 Her Right-hand.

Pisan. I am paid for all my Sufferings.
 Now, when you please, pass to your private Chamber,
 My Love and Duty, faithful Guards, shall keep you
 [*Makes a low Courtesy as she goes off.*]
 From all Disturbance; and when you are fated
 With thinking of *Leosthenes*, as a Fee
 Due to my Service, spare one Sigh for me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Graculo, leading Asotus in an Ape's Habit, with a
 Chain about his Neck. Zanthia in Corisca's Clothes, she
 bearing up her Train.*

Grac. Come on, Sir.
Asot. Oh!

Grac. Do you grumble? You were ever
A brainless Ass; but, if this hold, I'll teach you
To come aloft, and do Tricks like an Ape.
Your Morning's Lesson! if you miss—

Afot. O no, Sir! [*Afotus makes Mouths.*]

Grac. What for the *Carthaginians*?—A good Beast.
What for ourself, your Lord?—Exceeding well.

[*Dances.*]
There's your Reward. Not kiss your Paw? So, so, so.

Zant. Was ever Lady, the first Day of her Honour,
So waited on by a wrinkled Crone? She looks now,
Without her Painting, Curling and Perfumes,
Lik the last Day of *January*; and stinks worse
Than a hot Brach in the Dog-days. Farther off!
So—stand there like an Image;—if you stir,
'Till with a quarter of a Look I call you,
You know what follows.

Coris. O, what am I fallen to!
But 'tis a Punishment for my Lust and Pride,
Justly return'd upon me.

Grac. How dost thou like
Thy Ladyship, *Zantia*?

Zant. Very well; and bear it
With as much State as your Lordship.

Grac. Give me thy Hand:
Let us like conqu'ring *Romans* walk in Triumph,
Our Captives following: Then mount our Tribunals,
And make the Slaves our Footstools.

Zant. Fine, by *Jove*!
Are your Hands clean, Minion?

Coris. Yes, forsooth.

Zant. Fall off then—

So; now come on; and, having made your three Duties,
—Down, I say, (are you stiff in the Hams?) now kneel,
And tie our Shoe. Now kiss it, and be happy.

Grac. This is State, indeed.

Zant. It is such as she taught me;
A tickling Itch of Greatness, your proud Ladies
Expect from their poor Waiters: We have chang'd
Parts;

She does what she forc'd me to do in her Reign,
And I must practise it in mine.

Grac. 'Tis Justice ;
O ! here come more,

Enter Cimbrío, Cleon, Poliphron and Olympia.

Cimb. Discover to a Drachma,
Or I will famish thee.

Cleon. O ! I'm pin'd already.

Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut off the Brawns
From thy Arms and Thighs, then broil them on the Coals
For Carbonades.

Poliph. Spare the old Jade, he's founder'd.

Grac. Cut his Throat then,
And hang him out for a Scarecrow.

Poliph. You have all your Wishes
In your Revenge, and I have mine. You see
I use no Tyranny : When I was her Slave
She kept me as a Sinner to lie at her Back
In frosty Nights, and fed me with high Dainties
Which still she had in her Belly again ere Morning ;
And in Requital of those Courtesies,
Having made one another free, we are married,
And, if you wish us Joy, join with us in
A Dance at our Wedding.

Grac. Agreed ; for I have thought of
A most triumphant one, which shall express
We are our Lords, and these our Slaves.

Poliph. But we shall want
A Woman.

Grac. No, here's *Jane of Apes* shall serve ;—
Carry your Body swimming : Where's the Musick ?

Poliph. I have plac'd it in yon Window.

[*The Dance at the End.*

Grac. Begin then sprightly.

Enter Pisander *unseen.*

Poliph. Well done on all Sides. I have prepar'd a Ban-
quet ;

Let's drink and cool us.

Grac. A good Motion.

Cimb. Wait here:—

You have been tired with Feasting, learn to fast now.

Grac. I'll have an Apple for *Jack*, and may be some Scraps

May fall to your Share.

[*Exeunt Graculo, Zanthia, Cimbrio, Poliphron, and Olympia.*]

Coris. Whom can we accuse

But ourselves for what we suffer? Thou art just,

Thou all-creating Power! and Misery

Instructs me now, (that Yesterday acknowledg'd

No Deity beyond my Lust and Pride)

There is a Heaven above us, that looks down

With Eyes of Justice, upon such as number

Those Blessings freely given, in the Account

Of their poor Merits: Else it could not be,

Now, miserable I, to please whose Palate

The Elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd

Of Nature, as not liberal enough

In her Provision of Rarities

To sooth my Taste and pamper my proud Flesh,

Should wish in vain for Bread.

Cleon. Yes, I do wish too

For what I fed my Dogs with.

Coris. I, that forgot

I was made of Flesh and Blood, and thought the Silks

Spun by the diligent Worm, out of their Entrails,

Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest Down

Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look

On Virtue being in Rags: that stopp'd my Nose

At those that did not use adulterate Arts

To better Nature; that from those that serv'd me

Expected Adoration, am made justly

The Scorn of my own Bondwoman.

Afot. I am punish'd,

For seeking to cuckold mine own natural Father.

Had I been gelded then, or us'd myself

Like a Man, I had not been transform'd and forc'd

To play an o'ergrown Ape.

Cleon. I know I cannot
Last long, that's all my Comfort : Come, I forgive both ;
It is in vain to be angry ; let us, therefore,
Lament together like Friends.

Pisan. What a true Mirrour
Were this sad Spectacle for secure Greatness !
Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The Glafs of servile Flattery, might behold
The weak Foundation upon which they build
That trust in human Frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing in their Births, they are subject to
Uncertain Change, are still prepar'd, and arm'd
For either Fortune ! a rare Principle,
And with much Labour, learn'd in Wisdom's School !
For, as these Bondmen by their Actions shew
That their Prosperity, like too large a Sail
For their small Bark of Judgment, sinks them with
A fore-right Gale of Liberty, ere they reach
The Port they long to touch at : So these Wretches,
Sworn with the false Opinion of their Worth,
And proud of Blessings left them, not acquir'd ;
That did believe they could with Giant Arms
Fathom the Earth, and were above their Fates,
Those borrow'd Helps that did support them vanish'd,
Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suff'ring,
Betray their proper Weakness, and make known
Their boasted Greatness was lent, not their own,

Cleon. O for some Meat : They sit long.

Corif. We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate Feasts till Midnight :
Their Hunger was not thought on, nor their Watchings ;
Nor did we hold ourselves serv'd to the Height,
But when we did exact and force their Duties
Beyond their Strength and Power.

Afot. We pay for't now :
I now could be content to have my Head
Broke with a Rib of Beef, or for a Coffin,
Be bury'd in the Dripping-pan.

Enter Poliphron, Cimbrio, Gracculo, Zanthia, and Olympia, drunk and quarrelling.

Cimb. Do not hold me:
Not kifs the Bride?

Poliph. No, Sir.

Cimb. She's common Good,
And so we'll use her.

Grac. We'll have nothing private.

Olymp. Hold:—

Zant. Here, *Marullo*.—

Olymp. He's your Chief.

Cimb. We are Equals,
I will know no Obedience.

Grac. Nor Superior.—

Nay, if you are Lion-drunk, I will make one;
For lightly ever he that parts the Fray,
Goes away with the Blows.

Pisan. Art thou mad too?
No more, as you respect me.

Poliph. I obey, Sir,

Pisan. Quarrel among yourselves?

Cimb. Yes, in our Wine, Sir,
And for our Wenches.

Grac. How could we be Lords else?

Pisan. Take Heed; I've News will cool this Heat,
and make you
Remember what you were.

Cimb. How!

Pisan. Send off these,
And then I'll tell you. [Zanthia beating Corisca.

Olymp. This is Tyranny,
Now she offends not.

Zant. 'Tis for Exercise,
And to help Digestion: What is she good for else?
To me it was her Language.

Pisan. Lead her off;
And take Heed, Madam Minx, the Wheel may turn.
Go to your Meat, and Rest; and from this Hour.

Remember, He that is a Lord to Day,
May be a Slave To-morrow.

Cleon. Good Morality!

[*Exeunt Cleon, Afotus, Zanthia, Olympia and Corisca.*

Cimb. But what would you impart?

Pisan. What must invite you
To stand upon your Guard and leave your Feasting;
Or but imagine what it is to be
Most miserable, and rest assur'd you are so.
Our Masters are victorious,

All. How!

Pisan. Within

A Day's March of the City, flesh'd with Spoil,
And proud of Conquest; the *Armado* sunk;
The *Carthaginian* Admiral, Hand to Hand,
Slain by *Leosthenes*.

Cimb. I feel the Whip
Upon my Back, already.

Grac. Every Man
Seek a convenient Tree and hang himself.

Poliph. Better die once, than live an Age to suffer
New Tortures every Hour.

Cimb. Say, we submit,
And yield us to their Mercy.

Pisan. Can you flatter
Yourselfes with such false Hopes? Or dare you think
That your imperious-Lords, that never fail'd
To punish with Severity petty Slips
In your Neglect of Labour, may be won
To pardon those licentious Outrages,
Which noble Enemies forbear to practise
Upon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their just Revenge with Horror
And studied Cruelty? We have gone too far
To think now of retiring; in our Courage,
And During⁹, lies our Safety; if you are not
Slaves in your abject Minds, as in your Fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose

9 *Daring*, unless *during* shall mean *enduring*. M. M.

Our naked Breasts to their keen Swords, and sell
 Our Lives with the most Advantage, than to trust
 In a forestall'd Remission, or yield up
 Our Bodies to the Furnace of their Fury,
 Thrice heated with Revenge.

Grac. You led us on.

Cimb. And 'tis but Justice you should bring us off.

Grac. And we expect it.

Pisan. Hear then, and obey me;

And I will either save you or fall with you.

Man the Walls strongly, and make good the Ports;
 Boldly deny their Entrance, and rip up
 Your Grievances, and what compell'd you to
 This desperate Course: If they disdain to hear
 Of Composition, we have in our Powers
 Their aged Fathers, Children, and their Wives,
 Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly
 Make Intercession for us. 'Tis not Time now
 To talk, but do. A glorious End, or Freedom
 Is now propos'd us; stand resolv'd for either,
 And, like good Fellows, live or die together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras.

Timag. I am so far from Envy, I am proud
 You have outstripp'd me in the Race of Honour.
 Oh! 'twas a glorious Day, and bravely won!
 Your bold Performance gave such Lustre to
Timoleon's wife Directions, as the Army
 Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engag'd
 For their so great Success.

Leost. The Gods first honour'd,
 The Glory be the General's; 'tis far from me
 To be his Rival.

Timag. You abuse your Fortune,
 To entertain her Choice and gracious Favours

With a contracted Brow; plum'd Victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful Look;
Equally distant from proud Insolence,
And base Dejection.

Leof. O *Timagoras!*

You only are acquainted with the Cause,
That loads my sad Heart with a Hill of Lead;
Whose pond'rous Weight, neither my new-got Honour,
Assisted by the general Applause
The Soldiers crown it with, nor all War's Glories
Can lessen or remove: And, would you please,
With fit Consideration, to remember,
How much I wrong'd *Cleora's* Innocence
With my rash Doubts; and what a grievous Penance
She did impose upon her tender Sweetness,
To pluck away the Vulture Jealousy
That fed upon my Liver, you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit Justice on myself,
Though I resolve to be a Stranger to
The Thought of Mirth or Pleasure.

Timag. You have redeem'd
The Forfeit of your Fault with such a Ransom
Of honourable Action, as my Sister
Must of Necessity confess her Sufferings
Weigh'd down by your fair Merits; and, when she
views you,
Like a triumphant Conqueror, carried thro'
The Streets of *Syracusa*, the glad People
Pressing to meet you, and the Senators
Contending who shall heap most Honours on you;
The Oxen crown'd with Garlands led before you
Appointed for the Sacrifice; and the Altars
Smoaking with thankful Incense to the Gods:
The Soldiers chaunting loud Hymns to your Praise;
The Windows fill'd with Matrons and with Virgins,
Throwing upon your Head, as you pass by,
The choicest Flowers, and silently invoking
The Queen of Love, with their particular Vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can *Cleora*,

(Tho', in the Glafs of Self-love, ſhe behold
Her beſt Deſerts) but with all Joy acknowledge,
What ſhe endur'd was but a noble Trial
You made of her Affection? And her Anger,
Riſing from your too am'rous Fears; ſoon drench'd
In *Lethe*, and forgotten.

Leoſt. If thoſe Glories

You ſo ſet forth were mine they might plead for me :
But I can lay no Claim to the leaſt Honour
Which you with foul Injuſtice raviſh from her.
Her Beauty in me wrought a Miracle,
Taught me to aim at Things beyond my Power,
Which her Perfections purchas'd, and gave to me
From her free Bounties ; ſhe inspir'd me with
That Valour which I dare not call mine own ;
And, from the fair Reflexion of her Mind,
My Soul receiv'd the ſparkling Beams of Courage.
She, from the Magazine of her proper Goodneſs
Stock'd me with virtuous Purpoſes ; ſent me forth
To trade for Honour : and, ſhe being the Owner.
Of the Bark of my Adventures, I muſt yield her
A juſt Account of all, as 'fits a Factor :
And, howſoever others think me happy,
And cry aloud I've made a proſp'rous Voyage,
One Frown of her Diſlike at my Return,
(Which, as a Punishment for my Fault, I look for)
Strikes dead all Comfort.

Timag. Tush ! theſe Fears are needleſs,
She cannot, muſt not, ſhall not be ſo cruel.
A free Confefſion of a Fault wins Pardon,
But, being ſeconded by Deſert commands it.
The General is your own, and ſure my Father
Repents his Harſhneſs : For myſelf, I am
Ever your Creature ;—one Day ſhall be happy
In your Triumph and your Marriage.

Leoſt. May it prove ſo,
With her Conſent and Pardon.

Timag. Ever touching
On that harsh String? She is your own, and you
Without Disturbance seize on what's your Due.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pifander and Timandra.

Pifander.

SHE has her Health, then?
Timand. Yes, Sir, and as often
As I speak of you lends attentive Ear
To all that I deliver; nor seems tir'd,
Tho' I dwell long on the Relation of
Your Suff'rings for her, heaping Praise on Praise
On your unequal'd Temperance and Command
You hold o'er your Affections.

Pifan. To my With:
Have you acquainted her with the Defeat
Of the *Carthaginians*, and with what Honours
Leosthenes comes crown'd home with?

Timand. With all Care.

Pifan. And how does she receive it?

Timand. As I guess,
With a seeming kind of Joy; but yet appears not
Transported, or proud of his happy Fortune.
But when I tell her of the certain Ruin
You must encounter with at their Arrival
In *Syracusa*, and that Death with Torments
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
Esteeming it a glorious Martyrdom,
And a Reward of pure unspotted Love,

Preserv'd in the white Robe of Innocence,
 Tho' she were in your Pow'r; and, still spurr'd on
 By insolent Lust, you rather chose to suffer
 The Fruit untasted, for whose glad Possession
 You have call'd on the Fury of your Lord,
 Than that she should be griev'd or tainted in
 Her Reputation.

Pisan. Doth it work Compuncti^on?
 Pities she my Misfortune?

Timand. She express'd
 All Signs of Sorrow, which her Vow observ'd,
 Could witness a griev'd Heart. At the first Hearing
 She fell upon her Face, rent her fair Hair,
 Her Hands held up to Heav'n, and vented Sighs
 In which she silently seem'd to complain
 Of Heav'n's Injustice.

Pisan. 'Tis enough. Wait carefully,
 And, upon all watch'd Occasions, continue
 Speech and Discourse of me: 'Tis Time must work her.

Timand. I'll not be wanting; but still strive to serve
 you. [Exit Timand.]

Enter Poliphron.

Pisan. Now, *Poliphron*, the News?

Poliph. The conquering Army
 Is within Ken.

Pisan. How brook the Slaves the Object?

Poliph. Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no Labour,
 And seem to scoff at Danger: 'Tis your Presence
 That must confirm them; with a full Consent
 You're chosen to relate the Tyranny
 Of our proud Masters; and what you subscribe to,
 They gladly will allow of, or hold out
 To the last Man.

Pisan. I'll instantly among them:
 If we prove constant to ourselves, good Fortune
 Will not, I hope, forsake us.

Poliph. 'Tis our best Refuge.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leosthenes, Timagoras, and others.

Timol. Thus far we are return'd victorious; crown'd
With Wreaths triumphant, (Famine, Blood and
Dearth,

Banish'd your peaceful Confines) and bring home
Security and Peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That such as boldly stood the Shock of War,
And With the dear Expence of Sweat and Blood
Have purchas'd Honour, should with Pleasure reap
The Harvest of their Toil; and we stand bound
Out of the first File of the best Deservers,
(Tho' all must be consider'd to their Merits)
To think of you, *Leosthenes*, that stand,
And worthily, most dear in our Esteem,
For your heroic Valour.

Archid. When I look on
(The Labour of so many Men and Ages)
This well-built City, not long since design'd
To Spoil and Rapine, by the Favour of
The Gods, and you their Ministers, preserv'd,
I cannot, in my Height of Joy, but offer
These Tears for a glad Sacrifice.

Diph. Sleep the Citizens?
Or are they overwhelm'd with the Excess
Of Comfort that flows to them?

Leost. We receive
A silent Entertainment.

Timag. I long since
Expected that the Virgins and the Matrons,
The old Men striving with their Age, the Priests,
Carrying the Images of their Gods before 'em,
Should have met us with Procession.—Ha! the Gates
Are shut against us!

Archid. And upon the Walls
Arm'd Men seem to defy us!

Enter above Pifander, Poliphron, Cimbrio, Graculo, &c.

Diph. I should know
These Faces.—They are our Slaves.

Timag. The Mystery, Rascals!
Open the Ports, and play not with an Anger
That will consume you.

Timol. This is above Wonder!

Archid. Our Bondmen stand against us?

Grac. Some such Things
We were in Man's Remembrance.—The Slaves are
turn'd

Lords of the Town, or so.—Nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, on good Terms, giving Security
You will be quiet Men, we may allow you
Some Lodgings in our Garrets or Out-houses:
Your great Looks cannot carry it.

Cimb. The Truth is,
We've been bold with your Wives, toy'd with your
Daughters——

Leofl. O my prophetic Soul!

Grac. Rifled your Chests,
Been busy with your Wardrobes.

Timag. Can we endure this?

Leofl. O! my *Cleora*!

Grac. A Caudle for the Gentleman,
He'll die o' th' Pip else.

Timag. Scorn'd too? Are you turn'd Stone?
Hold Parley with our Bondmen? Force our Entrance,
Then, Villains, expect——

Timol. Hold! you wear Men's Shapes,
And if, like Men, you've Reason, shew a Cause
That leads you to this desperate Course, which must
end

In your Destruction.

Grac. That, as please the Fates ;
But we vouchsafe.—Speak, Captain.

Timag. Hell and Furies !

Archid. Bay'd by our own Curs ?

Cimb. Take heed you be not worry'd.

Poliph. We are sharp set.

Cimb. And sudden.

Pisand. Briefly thus then,

Since I must speak for all.—Your Tyranny
Drew us from our Obedience. Happy those Times
When Lords were styl'd Fathers of Families,
And not imperious Masters ! when they number'd
Their Servants almost equal with their Sons,
Or one Degree beneath them ; when their Labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a Period
Set to their Sufferings ; when they did not press
Their Duties or their Wills beyond the Power
And Strength of their Performance ; all Things
order'd

With such Decorum as ¹⁰ wise Law-makers,
From each well-govern'd private House deriv'd
The perfect Model of a Common-wealth.
Humanity then lodg'd i' th' Hearts of Men,
And thankful Masters carefully provided
For Creatures wanting Reason. The noble Horse,
That in his fiery Youth from his wide Nostrils
Neigh'd Courage to his Rider, and broke thro'
Groves of oppos'd Pikes, bearing his Lord
Safe to triumphant Victory, old or wounded,
Was set at Liberty and freed from Service.
The *Athenian* Mules, that from the Quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the Gods,
The great Work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the publick Cost ; nay, faithful Dogs have found
Their Sepulchres ; but Man to Man more cruel,
Appoints no End to th' Sufferings of his Slave ;
Since Pride stepp'd in and Riot, and o'erturn'd
This goodly Frame of Concord, teaching Masters

¹⁰ *As*, in this Passage, has the Force of *that*. M. M.

To glory in the Abuse of such as are
 Brought under their Command ; who, grown unuseful,
 Are less esteem'd than Beasts.—This you have practis'd
 Practis'd on us with Rigour ; this hath forc'd us
 To shake our heavy Yokes off ; and, if Redress
 Of these just Grievances be not granted us,
 We'll right ourselves, and by strong Hand defend
 What we are now possess'd of.

Grac. And not leave
 One House unfir'd.

Cimb. Or Throat uncut of those
 We have in our Power.

Poliph. Nor will we fall alone ;
 You shall buy us dearly.

Timag. O the Gods !
 Unheard of Insolence !

Timol. What are your Demands ?

Pisan. A general Pardon first for all Offences
 Committed in your Absence : Liberty
 To all such as desire to make Return
 Into their Countries ; and to those that stay
 A Competence of Land freely allotted
 To each Man's proper Use ; no Lord acknowledged.
 Lastly, with your Consent, to choose them Wives
 Out of your Families.

Timag. Let the City sink first.

Leost. And Ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe
 To such Conditions.

Archid. Carthage, tho' victorious,
 Could not have forc'd more from us.

Leost. Scale the Wall !
 Capitulate after.

Timol. He that wins the Top first,
 Shall wear a Mural Wreath.

Pisan. Each to his Place. [Exeunt.
 Or Death or Victory.—Charge them home, and fear
 not.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, and Senators.

Timol. We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punish'd,
To deal with Bondmen as if we encounter'd
An equal Enemy.

Archid. They fight like Devils;
And run upon our Swords, as if their Breasts
Were Proof beyond their Armour.

Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras.

Timag. Make a firm Stand.—
The Slaves not satisfy'd they've beat us off,
Prepare to fall forth.

Timol. They are wild Beasts,
And to be tam'd by Policy.—Each Man take
A tough Whip in his Hand, such as you us'd
To punish them with as Masters: In your Looks
Carry Severity and Awe; 'twill frighten them
More than your Weapons: Salvage Lions fly from
The Sight of Fire; and these that have forgot
That Duty you ne'er taught them with your Swords,
When, unexpected, they behold those Terrors
Advanc'd aloft that they were made to shake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are
And stoop to due Obedience.

Enter Cimbrío, Graculo, and other Slaves.

Archid. Here they come.

Cimb. Leave not a Man alive: A Wound is but a
Flea-biting,
To what we suffer'd being Slaves.

Grac. O, my Heart!

Cimbrío, what do we see? The Whip! our Masters!!

☞ 11 ———— *The Whip! our Masters!*

This reducing the Slaves by the Sight of the Whip, is taken from the Story of the *Scythian* Slaves.

Timag. Dare you rebel, Slaves?

[*Senators shake their Whips, and they throw away their Weapons, and run off.*]

Cimb. Mercy! Mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their Fury?

Grac. Fly! they follow.

Oh! we shall be tormented.

Timol. Enter with them,

But yet forbear to kill 'em. Still remember
They are Part of your Wealth; and being disarm'd,
There is no Danger.

Archid. Let us first deliver

Such as they have in Fetters, and at Leisure
Determine of their Punishment.

Leost. Friend, to you

I leave the Disposition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am safe without your Sister.
She's only worth my Thought: and, 'till I see
What she has suffer'd I am on the Rack
And Furies my Tormentors.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Pisander and Timandra.

Pisan. I know I am pursu'd; nor would I fly,
Altho' the Ports were open, and a Convoy
Ready to bring me off.—The Baseness of
These Villains from the Pride of all my Hopes,
Have thrown me to the bottomless Abyss
Of Horror and Despair. Had they stood firm,
I could have bought *Cleora's* free Consent
With the Safety of her Father's Life and Brother's;
And forc'd *Leosthenes* to quit his Claim,
And kneel a Suitor to me.

Timand. You must not think
What might have been, but what must now be practis'd,
And suddenly resolve.

Pifand. All my poor Fortunes
Are at the Stake, and I must run the Hazard.
Unseen, convey me to *Cleora's* Chamber;
For, in her Sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended.—Do not enquire
The Reason why but help me.

Timand. Make Haste.—One knocks.

[*Exit Pifander.*

Enter Leosthenes.

Jove turn all to the best,—You are welcome, Sir,

Leost. Thou giv'st it in a heavy Tone.

Timand. Alas! Sir,

We have so long fed on the Bread of Sorrow,
Drinking the bitter Water of Afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued Fears,
Comfort's a Stranger to us.

Leost. Fears? Your Suff'rings,
For which I am so overgone with Grief,
I dare not ask without compassionate Tears
The Villain's Name that robb'd thee of thy Honour,
For being train'd up in Chastity's cold School,
And taught by such a Mistress as *Cleora*,
'Twere impious in me to think *Timandra*
Fell with her own Consent.

Timand. How mean you? Fell, Sir?
I understand you not.

Leost. I would thou did'st not,
Or that I could not read upon thy Face,
In blushing Characters, the Story of
Libidinous Rape.—Confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a Sin, against whose Strength
Your o'ermatch'd Innocence could make no Resistance,
Under which Odds I know *Cleora* fell too,
Heav'n's Help in vain invok'd!—the amazed Sun
Hiding his Face behind a Mask of Clouds,
Not daring to look on it.—In her Sufferings
All Sorrow's comprehended.—What *Timandra*,

Or the City has endur'd, her Loss consider'd,
Deserves not to be nam'd.

Timand. Pray you, do not bring Sir,
In the Chimeras of your jealous Fears,
New Monsters to affright us.

Leof. O *Timandra*,
That I had Faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a Joy beyond
Assurance of *Elysian* Shades hereafter,
Or all the Blessings in this Life a Mother
Could wish her Children crown'd with,—But I must not
Credit Impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that whose Knowledge is a Curse,
And Ignorance a Blessing.—Come, discover
What Kind of Look he had that forc'd thy Lady,
(Thy Ravisher I will enquire at Leisure)
That when hereafter I behold a Stranger
But near him in Aspect, I may conclude
(Tho' Men and Angels should proclaim him honest)
He is a hell-bred Villain.

Timand. You're unworthy
To know she is preserv'd, preserv'd untainted.
Sorrow (but ill bestow'd) hath only made
A Rape upon her Comforts in your Absence.

[Exit, and returns with Cleora ¹².

Come forth, dear Madam,

Leof. Ha!

[Kneels.

Timand. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your Heart, that to content you,
Has kept a Vow, the Breach of which a Vestal
(Tho' the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living Funeral) must of Force have shrunk at.
No Danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel Penance; tho' hot Lust came arm'd
To seize upon her; when one Look or Accent
Might have redeem'd her.

¹² A Gentleman, distinguished not more for his Learning than his fine Genius, observed that this Scene between *Leofbenes* and *Cleora* was one of the best that he ever read.

Leof. Might? O do not shew me
A Beam of Comfort, and straight take it from me.
—The Means by which she was freed?—Speak, O
speak quickly!

Each Minute of Delay's an Age of Torment:

O! speak *imandra!*

Timand. Free her from the Oath,
Herself can best deliver it. [*Takes off the Scarf,*

Leof. O blest Office!

Never did Galley-slave shake off his Chains,
Or look'd on his Redemption from the Oar,
With such true Feeling of Delight as now
I find myself possess'd of.—Now I behold
True Light indeed: For, since these fairest Stars
(Cover'd with Clouds of your determinate Will)
Deny'd their Influence to my Optick Sense,
The Splendor of the Sun appear'd to me
But as some little Glimpse of his bright Beams
Convey'd into a Dungeon, to remember
The dark Inhabitants there how much they wanted,
Open these long-shut Lips, and strike mine Ears
With Musick more harmonious than the Spheres
Yield in their heav'nly Motions: And, if ever
A true Submission for a Crime acknowledg'd
May find a gracious Hearing, teach your Tongue
In the first sweet articulate Sounds it utters,
To sign my wish'd-for Pardon.

Cleora. I forgive you.

Leof. How greedily I receive this! Stay, best Lady,
And let me by Degrees ascend the Height
Of human Happiness! All at once deliver'd,
The Torrent of my Joys will overwhelm me;—
So, now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If like a wanton Epicure I desire
The pleasant Taste these Cates of Comfort yield me,
Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not
(By your unspotted Truth I do conjure you
To answer truly) suffer'd in your Honour

(By Force, I mean, for in your Will I free you)
Since I left *Syracusa*?

Cleora. I restore

This Kiss, (so help me Goodness!) which I borrow'd
When I last saw you.

Leost. Miracle of Virtue!

One Pause more, I beseech you:—I am like
A Man whose vital Spirits consum'd and wasted
With a long and tedious Fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong Cordial at once taken,
Brings Death and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must enquire the Man to whom
I stand indebted for a Benefit,
Which to requite at full, tho' in this Hand
I grasp'd all Scepters the World's Empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor Bankrupt.—Name him, Lady,
If of a mean Estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost Fortunes to him—but if Noble,
In thankful Duty study how to serve him:
Or, if of higher Rank, erect him Altars,
And as a God adore him.

Cleora. If that Goodness

And noble Temperance, the Queen of Virtues,
Bridling rebellious Passions (to whose Sway
Such as have conquer'd Nations have liv'd Slaves)
Did ever wing great Minds to fly to Heaven;
He that preserv'd mine Honour, may hope boldly
To fill a Seat among the Gods and shake off
Our frail Corruption.

Leost. Forward.

Cleora. Or if ever

The Powers above did mask in human Shapes,
To teach Mortality, not by cold Precepts
Forgot as soon as told, but by Examples
To imitate their Pureness, and draw near
To their celestial Natures—I believe
He's more than Man.

Leost. You do describe a Wonder.

Cleora. Which will increase, when you shall understand

He was a Lover.

Leost. Not yours, Lady ?

Cleora. Yes ;

Lov'd me, *Leosthenes* ; nay more, so doted,
(If e'er Affections scorning gross Desires
May without Wrong be styl'd so) that he durst not
With an immodest Syllable or Look,
In Fear it might take from me, whom he made
The Object of his better Part, discover
I was the Saint he fu'd too.

Leost. A rare Temper !

Cleora. I cannot speak it to the Worth : All Praise
I can bestow upon it, will appear
Envious Detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the Miracle full ; tho', of all Men,
He hated you, *Leosthenes*, as his Rival ;
So high yet prized he my Content, that, knowing
You were a Man I favour'd, he disdain'd not
Against himself to serve you.

Leost. You conceal still
The Owner of these Excellencies.

Cleora. 'Tis *Marullo*,
My Father's Bondman.

Leost. Ha, ha, ha !

Cleora. Why do you laugh ?

Leost. To hear the lab'ring Mountain of your Praise
Deliver'd of a Mouse.

Cleora. The Man deserves not
This Scorn I do assure you.

Leost. Do you call
What was his Duty Merit ?

Cleora. Yes, and place it
As high in my Esteem, as all the Honours
Descended from your Ancestors, or the Glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this Action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly,
And I could add as I desir'd ;—but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.

Leost. Why, Lady, can you
Be won to give Allowance that your Slave
Should dare to love you ?

Cleora. The immortal Gods ¹³
Accept the meanest Altars that are rais'd
By pure Devotions ; and sometimes prefer
An Ounce of Frankincense, Honey or Milk,
Before whole *Hecatombs* or *Sabeian* Gums
Offer'd in Ostentation.—Are you sick
Of your old Disease ? I'll fit you.

[*Aside.*

Leost. You seem mov'd.

Cleora. Zealous, I grant, in the Defence of Virtue.
Why, good *Leosthenes*, tho' I endur'd
A Penance for your Sake above Example,
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your Devotion, but I may
Cherish Desert in others where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That which is only yours in Expectation,
That now prescribe such hard Conditions to me ?

Leost. One Kiss, and I am silenc'd.

Cleora. I vouchsafe it ;

Yet, I must tell you 'tis a Favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask : No ; when the City
Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes and Lust ;
And when I was, of Men and Gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his Power, he did not press me
To grace him with one Look or Syllable,
Or urg'd the Dispensation of an Oath
Made for your Satisfaction—The poor Wretch
Having related only his own Suff'rings,
And kiss'd my Hand which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since

† ¹³ *The immortal Gods*
Accept the meanest Altars, &c.

Milton's Invocation on the Opening of *Paradise Lost* is not unlike
this.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure.

Solicited my Favours.

Leost. Pray you end;
The Story does not please me.

Cleora. Well, take Heed
Of Doubts and Fears ;—for know, *Leosthenes*,
A greater Injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent Chastity than unjust Suspition.
I love *Marullo's* fair Mind, not his Person ;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any Power in you, to stand
Between him and all Punishment, and oppose
His Temperance to his Folly ; if you fail——
No more ; I will not threaten. [*Exit.*

Leost. What a Bridge
Of Glass I walk upon over a River
Of certain Ruin ! Mine own weighty Fears
Cracking what should support me :—And those Helps,
Which Confidence yields to others, are from me
Ravish'd by Doubts and wilful Jealousy. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Timagoras, Cleon, Afotus, Corisca, and Olympia.

Cleon. But are you sure we're safe ?

Timag. You need not fear :
They are all under Guard ; their Fangs par'd off :
The Wounds their Insolence gave you to be cur'd
With the Balm of your Revenge.

Afot. And shall I be
The Thing I was born my Lord ?

Timag. The same wise Thing——
'Slight, what a Beast they have made thee ! *Africk* never
Produc'd the like.

Afot. I think so.—Nor the Land
Where Apes and Monkeys grow, like Crabs and Wal-
nuts

On the same Tree. Not all the Catalogue
Of Conjurers or wise Women, bound together

Could have so soon transform'd me, as my Rascal
Did with his Whip; Not in Outside only,
But in my own Belief, I thought myself
As perfect a Baboon——

Timag. An Afs thou wert ever.

Afot. And would have giv'n one Leg, with all my Heart,
For good Security to have been a Man
After three Lives, or one and twenty Years,
Tho' I had dy'd on Crutches.

Cleon. Never Varlets

So triumph'd o'er an old fat Man—I was famish'd.

Timag. Indeed you are fall'n away.

Afot. Three Years of Feeding

On Cullises and Jelly, tho' his Cooks
Lard all he eats with Marrow, or his Doctors
Pour in his Mouth Restoratives as he sleeps,
Will not recover him.

Timag. But your Ladyship looks

Sad on the Matter, as if you had miss'd
Your ten-crown Amber Posslets, good to smooth
The *Cutis* *, as you call it, and prepare you
Active, and high for an Afternoon's Encounter
With a rough Gamester on your Couch. Fie on't,
You are grown thrifty; smell like other Women,
The College of Physicians have not fat,
As they were us'd in Council, how to fill
The Crannies in your Cheeks, or raise a Rampire
With Mummy, Ceruses, or Infants' Fat
To keep off Age and Time.

Corif. Pray you, forbear;

I am an alter'd Woman.

Timag. So it seems;—

A Part of your Honour's Ruff stands out of Rank too.

Corif. No Matter; I have other Thoughts.

Timag. O strange!

Not ten Days since it would have vex'd you more
Than th' Loss of your good Name; Pity, this Cure

* That is, the Skin.

For your proud Itch came no sooner!—Marry, *Olympia* Seems to bear up still.

Olymp. I complain not, Sir!
I have borne my Fortune patiently.

Timag. Thou wert ever
An excellent Bearer; so is all your Tribe,
If you may choose your Carriage:—How now, Friend,
Looks our *Cleora* lovely?

Enter Leosthenes, and Diphilus, with a Guard.

Leost. In my Thoughts, Sir.

Timag. But why this Guard?

Diph. It is *Timoleon's* Pleasure;
The Slaves have been examin'd, and confess
Their Riot took Beginning from your House;
And the first Mover of them to Rebellion,
Your Slave *Marullo*.

Leost. Ha! I more than fear——

Timag. They may search boldly.

Enter Timandra.

Timand. You are unmanner'd Grooms
To pry into my Lady's private Lodgings;
There's no *Marullos* there.

Enter Diphilus with Pifander.

Timag. Now I suspect too;——
Where found you him?

Diph. Close hid in your Sister's Chamber.

Timag. Is that the Villain's Sanctuary?

Leost. This confirms
All she deliver'd, false.

Timag. But that I scorn
To rust my Sword in thy slavish Blood,
Thou now wert dead.

Pifan. He's more a Slave than Fortune

Or Misery can make me, that insults
Upon unweapon'd Innocence.

Timag. Prate you, Dog ?

Pisan. Curs snap at Lions in the Toil, whose Looks
Frighted them, being free.

Timag. As a wild Beast,
Drive him before you.

Pisan. O divine *Cleora* !

Leost. Dar'st thou presume to name her ?

Pisan. Yes, and love her :
And may say have deserv'd her.

Timag. Stop his Mouth :

Load him with Irons too. [Exit Guard with Pisan.]

Cleon. I am deadly sick
To look on him.

Astot. If he get loose, I know it,
I caper like an Ape again—I feel
The Whip already.

Timand. This goes to my Lady.

[Aside.]

Timag. Come, cheer you, Sir ; we'll urge his Punish-
ment

To the full Satisfaction of your Anger.

Leost. He is not worth my Thoughts.—No Corner
left

In all the spacious Rooms of my vex'd Heart,
But is fill'd with *Cleora* : And the Rape
She has done upon her Honour, with my Wrong,
The heavy Burthen of my Sorrow's Song. [Exeunt.]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Archidamus and Cleora.

Archidamus.

THOU art thine own Disposer.—Were his Honours

And Glories centupled, (as I must confess,
Leosthenes is most worthy) yet I will not,
However I may counsel, force Affection.

Cleora. It needs not, Sir; I prize him to his Worth,
Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slav'd
To his jealous Humours: Since, by the Hopes of Heaven,

As I am free from Violence, in a Thought
I am not guilty.

Archid. 'Tis believ'd, *Cleora*;

And much the rather, (our great Gods be prais'd for't)
In that I find, beyond my Hopes, no Sign
Of Riot in my House, but all Things order'd
As if I had been present.

Cleora. May that move you
To pity poor *Marullo*.

Archid. 'Tis my Purpose
To do him all the Good I can, *Cleora*:
But this Offence being against the State,
Must have a publick Trial.—In the mean Time,
Be careful of yourself, and stand engag'd
No further to *Leosthenes* than you may
Come off with Honour: For, being once his Wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must
Resolve to serve and suffer his Commands,
And not dispute 'em—ere it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the Senate. [*Exit Archid.*

Cleora. I'm much distracted; in *Leosthenes* I can find nothing justly to accuse, But this Excess of Love, which I have studied To cure with more than common Means; yet still It grows upon him. And, if I may call His Sufferings Merit, I stand bound to think on *Marullo's* Dangers—tho' I save his Life, His love is unrewarded,—I confess, Both have deserv'd me; yet of Force I must be Unjust to one—Such is my Destiny.

Enter Timandra.

How now? Whence flow these Tears?

Timand. I have met, Madam, An Object of such Cruelty, as would force A Savage to Compassion.

Cleora. Speak—What is it?

Timand. Men pity Beasts of Rapine, if o'ermatch'd, Tho' baited for their Pleasure:—But these Monsters, Upon a Man that can make no Resistance, Are senseless in their Tyranny.—Let it be granted, *Marullo* is a Slave; he's still a Man;— A Capital Offender; yet in Justice Not to be tortur'd, till the Judge pronounce His Punishment.

Cleora. Where is he?

Timand. Dragg'd to Prison With more than barb'rous Violence, spurn'd and spit on By the insulting Officers; his Hands Pinion'd behind his Back; loaden with Fetters; Yet, with a Saint-like Patience, he still offers His Face to their rude Buffets.

Cleora. O my griev'd Soul! By whose Command?

Timand. It seems, my Lord your Brother, For he's a Looker-on:—And it takes from Honour'd *Leosthenes* to suffer it,

For his Respects to you, whose Name in vain
The griev'd Wretch loudly calls on.

Cleora. By *Diana*,
'Tis base in both, and to their Teeth I'll tell 'em
That I am wrong'd in't. [As going forth.

Timand. What will you do ?

Cleora. In Person
Visit and comfort him.

Timand. That will bring Fuel
To the jealous Fires which burn too hot already]
In Lord *Leosthenes*.

Cleora. Let them consume him ;——
I am Mistress of myself. Where Cruelty reigns,
There dwells nor Love nor Honour. [Exit *Cleora*.

Timand. So, it works.
Tho' hitherto I've run a desp'rate Course
To serve my Brother's Purposes, now 'tis fit

Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras.

I study mine own Ends. They come.—Assist me
In these my Undertakings, Love's great Patron,
As my Intents are honest.

Leost. 'Tis my Fault.
Distrust of others springs, *Timagoras*,
From Diffidence in ourselves. But I will strive,
With the Assurance of my Worth and Merits,
To kill this Monster Jealousy.

Timag. 'Tis a Guest
In Wisdom, never to be entertain'd
On trivial Probabilities ; but when
He does appear in pregnant Proofs, not fashion'd
By idle Doubts and Fears, to be receiv'd,
They make their own Horns that are too secure,
As well as such as give them Growth and Being
From meer-Imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's Honour equal with mine own ;
And know what large Additions of Power
This Match brings to our Family, I prefer
Our Friendship, and your Peace of Mind so far

Above my own Respects or hers, that if
 She hold not her true Value in the Test,
 'Tis far from my Ambition for her Cure,
 That you should wound yourself.

Timand. This argues for me.

[*Aside.*

Timag. Why she should be so passionate for a Bond-
 man,

Falls not in Compass of my Understanding,
 But for some nearer Interest; or he raise
 This Mutiny, if he lov'd her (as, you say,
 She does confess he did) but to enjoy,
 By fair or foul Play, what he ventur'd for,
 To me's a Riddle.

Leof. 'Pray you, no more; already
 I have answer'd that objection in my strong
 Assurance of her Virtue.

Timag. 'Tis unfit then,
 That I should press it farther.

Timand. Now I must

[*Timandra steps out distractedly.*

Make in, or all is lost.

Timag. What would *Timandra*?

Leof. How wild she looks!—How is it with thy
 Lady?

Timag. Collect thyself and speak.

Timand. As you are noble,
 Have Pity, or love Pity. Oh!—

Leof. Take Breath.

Timag. Out with it boldly.

Timan. Oh! the best of Ladies,
 I fear, is gone for ever.

Leof. Who, *Cleora*?

Timag. Deliver, how.—'Sdeath, be a Man, Sir! speak.

Timand. Take it then in as many Sighs as Words:
 My Lady—

Timag. What of her?

Timand. No sooner heard
Marullo was imprison'd, but she fell
 Into a deadly Swoon.

Timag. But she recover'd ?
Say so, or he will sink too : Hold, Sir ! fie,
This is unmanly.

Timand. Brought again to Life,
But with much Labour, she awhile stood silent,
Yet in that Interim vented Sighs, as if
They labour'd from the Prison of her Flesh,
To give her griev'd Soul Freedom. On the sudden
Transported on the Wings of Rage and Sorrow,
She flew out of the House, and, unattended,
Enter'd the common Prison.

Leost. This confirms
What but before I fear'd.

Timand. There you may find her ;
And, if you love her as a Sister——

Timag. Damn her !

Timand. Or you respect her Safety, as a Lover
Procure *Marullo's* Liberty.

Timag. Impudence
Beyond Expression !

Leost. Shall I be a Bawd
To her Lust and my Dishonour ?

Timand. She'll run mad, else,
Or do some violent Act upon herself.
My Lord, her Father, sensible of her Suff'rings,
Labours to gain his Freedom :

Leost. O, the Devil !
Has she bewitch'd him too ?

Timag. I'll hear no more :
Come, Sir, we'll follow her ; and if no Persuasion
Can make her take again her natural Form,
Which by Lust's powerful Spell she has cast off,
This Sword shall disenchant her.

Leost. O my Heart-Strings !

[*Exeunt* *Leosthenes* and *Timagoras*.]

Timand. I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, fair
Cleora,
Though I appear a Traytres ; which thou wilt do
In pity of my Woes, when I make known
My lawful Claim, and only seek mine own. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Prison.*

Enter Cleora, Jaylor, and Pifander.

Cleora. There's for your Privacy.—Stay, unbind his Hands.

Jaylor. I dare not, Madam.

Cleora. I will buy thy Danger,
Take more Gold.—Do not trouble me with Thanks;
I do suppose it done. [*Exit Jaylor.*]

Pifan. My better Angel
Assumes this Shape to comfort me, and wisely;
Since from the Choice of all celestial Figures,
He could not take a visible Form so full
Of glorious Sweetness. [*Kneels.*]

Cleora. Rise—I am Flesh and Blood,
And do partake thy Tortures.

Pifan. Can it be?
That Charity should persuade you to descend
So far from your own Height as to vouchsafe
To look upon my Suff'rings? How I bless
My Fetters now, and stand engag'd to Fortune
For my Captivity—no, my Freedom rather!
For who dare think that Place a Prison, which
You sanctify with your Presence? Or believe,
Sorrow has Power to use her Sting on him,
That is in your Compassion arm'd, and made
Impregnable? Tho' Tyranny raise at once
All Engines to assault him.

Cleora. Indeed Virtue,
With which you have made evident Proofs that you
Are strongly fortified, can't fall, tho' shaken
With the Shock of fierce Temptations; but still
triumphs
In Spight of Opposition. For myself,
I may endeavour to confirm your Goodness,
(A sure Retreat which never will deceive you)

And with unfeigned Tears exprefs my Sorrow
For what I cannot help——

[Weeps.]

Pifan. Do you weep for me!

O! fave that precious Balm for noble Ufes!
I am unworthy of the fmalleft Drop,
Which, in your Prodigality of Pity,
You throw away on me. Ten of thefe Pearls
Were a large Ransom to redeem a Kingdom
From a confuming Plague, or ftop Heav'n's Vengeance,
Call'd down by crying Sins, tho' at that Instant
In dreadful Flafhes falling on the Roofs
Of bold Blafphemers. I am juftly punish'd
For my Intent of Violence to fuch Purenefs;
And all the Torments Flefh is fenfible of
A foft and gentle Penance.

Cleora. Which is ended
In this your free Confeflion.

Enter Leofthenes and Timagoras unfeen.

Leof. What an Object
Have I encounter'd?

Timag. I am blafed too!
Yet hear a little further.

Pifan. Could I expire now,
Thefe white and innocent Hands closing my Eyes thus,
'Twere not to die, but in a heav'nly Dream
To be transported, without the Help of *Charon*,
To the *Elyfian* Shades.—You make me bold;
And, but to wifh fuch Happinefs, I fear,
May give Offence——

Cleora. No, for believ't *Marullo*,
You've won fo much upon me, that I know not
That Happinefs in my Gift but you may challenge.

Leof. Are you yet fatisfied?

Cleora. Nor can you wifh
But what my Vows will fecond, tho' it were
Your Freedom firft, and then in me full Power
To make a fecond Tender of myfelf,
And you receive the Prefent. By this Kifs

(From me a Virgin Bounty) I will practise
All Arts for your Deliverance ; and that purchas'd
In what concerns your farther Aims, I speak it,
Do not despair, but hope.

Timag. To have the Hangman,
When he is married to the Cross, in Scorn
To say, Gods give you Joy.

Leof. But look on me, [To Cleora.
And be not too indulgent to your Folly ;
And then (but that Grief stops my Speech) imagine
What Language I should use.

Cleora. Against thyself.—
Thy Malice cannot reach me.

Timag. How ?

Cleora. No, Brother !
Tho' you join in the Dialogue t' accuse me,
What I have done, I'll justify ; and these Favours,
Which you presume will taint me in my Honour :
Tho' Jealousy use all her Eyes to spy out
One Stain in my Behaviour, or Envy
As many Tongues to wound it, shall appear
My best Perfections. For, to the World,
I can in my Defence alledge such Reasons,
As my Accusers shall stand dumb to hear 'em ;
When in his Fetters this Man's Worth and Virtues,
But truly told, shall shame your boasted Glories,
Which Fortune claims a Share in.

Timag. The base Villain
Shall never live to hear it.

[Offers to stab Pisander, Cleora interposes.

Cleora. Murther ! help !
Thro' me you shall pass to him.

Enter Archidamus, Diphilus, and Officers.

Archid. What's the Matter ?
On whom is your Sword drawn ? Are you a Judge ?
Or else ambitious of the Hangman's Office
Before it be design'd you ? You are bold too !
Unhand my Daughter.

Leost. She's my Valour's Prize.

Archid. With her Consent, not otherwise. You may
urge

Your Title in the Court; if it prove good,
Possess her freely: Guard him safely off too.

Timag. You'll hear me, Sir?

Archid. If you have aught to say,
Deliver it in public; all shall find
A just Judge of *Timoleon*.

Diphil. You must
Of Force now use your Patience.

[*Exeunt Archidamus, Diphilus, and Guards.*]

Timag. Vengeance rather!

Whirlwinds of Rage possess me! you are wrong'd
Beyond a Stoick's Suff'rance; yet you stand
As you were rooted.

Leost. I feel something here,
That boldly tells me all the Love and Service
I pay *Cleora* is another's Due,
And therefore cannot prosper.

Timag. Melancholy!
Which now you must not yield to.

Leost. 'Tis apparent.
In Fact your Sister's innocent, however
Chang'd by her violent Will.

Timag. If you believe so,
Follow the Chace still; and in open Court
Plead your own Interest: We shall find the Judge
Our Friend, I fear not.

Leost. Something I shall say,
But what——

Timag. Collect yourself as we walk thither.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.¹⁴*The Court of Justice.**Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleora, and Officers.*

Timol. 'Tis wond'rous strange! nor can it fall within
The Reach of my Belief, a Slave should be
The Owner of a Temperance which this Age
Can hardly parallel in free-born Lords,
Or Kings proud of their Purple.

Archid. 'Tis most true;
And, tho' at first it did appear a Fable,
All Circumstances meet to give it Credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd
To be a Suitor, not to be deny'd,
He may have equal Hearing.

Cleora. Sir, you grac'd me
With the Title of your Mistres; but my Fortune
Is so far distant from Command, that I
Lay by the Power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the Preserver of my Fame and Honour.
And pray you, Sir, in Charity believe,
That, since I had Ability of Speech,
My Tongue hath been so much inur'd to Truth,
I know not how to lie.

Timol. I'll rather doubt
The Oracles of the Gods, than question what
Your Innocence delivers; and, as far
As Justice with mine Honour can give Way,
He shall have Favour. Bring him in unbound:

[Exeunt Officers.]

And 'tho' *Leosthenes* may challenge from me,
For his late worthy Service, Credit to
All Things he can alledge in his own Cause,

14 This last Scene is one of the best concerted and the most surprising Catastrophe, that ever I met with in any Play whatever.

Marullo (so I think you call his Name)
Shall find I do reserve one Ear for him

Enter Cleon, Afotus, Diphilus, Olympia, and Corisca.

To let in Mercy : Sit, and take your Places :
The Right of this fair Virgin first determin'd,
Your Bondmen shall be censur'd.

Cleon. With all Rigour

We do expect.—

Coris. Temper'd, I say, with Mercy.

Enter at one Door Leosthenes and Timagoras ; *at the other,* Officers with Pisander and Timandra.

Timol. Your Hand, *Leosthenes* : I cannot doubt
You that have been victorious in the War,
Should in a Combat, fought with Words, come off
But with assured Triumph.

Leost. My Deserts, Sir,
(If without Arrogance I may stile them such)
Arm me from Doubt and Fear.

Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken !
Nor be thou daunted (howsoe'er thy Fortune
Has mark'd thee out a Slave) to speak thy Merits ;
For Virtue, tho' in Rags, may challenge more
Than Vice set off with all the Trim of Greatness,

Pisan. I'd rather fall under so just a Judge,
Than be acquitted by a Man corrupt
And partial in his Censure.

Archid. Note his Language !
It relishes of better Breeding than
His present State dares promise.

Timol. I observe it.—
Place the fair Lady in the Midst, that both,
Looking with covetous Eyes upon the Prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair Object,
Teach *Hermes* Eloquence.

Leost. Am I fall'n so low ?
My Birth, my Honour, and, what's dearest to me,

My Love, and Witness of my Love, my Service,
 So undervalu'd that I must contend
 With one where my excess of Glory must
 Make his O'erthrow a Conquest? Shall my Fulness
 Supply Defects in such a Thing, that never
 Knew any Thing but Want and Emptiness,
 Give him a Name, and keep it such from this
 Unequal Competition? If my Pride,
 Or any bold Assurance of my Worth,
 Has pluck'd this Mountain of Disgrace upon me,
 I'm justly punish'd, and submit; but if
 I have been modest, and esteem'd myself
 More injur'd in the Tribute of the Praise,
 Which no Desert of mine priz'd by Self-Love
 Ever exacted; may this Cause and Minute
 For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
 Upon mine Anger, and now turn to you,
 Ungrateful Fair One; and, since you are such,
 'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
 And what I have deserv'd.

Cleora. Neglect and Scorn
 From me for this proud Vaunt.

Leost. You nourish, Lady,
 Your own Dishonour in this harsh Reply,
 And almost prove what some hold of your Sex,
 You're all made up of Passion: For, if Reason
 Or Judgment could find Entertainment with you,
 Or that you would distinguish of the Objects
 You look on in a true Glass; not seduc'd
 By the false Light of your too violent Will,
 I should not need to plead for that which you
 With Joy should offer.—Is my high Birth a Blemish?
 Or does my Wealth, which all the vain Expence
 Of Women cannot waste, breed Loathing in you?
 The Honours I can call mine own thought Scandals?
 Am I deform'd, or for my Father's Sins
 Mulcted by Nature? If you interpret these
 As Crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
 Most miserably guilty: But, perhaps,
 (Which yet I would not credit) you have seen

This Gallant pitch the Bar, or bear a Burthen
 Would crack the Shoulders of a weaker Bondman ;
 Or any other boist'rous Exercise,
 Assuring a strong Back to satisfy
 Your loose Desires insatiate as the Grave.

Cleora. You are foul-mouth'd.

Archid. Ill-manner'd too.

Leost. I speak

In the Way of Supposition, and intreat you,
 With all the Fervour of a constant Lover,
 That you would free yourself from these Aspersions,
 Or any Imputation black tongu'd Slander
 Could throw on your unspotted Virgin Whiteness ;
 To which there is no easier Way, than by
 Vouchsafing him your Favour ; him, to whom
 Next to the General, and to the Gods,
 The Country owes her Safety.

Timag. Are you stupid ?

'Slight, leap into his Arms, and there ask Pardon—
 Oh ! you expect your Slave's Reply ; no Doubt
 We shall have a fine Oration ; I will teach
 My Spaniel to howl in sweeter Language,
 And keep a better Method.

Archid. You forget
 The Dignity of the Place.

Diph. Silence !

Timol. Speak boldly,

Pisan. 'Tis your Authority gives me a Tongue,
 I should be dumb else ; and I am secure,
 I cannot clothe my Thoughts, and just Defence
 In such an abject Phrase, but 'twill appear
 Equal, if not above, my low Condition,
 I need no Bombast Language, stoln from such
 As make Nobility from prodigious Terms
 The Hearers understand not ; I bring with me
 No Wealth to boast of, neither can I number
 Uncertain Fortune's Favours with my Merits ;
 I dare not force Affection, or presume
 To censure her Discretion, that looks on me
 As a weak Man, and not her Fancy's Idol,

How I have lov'd, and how much I have suffer'd,
 And with what Pleasure undergone the Burthen
 Of my ambitious Hopes (in aiming at
 The glad Possession of a Happiness,
 The Abstract of all Goodness in Mankind
 Can at no Part deserve) with my Confession
 Of mine own Wants, is all that can plead for me.
 But if that pure Desire, not blended with
 Foul Thoughts, that like a River keeps his Course,
 Retaining still the Clearness of the Spring
 From whence it took Beginning, may be thought
 Worthy Acceptance; then I dare rise up,
 And tell this gay Man to his Teeth, I never
 Durst doubt her Constancy, that like a Rock
 Beats off Temptations, as that mocks the Fury
 Of the proud Waves; nor from my jealous Fears
 Question that Goodness, to which, as an Altar
 Of all Perfection, he that truly loves,
 Should rather bring a Sacrifice of Service,
 Than raze it with the Engines of Suspicion;
 Of which, when he can wash an *Æthiope* white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
 But, till then, never.

Timag. Bold, presumptuous Villain!

Pisan. I will go farther, and make good upon him
 I th' Pride of all his Honours, Birth and Fortunes,
 He's more unworthy than myself:

Leost. Thou lyest.

Timag. Confute him with a Whip, and, the Doubt
 decided;

Punish him with a Halter:

Pisan. O the Gods!

My Ribs, tho' made of Brass, cannot contain
 My Heart, swoln big with Rage—The Lye! A Whip!
 [*Plucks off his Disguise.*]

Let Fury then disperse these Clouds; in which
 I long have mask'd, disguis'd; that, when they know
 Whom they have injur'd, they may faint with Horror

Of my Revenge, which, wretched Men! expect,
As sure as Fate, to suffer!

Leost. Ha! *Pisander*?

Timag. 'Tis the bold *Theban*!

Afot. There's no Hope for me then!

I thought I should have put in for a Share,
And borne *Cleora* from them both: But now
This Stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.

Pisan. Now, as myself,

Thy Equal at thy best, *Leosthenes*.—

For you, *Timagoras*, praise Heav'n you were born
Cleora's Brother, 'tis your safest Armour.—

But I lose Time.—The base Lie cast upon me,

I thus return. Thou art a perjurd Man,

False and perfidious, and hast made a Tender

Of Love and Service to this Lady, when

Thy Soul (if thou hast any) can bear Witness,

That thou wert not thine own.—For Proof of this
Look better on this Virgin, and consider,

This *Persian* Shape laid by, and she appearing

In a *Greekish* Dress, such as when first you saw her,

If she resemble not *Pisander's* Sister,

One call'd *Statilia*?

Leost. 'This the same! my Guilt

So chokes my Spirits, I cannot deny

My Falsehood, nor excuse it.

Pisan. This is she,

To whom thou wert contracted: This the Lady,

That when thou wert my Prisoner fairly taken

In the *Spartan* War, that begg'd thy Liberty,

And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!

Timand. No more, Sir, I intreat you: I perceive

True Sorrow in his Looks, and a Consent

To make me Reparation in mine Honour;

And then I am most happy.

Pisan. The Wrong done her

Drew me from *Thebes*, with a full Intent to kill thee:

But this fair Object met me in my Fury,

And quite disarm'd me.—Being deny'd to have her
 By you, my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able
 To live far from her, Love (the Mistress of
 All quaint Devices,) prompted me to treat
 With a Friend of mine, who as a Pirate sold me
 For a Slave to you, my Lord, and gave my Sister
 As a Present to *Cleora*.

Timol. Strange Meanders!

Pisan. There how I bare myself needs no Relation,
 But, if so far descending from the Height
 Of my then flourishing Fortunes, to the lowest
 Condition of a Man, to have Means only
 To feed my Eye with the Sight of what I honour'd;
 The Dangers too I underwent; the Suff'ring;
 The Clearness of my Interest may deserve
 A noble Recompence in your lawful Favour;
 Now 'tis apparent that *Leosthenes*
 Can claim no Interest in you, you may please
 To think upon my Service.

Cleora. Sir, my Want
 Of Power to satisfy so great a Debt,
 Makes me accuse my Fortune; but if that
 Out of the Bounty of your Mind, you think,
 A free Surrender of myself full Payment,
 I gladly tender it.

Archid. With my Consent too,
 All Injuries forgotten.

Timag. I will study
 In my future Service to deserve your Favour
 And good Opinion.

Leost. Thus I gladly see
 This Advocate to plead for me. [Kissing Statilia.

Pisan. You will find me
 An easy Judge, when I have yielded Reasons
 Of your Bondmen's falling off from their Obedience,
 Then after, as you please, determine of me.
 I found their Natures apt to mutiny
 From your too cruel Usage; and made Trial
 How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you

To look with more Prevention, and Care
 To what they may hereafter undertake
 Upon the like Occasions—The Hurt's little
 They have committed, nor was ever Cure
 But with some Pain effected. I confess,
 In Hope to force a Grant of fair *Cleora*
 I urg'd them to defend the Town against you :
 Nor had the Terror of your Whips, but that
 I was preparing for Defence elsewhere,
 So soon got Entrance ;—In this I am guilty :
 Now, as you please, your Censure.

Timol. Bring them in ;

And, tho' you've given me Power, I do intreat
 Such as have undergone their Insolence,
 It may not be offensive, tho' I study
 Pity more than Revenge.

Coris. 'Twill best become you.

Cleon. I must consent.

Afol. For me, I'll find a Time
 To be reveng'd hereafter.

*Enter Gracculo, Cimbrío, Poliphron, Zanthia, and the
 other Slaves with Halters about their Necks.*

Grac. Give me Leave ;
 I'll speak for all.

Timol. What canst thou say, to hinder
 The Course of Justice ?

Grac. Nothing.—You may see
 We are prepar'd for Hanging, and confess
 We have deserv'd it. Our most humble Suit is,
 We may not twice be executed.

Timol. Twice ? How mean'st thou ?

Grac. At the Gallows first, and after in a Ballad
 Sung to some villainous Tune. There are Ten-groat
 Rhimers

About the Town grown fat on these Occasions.—
 Let but a Chapel fall, or a Street be fir'd,
 A foolish Lover hang himself for pure Love, |
 Or any such like Accident, and before

They are cold in their Graves, some damn'd Ditty's
made
Which makes their Ghosts walk.—Let the State take
Order

For the Redress of this Abuse, recording
'Twas done by my Advice, and for my Part,
I'll cut as clean a Caper from the Ladder
As ever merry *Greek* did.

Timol. Yet I think
You would shew more Activity to delight
Your Master for a Pardon.

Grac. O! I would dance
As I were all Air and Fire.

Timol. And ever be
Obedient and humble?

Grac. As his Spaniel,
Tho' he kick'd me for Exercise;—and the like
I promise for all the rest.

Timol. Rise then, you have it.

All Slaves. *Timoleon! Timoleon!*

Timol. Cease these Clamours.—

And now, the War being ended to our Wishes,
And such as want the Pilgrimage of Love,
Happy in full Fruition of their Hopes,
'Tis lawful, Thanks paid to the Powers divine,
To drown our Cares in honest Mirth and Wine.

[*Exeunt.*

I don't recollect any Play whatsoever, that begins or ends in a Manner so pleasing, uncommon and striking, as this of *The Bondman*.

The Introduction of *Cleora* in the first Act, and the Discovery of *Pisander* in the last, are most happily conceived, and must have an admirable Effect in the Representation. It was probably this Circumstance that determined *Betterton*, the famous Actor, to revive this Comedy. I must suppose that he suppressed some of the most ludicrous Parts, and particularly the Scene between *Corisca*, *Astutus*, and *Zanbia*, in the second Act, which deserves indeed a more harsh Appellation: There is little else necessary to adapt it to the Stage, where it could not fail of a favourable Reception. *M. M.*

...the ... of ...

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THE

FATAL DOWRY.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARALOIS.	FLORIMEL.	}
ROMONT.	BELLAPERT.	
CHARMI.	AYMER.	
NOVALL, Sen.	NOVALL, Jun.	
LILADAM.	Advocates.	
DU CROY.	Three Creditors.	
ROCHFORT.	Officers.	
BEAUMONT.	Priest.	
PONTALIER.	Taylor.	
MALOTIN.	Barber.	
BEAUMELLE.	Perfumer.	

The Scene, Dijon in Burgundy,

T H E

FATAL DOWRY.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Charalois with a Paper, Romont and Charmi.

Charmi.

SIR, I may move the Court to serve your Will;
But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

Rom. Why think you so, Sir?

Charmi. 'Cause I am familiar

With what will be their Answer: They will say,
'Tis against Law, and argue me of Ignorance,
For off'ring them the Motion.

Rom. You know not, Sir,

How, in this Cause, they may dispense with Law,
And therefore frame not you their Answer for them,
But do your Parts.

Charmi. I love the Cause so well,
'That I could run the Hazard of a Check for't.

Rom. From whom?

Charmi. Some of the Bench that watch to give it,
More than to do the Office that they fit for:
But give me, Sir, my Fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

* *Maffinger* was assisted in writing this Tragedy by Mr. *Nathaniel Field*, the Author of two Comedies beside; and, as a Poet, very much esteemed by the Cotemporaries of the Age in which he lived.

Charmi. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving My Lord some Counsel (if he please to hear it) Than I shall do with Pleading.

Rom. What may it be, Sir?

Charmi. That it would please his Lordship, as the Presidents

And Counsellors of Court come by, to stand Here and but shew yourself, and to some one Or two make his Request: There is a Minute, When a Man's Presence speaks in his own Cause, More than the Tongues of twenty Advocates.

Rom. I have urg'd that.

Enter Rochfort and Du Croy.

Charmi. Their Lordships here are coming, I must go get me a Place.—You'll find me in Court, And at your Service. [Exit Charmi,

Rom. Now, put on your Spirits!

Du Croy. The Ease that you prepare yourself, my Lord,

In giving up the Place you hold in Court, Will prove, I fear, a Trouble in the State; And that no slight one.

Roch. Pray you, Sir, no more.

Rom. Now, Sir, lose not this offer'd Means: Their Looks

Fix'd on you with a pitying Earnestness, Invite you to demand their Furtherance To your good Purpose.—This such a Dulness, So foolish and untimely, as——

Du Croy. You know him?

Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden Fall Of his brave House. It is young *Charalois*, Son to the Marshal, from whom he inherits His Fame and Virtues only.

Rom. Ha! they name you.

Du Croy. His Father died in Prison two Days since.

Roch. Yes, to the Shame of this ungrateful State; That such a Master in the Art of War,

So noble and so highly meriting
 From this forgetful Country, should, for Want
 Of Means to satisfy his Creditors
 The Sum he took up for the general Good,
 Meet with an End so infamous.

Rom. Dare you ever hope for like Opportunity?

Du Croy. My good Lord!

Roch. My Wish bring Comfort to you,

Du Croy. The Time calls us.

Roch. Good morrow, Colonel!

[*Exeunt Rochfort and Du Croy.*]

Rom. This obstinate Spleen,
 You think becomes your Sorrow, and sorts well
 With your black Suits: But, grant me Wit or Judgment,

And, by the Freedom of an honest Man,
 And a true Friend to boot, I swear, 'tis shameful;
 And therefore flatter not yourself with Hope,
 Your sable Habit, with the Hat and Cloak,
 No, tho' the Ribbons help, have Power to work 'em
 To what you would: For those that had no Eyes
 To see the great Acts of your Father, will not,
 From any Fashion Sorrow can put on,
 Be taught to know their Duties.

Char. If they will not,
 They are too old to learn, and I too young
 To give them Counsel; since, if they partake
 The Understanding and the Hearts of Men,
 They will prevent my Words and Tears: If not,
 What can Persuasion, tho' made eloquent
 With Grief, work upon such as have chang'd Natures
 With the most savage Beast? Blest, blest be ever
 The Memory of that happy Age, when Justice
 Had no Guards to keep off wrong'd Innocence
 From flying to her Succours, and, in that,
 Assurance of Redress: Whereas now, *Romont*,
 The Damn'd with more Ease may ascend from Hell,
 Than we arrive at her. One *Cerberus* there
 Forbids the Passage; in our Courts a thousand,
 As loud and fertile-headed; and the Client

That wants the Sops to fill their rav'nous Throats,
Must hope for no Access. Why should I, then,
Attempt Impossibilities; you, Friend, being
Too well acquainted with my Dearth of Means
To make my Entrance that Way?

Rom. Would I were not.

But, Sir! you have a Cause, a Cause so just,
Of such Necessity, not to be deferr'd,
As would compel a Maid, whose Foot was never
Set o'er her Father's Threshold, nor within
The House where she was born, ever spake Word
Which was not usher'd with pure Virgin Blushes,
To drown the Tempest of a Pleader's Tongue,
And force Corruption to give back the Hire
It took against her:—Let Examples move you.
You see Men great in Birth, Esteem and Fortune,
Rather than lose a Scruple of their Right,
Fawn basely upon such, whose Gowns put off,
They would disdain for Servants.

Char. And to these can I become a Suitor?

Rom. Without Loss:

Would you consider, that, to gain their Favours,
Our chastest Dames put off their Modesties,
Soldiers forget their Honours, Usurers
Make Sacrifice of Gold, Poets of Wit,
And Men religious part with Fame and Goodness.
Be therefore won to use the Means that may
Advance your pious Ends.

Char. You shall o'ercome.

Rom. And you receive the Glory. Pray you now
practise.

'Tis well.

Enter Old Novall, Liladam, and three Creditors.

Char. Not look on me!

Rom. You must have Patience——Offer it again.

Char. And be again contemn'd!

Nov. I know what's to be done.——

1 *Cred.* And, that your Lordship
Will please to do your Knowledge, we offer first
Our thankful Hearts here, as a bounteous Earnest
To what we will add.—

Nov. One Word more of this,
I am your Enemy. Am I a Man,
Your Bribes can work on? Ha?

Lilad. Friends! you mistake
The Way to win my Lord;—he must not hear this,
But I, as one in Favour, in his Sight,
May hearken to you for my Profit. Sir!
—I pray hear 'em.

Nov. 'Tis well.

Lilad. Observe him now.

Nov. Your Cause being good, and your Proceed-
ings so,
Without Corruption I am your Friend,
Speak your Desires.

2 *Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The Marshal stood engag'd unto us three
Two hundred thousand Crowns, which by his Death
We are defeated of. For which great Loss
We aim at nothing but his rotten Flesh;
Nor is that Cruelty.

1 *Cred.* I have a Son
That talks of nothing but of Guns and Armour,
And swears he'll be a Soldier; 'tis an Humour
I would divert him from; and I am told,
That if I minister to him, in his Drink,
Powder made of this Bankrupt Marshal's Bones,
Provided that the Carcase rot above Ground,
'Twill cure his foolish Frenzy.

Nov. You shew in it
A Father's Care. I have a Son myself,
A fashionable Gentleman, and a peacefull:
And, but I am assur'd he's not so given,
He should take of it too.—Sir! what are you?

Char. A Gentleman.

Nov. So are many that rake Dunghills.
If you have any Suit, move it in Court:
I take no Papers in Corners.

Rom. Yes, as the Matter may be carried; and
whereby
To manage the Conveyance—Follow him.

Lilad. You're rude: I say he shall not pass.
[*Exeunt Novall, Charalois, and Advocates.*]

Rom. You say so? On what Assurance?
For the well cutting of his Lordship's Corns,
Picking his Toes, or any Office else
Nearer to Baseness?

Lilad. Look upon me better;
Are these the Ensigns of so coarse a Fellow?
Be well advis'd.

Rom. Out, Rogue! do not I know [Kicks him.
These glorious Weeds spring from the sordid Dunghill
Of thy officious Baseness? Wert thou worthy
Of any Thing from me, but my Contempt,
I would do more than this,—more, you Court-Spider!

Lilad. But that this Man is lawless; he should find
That I am valiant.

1 *Cred.* If your Ears are fast,
'Tis nothing. What's a Blow or two? As much:

2 *Cred.* These Chastisements as useful are as frequent

To such as would grow rich.

Rom. Are they so, Rascals? I will befriend you
then— [Kicks them.

1 *Cred.* Bear Witness, Sirs!

Lilad. Truth, I have born my Part already, Friends!
In the Court you shall hear more. [Exit.

Rom. I know you for
The worst of Spirits, that strive to rob the Tombs
Of what is their Inheritance, the Dead:
For Usurers bred by a riotous Peace;
That hold the Charter of your Wealth and Freedom,
By being Knaves and Cuckolds, that never pray'd,
But when you fear the rich Heirs will grow wise,
To keep their Lands out of your Parchment Toils;

And then, the Devil your Father's call'd upon,
 T' invent some Ways of Luxury ne'er thought on.
 Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no Room
 Upon your Foreheads for your Horns to sprout on ;
 Without a Murmur, or I will undo you,
 For I will beat you honest.

i Cred. Thrift forbid !

We will bear this rather than hazard that.

[*Exit Creditor.*

Enter Charalois.

Rom. I am somewhat eas'd in this yet.—

Char. Only Friend !

To what vain Purpose do I make my Sorrow
 Wait on the Triumph of their Cruelty ?
 Or teach their Pride from my Humility,
 To think it has o'ercome ? They are determin'd
 What they will do ; and it may well become me,
 To rob them of the Glory they expect
 From my submits Intreaties.

Rom. Think not so, Sir !

The Difficulties that you encounter with,
 Will crown the Undertaking—Heaven ! you weep
 And I could do so to ; but that I know,
 There's more expected from the Son and Friend
 Of him whose fatal Loss now shakes our Natures,
 Than Sighs or Tears, in which a Village Nurse,
 Or cunning Strumpet, when her Knave is hang'd,
 May overcome us. We are Men, young Lord,
 Let us not do like Women.—To the Court,
 And there speak like your Birth : Wake sleeping Justice,
 Or dare the Axe. This is a Way will sort
 With what you are : I call you not to that
 I will shrink from myself, I will deserve
 Your Thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely
 That sudden Fire of Anger shews in you !
 Give Fuel to it, since you're on a Shelf,
 Of extreme Danger, suffer like yourself.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rochfort, Novall sen. Charmi, Du Croy, Advocates, Beaumont, Officers, and three Presidents.

Du Croy. Your Lordship's seated. May this Meeting prove

Prosperous to us, and to the general Good of *Burgundy*.

Nov. sen. Speak to the Point!

Du Croy. Which is

With Honour to dispose the Place and Power
Of Premier President, which this reverend Man,
Grave *Rochfort*, (whom for Honour's Sake I name)
Is purpos'd to resign; a Place, my Lords,
In which he hath, with such Integrity,
Perform'd the first and best Parts of a Judge;
That, as his Life transcends all fair Examples
Of such as were before him in *Dijon*,
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
A Precedent that they may imitate, but not equal.

Roch. I may not fit to hear this.

Du Croy. Let the Love

And Thankfulness we're bound to pay to Goodness,
In this o'ercome your Modesty.

Roch. My Thanks

For this great Favour shall prevent your Trouble.
The honourable Trust that was impos'd
Upon my Weakness, since you witness for me,
It was not ill discharg'd, I will not mention;
Nor now, if Age had not depriv'd me of
The little Strength I had to govern well
The Province that I undertook, forsake it.

Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our Years!

Du Croy. Or Strength!

Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
The noble Exercise of your knowing Judgment!

Roch. That may not be; nor can your Lordship's
Goodness,

Since your Employments have conferr'd upon me

Sufficient Wealth, deny the Use of it ;
 And, tho' old Age, when one Foot's in the Grave,
 In many, when all Humours else are spent
 Feeds no Affection in them, but Desire
 To add Height to the Mountain of their Riches :
 In me it is not so : I rest content
 With th' Honours and Estate I now possess.
 And, that I may have Liberty to use,
 What Heav'n, still blessing my poor Industry,
 Hath made me Master of, I pray the Court
 To ease me of my Burthen ; that I may
 Employ the small Remainder of my Life
 In living well and learning how to die so.

Enter Romont and Charalois.

Rom. See Sir our Advocate.

Du Croy. The Court intreats
 Your Lordship will be pleas'd to name the Man,
 Which you would have your Successor, and in me
 All promise to confirm it.

Roch. I embrace it
 As an Assurance of their Favour to me,
 And name my Lord *Novall*.

Du Croy. The Court allows it.

Roch. But there are Suitors wait here, and their
 Causes
 May be of more Necessity to be heard,
 And therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,
 And theirs have Hearing.

Du Croy. If your Lordship please
 To take the Place, we will proceed.

Charmi. The Cause
 We come to offer to your Lordship's Censure,
 Is in itself so noble, that it needs not
 Or Rhetorick in me that plead, or Favour
 From your grave Lordships, to determine of it ;
 Since to the Praise of your impartial Justice
 (Which guilty, nay, condemn'd Men, dare not scandal)

It will erect a Trophy of your Mercy
Which marry'd to that Justice——

Nov. sen. Speak to the Cause.

Charmi. I will, my Lord! to say; the late dead
Marshal,

The Father of this young Lord here, my Client,
Hath done his Country great and faithful Service
Might tax me of Impertinence, to repeat
What your grave Lordships cannot but remember;
He, in his Life, became indebted to
These thrifty Men, (I will not wrong their Credits,
By giving them the Attributes they now merit)
And failing, by the Fortune of the Wars,
Of Means to free himself from his Engagements,
He was arrested, and for Want of Bail,
Imprison'd at their Suit: And not long after
With Loss of Liberty ended his Life.

And, tho' it be a Maxim in our Laws,
All Suits die with the Person, these Men's Malice
In Death find Matter for their Hate to work on,
Denying him the decent Rites of Burial,
Which the sworn Enemies of the Christian Faith
Grant freely to their Slaves: May it therefore please
Your Lordships so to fashion your Decree,
That, what their Cruelty doth forbid, your Pity
May give Allowance to.

Nov. sen. How long have you, Sir, practis'd in
Court?

Charmi. Some twenty Years, my Lord.

Nov. sen. By your gross Ignorance, it should appear,
Not twenty Days.

Charmi. I hope I have giv'n no Cause in this, my
Lord——

Nov. sen. How dare you move the Court
To the dispensing with an Act confirm'd
By Parliament, to the Terror of all Bankrupts?
Go home! and with more Care peruse the Statutes:
Or the next Motion, favouring of this Boldness,
May force you to leap (against your Will)
Over the Place you plead at.

Charmi. I foresaw this.

Rom. Why, does your Lordship think the moving of
A Cause, more honest than this Court had ever
The Honour to determine, can deserve
A Check like this?

Nov. sen. Strange Boldness!

Rom. 'Tis fit Freedom:

Or, do you conclude, an Advocate cannot hold
His Credit with the Judge, unless he study
His Face more than the Cause for which he pleads?

Charmi. Forbear!

Rom. Or cannot you, that have the Power
To qualify the Rigour of the Laws
When you are pleased, take a little from
The Strictness of your four Decrees, enacted
In Favour of the greedy Creditors
Against the o'erthrown Debtor?

Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate
Thus saucily, what are you?

Rom. Why, I'll tell you,
Thou Purple-colour'd Man! I'm one to whom
Thou ow'st the Means thou hast of sitting there
A corrupt Elder.

Charmi. Forbear!

Rom. The Nose thou wear'st is my Gift, and those
Eyes,

That meet no object so base as their Master,
Had been long since torn from that guilty Head,
And thou thyself Slave to some needy *Swiss*,
Had I not worn a Sword, and us'd it better
Than in thy Prayers thou ever didst thy Tongue.

Nov. sen. Shall such an Insolence pass unpunish'd?

Charmi. Hear me!

Rom. Yet I, that in my Service done my Country,
Disdain to be put in the Scale with thee,
Confess myself unworthy to be valu'd
With the least Part, nay Hair of the dead Marshal,
Of whose so many glorious Undertakings,
Make Choice of any one, and that the meanest,

Perform'd against the subtle Fox of *France*
 The politick *Lewis*, or the more desperate *Swiss*,
 And 'twill outweigh all the good Purpose,
 Tho' put in Act, that ever Gownman practis'd.

Nov. sen. Away with him to Prison!

Rom. If that Curses,
 Urg'd justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell
 On those that did deserve them; let not mine
 Be spent in vain now, that thou from this Instant
 May'st, in thy Fear that they will fall upon thee,
 Be sensible of the Plagues they shall bring with them.
 And for denying of a little Earth,
 To cover what remains of our great Soldier,
 May all your wives prove Whores, your Factors
 Thieves,

And, while you live, your riotous Heirs undo you.
 And thou, the Patron of their Cruelty,
 Of all thy Lordships live not to be Owner
 Of so much Dung as will conceal a Dog,
 Or, what is worse, thyself in. And thy Years,
 To th' End thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
 And, as thou hast deny'd the Dead a Grave,
 May Misery in thy Life make thee desire one,
 Which Men and all the Elements keep from thee:
 I have begun well; imitate; exceed.¹

Rock. Good Counsel, were it a praise-worthy Deed.

[Exit Officers with Romont.]

Du Croy. Remember what we are.

Char. Thus low my Duty
 Answers your Lordship's Counsel. I will use
 In the few Words with which I am to trouble
 Your Lordship's Ears the Temper that you wish me;
 Not that I fear to speak my Thoughts as loud,
 And with a Liberty beyond *Romont*:
 But that I know, for me, that am made up
 Of all that's wretched, so to haste my End,
 Would seem to most rather a Willingness
 To quit the Burthen of a hopeless Life,

¹ This Line is addressed to *Charaleis*. M. M.

Than Scorn of Death or Duty to the Dead.
 I, therefore, bring the Tribute of my Praise
 To your Severity, and commend the Justice
 That will not, for the many Services
 That any Man hath done the Commonwealth,
 Wink at his least of Ills : What tho' my Father
 Writ Man before he was so, and confirm'd it,
 By numb'ring that Day no Part of his Life,
 In which he did not Service to his Country ;
 Was he to be free therefore from the Laws,
 And ceremonious Form in your Decrees ?
 Or else, because he did as much as Man,
 In those three memorable Overthrows,
 At *Granfon*, *Morat*, *Nancy*, where his Master,
 The warlike *Charalois* (with whose Misfortunes
 I bear his Name) lost Treasure, Men and Life,
 To be excus'd from Payment of those Sums
 Which (his own Patrimony spent) his Zeal
 To serve his Country, forc'd him to take up ?

Nov. sen. The Precedent were ill.

Char. And yet, my Lord, thus much

I know you'll grant ; after those great Defeatures,
 Which in their dreadful Ruins buried quick

Enter Officers.

Courage and Hope in all Men but himself,
 He forc'd the proud Foe, in his Height of Conquest,
 To yield unto an honourable Peace,
 And in it sav'd an hundred thousand Lives
 To end his own, that was sure Proof against
 The scalding Summer's Heat, and Winter's Frost,
 Ill Airs, the Cannon, and the Enemy's Sword,
 In a most loathsome Prison.

Du Croy. 'Twas his Fault

To be so prodigal.

Nov. sen. He had from the State
 Sufficient Entertainment for the Army.

Char. Sufficient, my Lord? You sit at home,
 And, tho' your Fees are boundless at the Bar,
 Are thrifty in the Charges of the War,
 But your Wills be obey'd. To these I turn,
 To these soft-hearted Men, that wisely know
 They're only good Men that pay what they owe.

2 *Cred.* And so they are.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the City Doctrine;
 We stand bound to maintain it.

Char. Be constant in it;

And, since you are as merciless in your Natures,
 As base and mercenary in your Means
 By which you get your Wealth, I will not urge
 The Court to take away one Scruple from
 The Right of their Laws, or one good Thought
 In you to mend your Disposition with.
 I know there is no Music to your Ears
 So pleasing as the Groans of Men in Prison,
 And that the Tears of Widows, and the Cries
 Of famish'd Orphans, are the Feasts that take you.
 That to be in your Danger, with more Care
 Should be avoided than infectious Air,
 The loath'd Embraces of diseased Women,
 A Flatterer's Poison, or the Loss of Honour.
 Yet, rather than my Father's reverend Dust
 Shall want a Place in that fair Monument,
 In which our noble Ancestors lie intomb'd,
 Before the Court I offer up myself
 A Prisoner for it: Load me with those Irons
 That have worn out his Life; in my best Strength
 I'll run to the Encounter of cold Hunger,
 And choose my Dwelling where no Sun dares enter,
 So he may be releas'd.

1 *Cred.* What mean you, Sir?

2 *Advo.* Only your Fee again: There's so much said
 Already in this Cause, and said so well,
 That, should I only offer to speak in it,
 I should not be heard, or laugh'd at for it.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first Money Advocate e'er gave
back,

'Tho' he said nothing.

Roch. Be advis'd, young Lord,
And well confiderate; you throw away
Your Liberty and Joys of Life together:
Your Bounty is employ'd upon a Subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise Man
Never abus'd his Goodness; the great Virtues
Of your dead Father vindicate themselves
From these Mens Malice, and break ope the Prison,
Tho' it contain his Body.

Nov. sen. Let him alone:
If he love Cords, a God's Name, let him wear 'em,
Provided these consent.

Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any Way of Profit,
As to neglect a Possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing but ill Fame,
And Curses for their barbarous Cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What think you of the Offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all Means: Let's shut him up,
He is well shap'd, and has a villainous Tongue,
And, should he study that Way of Revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a Wench,
We have no Wives, nor ever shall get Daughters
That will hold out against him.

Du Croy. What's your Answer?

2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.

1 *Cred.* Why, let our Executions
That lie upon the Father, be return'd
Upon the Son, and we release the Body.

Nov. sen. The Court must grant you that.

Char. I thank your Lordships,
They have in it confirm'd on me such Glory,
As no Time can take from me: I am ready,
Come, lead me where you please: Captivity,

That comes with Honour, is true Liberty.

[Exit Charalois, Creditors and Officers.]

Nov. sen. Strange Rashness.

Roch. A brave Resolution rather,
Worthy a better Fortune; but, however,
It is not now to be disputed: therefore
To my own Cause. Already I have found
Your Lordships bountiful in your Favours to me;
And that should teach my Modesty to end here,
And press your Loves no farther.

Du Croy. There is nothing
The Court can grant, but with Assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.

Roch. You encourage a bold Petitioner, and 'tis not
fit

Your Favours should be lost. Besides 'thas been
A Custom many Years, at the surrend'ring
The Place I now give up, to grant the President
One Boon that parted with it. And, to confirm
Your Grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my Actions and Life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.

Du Croy. Speak it freely.

Roch. I then desire the Liberty of *Romont*,
And that my Lord *Novall*, whose private Wrong
Was equal to the Injury that was done
To the Dignity of the Court, will pardon it,
And now sign his Enlargement.

Nov. sen. Pray you demand
The Moiety of my Estate, or any Thing
Within my Power but this.

Roch. Am I deny'd then—my first and last Request?

Du Croy. It must not be.

2 *Pre.* I have a Voice to give in it,

3 *Pre.* And I.

And, if Persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our Power.

Nov. sen. You are too violent;
You shall have my Consent. But would you had
Made Trial of my Love in any thing

But this, you should have found then—But it skills not,
You have what you desire.

Roch. I thank your Lordships.

Du Croy. The Court is up—Make Way.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.*]

Roch. I follow you—*Beaumont!*

Beaum. My Lord.

Roch. You are a Scholar, *Beaumont!*

And can search deeper into th' Intents of Men,
Than those that are less knowing. How appear'd
The Piety and brave Behaviour of
Young *Charalois* to you?

Beaum. It is my Wonder,
Since I want Language to express it fully;
And sure the Colonel——

Roch. Fie! he was faulty.—What present Money
have I?

Beaum. There is no Want
Of any Sum a private Man has Use for,

Roch. 'Tis well:

I am strangely taken with this *Charalois*;
Methinks, from his Example, the whole Age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his Goodness
Rising above his Fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask a Courtesy.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pontalier, Malotin and Beaumont.

Malotin.

TIS strange.

Beaum. Methinks so.

Pont. In a Man but young,

Yet old in Judgment; theorick and practick,
In all Humanity, and (to increase the Wonder)
Religious, yet a Soldier, that he should
Yield his free-living Youth a Captive, for
The Freedom of his aged Father's Corps,
And rather choose to want Life's Necessaries,
Liberty, Hope of Fortune, than it should
In Death be kept from Christian Ceremony.

Malot. Come, 'tis a golden Precedent in a Son
To let strong Nature have the better Hand,
(In such a Case) of all affected Reason.
What Years fit on this *Charalois*?

Beaum. Twenty-eight;

For since the Clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his Father's Wing this Son hath fought,
Serv'd and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his Father's Father,
And never less than his Son; the old Man's Virtues
So recent in him as the World may swear,
Nought but a fair Tree could such fair Fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barb'rous Law,
And Men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft Disposition,
That he had rather die alive for Debt
Of the old Man in Prison, than they should
Rob him of Sepulture, considering
These Monies borrow'd bought the Lenders Peace,

And all their Means they enjoy, nor was diffus'd
In any impious or licentious Path?

Beaum. True! for my Part, were it my Father's
Trunk,

The tyrannous Ram-heads, with their Horns should
gore it,

Or cast it to their Curs than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so, with their Lion-law,
Being in my free Will (as in his) to shun it.

Pont. Alas! he knows himself in Poverty lost:
For in this partial avaricious Age

What Price bears Honour? Virtue? Long ago
It was but prais'd and freez'd, but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has nor Love nor Praise;

Very Praise now freezeth too: For Nature
Did make the Heathen far more Christian then,
Than Knowledge us (less heathenish) Christian.

Malo. This Morning is the Funeral.

Pont. Certainly!

And from this Prison 'twas the Son's Request,
That his dear Father might Interment have,

[*Recorders Musick.*

See the young Son interr'd a lively Grave.*

Beaum. They come—Observe their Order.

*Enter Funeral. The Body borne by four. Captains and
Soldiers, Mourners, 'Scutcheons, &c. in very good Order.*

Charalois and Romont meet it. Charalois speaks.

Romont weeping. Solemn Musick. Three Creditors.

Char. How like a silent Stream shaded with Night,
And gliding softly with our windy Sighs,

* *That his dear Father should Interment have,
See the young Son interr'd a lively Grave.*

These Lines, as they stand, cannot be reconciled to Sense. I
shout therefore read the last Line thus:

See, the young Son enters 'alive' the Grave.

(That is, the Prison.)

Moves the whole Frame of this Solemnity!
 Tears, Sighs and Blacks filling the Simile!
 Whilst I, the only Murmur in this Grove
 Of Death, thus hollowly break forth!—Vouchsafe
 To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in Peace dear Earth!
 Thou that brought'st Rest to their unthankful Lives,
 Whose Cruelty deny'd thee Rest in Death!
 Here stands thy poor Executor, thy Son,
 That makes his Life Prisoner to bail thy Death:
 Who gladlier puts on this Captivity,
 Than Virgins, long in Love, their Wedding Weeds;
 Of all that ever thou hast done Good to,
 These only have good Memories; for they
 Remember best forget not Gratitude.
 I thank you for this last and friendly Love.
 And tho' this Country, like a vip'rous Mother,
 Not only hath eat up ungratefully
 All Means of thee her Son, but last thyself,
 Leaving thy Heir so bare and indigent,
 He cannot raise thee a poor Monument,
 Such as a Flatterer or an Usurer hath.
 Thy Worth, in every honest Breast, builds one,
 Making their friendly Hearts thy Funeral Stone.

Pont. Sir!

Char. Peace! O Peace! This Scene is wholly mine.
 What! Weep ye, Soldiers?—Blanch not.—*Romont*
 weeps.

Ha! let me see! my Miracle is eas'd:
 The Jailors and the Creditors do weep:
 E'en they that make us weep do weep themselves.
 Be these thy Body's Balm: These and thy Virtue
 Keep thy Fame ever odoriferous,
 Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving Man,
 Alive stinks in his Vices, and, being vanish'd,
 The golden Calf that was an Idol, deck'd
 With Marble Pillars, Jet and Porphyry,
 Shall quickly both in Bone and Name consume,
 Tho' wrapt in Lead, Spice, Searcloth and Perfume,

i Cred. Sir!

Char. What!—Away, for Shame! you, prophane Rogues!

Must not be mingled with these holy Relicks :
This is a Sacrifice—Our Show'r shall crown
His Sepulchre with Olive, Myrrh and Bays,
The Plants of Peace, of Sorrow, Victory ;
Your Tears would spring but Weeds.

1 *Cred.* Would they so?

We'll keep them to stop Bottles then.

Rom. No, keep 'em for your own Sins, you Rogues,
'Till you repent ; you'll die else, and be damn'd.

2 *Cred.* Damn'd, ha ! ha ! ha !

Rom. Laugh ye?

3 *Cred.* Yes, faith, Sir ; we would be very glad
To please you either Way.

1 *Cred.* Ye're ne'er content,

Crying nor laughing.

Rom. Both with a Birth, ye rogues.

2 *Cred.* Our Wives, Sir, taught us.

Rom. Look, look, you Slaves ! your thankless Cru-
elty,

And savage Manners of unkind *Dijon*,
Exhaust these Floods, and not his Father's Death.

1 *Cred.* 'Slid, Sir ! what would you, you're so cho-
lerick ?

1 *Cred.* Most Soldiers are so, i'faith.—Let him alone.
They've little else to live on ; we've not had
A Penny of him, have we ?

3 *Cred.* 'Slight, would you have our Hearts ?

1 *Cred.* We've nothing but his Body here in Du-
rance

For all our Money.

Priest. On.

Char. One Moment more,

But to bestow a few poor Legacies,
All I have left in my dead Father's Right,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these Spurs,
'That yet ne'er made his Horse run from a Foe.
Lieutenant, thou this Scarf ; and may it tie
Thy Valour and thy Honesty together :

For so it did in him. Ensign, this Cuirass,
 Your General's Necklace once. You gentle Bearers,
 Divide this Purse of Gold: This other strew
 Among the Poor.—'Tis all I have. *Romont,*
 Wear thou this Medal of himself, that like
 A hearty Oak, grew'st close to this tall Pine,
 (E'en in the wildest Wilderness of War)
 Whereon Foes broke their Swords, and tir'd themselves;
 Wounded and hack'd ye were but never fell'd.
 For me, my Portion provide in Heaven:
 My Root is earth'd, and I, a desolate Branch,
 Left scatter'd in the Highway of the World;
 Trod under Foot, that might have been a Column
 Mainly supporting our demolish'd House,
 This would I wear³ as my Inheritance.
 And what Hope can arise to me from it,
 When I and it are here both Prisoners?
 Only may this, if ever we be free,
 Keep or redeem me from all Infamy.

S O N G.

Fie! cease to wonder!
 Tho' you hear Orpheus, with his Ivory Lute,
 Move Trees and Rocks,
 Charm Bulls, Bears, and Men more savage, to be mute.
 Weak foolish Singer, here is one
 Would have transform'd thyself to Stone.

1 *Cred.* No farther! look to 'em at your own Peril.

2 *Cred.* No, as they please:—Their Master's a good
 Man.

I would they were at the *Bermudas*.

Sailor. You must no farther.—

The Prison limits you, and the Creditors
 Exact the Strictness.

Rom. Out, you wolfish Mongrels!
 Whose Brains should be knock'd out, like Dogs in

³ Pointing to his Father's Sword. *M. M.*

July,

Left your Infection poison a whole Town.

Char. They grudge our Sorrow.—Your ill Wills,
performe,

Turn now to Charity : They would not have us

Walk too far mourning ; Usurers Relief

Grieves if the Debtors have too much of Grief.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Beaumelle, Florimel and Bellapert.

Beaumel. I pr'ythee tell me, *Florimel*, why do Women marry ?

Flor. Why truly, Madam, I think, to lie with their Husbands.

Bellap. You are a Fool. She lies, Madam ; Women marry Husbands,
To lie with other Men.

Flor. Faith, e'en such a Woman wilt thou make. By this Light, Madam, this Wagtail will spoil you, if you take Delight in her Licence.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, *Florimel*, and thou wilt make me too good for a young Lady. What an Electuary found my Father out for his Daughter, when he compounded you two my Women ? for thou, *Florimel*, art e'en a Grain too heavy—simply for a Waiting-gentlewoman.

Flor. And thou, *Bellapert*, a Grain too light.

Bellap. Well, go thy Ways, goodly Wisdom, whom no-body regards. I wonder, whether be elder, thou or thy Hood : You think, because you serve my Lady's Mother, are thirty-two Years old, which is a pip⁴ out, you know.

Flor. Well said, Whirligig.

Bellap. You are deceiv'd : I want a Peg i' th' Middle : Out of these Prerogatives, you think to be Mother of

⁴ A *Pip* means a Spot upon a Card ; and this Passage alludes to some Kind of Play, where Thirty-one made the Game, and of Course Thirty-two was a Pip too much.

the Maids here, and mortify 'em with Proverbs: Go, go, govern the Sweet-meats, and weigh the Sugar, that the Wenches steal none: Say your Prayers twice a Day, and, as I take it, you have performed your Function.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bellap. Hark! the Court's broke up. Go, help my old Lord out of his Caroch, and scratch his Head till Dinner-time.

Flor. Well.

[*Exit.*

Bellap. Fie, Madam! how you walk! By my Maidenhead, you look seven Years older than you did this Morning: Why there can be nothing under the Sun valuable, to make you thus a Minute.

Boaumel. Ah my sweet *Bellapert!* thou Cabinet To all my Counfels, thou dost know the Cause That makes thy Lady wither thus in Youth.

Bellap. Uds-light, enjoy your Wishes: Whilst I live, One Way or other you shall crown your Will. Would you have him your Husband that you love, And can it not be? He is your Servant, tho', And may perform the Office of a Husband.

Beaumel. But there is Honour Wench.

Bellap. Such a Disease
There is indeed, for which ere I would die——

Beaumel. Pr'ythee, distinguish me a Maid and Wife.

Bellap. 'Faith, Madam, one may bear any Man's Children,

T'other must bear no Man's.

Beaumel. What is a Husband?

Bellap. Physic, that, tumbling in your Belly, will make you sick i' th' Stomach. The only Distinction betwixt a Husband and a Servant is, the first will lie with you, when he pleases; the last shall lie with you, when you please. Pray tell me, Lady do you love, to marry after; or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet Love and Marriage both at once.

Bellap. Why then you are out of the Fashion, and will be contemn'd: For, I'll assure you, there are few

Women in the World, but either they have married first and love after; or love first and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would: Your Father's Will is the Goal you must fly to. ⁵ If a Husband approach you, you would have farther off, is he your Love the less near you? A Husband in these Days is but a Cloak to be oftener laid *upon* your Bed, than *in* your Bed.

Beaumel. Hum!

Bellap. Sometimes you may wear him on your Shoulder; and now and then under your Arm; but seldom or never let him cover you; for 'tis not the Fashion.

Enter Novall jun. Pontalier, Malotin, Liladam, and Aymer.

Nov. jun. Best Day to Nature's Curiosity,
Star of *Dijon*, the Lustre of all *France*!
Perpetual Spring dwell on thy rosy Cheeks,
Whose Breath is Perfume to our Continent,
See *Flora* turn'd in her Varieties.⁶

Bellap. Oh divine Lord!

Nov. jun. No Autumn nor no Age ever approach
This heavenly Piece, which Nature having wrought,
She lost her Needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair.

Lilad. Uds-light, my Lord, one of the Purls of
your Band
Is, without all Discipline, fall'n out of his Rank.

Nov. jun. How? I would not for a thousand Crowns
she had seen't. Dear *Liladam*, reform it.

⁵ If a Husband approach, you would have farther off, is he your Love, the less near you? This is the Manner in which these Lines should be printed. *M. M.*

† ⁶ See *Flora* turn'd in her Varieties.

Thus it stands in the old Copies; but certainly false: We ought to read

See Flora trim'd in her Varieties.

Bellap. Oh Lord! *Per jé*, Lord! Quintessence of Honour! she walks not under a Weed that could deny thee any Thing.

Beaumel. Pr'ythee Peace, Wench! thou dost but blow the Fire that flames too much already.

[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, whilst Bellapert ber Lady.*]

Aymer. By Gad, my Lord, you have the divinest Taylor in *Christendom*; he hath made you look like an Angel in your Cloth of Tissue Doublet.

Pont. This is a three-legg'd Lord: There's a fresh Assault. Oh! that Men should spend Time thus!— See, see how her Blood drives to her Heart, and strait vaults to her Cheeks again.

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of 'em there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable Gallimaufry of a Man, and has much caught my Lord with Singing; he is Master of a Musick House. The other is his Dressing Block, upon whom my Lord lays all his Cloaths and Fashions, ere he vouchsafes 'em his own Person; you shall see him i' th' Morning in the Galley-foist,⁷ at Noon in the Bullion, i' th' Evening in Querpo, and all Night in —.

Malot. A Bawdy-house.

Pont. If my Lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: They skip into my Lord's cast Skins some twice a Year; and thus they live to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my Lord.

Malot. Good Sir, tell me one Thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these Men ever fight on any Cause?

Pont. Oh, no, 'twould spoil their Cloaths, and put their Bands out of Order.

⁷ The *Galley-foist* and the *Bullion* were probably Taverns distinguished by those Signs. *Bullion* is a Corruption of *Boulogne*, which from the Time that City was taken by *Henry* the Eighth became a popular Sign. *M. M.*

Galley-foist, I think, means a *Barge* or *small Vessel* in which it was customary for young Persons of both Sexes to divert themselves on the *Thames*. *D.*

THE FATAL DOWRY. 241

Nov. jun. Must you hear the News: Your Father has resign'd his Presidentship to my Lord my Father.

Malot. And Lord *Charalois* undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis Pity, Sir!

A braver Hope of so assur'd a Father
Did never comfort *France*.

Lilad. A good dumb Mourner.

Aymer. A silent Black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his
Cloaths!

As if he had come this *Christmas* from *St. Omers*,
To see his Friends, and return'd after Twelf-tide.

Lilad. His Colonel looks finely like a Drover.—

Nov. jun. That had a Winter lain perdieu i' th' Rain.

Aymer. What he that wears a Clout about his Neck?
His Cuffs in's Pocket, and his Heart in's Mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my Hand.

How your Lips blush, in Scorn that they should pay
Tribute to Hands when Lips are in the Way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; yet now your Hand looks
white,

Because your Lips robb'd it of such a Right.

Monsieur Aymer, I prythee sing the Song

Devoted to my Mistress.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

*A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.*⁸

Man. Set Phœbus! set; a fairer Sun doth rise
From the bright Radiance of my Mistress' Eyes
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;
Each Hair a Golden Line, each Word a Hook
The more I strive, the more still I am took.

⁸ *Maffinger's* poetical Talents seem to be confined to the Drama; the Odes and Songs introduced into his Plays are wretched Compositions; in this respect he is much inferior to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, who have given us in their Plays some pretty little Poems, especially the Invocation to Melancholy in the *Passionate Madman*, which (to speak in the fashionable Jargon) is a delicious Morfel. *M. M.*

Wom. *Fair Servant! come; the Day these Eyes do lend
To warm thy Blood, thou dost so vainly spend,
Come strangle Breath.*

Man. *What Note so sweet as this
That calls the Spirits to a further Bliss?*

Wom. *Yet this out-favours Wine, and this Perfume,*

Man. *Let's die, I languish, I consume.*

After the Song, enter Rochfort and Beaumont.

Beaum. Romont will come, Sir, fraight.

Roch. 'Tis well.

Beaumel. My Father.

Nov. jun. My honourable Lord.

Roch. My Lord *Novall!* this is a Virtue in you,
So early up and ready before Noon!

That are the Map of Dressing through all *France.*

Nov. jun. I rise to say my Prayers, Sir, here's my
Saint.

Roch. 'Tis well and courtly;—you must give me
Leave,

I have some private Conference with my Daughter,
Pray use my Garden, you shall dine with me.

Lilad. We'll wait on you.

Nov. jun. Good morn unto your Lordship,
Remember what you have vow'd— [To Beaumelle.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumelle.*

Beau. Perform I must.

Roch. Why how now, *Beaumelle,* thou look'st not
well.

Th'art sad of late,—come cheer thee; I have found
A wholesome Remedy for these maiden Fits,
A goodly Oak whereon to twist my Vine,
Till her fair Branches grow up to the Stars.
Be near at Hand, Success, crown my Intent,
My Business fills my little Time so full,
I cannot stand to talk: I know thy Duty
Is Handmaid to my Will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

Beaum. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my Tears prove true,

Fate hath wrong'd Love and will destroy me too.

[*Exit Beaumelle.*]

Enter Romont and Keeper.

Rom. Sent you for me, Sir?

Roch. Yes.

Rom. Your Lordship's Pleasure?

Roch. Keeper, this Prisoner I will see forth coming. Upon my Word—Sit down, good Colonel.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Why I did wish you hither, noble Sir,
Is to advise you from this Iron Carriage,
Which, so affected, *Romont*, you will wear
To pity, and to Counsel you submit
With Expedition to the great *Novall*:
Recant your stern Contempt and slight Neglect
Of the whole Court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy Censure
In public very shortly.

Rom. Reverend Sir,

I have observ'd you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my Submission to *Novall*,
Than I can be of all the bellowing Mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the Censure,
Could it determine me to Torments and Shame.
Submit and crave Forgiveness of a Beast?
'Tis true, this Boil of State wears purple Tissue,
Is high fed, proud:—So is his Lordship's Horse,
And bears as rich Caparisons. I know
This Elephant carries on his Back not only
Tow'rs, Castles, but the ponderous Republick,
And never stoops for't, with his strong breath'd Trunk
Snuffs other's Titles, Lordships, Offices,
Wealth, Bribes, and Lives, under his ravenous Jaws:
What's this unto my Freedom? I dare die;

And therefore ask this Camel, if these Blessings
 (For so they would be understood by a man)
 But mollify one Rudeness in his Nature,
 Sweeten the eager Relish of the Law,
 At whose great Helm he sits, Helps he the Poor
 In a just Business? Nay, does he not cross
 Every deserved Soldier and Scholar,
 As if, when Nature made him, she had made
 The general Antipathy of all Virtue?
 How savagely and blasphemously he spake
 Touching the General, the brave General dead!
 I must weep when I think on't.

Roch. Sir.

Rom. My Lord, I am not stubborn; I can melt, you
 see,

And prize a Virtue better than my Life;
 For tho' I be not learn'd, I ever lov'd
 That holy Mother⁹ of all Issues good,
 Whose white Hand for a Scepter holds a File,
 To polish roughest Customs, and in you
 She has her Right; See! I am calm as Sleep,
 But when I think of the gross Injuries,
 The godless Wrong done to my General dead,
 I rave indeed, and could eat this *Novall*;
 A Soul-less Dromedary!

Roch. Oh! be temperate,
 Sir, tho' I would persuade, I'll not constrain;
 Each Man's Opinion freely is his own,
 Concerning any Thing, or any Body,
 Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the Judge's Peril!

Enter Beaumont.

Beaum. These Men, Sir! wait without; my Lord
 is come too.

Roch. Pay 'em those Sums upon the Table; take
 Their full Releases:—Stay—I want a witness;
 Let me intreat you, Colonel, to walk in,

And stand but by to see this Money paid,
 It does concern you and your Friend; it was
 The better Cause you were sent for, tho' said other-
 wife.

The Deed shall make this my Request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your Pleasure, Sir, tho' ignorant
 To what it tends? [Exit Romont and Servant.

Enter Charalois.

Roch. Worthiest Sir,
 You are most welcome: Fie, no more of this:
 You have out-weep't a Woman, noble *Charalois!*
 No Man but has or must bury a Father.

Char. Grave Sir! I buried Sorrow for his Death
 In the Grave with him. I did never think
 He was immortal—tho' I vow I grieve,
 And see no Reason why the vicious,
 Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy Men,
 Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Char. In the Manner
 Of dying Sir, they do not, but all die,
 And therein differ not: But I have done.
 I spy'd the lively Picture of my Father,
 Passing your Gallery, and that cast this Water
 Into mine Eyes: See,—foolish that I am,
 To let it do so.

Roch. Sweet and gentle Nature!
 How filken is this well¹⁰ comparatively
 To other Men; I have a Suit to you Sir.

Char. Take it; 'tis granted.

Roch. What?

Char. Nothing, my Lord.

¹⁰ *How filken is this well, &c.*

I suspect that there is some Conception in this Passage, but if *well* be the right reading, it is a quaint Allusion to the Tears of *Charalois*, and must be considered as a Noun Substantive. *M. M.*

Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.

Char. Faith, my Lord!

That nothing granted is even all I have,
For all know I have nothing left to grant.

Roch. Sir, have you any Suit to me? I'll grant
You some Thing, any Thing.

Char. Nay, surely I that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No Man will grant me any Thing I sue for.
But begging nothing, every Man will give't.

Roch. Sir! the Love I bore your Father, and the
Worth

I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you. And tender here

[Draws a Curtain.]

Whatever you will take, Gold, Jewels, both,
All, to supply your Wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly Virtue in high-blooded Veins
Is lodg'd, and can agree, Men should kneel down,
Adore and sacrifice all that they have;

And well they may, it is so seldom seen.

Put off your Wonder, and here freely take
Or send your Servants: Nor, Sir, shall you use
In aught of this a poor Man's Fee, or Bribe
Unjustly taken of the Rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the Law.

Char. How ill, Sir, it becomes those Hairs to mock!

Roch. Mock? Thunder strike me then.

Char. You do amaze me.

But you shall wonder too; I will not take
One single Piece of this great Heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have not Means to pay; nay, am
A very Bankrupt, even in flatt'ring Hope
Of ever raising any. All my begging
Is *Romont's* Liberty.

*Enter Romont, Beaumont, and Creditors loaded with
Money,*

Roch. Here is your Friend,
Enfranchis'd ere you spake. I give him you:

And, *Charalois*, I give you to your Friend,
As free a Man as he : Your Father's Debts
Are taken off.

Char. How ?

Rom. Sir, it is most true.

I am the Witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven blefs his Lordship—I did think him
wifer.

3 *Cred.* He a Statesman ? He an Ass—Pay other
Men's Debts ?

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.

Rom. One more such

Would save the rest of Pleaders.

Char. Honour'd *Rochfort*.

Lie still my Tongue, and Blushes scald my Cheeks,
That offer Thanks in Words for such great Deeds.

Roch. Call in my Daughter :—Still I have a Suit to
you. [Exit Beaumont.

Would you requite me.

Rom. With his Life, I assure you.

Roch. Nay, would you make me now your Debtor,
Sir!

Enter Beaumelle.

This is my only Child : What she appears,
Your Lordship well may see : for Education, *Beaumelle*
Follows not any : For her Mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her Shape, and hope
It will continue so : If now her Birth
Be not too mean for *Charalois*, take her
This Virgin by the Hand, and call her Wife,
Indow'd with all my Fortunes : Blefs me so,
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty Name to yours,
Than if my 'State were multiplied tenfold.

Char. Is this the Payment, Sir, that you expect ?
Why, you precipitate me more in Debt,
That nothing but my Life can ever pay.

This Beauty being your Daughter (in which yours
I must conceive Necessity of her Virtue)

Without all Dowry is a Prince's Aim.

Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me

How much too worthy!—Waken me, *Romont*,

That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

Rom. Sure I sleep not.

Rock. Your Sentence—Life or Death.

Char. Fair *Beaumelle*, can you love me?

Beaum. Yes, my Lord.

Enter Novall jun. Ponta, Malotin, Liladam, and Aymer.

All salute.

Char. You need not question me if I can you.

You are the fairest Virgin in *Dijon*,

And *Rockfort* is your Father.

Nov. jun. What's this Change?

Rock. You met my Wishes, Gentlemen,

Rom. What make

These Dogs in Doublets here?

Beaum. A Visitation, Sir.

Char. Then thus, fair *Beaumelle*! I write my Faith,
Thus seal it in the Sight of Heaven and Men.

Your Fingers tie my Heart-strings with this Touch,

In true-love Knots, which nought but Death shall loose,

And let these Tears (an Emblem of our Loves)

Like Crystal Rivers individually

Flow into one another; make one Source,

Which never Man distinguish, less divide!

Breath marry Breath; and Kisses mingle Souls;

Two Hearts and Bodies here incorporate:

And, tho' with little wooing I have won,

My future Life shall be a wooing Time,

And every Day new as the Bridal one.

Oh, Sir! I groan under your Courtesies,

More than my Father's Bones under his Wrongs,

You, *Curtius*-like, have thrown into the Gulf,

Of this his Country's foul Ingratitude,

Your Life and Fortunes, to redeem their Shames,

Roch. No more, my Glory! come, let's in, and
 hasten
 This Celebration.

Romont, Malotin, Pontalier *and* Beaumont.

All fair Blifs upon it.

[*Exeunt* Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beau-
 mont *and* Malotin.

Nov. jun. Mistrefs!

Beaum. Oh Servant, Virtue strengthen me!
 Thy Prefence blows round my Affection's Vane:
 You will undo me if you fpeak again.

[*Exit* Beaumelle.

Lilad. Aym. Here will be Sport for you. This works.
 [*Exeunt* Liladam *and* Aymer.

Nov. jun. Peace! Peace!

Pont. One Word, my Lord *Novall!*

Nov. jun. What, thou would'ft Money—there.

Pont. No, I'll none, I'll not be bought a Slave,
 A Pandar, or a Parasite, for all
 Your Father's Worth; tho' you have fav'd my Life,
 Refcu'd me often from my Wants, I must not
 Wink at your Follies that will ruin you.
 You know my blunt Way, and my Love to Truth;
 Forfake the Pursuit of this Lady's Honour,
 Now you do fee her made another Man's,
 And fuch a Man's fo good, fo popular;
 Or you will pluck a thousand Mifchiefs on you.
 The Benefits you've done me are not loft,
 Nor caft away, they are purs'd here in my Heart,
 But let me pay you, Sir, a fairer Way
 Than to defend your Vices, or to footh 'em.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha, ha! what are my Courfes unto
 thee?

Good Coufin *Pontalier*, meddle with that
 That fhall concern thyself.

[*Exit* *Novall.*

Pont. No more but Scorn?
 Move on then, Stars! work your pernicious Will!
 Only the wise rule, and prevent your Ill. [Exit.

H A U T B O Y S.

Here a Passage over the Stage, while the Act is playing for the Marriage of Charalois with Beaumelle, &c.

End of the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Novall jun. and Bellapert.

Novall jun.

FLY not to these Excuses: Thou hast been
 False in thy Promise—and, when I have said
 Ungrateful, all is spoke.

Bellap. Good my Lord! but hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what Purpose, Trifler?

Can any Thing that thou canst say make void
 The Marriage? Or those Pleasures but a Dream,
 Which *Charalois* (oh *Venus!*) hath enjoy'd?

Bellap. I yet could say that you receive Advantage
 In what you think a Loss, would you vouchsafe me;
 That you were never in the Way till now
 With Safety to arrive at your Desires;
 That Pleasure makes Love to you, unattended
 By Danger or Repentance?

Nov. jun. That I could
 But apprehend one Reason how this might be,
 Hope would not then forsake me.

Bellap. The enjoying
 Of what you most desire; I say th' enjoying

Shall, in the full Possession of your Wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some Relish
How this may appear possible.

Bellap. I will.

Relish and taste, and make the Banquet easy.
You say my Lady's married—I confess it :
That *Charalois* hath enjoyed her—'tis most true :
'That with her he's already Master of
The best Part of my Lord's 'State. Still better :
But that the first or last should be your Hindrance,
I utterly deny : For, but observe me,
While she went for, and was, I swear, a Virgin,
What Courtesy could she with her Honour give;
Or you receive with Safety—take me with you ;
When I say Courtesy, do not think I mean
A Kiss ; the tying of her Shoe or Garter ;
An Hour of private Conference : Those are Trifles.
In this Word Courtesy, we that are Gamesters point at
The Sport direct, where not alone the Lover
Brings his Artillery, but uses it :
Which Word expounded to you, such a Courtesy
Do you expect and sudden.

Nov. jun. But he tasted the first Sweets, *Bellapert !*

Bellap. He wrong'd you shrewdly !

He toil'd to climb up to the *Phoenix*' Nest,
And in his Prints leaves your Ascent more easy.
I do not know, you that are perfect Criticks
In Women's Books, may talk of Maidenheads.

Nov. jun. But for her Marriage.—

Bellap. 'Tis a fair Protection

'Gainst all Arrests of Fear or Shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen ; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, Sir ! for the Pleasure ;
To say Adultery's sweeter, that is stale.
'This only—Is not the Contentment more,
To say, this is my Cuckold, than my Rival.
More I could say—but briefly she doats on you,

If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me
With the next Gold you give me.

Enter Beaumelle.

Beaumel. How's this, Servant? Courting my Woman?

Bellap. As an Entrance to
The Favour of the Mistress: You are together
And I am perfect in my Cue. [*Going.*

Beaumel. Stay *Bellapert.*

Bellap. In this I must not, with your Leave, obey
you.

Your Taylor and your Tire-woman wait without
And stay my Counsel and Direction for
Your next Day's Dressing. I have much to do,
Nor will your Ladyship now, Time is precious,
Continue idle; this choice Lord will find
So fit employment for you. [*Exit Bellapert.*

Beaumel. I shall grow angry.

Nov. jun. Not so; you have a Jewel in her, Madam!

Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. I had forgot to tell your Ladyship
The Closet is private and your Couch ready;
And, if you please that I shall lose the Key,
But say so, and 'tis done, [*Exit Bellapert.*

Beaumel. You come to chide me, Servant! and bring
with you

Sufficient Warrant. You will say, and truly,
My Father found too much Obedience in me,
By being won too soon: Yet, if you please
But to remember all my Hopes and Fortunes
Had Reference to his Liking, you will grant,
That, tho' I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.

Nov. jun. With too much Fervor
I have so long lov'd and still love you, Mistress;
To esteem that an Injury to me
Which was to you convenient;—that is past

My Help, is past my Cure. You yet may, Lady,
 In Recompence of all my duteous Service,
 (Provided that your Will answer your Power)
 Become my Creditrefs.

Beaumel. I understand you ;
 And for Assurance the Request you make
 Shall not be long unanswered, pray you fit,
 And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
 My Passions are much fitter to desire
 Than to be sued to.

Enter Romont and Florimel.

Flor. Sir, 'tis not Envy
 At the Start my Fellow has got of me in
 My Ladies good Opinion, that's the Motive
 Of this Discovery ; but due Payment
 Of what I owe her Honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observ'd too much, nor shall my Silence
 Prevent the Remedy——yonder they are,
 I dare not be seen with you. You may do
 What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
 The Office of a faithful and try'd Friend
 To my young Lord. [*Exit Florimel.*]

Rom. This is no Vision : Ha !

Nov. jun. With the next Opportunity.

Beaumel. By this Kiss, and this, and this.

Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus.

Rom. If I seem rude, your Pardon, Lady ! yours
 I do not ask : Come, do not dare to shew me
 A Face of Anger, or the least Dislike ;
 Put on, attd suddenly, a milder Look ;
 I shall grow rough else.

Nov. jun. What have I done, Sir !
 To draw this harsh unfavory Language from you ?

Rom. Done, Popinjay ? Why, dost thou think
 that, if

I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me Wrong,
 Thou shouldst outlive it.

Beaumel. This is something more
Than my Lord's Friendship gives Commission for.

Nov. jun. Your Presence and the Place, makes him
presume
Upon my Patience.

Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy Taylor, and yet that poor Shred
Can bring more to the making up of a Man,
Than can be hop'd from thee: Thou art his Creature,
And, did he not each Morning new create thee,
Thou'dst stink and be forgotten. I'll not change
One Syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some Testimony under good Mens Hands
Thou art a Christian. I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied: 'Till which Time, keep from me.
The Entertainment of your Visitation
Has made what I intended one " a Business.

Nov. jun. So we shall meet—Madam!

Rom. Use that Leg again, and I'll cut off the other.

Nov. jun. Very good. [Exit Novall.

Rom. So I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in Remembrance of
Who is your Father, and whose Wife you now are,
That I choose rather not to understand
Your nasty Scoff, than—

Beaumel. What, you will not beat me,
If I expound it to you. Here's a Tyrant
Spare neither Man nor Woman.

Rom. My Intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the Whetstone of your Wit: Preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such colour'd Stuff. In me there is now speaks to you
As true a Friend and Servant to your Honour,
And one that will with as much Hazard guard it
As ever Man did Goodness.—But then, Lady!
You must endeavour, not alone to be,
But to appear, worthy such Love and Service.

11 That is, a Visitation.

Beaumel. To what tends this ?

Rom. Why, to this Purpose, Lady !

I do desire you should prove such a Wife
To *Charalois* (and such a one he merits)
As *Cæsar*, did he live, could not except at,
Not only innocent from Crime, but free
From all Taint and Suspition.

Beaumel. They are base that judge the otherwise.

Rom. But yet be careful !

Detraction's a bold Monster, and fears not
To wound the Fame of Princes, if it find
But any Blemish in their Lives to work on :
But I'll be plainer with you : Had the People
Been learnt to speak, but what even now I saw,
Their Malice out of that would raise an Engine
To overthrow your Honour. In my Sight,
With yonder painted Fool I frighted from you,
You us'd Familiarity beyond
A modest Entertainment : You embrac'd him
With too much Ardour for a Stranger, and
Met him with Kisses neither chaste nor comely :
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your Bounties to him ; you will find it safer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.

Beaumel. This pretty Rag about your Neck shews
well,

And, being coarse and little Worth, it speaks you
As terrible as thrifty.

Rom. Madam !

Beaumel. Yes.

And this strong Belt in which you hang your Honour,
Will outlast twenty Scarfs.

Rom. What mean you, Lady ?

Beaumel. And all else about you Cap-a-pee,
So uniform in Spite of Handsomeness,
Shews such a bold Contempt of Comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your Laundress in the Leaguer
Grew mad with Love of you.

Rom. Is my free Counsel
Answer'd with this ridiculous Scorn?

Beaumel. These Objects
Stole very much of my Attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak Truth,
Deliver'd gravely, but to little Purpose,
That almost would have made me swear some Curate
Had stol'n into the Person of *Romont*,
And, in the Praise of Good-wife Honesty,
Had read an Homily.

Rom. By this Hand.—

Beaumel. And Sword;
I will make up your Oath, 'twill want Weight else.
You're angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the Camp, which affords only
The Conversation of cast Suburb Whores,
To set down to a Lady of my Rank
Limits of Entertainment?

Rom. Sure a Legion has possess'd this Woman.

Beaumel. One Stamp more would do well: Yet I de-
fire not

You should grow horn-mad till you have a Wife.
You are come to warm Meat, and perhaps clean Linen:
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That tho' a thousand Watches were set on me,
And you the Master-spy, I yet would use
The Liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace. Perhaps, grant larger Favours.
Yet such as live upon my Means, shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my Lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his Jealousy that Way; tell him this.
You've something to inform him. [*Exit Beaumelle.*]

Rom. And I will.

Believe it wicked one, I will. Hear, Heaven!
But, hearing, pardon me: If these Fruits grow
Upon the Tree of Marriage, let me shun it,
As a forbidden Sweet. An Heir and rich,
Young, beautiful—yet add to this—a Wife,
And I will rather choose a Spital Sinner

Carted an Age before, tho' three Parts rotten,
 And take it for a Blessing, rather than
 Be fetter'd to the hellish Slavery¹²
 Of such an Impudence.

Enter Beaumont with Writings.

Beaum. Colonel! good Fortune
 To meet you thus: You look sad, but I'll tell you
 Something that shall remove it. O how happy
 Is my Lord *Charalois* in his fair Bride!

Rom. A happy Man indeed!—pray you in what?

Beaum. I dare swear, you would think so good a
 Lady

A Dower sufficient.

Rom. No doubt.—But on.

Beaum. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous:—Indeed
 All that is excellent.

Rom. Women have no Cunning to gull the World!

Beaum. Yet to all these, my Lord,
 Her Father gives the full Addition of
 All he does now possess in *Burgundy*:

These Writings to confirm it, are new seal'd,
 And I most fortunate to present him with them;
 I must go seek him out, can you direct me?

Rom. You'll find him breaking a young Horse.

Beaum. I thank you. *[Exit Beaumont.]*

Rom. I must do something worthy *Charalois*' Friend-
 ship:

If she were well inclin'd, to keep her so

† 12 In an Advertisement prefixed to *The Bondman*, which was revived in 1710, we are told that Mr. *Rowe* had revised the Works of *Massinger*, and did intend to publish them; I am apt to think this Assertion true, and that Mr. *Rowe* was a great Admirer of our Author, his excellent Play of *The Fair Penitent* being founded on the Tragedy now before us. The beautiful Scene between *Horatio* and *Calista* is evidently copied from the foregoing, as is that between *Altamont* and *Horatio* in the third Act where they quarrel, from the last Scene of this: The curious Reader may not be disagreeably amused in comparing many other similar Parts of these excellent Tragedies together.

Deserv'd not Thanks : And yet, to stay a Woman
 Spurr'd headlong by hot Lust to her own Ruin,
 Is harder than to prop a falling Tower
 With a deceiving Reed.

Enter Rochfort.

Roch. Some one seek for me,
 As soon as he returns.

Rom. Her Father ? ha !——
 How if I break this to him ? Sure it cannot
 Meet with an ill Construction. His Wisdom,
 Made powerful by th' Authority of a Father,
 Will warrant and give Privilege to his Counsels :
 It shall be so—My Lord !

Roch. Your Friend, *Romont* :
 Would you aught with me ?

Rom. I stand so engag'd
 To your so many Favours, that I hold it
 A Breach in Thankfulness, should I not discover,
 Tho' with some Imputation to myself,
 All Doubts that may concern you.

Roch. The Performance
 Will make this Protestation worth my Thanks.

Rom. Then, with your Patience, lend me your At-
 tention :

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,
 You will with too much Grief receive.

Enter Beaumelle and Bellapert.

Beaumel. See, Wench !
 Upon my Life as I forespake, he's now
 Preferring his Complaint : But be thou perfect,
 And we will fit him.

Bellap. Fear not me, pox on him !
 A Captain turn'd Informer against Kissing ?
 Would he were hang'd up in his rusty Armour !
 But, if our fresh Wits cannot turn the Plots
 Of such a mouldy Murrion on itself ;

Rich Clothes, choice Fare, and a true Friend at a call,
With all the Pleasures the Night yields, forsake us.

Roch. This in my Daughter? Do not wrong her.

Bellap. Now begin.

The Game's afoot, and we in Distance.

Beaumel. 'Tis thy Fault, foolish Girl! pin on my
Veil,

I will not wear those Jewels. Am I not
Already match'd beyond my Hopes? Yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a Suitor.

Bellap. 'Tis the Course
That our great Ladies take.

Rom. A weak Excuse!

Beaumel. Those that are better seen, in what concerns
A Lady's Honour and fair Fame condemn it.
You wait well: in your Absence, my Lord's Friend,
The understanding, grave and wise *Romont*—

Rom. Must I be still her Sport?

[*Aside.*]

Beaumel. Reprov'd me for it.

And he has travell'd to bring home a Judgment
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My Father, that owes more to Years than he,
Has brought me up to Musick, Language, Courtship,
And I must use them. True, but not t'offend,
Or render me suspected.

Roch. Does your fine Story begin from this?

Beaumel. I thought a parting Kiss
From young *Novall* would have displeas'd no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such Favours now; look therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest Course of Life that Jealousy
Can think secure enough; ere my Behaviour
Shall call my Fame in Question.

Rom. Ten Dissemblers
Are in this subtle Devil. You believe this?

Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a Report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your Disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a Nature.

Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.

Roch. And for you, Daughter, off with this; off
with it;

I have that Confidence in your Goodness, I,
That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a Recluse in a Cloyster: Go,
Call in the Gallants, let them make you merry,
Use all fit Liberty.

Bellap. Blessing on you.

If this new Preacher with the Sword and Feather
Could prove his Doctrine for Canonical,
We should have a fine World.

[Exit Bellapert.]

Roch. Sir, if you please

To bear yourself as fits a Gentleman,
The House is at your Service; but, if not,
Tho' you seek Company elsewhere, your Absence
Will not be much lamented——

[Exit Rochfort.]

Rom. If this be

The Recompence of striving to preserve
A wanton Gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all Mankind Pandars.—Do you smile,
Good Lady *Looseness*? Your whole Sex is like you,
And that Man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new Change have you next?

Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, Sir!

I'll shift into a Thousand, but I will
Convert your Heresy.

Rom. What Heresy? speak!

Beaumel. Of keeping a Lady that is married,
From entertaining Servants.——

Enter Novall jun. Malotin, Liladam, Aymer, and Pontalier.

O, you're welcome.

Use any Means to vex him,
And then with Welcome follow me. [*Exit* Beaumel.

Nov. jun. You are tir'd

With your grave Exhortations, Colonel!

Lilad. How is it? Faith, your Lordship may do well
To help him to some Church-preferment: 'Tis
Now the Fashion for Men of all Conditions,
However they have liv'd, to end that Way.

Aymer. That Face would do well in a Surplice.

Rom. Rogues, be silent—or—

Pont. S'Death! will you suffer this?

Rom. And you, the Master Rogue, the Coward Ras-
cal,

I shall be with you suddenly.

Nov. jun. Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I shall kill him:
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He's good for nothing else.

Lilad. His Back

Appears to me, as it would tire a Beadle.
And then he has a knotted Brow, would bruise
A Court-like Hand to touch it.

Aymer. He looks like

A Currier when his Hide's grown dear.

Pont. Take Heed he curry not some of you.

Nov. jun. Gads me! he's angry.

Rom. I break no Jest, but I can bread my Sword
About your Pates.

Enter Charalois and Beaumont.

Lilad. Here's more.

Aymer. Come, let's be gone!

We are beleaguer'd:

Nov. Jun. Look, they bring up their Troops.

Pont. Will you sit down with this Disgrace?

You are abus'd most grossly.

Lilad. I grant you, Sir, we are; and you would have
us

Stay, and be more abus'd,

Nov. Jun. My Lord, I'm sorry

Your House is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

[*Exeunt. Manent Charalois and Romont,*

Char. Pr'ythee, *Romont*, what caus'd this Uproar?

Rom. Nothing.

They laugh'd and us'd their scurvy Wits upon me.

Char. Come, 'tis thy jealous Nature: But I wonder
That you, which are an honest Man and worthy,
Should foster this Suspition. No Man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st
His Conference and his Scorn reflects on thee.
For my Part, they should Scoff their thin Wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave these Fits to conscious Men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish Things
As they can gibe at.

Rom. Well, Sir!

Char. Thou art known

Valiant without Defect, rightly defin'd,
Which is (as fearing to do Injury,
As tender to endure it) not a Brabblers,
A Swearer.

Rom. Pish, pish! what needs this, my Lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good Counsel? I have lov'd you,
And yet must freely speak: So young a Tutor
Fits not so old a Soldier as I am.

And I must tell you, 'twas in your Behalf
I grew enrag'd thus; yet had rather die
Than open the great Cause a Syllable further.

Char. In my Behalf? Wherein hath *Charalois*
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give

The least Occasion to the loofest Tongue
 To throw Aspersions on him? Or so weakly
 Protected his own Honour, as it should
 Need Defence from any but himself?
 They're Fools that judge me by my outward Seeming;
 Why should my Gentleness beget Abuse?
 The Lion is not angry that does sleep,
 Nor ever Man a Coward that can weep.
 For God's Sake speak the Cause.

Rom. Not for the World.

Oh! it will strike Disease into your Bones,
 Beyond the Cure of Physick; drink your Blood,
 Rob you of all your Rest, contract your Sight,
 Leave you no Eyes but to see Misery,
 And of your own; nor Speech, but to wish thus,
Would I had perish'd in the Prison's Jaws,
From whence I was redeem'd! 'Twill wear you old,
 Before you have Experience in that Art
 That Causes your Affliction.

Char. Thou dost strike

A deathful Coldness to my Heart's high Heat,
 And shrink'st my Liver like the *Calenture*.
 Declare this Foe of mine, and Life's, that like
 A Man I may encounter and subdue it.
 It shall not have one such Effect in me
 As thou denoucest: With a Soldier's Arm,
 If it be Strength I'll meet it: If a Fault
 Belonging to my Mind, I'll cut it off
 With mine own Reason as a Scholar should.
 —Speak, tho' it make me monstrous.

Rom. I'll die first.

Farewell! continue merry, and high Heaven
 Keep your Wife chaste.

Char. Hum!—Stay and take this Wolf
 Out of my Breast, that thou hast lodg'd there, or
 For ever lose me.

Rom. Lose not, Sir, yourself,
 And I will venture—so the Door is fast.

[*Locks the Door.*

Now, noble *Charalois*, collect yourself;

Summon your Spirits; muster all your Strength
That can belong to Man; sift Passion
From ev'ry Vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the Cause of
Jealousy, Discontent, Slaughter and Ruin:
Make me not Parent to Sin:—You will know
This Secret that I burn with.

Char. Devil on't,
What should it be? *Romont*, I hear you wish
My Wife's Continuance of Chastity.

Rom. There was no Hurt in that,

Char. Why? do you know

A Likelihood or Possibility unto the contrary?

Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the Grounds,
The Servant of your Wife now, young *Novall*,
The Son unto your Father's Enemy
(Which aggravates my Presumption the more)
I have been warn'd of, touching her; nay, seen them
Tie Heart to Heart, one in another's Arms,
Multiplying Kisses, as if they meant
To pose Arithmetic, or whose Eyes would¹³
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their mouths engender, and their Palms
Glew'd, as if Love had lock'd them; their Words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling Flames,
Where Chastity, like a Phoenix, methought, burn'd,
But left the World nor Ashes nor an Heir.
Why stand you silent thus? What cold dull Phlegm,
As if you had no Drop of Choler mix'd
In your whole Constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?

Char. You did not see him on my Couch within,
Like *George* a Horseback, on her, nor a-bed?

¹³ To pose Arithmetic, or whose Eyes would, &c.

This Passage, as it stands, is neither Sense nor Grammar; for the Verb *pose* cannot be applied to *Eyes*. There is certainly some Word omitted, I therefore have here amended the Passage in the Manner that appears to me the most natural.

To pose Arithmetic, or try whose Eyes would. *M. M.*

Rom. No.

Char. Ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh you? E'en so did your Wife,
And her indulgent Father.

Char. They were wise.

Would'st have me be a Fool?

Rom. No, but a Man.

Char. There is no Dram of Manhood to suspect,
On such thin airy Circumstance as this;
Mere Compliment and Courtship. Was this Tale
The hideous Monster which you so conceal'd?
Away, thou curious Impertinent,
And idle Searcher of such lean nice Toys!
Go, thou seditious Sower of Debate!
Fly to such Matches, where the Bridegroom doubts
He holds not Worth enough to countervail
The Virtue and the Beauty of his Wife.
Thou buzzing Drone, that 'bout my Ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling Sting into my Heart,
Whose Venom, Time nor Medicine could assuage.
Thus do I put thee off, and, confident
In mine own Innocency and Desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,
To put *Novall* in Balance against me,
An Upstart, cran'd up to the Height he has.
Hence, Busybody! thou'rt no Friend to me,
That must be kept to a Wife's Injury.

Rom. Is't possible?—Farewel fine honest Man!
Sweet temper'd Lord, adieu! What Apoplexy
Hath knit Sense up? Is this *Romont's* Reward?
Bear Witness, the great Spirit of thy Father,
With what a healthful Hope I did administer
This Potion that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy Wife of Act, but would
Prevent her Precipice to thy Dishonour,
Which now thy tardy Sluggishness will admit!
Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy great Sire,
Ere live to have Men's marginal Fingers point
At *Charalois*, as a lamented Story.
An Emperor put away his Wife for touching

Another Man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted
 And keep her, I think. Phoh! I am a Fire
 To warm a dead Man, that waste out myself.
 Blood!—What a Plague, a Vengeance, is't to me,
 If you will be a Cuckold? Here I shew
 A Sword's Point to thee; this Side you may shun,
 Or that, the Peril; if you will run on,
 I cannot help it.

Char. Didst thou never see me
 Angry, *Romont*?

Rom. Yes, and pursue a Foe
 Like Lightning.

Char. Pr'ythee see me so no more.
 I can be so again.—Put up thy Sword,
 And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

Rom. Come, fright your Foes with this, Sir? I am
 your Friend,
 And dare stand by you thus.

Char. Thou'rt not my Friend;
 Or being so, thou'rt mad.—I must not buy
 Thy Friendship at this Rate; had I just Cause,
 Thou know'st I durst pursue such Injury
 Thro' Fire, Air, Water, Earth, nay, were they all
 Shuffled again to *Chaos*; but there's none.
 Thy Skill, *Romont*, consists in Camps, not Courts,
 Farewel, uncivil Man! let's meet no more.
 Here our long Web of Friendship I untwist.
 Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my Wife
 For nothing, from her Birth's free Liberty,
 That open'd mine to me? Yes; if I do—
 The Name of Cuckold, then dog me with Scorn.
 I am a *Frenchman*, no *Italian* born. [Exit,

Rom. A dull *Dutch* rather:—Fall and cool my
 Blood!

Boil not in Zeal of thy Friend's Hurt so high,
 That is so low, and cold himself in't! Woman,
 How strong art thou! how easily beguil'd!
 How thou dost rack us by the very Horns!
 Now Wealth, I see, change Manners and the Man,

Something I must do mine own Wrath to assuage,
And note my Friendship to an After-age.

[Exit.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Novall jun. as newly dressed, a Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Liladam, Aymer, and Page.

Novall jun.

MEND this a little: Pox! thou hast burnt me,
Oh! fie upon't!—O lard! he has made me
finell, for all the World, like a Flax, or a red-headed
Woman's Chamber: Powder, Powder, Powder.

Perf. Oh, sweet Lord!

[*Novall sits in a Chair, Barber orders his Hair,
Perfumer gives Powder, Taylor sets Cloaths.*

Page. That's his Perfumer.

Tayl. Oh, dear Lord!

Page. That's his Taylor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur *Liladam!* *Aymer!* how allow you
the Model of these Cloaths?

Aymer. Admirably, admirably; oh sweet Lord! as-
suredly it's Pity the Worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine Cell; a Lord, a Taylor, a Per-
fumer, a Barber, and a Pair of Monfieurs: Three to
three, as little Wit in the one, as Honesty in the other.
S'foot I'll into the Country again, learn to speak Truth,
drink Ale, and converse with my Father's Tenants;
here I hear nothing all Day, but—upon my Soul! as I
am a Gentleman, and an honest man!

Aymer. I vow and affirm, your Taylor must needs be
an expert Geometrician; he has the Longitude, Lati-

tude, Altitude, Profundity, every Dimension of your Body, so exquisitely.—Here's a Lace laid as directly, as if Truth were a Taylor.

Page. That were a Miracle.

Lilad. With a Hair's Breadth's Error; there's a Shoulder-Piece cut, and the Base of a Pickadille ¹⁴ in *puncto*.

Aymer. You are right, Monsieur! his Vestments fit as if they grew upon him; or Art had wrought 'em on the same Loom, as Nature fram'd his Lordship; as if your Taylor were deeply read in Astrology, and had taken Measure of your honourable Body, with a *Jacob's* Staff, an *Ephimerides*.

Taylor. I am bound t'ye, Gentlemen!

Page. You are deceiv'd; they'll be bound to you: You must remember to trust 'em none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable, neat Artificer, give the Devil his Due.

Page. I, if he would but cut the Coat according to the Cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my Mistress's Approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual Queen of Dressing in all *Burgundy*. Pah, and makes all other young Ladies appear as if they came from Board last Week out of the Country; is't not true, *Liladam*?

Lilad. True, my Lord! as if any Thing your Lordship could say, could be otherwise than true.

Nov. jun. Nay, O my Soul, 'tis so, what fouler Object in the World, than to see a young, fair, handsome

† 14 A Pickadille (*Dutch*) the Hem about the Skirt of a Garment.

Pickadille is not derived from the *Dutch*, but from the *Spanish* *Peccadillo*, a Word adopted into the *English* Language; nor does it signify the Hem of a Garment, but a Ruff. The Punishment in old Times for slight Offences (*Peccadillos*) was to expose Criminals to public View, as we now do in the Pillory, with an indented Collar of Iron about their Necks. From the Nature of the Offences, for which this Punishment was inflicted, the instrument of it was called a Pickadille. This Name was afterwards given to a Ruff resembling those Collars. I have heard that the Street in *London*, called *Piccadilly*, obtained that Name from being the Place where this Machine was erected. *M. M.*

Beauty, unhandsomely dighted and incongruently accouter'd; or a hopeful Chevalier, unmethodically appointed, in the external Ornaments of Nature? For, even as the Index tells us the Contents of Stories, and directs to the particular Chapters, even so does the outward Habit and superficial Order of Garments, (in Man or Woman) give us a Taste of the Spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual Note from the Margin) all the internal Quality and Habilitment of the Soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross Manifestation of poor, degenerate, dung-hilly Blood and Breeding, than a rude, unpolish'd, disorder'd and slovenly Outside.

Page. An admirable Lecture! oh, all you Gallants, that hope to be saved by your Cloaths, edify, edify!

Aymer. By the Lard, sweet Lard! thou deserv'st a Pension o'the State.

Page.—O' th' Taylors; two such Lords were able to spread Taylors o'er the Face of a whole Kingdom.

Nov. jun. 'Pox a this Glafs! it flatters.—I could find in my Heart to break it.

Page. O, save the Glafs, my Lord! and break their Heads: They are the greater Flatterers, I assure you.

Aymer. Flatters, detracts, impairs.—Yet, put it by, Lest thou, dear Lord, *Narcissus*-like, should doat Upon thyself, and die; and rob the World Of Nature's Copy, that she works Form by.

Lilad. Oh! that I were the Infanta Queen of *Europe*! Who but thyself, sweet Lord, should marry me!

Nov. jun. I marry? Were there a Queen o'th' World; not I.

Wedlock? No, Padlock; Horse-Lock; I wear Spurs
[*He capers.*

To keep it off my Heels; yet, my *Aymer*!
Like a free, wanton Jennet i'th' Meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take Hedge and Ditch,
Feed in my Neighbour's Pastures; pick my Choice
Of all their fair maned Mares: But married once,
A Man is stak'd or pounded, and cannot graze
Beyond his own Hedge.

Enter Pontalier and Malotin.

Pont. I have waited, Sir!
Three Hours to speak with you, and take it not well,
Such Magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
Attendance.

Lilad. Magpies? What d'ye take me for?

Pont. A long Thing with a most unpromising Face:

Aymer. I'll never ask him what he takes me for.

Malot. Do not, Sir!

For he'll go near to tell you.

Pont. Art not thou a Barber-Surgeon?

Barb. Yes, Sirrah! why?

Pont. My Lord is sorely troubled with two Scabs:

Lilad. *Aymer.* Humph——

Pont. I prythee, cure him of 'em.

Nov. jun. Pish! no more;

Thy Gall sure's overflown: These are my Council,
And we were now in serious Discourse.

Pont. Of Perfume and Apparel. Can you rise,
And spend five Hours in Dressing-Talk with these?

Nov. jun. Thould'ft have me be a Dog: Up, stretch,
and shake,
And ready for all Day.

Pont. Sir! would you be
More curious in preserving of your Honour
Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake
Your Reputation from this Lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, Sir! to call to Account
This Colonel *Romont*, for the foul Wrong,
Which, like a Burthen, he hath laid on you,
And, like a drunken Porter, you sleep under.
'Tis all the Town-Talk, and, believe Sir,
If your tough Sense persist thus, you're undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorn'd and baffled
By every Lacquey; season now your Youth
With one brave Thing, and it shall keep the Odour
Even to your Death, beyond; and on your Tomb,

Scent like sweet Oils and Frankincense : Sir ! this Life
 Which once you fav'd, I ne'er since counted mine ;
 I borrow'd it of you, and now will pay it ;
 I tender you the Service of my Sword
 To bear your challenge ; if you'll write, your Fate
 I'll make mine own : Whate'er betide you, I,
 That have liv'd by you, by your Side will die.

Nov. jun. Ha ! ha ! wouldst ha' me challenge poor
Romont :

Fight with close Breeches ? Thou may'st think I dare
 not.

Do not mistake me, Coz : I'm very valiant ;
 But Valour shall not make me such an Ass.

What Use is there of Valour now-a-days ?

'Tis sure, or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.

Fight thou as thy Mind moves thee ; 'tis thy Trade :

Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with *Romont* ?

No, I'll not fight under a Lord.

Pont. Farewell, Sir ! I pity you.

Such loving Lords walk their dead Honour's Graves,
 For no Companions fit, but Fools and Knaves.

Come, *Malotin.* [*Exeunt Pontalier and Malotin.*]

Enter Romont.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, *Colbrand*, the low Giant.

Aymer. He has brought a Battle in his Face, let's go.

Page. *Colbrand*, d'ye call him ? He'll make some of
 you smoke, I believe.

Rom. By your Leave, Sirs !

Aymer. Are you a Concert ? ¹⁵

† 15 *Aym.* *Are you a Concert, &c. i. e.* Come you here to be
 pay'd on. * — Thus in *Romeo*,

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with *Romeo*——

Mer. Consort ! what dost thou make us Minstrels, if thou make
 Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Discords, &c.

Act 3, Scene 1.

* This cannot possibly be the Meaning, for a Concert is not *played upon*. *M. M.*

Rom. D'ye take me for
A Fidler? ¹⁶ y'are deceiv'd:—Look. I'll pay you.

[*Kicks 'em.*

Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles
you so.

Lilad. Was there ever so base a Fellow?

Aymer. A Rascal!

Lilad. A most uncivil Groom!

Aymer. Offer to kick a Gentleman in a Nobleman's
Chamber? A-pox o' your Manners.

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone, thou shalt lose
thy Aim, Fellow! if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot, I think they have the better on him,
tho' they be kick'd, they talk so.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad Ape.

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my Lord! we will not offer to dishonour
you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

Nov. jun. Hark you.

Aymer. We doubt the Cause, and will not disparage
you so much as to take your Lordship's Quarrel in
Hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our
Bands.

Page. I'll e'en away with 'em, for this Soldier beats
Man, Woman and Child.

[*Exeunt all but Novall and Romont.*

Nov. jun. What mean you, Sir? My People.—

Rom. Your Boy's gone,

[*Locks the Door.*

And Door's lock'd,—yet for no Hurt to you,
But Privacy: Call up your Blood again, Sir!
And therefore come without more Circumstance,
Tell me how far the Passages have gone
'Twi'x't you and your fair Mistress *Beaumelle*.
Tell me the Truth, and, by my Hope of Heaven,
It never shall go farther.

¹⁶ *D'ye take me for a Fidler, &c.*

By this and the following Speech of the Page, the Word Concert
was understood to mean Instruments play'd upon. *D.*

Nov. jun. Tell you? Why, Sir?

Are you my Confessor?

Rom. I will be your Confounder, if you do not.

[*Draws a Pocket Dagger.* 17]

Stir not, nor spend your Voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing but line your Brain-pan, Sir! with
Lead,

If you not satisfy me suddenly,

I'm desperate of my Life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to Hea-
ven and you,

She's yet untouch'd, more than her Face and Hands.

I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,

On my solicitous Wooing she consented,

Where Time and Place met Opportunity

To grant me all Requests.

Rom. But, may I build

On this Assurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your Faith.

Rom. Write this, Sir! nay, you must.

[*Draws Inkborn and Paper.*]

Nov. jun. Pox of this Gun.

Rom. Withall, Sir! you must swear; and put your
Oath

Under your Hand; (shake not) ne'er to frequent

This Lady's Company; nor ever send

Token or Message, or Letter, to incline

This (too much prone already) yielding Lady;

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, Sir!

Rom. Let me see, this first is right;

And here you wish a sudden Death may light

Upon your Body, and Hell take your Soul,

If ever more you see her but by Chance,

Much less allure her. Now, my Lord! your Hand.

Q. 2

17 *Romont's* very next Speech, and the 20th Line of this same Page, shews that this *Dagger* was a *Pistol*. M. M.

Nov. jun. My Hand to this ?

Rom. Your Heart else, I assure you.

Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.

Rom. So, keep this last Article

Of your Faith given, and 'stead of Threat'nings, Sir !

The Service of my Sword and Life is yours :

But not a Word of it—'tis Fairies' Treasure ;

Which, but reveal'd, brings on the Blabber's Ruin.

Use your Youth better, and this excellent Form

Heav'n hath bestow'd upon you. So, good Morrow to
your Lordship. [Exit.

Nov. jun. Good Devil to your Rogueship. No
Man's safe.—

I'll have a Cannon planted in my Chamber

Against such roaring Rogues.

Enter Bellapert.

Bellap. My Lord, away !—

The Coach stays : Now have your Wish, and judge

If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Ha !

Bellap. D'ye stand

Humming and hawing now !

[Exit.

Nov. jun. Sweet Wench, I come.

Hence Fear,

I swore,—that's all one ; my next Oath I'll keep

That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.

No Pain is due to Lover's Perjury :

If *Jove* himself laugh at it, so will I. [Exit *Novall*.

SCENE II.

Enter Charalois and Beaumont.

Beaum. I grieve for the Distaste

(Tho' I have Manners

Not to inquire the Cause) fall'n out between

Your Lordship and *Romont*.

Char. I love a Friend,
 So long as he continues in the Bounds
 Prescrib'd by Friendship; but, when he usurps
 Too far what is proper to myself,
 And puts the Habit of a Governor on,
 I must and will preserve my Liberty.
 But speak of something else, this is a Theme
 I take no Pleasure in: What's this *Aymer*?
 Whose Voice for Song, and excellent Knowledge in
 The chiefest Parts of Musick, you bestow
 Such Praises on?

Beaum. He is a Gentleman,
 (For so his Quality speaks him) well receiv'd
 Among our greatest Gallants; but yet holds
 His main Dependence from the young Lord *Novall*.
 Some Tricks and Crochets he has in his Head,
 As all Musicians have, and more of him
 I dare not author: But, when you have heard him,
 I may presume your Lordship so will like him,
 That you'll hereafter be a Friend to Musick.

Char. I never was an Enemy to't, *Beaumont*;
 Nor yet do I subscribe to the Opinion
 Of those old Captains, that thought nothing musical,
 But Cries of yielding Enemies, Neighing of Horses,
 Clashing of Armour, loud Shouts, Drums and Trum-
 pets:

Nor, on the other Side, in Favour of it,
 Affirm the World was made by musical Discord,
 Or that the Happiness of our Life consists
 In a well-vary'd Note upon the Lute:
 I love it to the Worth of it, and no farther.
 —But, let us see this Wonder.

Beaum. He prevents my calling of him.

Enter Aymer.

Aymer. Let the Coach be brought
 To the Back Gate, and serve the Banquet up:

My good Lord *Charalois*! I think my House
Much honour'd in your Prefence.

Char. To have Means
To know you better, Sir, has brought me hither
A willing Visitant; and you'll crown my Welcome
In making me a Witness to your Skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

Aymer. Had I been one Hour sooner made acquainted
With your Intent, my Lord, you should have found me
Better provided: Now, such as it is,
Pray you Grace with your Acceptance.

Beaum. You are modest.

Aymer. Begin the last new Air.

Char. Shall we not see them?

Aymer. This little Distance from the Instruments
Will to your Ears convey the Harmony
With more Delight.

Char. I'll not contend.

Aymer. Y'are tedious,—

By this Means shall I with one Banquet please
Two Companies, those within, and these Gulls here.

[*Musick, and a Song above.*

Beaumel. within. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. How's this? It is my Lady's Laugh, most
certain—

When I first pleas'd her, in this merry Language,
She gave me Thanks.

Beaum. How like you this?

Char. 'Tis rare,—

Yet I may be deceiv'd, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain Suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black List of those
I have declaim'd against, and to *Romont*.

Aymer. I would he were well off.—Perhaps your
Lordship

Likes not these sad Tunes: I have a new Song,
Set to a lighter Note, may please you better;
'Tis call'd *The Happy Husband*.

Char. Pray sing it.

Song below. At the End of the Song, Beaumelle within.

Beaumel. Ha! ha! 'tis such a Groom.—

Char. Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [Exit Charalois.

Aymer. Stay him!—I am undone,
And they discover'd.

Beaum. What's the Matter?

Aymer. Ah!

That Women, when they're well pleas'd, cannot hold,
But must laugh out.

Enter Noval jun. Charalois, Beaumelle, and Bellapert.

Nov. jun. Help! save me! Murther! Murther!

Bellap. Undone for ever!

Char. Oh, my Heart!

Hold yet a little.—Do not hope to'scape
By Flight, it is impossible: Tho' I might
On all Advantage take thy Life, and justly;
This Sword, my Father's Sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble Purpose, shall not now
Do th' Office of a Hangman; I reserve it
To right mine Honour, not for a Revenge
So poor, that tho' with thee it should cut off
Thy Family, with all that are ally'd
To thee in Lust or Baseness, 'twere still short of
All Terms of Satisfaction.—Draw.

Nov. jun. I dare not:

I have already done you too much Wrong
To fight in such a Cause.

Char. Why? dar'st thou neither
Be honest Coward, nor yet valiant Knave?
In such a Cause come, do not shame thyself;
Such whose Blood's Wrongs, or Wrong done to them-
selves

Could never heat, are yet in the Defence
Of their Whores, daring.—Look on her again.

248 THE FATAL DOWRY.

You thought her worth the Hazard of your Soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her Quarrel, to
Venture your Body.

Beaum. No, he fears his Clothes
More than his Flesh.

Char. Keep from me :—Guard thy Life ;
Or, as thou hast liv'd like a Goat, thou shalt
Die like a Sheep.¹⁸

Nov. jun. Since there is no Remedy,
Despair of Safety now in me prove Courage !

[*They fight. Novall is slain.*]

Char. How soon weak Wrong's o'erthrown ! Lend
me your Hand,

Bear this to the Caroch—Come, you have taught me
To say, you must and shall : I wrong you not ;
Y' are but to keep Company you love.

—Is't done ? 'tis well.—Raise Officers ! and take Care,
All you can apprehend within the House
May be forth-coming. Do I appear much mov'd ?

Beaum. No, Sir.

Char. My Grievs are now thus to be borne ;
Hereafter I'll find Time and Place to mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Romont and Pontalier.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, Sir !

Rom. And, had you found me
In any Place but in the Street, I should
Have done, not talk'd to you. Are you the Captain ?
The hopeful *Pontalier* ! whom I have seen
Do in the Field such Service, as then made you
Their Envy that commanded, here at Home
To play the Parasite to a gilded Knave,
And, it may be, the Pandar ?

¹⁸ This is too vulgarly expressed to belong to *Massinger. M. M.*

As gross expressions are to be found in many Scenes of *Massinger. D.*

Pont. Without this,
 I come to call you to Account for what
 Is past already. I by your Example
 Of Thankfulness to the dead General,
 By whom you were rais'd, have practis'd to be so
 To my good Lord *Novall*, by whom I live ;
 Whose least Disgrace, that is or may be offer'd,
 With all the Hazard of my Life and Fortunes,
 I will make good on you or any Man
 That has a Hand in't : and, since you allow me
 A Gentleman and a Soldier, there's no Doubt
 You will except against me. You shall meet
 With a fair Enemy ; you understand
 The Right I look for and must have.

Rom. I do ;
 And with the next Day's Sun you shall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Charalois with a Casket, Beaumelle and Beaumont.

Char. Pray bear this to my Father ; at his Leisure
 He may peruse it : But with your best Language
 Intreat his instant Presence. You have sworn
 Not to reveal what I have done.

Beaum. Nor will I—but—

Char. Doubt me not. By Heaven, I will do nothing
 But what may stand with Honour.—Pray you, leave me
[*Exit* Beaumont.

To my own Thoughts.—If this be to me, rise :
[*Beaumel. kneels.*

I am not worthy the looking on, but only
 To feed Contempt and Scorn ; and that from you
 Who with the Loss of your fair Name have caus'd it,
 Were too much Cruelty.

Beaumel. I dare not move you
 To hear me speak. I know my Fault is far

Beyond Qualification or Excuse;
 That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
 To think of Mercy; only I presume
 To intreat you would be pleas'd to look upon
 My Sorrow for it, and believe these Tears
 Are the true Children of my Grief, and not
 A Woman's Cunning.

Char. Can you, *Beaumelle*,
 Having deceived so great a Trust as mine,
 Tho' I were all Credulity, hope again
 To get Belief? No, no; if you look on me
 With Pity, or dare practise any Means
 To make my Sufferings less, or give just Cause
 To all the World to think what I must do,
 Was call'd upon by you, use other Ways;
 Deny what I've seen, or justify
 What you have done; and, as you desperately
 Made Shipwreck of your Faith to be a Whore,
 Use th' Arms of such a one and such Defence;
 And multiply the Sin with Impudence.
 Stand boldly up, and tell me to my Teeth,
 That you have done but what's warranted
 By great Examples, in all Places where
 Women inhabit: Urge your own Deserts,
 Or want in me of Merit: Tell me how
 Your Dow'r from the low Gulf of Poverty,
 Weigh'd up my Fortunes to what now they are:
 That I was purchas'd by your Choice and Practice
 To shelter you from Shame, that you might sin
 As boldly as securely; that poor Men
 Are married to those Wives that bring them Wealth,
 One Day their Husbands, but Observers ever:
 That when by this proud Usage you have blown
 The Fire of my just Vengeance to the Height,
 I then may kill you; and yet say, twas done
 In Heat of Blood, and after die myself,
 To witness my Repentance.

Beaumel. O my Fate!
 That never would consent that I should see
 How worthy thou wert both of Love and Duty

Before I lost you ; and my Misery made
 The Glass, in which I now behold your Virtue !
 While I was good I was a Part of you ;
 And of two, by the virtuous Harmony
 Of our fair Minds made one : But, since I wander'd
 In the forbidden Labyrinth of Lust,
 What was inseparable is by me divided.
 With Justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
 And from your Memory wash the Remembrance
 That e'er I was ; like to some vicious Purpose,
 Which in your better Judgment, you repent of,
 And study to forget.

Char. O Beaumelle !

That you can speak so well and do so ill !
 But you had been too great a Blessing, if
 You had continu'd chaste : See how you force me
 To this, because mine Honour will not yield
 That I again should love you.

Beaumel. In this Life

It is not fit you should : Yet you shall find,
 Tho' I was bold enough to be a Strumpet,
 I dare not yet live one : Let those fam'd Matrons
 That are canoniz'd worthy of our Sex,
 Transcend me in their Sanctity of Life,
 I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
 Ambitious of no Honour after Life,
 But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

Char. How Pity steals upon me ! should I hear her

[*Knock within.*

But ten Words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in.

[*Exit Beaumelle.*

That to be merciful should be a Sin !

Enter Rochfort.

O, Sir, most welcome ! Let me take your Cloak,
 I must not be deny'd.—Here are your Robes,
 As you love Justice, once more put them on.
 There is a Cause to be determin'd of
 That does require such an Integrity

As you have ever us'd.—I'll put you to
 The Trial of your Constancy and Goodness ;
 And look that you, that have been Eagle-ey'd
 In other Mens Affairs, prove not a Mole
 In what concerns yourself. Take you your Seat,
 I will before you presently, [Exit.
Roch. Angels guard me !
 To what strange Tragedy does this Destruction¹⁹
 Serve for a Prologue ?

*Enter Charalois with Novall's Body, Beaumelle and
 Beaumont.*

Char. So, set it down before
 The Judgment Seat, and stand you at the Bar ;
 For me, I am the Accuser.

Roch. *Novall* slain ?
 And *Beaumelle*, my Daughter, in the Place
 Of one to be arraign'd ?

Char. O, are you touch'd ?
 I find that I must take another Course.

[*He hoodwinks Rochfort.*
 Fear nothing ; I will only blind your Eyes,
 For Justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
 An Object that may sway her equal Doom
 From what it should be aim'd at,—Good my Lord !
 A Day of Hearing.

Roch. It is granted, speak—You shall have Justice.

Char. I then here accuse,
 Most equal Judge, the Prisoner, your fair Daughter,
 For whom I ow'd so much to you : Your Daughter,
 So worthy in her own Parts, and that Worth
 Set forth by yours, to whose so rare Perfections,
 Truth witness with me, in the Place of Service
 I almost paid idolatrous Sacrifice,
 To be a false Adulteress.

¹⁹ ————— *Does this Destruction, &c.*

We should read *Induction*. *Rochfort* speaks these Words before
 he could have seen the Body of *Novall*, or heard of his Death.
M. M.

Roch. With whom?

Char. With this *Novall*, here dead.

Roch. Be well advis'd,

And ere you say *Adultrefs* again,
Her Fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.

Char. I took them in the Act.

I know no Proof beyond it.

Roch. O my Heart!

Char. A Judge should feel no Passions.

Roch. Yet, remember

He is a Man, and cannot put off Nature.
What Answer makes the Prisoner?

Beaumel. I confess

The Fact I am charg'd with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.

Roch. Heaven take Mercy

Upon your Soul, then: It must leave your Body.—

Now free mine Eyes: I dare unmov'd look on her,
And fortify my Sentence with strong Reasons.

Since that the politick Law provides that Servants,
To whose Care we commit our Goods, shall die,
If they abuse our Trust; what can you look for,
To whose Charge this most hopeful Lord gave up
All he receiv'd from his brave Ancestors,
Or he could leave to his Posterity?

His Honour: wicked Woman! in whose Safety
All his Life's Joys and Comforts were lock'd up,
Which thy Lust, a Thief, hath now stolen from him;
And therefore——

Char. Stay, just Judge.—May not what's lost
By her one Fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair Life hereafter?

Roch. Never, Sir!

The Wrong that's done to the chaste married Bed,
Repentant Tears can never expiate;
And be assur'd to pardon such a Sin,
Is an Offence as great as to commit it.

Char. I may not then forgive her?

Roch. Nor she hope it :
 Nor can she wish to live. No Sun shall rise,
 But ere it set shall shew her ugly Lust
 In a new Shape, and every one more horrid :
 Nay, ev'n those Prayers, which with such humble Fer-
 your
 She seems to send up yonder, are beat back ;
 And all Suits which her Penitence can proffer,
 As soon as made, are with Contempt thrown off
 From all the Courts of Mercy.

Char. Let her die then. [*He kills her.*]
 Better prepar'd I'm sure I could not take her,
 Nor she accuse her Father as a Judge
 Partial against her.

Beaumel. I approve his Sentence,
 And kiss the Executioner : My Lust
 Is now run from me in that Blood in which
 It was begot and nourish'd. [*Dies.*]

Roch. Is she dead then ?

Char. Yes, Sir, this is her Heart-blood, is it not ?
 I think it be.

Roch. And you have kill'd her ?

Char. True, and did it by your Doom.

Roch. But I pronounc'd it
 As a Judge only, and a Friend to Justice,
 And zealous in Defence of your wrong'd Honour,
 Broke all the Ties of Nature ; and cast off
 The Love and soft Affection of a Father.
 I, in your Cause, put on a Scarlet Robe
 Of red-dy'd Cruelty ; but, in Return,
 You have advanc'd for me no Flag of Mercy.
 I look'd on you as a wrong'd Husband ; but
 You clos'd your Eyes against me as a Father.
 O *Beaumelle* ! my Daughter !

Char. This is Madness.

Roch. Keep from me.—Could not one good Thought
 rise up,
 To tell you that she was my Age's Comfort,
 Begot by a weak Man, and born a Woman,
 And could not, therefore, but partake of Frailty ?

Or wherefore did not Thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many Merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful;
Flinty-hearted *Charalois*?

Char. Nature does prevail above your Virtue.

Roch. No; it gives me Eyes,
To pierce the Heart of your Design against me.
I find it now; it was my 'State was aim'd at,
A nobler Match was fought for, and the Hours
I liv'd, grew tedious to you: My Compassion
Towards you hath render'd me most miserable,
And foolish Charity undone myself.
But there's a Heaven above, from whose just Wreak
No Mists of Policy can hide Offenders.

Enter Novall sen. with Officers.

Nov. sen. Force ope the Doors.—O Monster! Can-
nibal!

Lay hold on him—My Son! my Son!—O *Rochfort*!
'Twas you gave Liberty to this bloody Wolf
To worry all our Comforts.—But this is
No Time to quarrel; now give your Assistance
For the Revenge.

Roch. Call it a fitter Name.

—Justice for innocent Blood.

Char. Tho' all conspire
Against that Life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,
To shew, in Spite of Malice and their Laws,
His Plea must speed, that hath an honest Cause.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Liladam, Taylor and Officers.

Liladam.

WHY, 'tis both most unconscionable and un-
timely,
T'arrest a Gallant for his Cloaths, before
He has worn them out : Besides, you said you ask'd
My Name in my Lord's Bond but for Form only,
And now you'll lay me up for't. Do not think
The taking Measure of a Customer
By a Brace of Varlets, tho' I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a Fashion
Which any Courtier or Inns-of-court-man
Would follow willingly.

Taylor. There I believe you.

But, Sir ! I must have present Monies, or
Assurance, to secure me when I shall——
Or I will see to your coming forth.

Lilad. Plague on't !

You have provided for my Entrance in :
That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
What shall I do ? You've done me a Disgrace
In the Arrest, but more in giving Cause
To all the Street to think I cannot stand
Without these two Supporters for my Arms :
Pray you, let them loose me : For their Satisfaction
I will not run away.

Taylor. For theirs you will not ;

But for your own you would : Look to him, Fellows !

Lilad. Why do you call them Fellows ? Do not
wrong

Your Reputation, as you are merely
A Taylor, faithful, apt to believe in Gallants.
You're a Companion at a Ten Crown Supper

For Cloth of Bodkin, and may with one Lark
 Eat up three Manchets, and no Man observe you,
 Or call your Trade in Question for't. But, when
 You study your Debt-book, and hold Correspondence
 With Officers of the Hanger, and leave Swordsmen,
 The Learned conclude, the Taylor and Serjeant,
 In the Expression of a Knave or Thief,
 To be synonymous. Look, therefore, to it!
 And let us part in Peace. I would be loth
 You should undo yourself.

Enter Old Novall and Pontalier.

Taylor. To let you go
 Were the next Way. But, see! here's your old Lord;
 Let him but give his Word I shall be paid,
 And you are free.

Lilad. 'Slid! I'll put him to't:
 I can be but denied: or—what say you?
 His Lordship owing me three Times your Debt;
 If you arrest him at my Suit, and let me
 Go run before, to see the Action enter'd,
 'Twould be a witty Jest.

Taylor. I must have Earnest.—
 I cannot pay my Debts so.

Pont. Can your Lordship
 Imagine, while I live, and wear a Sword,
 Your Son's Death shall be unreveng'd?

Nov. sen. I know not
 One Reason why you should not do like others:
 I am sure, of all the Herd that fed upon him,
 I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
 In Pity or in Thankfulness, one true Sign
 Of Sorrow for him.

Pont. All his Bounties yet
 Fell not in such unthankful Ground: 'Tis true,
 He had Weaknesses, but such as few are free from.
 And, tho' none sooth'd them less than I, for now
 To say that I foresaw the Dangers that

Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,
 I yet could with the Justice that you seek for
 In the Revenge, had been trusted to me,
 And not the uncertain Issue of the Laws :
 It has robb'd me of a noble Testimony
 Of what I durst do for him.—But, however,
 My forfeit Life redeem'd by him, tho' dead,
 Shall do him Service.

Nov. sen. As far as my Grief
 Will give me Leave, I thank you.

Lilad. O, my Lord !

Oh my good Lord ! deliver me from these Furies.

Pont. Arrested ? This is one of them, whose base
 And abject Flattery help'd to dig his Grave :
 He is not worth your Pity nor my Anger.—
 Go to the Basket, and repent.

Nov. sen. Away !—I only know now to hate thee
 deadly :

I will do nothing for thee.

Lilad. Nor you, Captain ?

Pont. No, to your Trade again ; put off this Case,
 It may be, the discovering what you were,
 When your unfortunate Master took you up,
 May move Compassion in your Creditor.
 Confess the Truth.

[*Exit Novall sen. and Pontalier.*]

Lilad. And, now I think on't better,
 I will : Brother, your Hand, your Hand, sweet Brother.
 I'm of your Sect, and my Gallantry but a Dream,
 Out of which these two fearful Apparitions
 Against my Will have wak'd me. This rich Sword
 Grew suddenly out of a Taylor's Bodkin ;
 These Hangers from my Vails and Fees in Hell ;
 And where, as now this Beaver fits, full often
 A thrifty Cap, compos'd of Broad-cloth Lifts,
 Near-'kin unto the Cushion where I sat
 Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarther'd, hath been seen ;
 Our Breakfasts, famous for the butter'd Loaves,
 I have with Joy been oft acquainted with ;
 And therefore use a Conscience, tho' it be

Forbidden in our Hall towards other Men,
To me that, as I have been, will again
Be of the Brotherhood.

Officer. I know him now :

He was a 'Prentice to *Le Robe* at *Orleance*.

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young Lord,
now dead,

Unto *Dijon* ; and with him, till this Hour,
Have been receiv'd here for a compleat Monsieur.
Nor wonder at it : for but tythe our Gallants,
Even those of the first Rank, and you will find
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the Dancing-school or Fiddle.
The Pantofle or Pressing-iron :—But hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My Suits again ; there cannot be much Loss.
'Tis but the turning of the Lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants
I will work out.

Taylor. Then here our Quarrel ends :
The Gallant is turn'd Taylor, and all Friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Romont and Beaumont.

Rom. You have them ready.

Beaum. Yes ; and they will speak
Their Knowledge in this Cause, when thou think'st fit
To have them call'd upon.

Rom. 'Tis well ; and something
I can add to their Evidence, to prove
This brave Revenge, which they would have call'd
Murther,

A noble Justice.

Beaum. In this you express
 (The Breach, by my Lord's Want of you, now made
 up)
 A faithful Friend.

Rom. That Friendship's rais'd on Sand,
 Which every sudden Gust of Discontent,
 Or flowing of our Passions, can change,
 As if it ne'er had been :—But do you know
 Who are to sit on him ?

Beaum. Monsieur *Du Croy*,
 Assisted by *Charmi*.

Rom. The Advocate,
 That pleaded for the Marshal's Funeral,
 And was check'd for it by *Novall*.

Beaum. The same.

Rom. How fortunes that ?

Beaum. Why, Sir, my Lord *Novall*,
 Being the Accuser, cannot be the Judge ;
 Nor would griev'd *Rochfort*, but Lord *Charalois*
 (However he might wrong him by his Power,)
 Should have an equal Hearing.

Rom. By my Hopes
 Of *Charalois's* Acquittal, I lament
 That reverend old Man's Fortune.

Beaum. Had you seen him,
 As to my Grief I have, now promise Patience,
 And ere it was believ'd, tho' spake by him
 That never breaks his Word, enrag'd again
 So far as to make War upon those Hairs,
 Which not a barbarous *Scythian* durst presume
 To touch, but with a superstitious Fear,
 As something sacred ;—and then curse his Daughter ;
 But with more frequent Violence himself,
 As if he had been guilty of her Fault,
 By being incredulous of your Report,
 You would not only judge him worthy Pity,
 But suffer with him.—But here comes the Prisoner ;

Enter Charalois, with Officers.

I dare not stay to do my Duty to him ;
Yet, rest assur'd, all possible Means in me
To do him Service, keeps you Company.

Rom. It is not doubted. [Exit Beaumont.

Char. Why, yet, as I came hither,
The People, apt to mock Calamity,
And tread on the oppress'd, made no Horns at me,
Tho' they are too familiar I deserve them.
And, knowing too what Blood my Sword hath drunk,
In Wreak of that Disgrace ; they yet forbear
To shake their Heads, or to revile me for
A Murderer ; they rather all put on
(As for great Losses the old *Romans* us'd)
A general Face of Sorrow, waited on
By a sad Murmur breaking thro' their Silence,
And no Eye but was readier with a Tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could
Discern a Face made up with Scorn against me.
Why should I then, tho' for unusual Wrongs
I chose unusual Means to right those Wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over-partial
In my own Cause.—*Romont ?*

Rom. Best Friend, well met !

By my Heart's Love to you, and join to that
My Thankfulness that still lives to the dead,
I look upon you now with more true Joy,
Than when I saw you married.

Char. You have Reason
To give you Warrant for't. My falling off
From such a Friendship, with the Scorn that answered
Your too prophetick Counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my Death,
A fit Encounter for that Hate which justly
I have deserv'd from you.

Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak Truth, and be ill understood ?

Char. You are not.

I'm conscious I have wrong'd you, and allow me
Only a moral Man, to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abus'd and injur'd,
Must of Necessity be more terrible to me,
Than any Death the Judges can pronounce
From the Tribunal which I am to plead at.

Rom. Passion transports you.

Char. For what I have done
To my false Lady, or *Novall*, I can
Give some apparent Cause; but, touching you,
In my Defence, Child-like, I can say nothing,
But I am sorry for't; a poor Satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Than I will speak, to have my Pardon sign'd
For all I stand accus'd of.

Rom. You much weaken

The Strength of your good Cause, should you but
think,

A Man for doing well could entertain
A Pardon, were it offer'd. You have given
To blind and slow-pac'd Justice, Wings and Eyes,
To see and overtake Impieties,
Which from a cold Proceeding had receiv'd
Indulgence or Protection.

Char. Think you so?

Rom. Upon my Soul, nor should the Blood you
challenge

And took to cure your Honour, breed more Scruple
In your soft Conscience, than if your Sword
Had been sheath'd in a Tygers or She-Bear,
That in their Bowels would have made your Tomb,
To injure innocence is more than Murther:
But when inhuman Lusts transform us, then
As Beasts we are to suffer, not like Men,
To be lamented. Nor did *Charalois* ever
Perform an Act so worthy the Applause
Of a full Theatre of perfect Men,
As he hath done in this: The Glory got
By overthrowing outward Enemies,

Since Strength and Fortune are main Sharers in it,
 We cannot, but by Pieces, call our own :
 But, when we conquer our intestine Foes,
 Our Passions bred within us, and of those
 The most rebellious Tyrant, powerful Love,
 Our Reason suffering us to like no longer
 Than the fair Object, being good, deserves it,
 That's a true Victory ; which, were great Men
 Ambitious to atchieve, by your Example
 Setting no Price upon the Breach of Faith,
 But Loss of Life, 'twould fright Adultery
 Out of their Families ; and make Lust appear
 As loathsome to us in the first Consent,
 As when 'tis waited on by Punishment.

Char. You have confirm'd me. Who would love a
 Woman

That might enjoy, in such a Man, a Friend ?
 You've made me know the Justice of my Cause,
 And mark'd me out the Way how to defend it.

Rom. Continue to that Resolution constant,
 And you shall, in Contempt of their worst Malice,
 Come off with Honour.—Here they come.

Char. I am ready.

S C E N E III.²⁰

Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Novall *sen.* Pon-
 talier, and Beaumont.

Nov. sen. See, equal Judges, with what Confidence
 The cruel Murtherer stands, as if he would
 Out-face the Court and Justice !

☞ ²⁰ Scene 3. The ensuing Scene is most finely written, as is indeed the whole Act. The Misfortune of the good old generous *Rochfort*, and the pious *Charaloi's* continued Round of Sorrows must be very affecting to every Heart, that is capable of being touched with Pity and Tenderness.

Roch. But look on him,
And you shall find (for still methinks I do,
Tho' Guilt hath dy'd him black) something good in
him,

That may perhaps work with a wiser Man,
Than I have been, again to set him free
And give him all he has.

Charm. This is not well.

I would you had liv'd so, my Lord! that I,
Might rather have continu'd your poor Servant,
Than sit here as your Judge.

Du Croy. I am sorry for you.

Roch. In no Act of my Life I have deserv'd
This Injury from the Court, that any here
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what
Is proper to me only.

Du Croy. What Distaste
Receives my Lord?

Roch. You say you are sorry for him:
A Grief in which I must not have a Partner:
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I rais'd
The Building of my Life, for seventy Years,
Upon so sure a Ground, that all the Vices,
Practis'd to ruin Man, tho' brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no Way left
To send these grey Hairs to the Grave with Sorrow,
Virtue, that was my Patroness, betray'd me:
For, entering, nay, possessing this young Man,
It lent him such a powerful Majesty
To grace what'er he undertook, that freely
I gave myself up with my Liberty,
To be at his disposing: Had his Person,
Lovely I must confess, or far-fam'd Valour,
Or any other seeming Good, that yet
Holds a near Neighbourhood with Ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: But, when Goodness
And Piety itself in her best Figure
Were brib'd to my Destruction, can you blame me,
Tho' I forget to suffer like a Man,
Or rather act a Woman?

Beaum. Good my Lord!

Nov. fen. You hinder our Proceeding.

Charmi. And forget

The Parts of an Accuser.

Beaum. 'Pray you, remember

To use the Temper, which to me you promis'd.

Roch. Angels themselves must break, *Beaumont!* that
promise,

Beyond the Strength and Patience of Angels.

But I have done:—My good Lord! pardon me

A weak old Man; and pray add to that

A miserable Father; yet be careful

That your Compassion of my Age, nor his,

Move you to any Thing, that may mis-become

The Place on which you sit.

Charmi. Read the Indictment.

Char. It shall be needless; I myself, my Lords!

Will be my own Accuser, and confess

All they can charge me with: nor will I spare

To aggravate that Guilt with Circumstance,

They seek to load me with: Only I pray,

That, as for them you will vouchsafe me Hearing,

I may not be deny'd it for myself,

When I shall urge by what unanswerable Reasons

I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,

Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

Roch. The Motion's honest.

Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.

Char. Then I confess, my Lords! that I stood bound,

When, with my Friends, ev'n Hope itself had left me,

To this Man's Charity for my Liberty;

Nor did his Bounty end there, but began:

For, after my Enlargement, cherishing

The Good he did, he made me Master of

His only Daughter and his whole Estate:

Great Ties of Thankfulness, I must acknowledge,

Could any one, feed by you, press this further?

But yet consider, my most honour'd Lords!

If to receive a Favour, make a Servant,

And Benefits are Bonds to tie the Taker

To the Imperious Will of him that gives,
 There's none but Slaves will receive Courtesies,
 Since they must fetter us to our Dishonours.
 Can it be call'd Magnificence in a Prince,
 To pour down riches with a liberal Hand,
 Upon a poor Man's Wants, if that must bind him,
 To play the soothing Parasite to his Vices?
 Or any Man, because he sav'd my Hand,
 Presume my Head and Heart are at his Service?
 Or, did I stand engag'd to buy my Freedom
 (When my Captivity was honourable)
 By making myself here, and Fame hereafter,
 Bondslaves to Men's Scorn and calumnious Tongues?
 Had his fair Daughter's Mind been like her Feature,
 Or, for some little Blemish, I had sought
 For my Content elsewhere, wasting on others
 My Body and her Dowry; my Forehead then
 Deserv'd the Brand of base Ingratitude:
 But if obsequious Usage, and fair Warning
 To keep her Worth my Love, could not preserve her
 From being a Whore, and yet no cunning one,
 So to offend, and yet the Fault kept from me;
 What should I do? Let any free-born Spirit
 Determine truly, if that Thankfulness,
 Choice Form, with the whole World given for a Dowry,
 Could strengthen so an honest Man with Patience,
 As with a willing Neck to undergo
 The insupportable Yoke of Slave or Wittal.

Charmi. What Proof have you she did play false,
 besides

Your Oath?

Char. Her own Confession to her Father.

I ask him for a Witness.

Rock. 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last Words
 With an Untruth.

Char. And then to clear myself,
 That his great Wealth was not the Mark I shot at,
 But that I held it, when fair *Beaumelle*
 Fell from her Virtue, like the fatal Gold

Which *Brennus* took from *Delphos*, whose Possession
Brought with it Ruin to himself and Army.
Here's one in Court, *Beaumont*, by whom I sent
All Grants and Writings back which made it mine,
Before his Daughter dy'd by his own Sentence,
As freely as unask'd he gave it to me.

Beaum. They are here to be seen.

Charmi. Open the Casket.—

Peruse that Deed of Gift.

Rom. Half of the Danger

Already is discharged : The other Part
As bravely, and you are not only free,
But crown'd with Praise for ever.

Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.

Charmi. Your 'State, my Lord, again is yours.

Roch. Not mine ;

I am not of the World : If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal) do you bestow it
On pious Uses : I'll go seek a Grave.

And yet, for Proof, I die in Peace, your Pardon
I ask ; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,
Your Conscience, and these Judges, free you from
What you are charg'd with, So farewell for ever.—

[Exit Rochfort.

Novall. sen. I'll be mine own Guide. Passion, nor
Example

Shall be my Leaders. I have lost a Son,
A Son, grave Judges, I require his Blood
From his accursed Homicide.

Charmi. What Reply you,

In your Defence, for this ?

Char. I but attended

Your Lordship's Pleasure.—For the Fact, as of
The former, I confess it ; but with what
Base Wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few Words there are some other Proofs
To witness this for Truth. When I was married
(For there I must begin) the slain *Novall*
Was to my Wife, in Way of our *French* Courtship,

A most devoted Servant ; but yet aimed at
 Nothing but Means to quench his wanton Heat,
 His Heart being never warm'd by lawful Fires
 As mine was, Lords; and tho', on these Presumptions,
 Join'd to the Hate between his House and mine,
 I might, with Opportunity and Ease,
 Have found a Way for my Revenge, I did not ;
 But still he had the Freedom as before,
 When all was mine ; and told that he abus'd it
 With some unseemly Licence, by my Friend,
 My approv'd Friend, *Romont*, I gave no Credit
 To the Reporter, but reprov'd him for it,
 As one uncourtly and malicious to him.
 What could I more, my Lords ? Yet, after this,
 He did continue in his first Pursuit,
 Hotter than ever, and at length obtained it ;
 But, how it came to my most certain Knowledge,
 For the Dignity of the Court, and my own Honour,
 I dare not say.

Nov. sen. If all may be believ'd
 A passionate Prisoner speaks, who is so foolish
 That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty ?
 No, my grave Lords : In his Impunity
 But give Example unto jealous Men
 To cut the Throats they hate, and they will never
 Want Matter or Pretence for their bad Ends.

Charmi. You must find other Proofs, to strengthen
 these
 But mere Presumptions.——

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
 Allow your Innocence.

Char. All your Attempts
 Shall fail on me, like brittle Shafts on Armour,
 That break themselves ; or like Waves against a Rock,
 That leave no Sign of their ridiculous Fury
 But Foam and Splinters ; my Innocence like these
 Shall stand triumphant, and your Malice serve
 But for a Trumpet to proclaim my Conquest :
 Nor shall you, tho' you do the worst Fate can,
 Howe'er condemn, affright an honest Man.

Rom. May it please the Court, I may be heard.

Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? But do—You shall not find
Another *Rochfort*.

Rom. In *Novall* I cannot.
But I come furnished with what will stop
The Mouth of his Conspiracy against the Life
Of innocent *Charalois*. Do you know this Character?

Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my Son's.

Rom. May it please your Lordships, read it,
And you shall find there, with what Vehemency
He did solicit *Beaumelle*; how he had got
A Promise from her to enjoy his Wishes;
How after he abjur'd her Company,
And yet—(but that 'tis fit I spare the Dead)
Like a damn'd Villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that Oath;—to make this manifest,
Produce his Bawds and her's.

Enter Aymer, Florimel, and Bellapert.

Charmi. Have they took their Oaths?

Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the Rack,
Confess the Time, the Meeting, nay the Act;
What would you more? Only this Matron made
A free Discovery to a good End;
And therefore I sue to the Court she may not
Be plac'd in the black List of the Delinquents.

Pont. I see by this, *Novall's* Revenge needs me;
And I shall do.—

Charmi. 'Tis evident——

Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: Here's no Place
To curse him or my Stars. [Exit *Novall sen.*

Charmi. Lord *Charalois*!
The Injuries you have sustain'd, appear
So worthy of the Mercy of the Court,
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The Letter of the Law, they yet acquit you.

Pont. But, in *Novall*, I do condemn him—thus.

[*Stabs him.*]

Char. I'm slain.

Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murd'rous Wretch!
Thy Challenge now I answer.—So die with him,

[*Stabs Pontalier.*]

Charmi. A Guard! disarm him!

Rom. I yield up my Sword
Unforc'd—Oh, *Charalois!*

Char. For Shame, *Romont!*

Mourn not for him that dies as he hath liv'd;
Still constant and unmov'd: What's fall'n upon me,
Is by Heav'n's Will; because I made myself
A Judge in my own Cause without their Warrant:
But he, that lets me know thus much in Death,
With all good Men—forgive me.

[*Dies.*]

Pont. I receive

The Vengeance, which my Love, not built on Virtue,
Has made me worthy of.

[*Dies.*]

Charmi. We're taught

By this sad Precedent, how just soever
Our Reasons are to remedy our Wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their Will and Power,
That to that Purpose have Authority.
For you, *Romont*, altho' in your Excuse
You may plead what you did was in Revenge
Of the Dishonour done unto the Court:
Yet, since from us you had not Warrant for it,
We banish you the State: For these, they shall,
A they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer Punishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S:

This is by far the best of those Plays in which our Author was assisted by any other Person; and it is evident that his Style unites more naturally with that of *Field*, than it does with *Decker's*, who joined with him in writing the *Virgin Martyr*; yet still a critical Reader will perceive that *Rochfort* and *Charalois* speak a different Language in the Second and Third Acts, from that which they

ſpeak in the Firſt and laſt, which are undoubtedly *Maſſinger's*; as is alſo Part of the Fourth Act, though not the Whole of it.

Rowe has formed from the *Fatal Dowry* his Tragedy of the *Fair Penitent*, which is frequently exhibited on the preſent Stage, and is a popular Performance: yet ſurely it is much inferior to its Original, both with reſpect to the Language, and to the Conduct of it.

The gentle *Altamont*, though the principal in the Play, is rather an inſipid, uninterreſting Character; there is nothing that prepoſſeſſes us very ſtrongly in his Favour, and if we wiſh he ſhould ſucceed in the Combat with *Lothario*, it ariſes from our reflecting on the Juſtice of his Cauſe, not from any perſonal Interreſt we feel for him: nor do we commiſerate the good *Sciolto*, more than we ſhould any other Parent expoſed to the ſame Degree of Diſtreſs.—But the pious *Charalois* takes ſuch Hold of our Affections in the very firſt Scene, that we ſympathize with him in all the Changes of his Fortune; and every Heart muſt bleed for the venerable *Rochfort*, when he falls a Victim to his Love of Virtue.

Why are we more ſtrongly affected by the deplorable Fate of *Rochfort* and *Charalois*, than we are by that of *Sciolto* and *Altamont*? Becauſe, as *Horace* judiciouſly obſerves,

*Segnius irritant animos demiffa per aures
Quamque quæ oculis ſubjecta fidelibus.*

We know nothing, either of *Altamont's* Goodneſs, or of *Sciolto's* generous Conduct towards him, but from a ſhort and cold Narration, not ſufficiently pointed to engage the Attention of the Audience, or to make any deep Impreſſion on them; whereas the Spectators themſelves are Witneſſes to the filial Piety of the noble *Charalois*, and to the immediate Effect that the Admiration of his Virtue operates on the juſt and generous Mind of the amiable *Rochfort*.

The Character of *Lothario* is preferable to that of Young *Novall*, whom *Maſſinger* repreſents as too contemptible; and *Califta*, in my Opinion, is rather an Improvement on that of *Beaumelle*: but the brave *Romont* is of a much more noble and generous Nature than the ſententious *Horatio*: The former, when he hears of *Charalois's* Miſfortunes, forgetting the Inſults he had received from him, flies inſtantly to his Relief, and will not liſten to the ſlighteſt Apology; but the ſtern *Horatio*, though he ſees his poor Friend plunged in the Abyſs of Miſery, perſeveres in his Reſentment, and remains inexorable till he lays him at his Feet reduced to the moſt abject State of Submiſſion.—Yet to this Defect in the Character of *Horatio*, we owe the moſt affecting Scene in that Play. *M. M.*

* * The Editor's Critique on *The Fatal Dowry* is in general very judicious, and it cannot fail of meriting the Approbation of every candid Reader.

Maſſinger is, however, ſo licentious in his Language, and ſo different ſometimes from his uſual flow of graceful and majeſtick Harmony, even in thoſe Plays which are written entirely by himſelf,

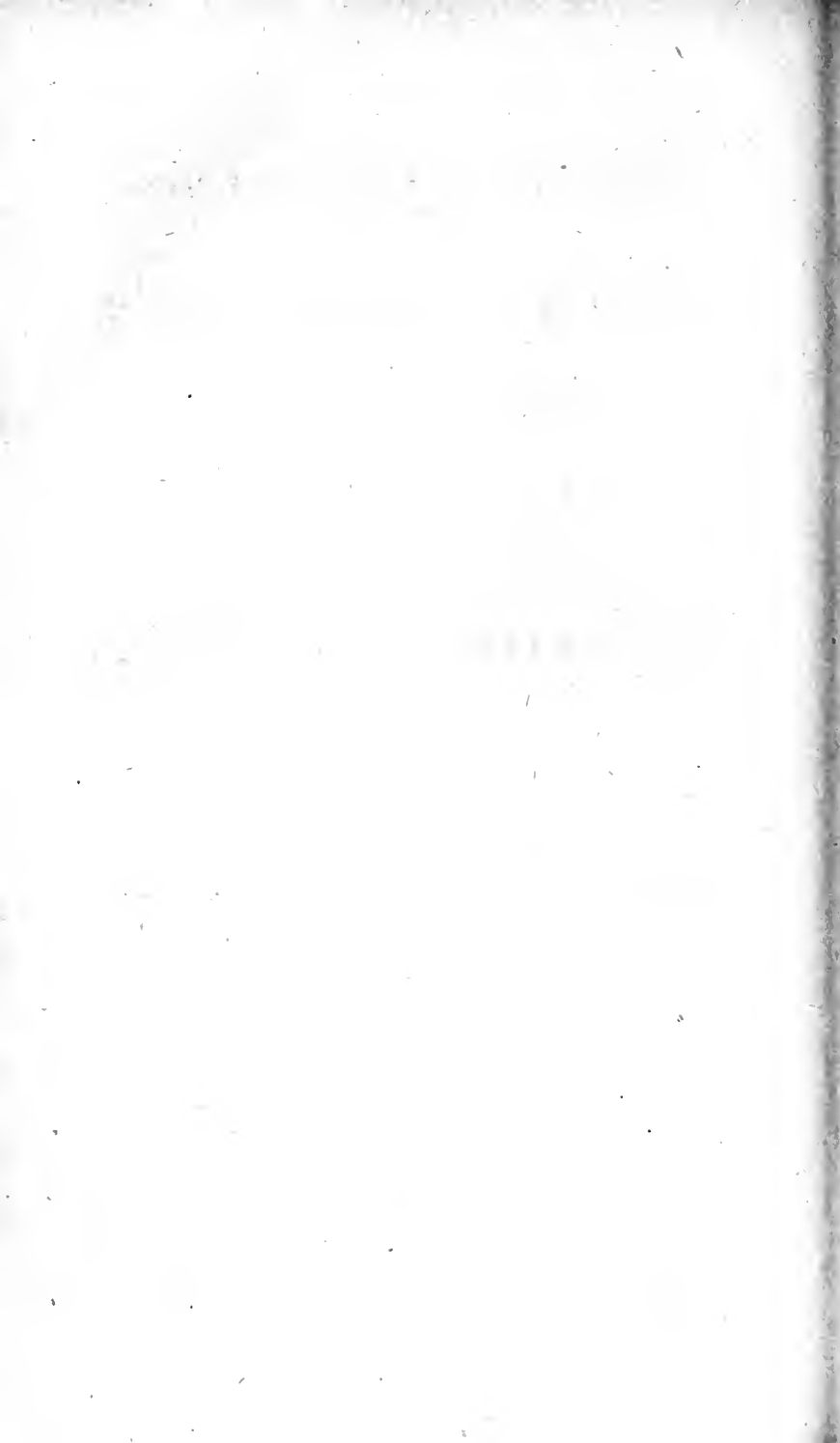
that we cannot with any Degree of Certainty fix the Inequality of Style in this Tragedy upon *Field*.

Rozve, in his *Fair Penitent*, has borrowed not only the Fable and Character of *The Fatal Dowry*, but has stolen from thence some of *Massinger's* most striking Sentiments.—*Lotbario* is in my Judgment *Rozve's* Masterpiece. The Outline of this too-agreeable Libertine is exact, the Colouring rich, and the Finishing high; the Whole is written in a Taste superior to all the Characters this Author has brought on the Stage.

I am sorry to differ from the Editor's Opinion of the principal Lady in *The Fair Penitent*.—*Beaumelle*, in the Original Play (if we make Allowances for some coarse and free Expressions, the Growth of the Times,) is a far more consistent and affecting Part than *Calista*, who is bold, insolent, and haughty, even to the last.—Her Behaviour in the 3d Act of the Play, where she endeavours to provoke her Husband and his Friend to a Quarrel, is more conformable to the hardened Impudence of the Strumpet, than the Feelings of a young unhappy Lady, whose high Birth and polished Education should have taught her a very different Conduct. *D.*

THE
EMPEROR of the EAST.

A
TRAGI-COMÉDY.



To the Right Honourable, and my Especial
Good Lord,

J O H N L O R D M O H U N,

Baron of OKEHAMPTON, &c:

My Good Lord,

*L*ET my Presumption in stiling you so (having never deserved it in my Service) from the Clemency of your noble Disposition, find Pardon. The Reverence due to the Name of Mohun, long since honoured in three Earls of Somerset, and eight Barons of Munster, may challenge from all Pens a deserved Celebration. And the rather in respect those Titles were not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your Ancestors, for many virtuous, noble, and still living Actions; nor ever forfeited or tainted, but when the Iniquity of those Times laboured the Depression of approved Goodness, and in wicked Policy held it fit that Loyalty and Faith, in taking Part with the true Prince, should be degraded and mulcted. But this admitting no farther Dilation in this Place, may your Lordship please, and with all possible Brevity, to understand the Reasons why I am, in humble Thankfulness, ambitious to shelter this Poem under the Wings of your Honourable Protection. My worthy Friend, Mr. Aston Cockain, your Nephew, to my extraordinary Content, delivered to me, that your Lordship, at your vacant Hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such Trifles of mine as have passed the Press, and not alone warranted them in your gentle Suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a Remembrance of your Love, and intended Favour to me. I profess to the World, I was exalted with the Bounty, and with good Assurance, it being so rare in this Age to meet with one Noble Name, that, in Fear to be censured of Levity and

Weakness, dares express itself a Friend or Patron to contemned Poetry *. Having, therefore, no Means else left me to witness the Obligation, in which I stand most willingly bound to your Lordship, I offer this Tragi-Comedy to your gracious Acceptance, no Way despairing, but that with a clear Aspect, you will deign to receive it (it being an Induction to my future Endeavours) and that in the List of those, that to your Merit truly admire you, you may descend to number

Your Lordship's

Faithful Honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER,

* That this noble Lord not only favoured Poetry, but wrote himself, appears from Sir *Aston Cockayn's* Letter to his Lordship in Verse. See *Cockain's Poems*, Page 80.

P R O L O G U E at the BLACK-FRYERS.

BUT that imperious Custom warrants it,
 Our Author with much Willingness would omit
 This Preface to his new Work. He hath found
 (And suffer'd for't) many are apt to wound
 His Credit in this Kind : and, whether he
 Express himself fearful, or peremptory,
 He cannot 'scape their Censures who delight
 To misapply whatever he should write.
 'Tis his hard Fate. And tho' he will not sue,
 Or basely beg such Suffrages, yet to you
 Free and ingenuous Spirits, he doth now,
 In me present his Service, with his Vow
 He hath done his best ; and, tho' he cannot glory
 In his Invention, (this Work being a Story,
 Of reverend Antiquity) he doth hope
 In the Proportion of it, and the Scope,
 You may observe some Pieces drawn like one
 Of a stedfast Hand, and with the whiter Stone
 To be mark'd in your fair Censure. More than this
 I am forbid to promise, and it is
 With the most 'till you confirm it : since we know
 Whate'er the Shaft be, Archer, or the Bow
 From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the White
 Unless your Approbation guide it right.

P R O L O G U E at C O U R T.

AS ever (Sir) you lent a gracious Ear
 To oppress'd Innocence, now vouchsafe to hear
 A short Petition. At your Feet, in me,
 The Poet kneels, and to your Majesty
 Appeals for Justice. What we now present,
 When first conceiv'd, in his Vote and Intent,
 Was sacred to your Pleasure; in each Part
 With his best of Fancy, Judgment, Language, Art,
 Fashion'd and form'd so, as might well, and may
 Deserve a Welcome, and no vulgar Way.
 He durst not (Sir) at such a solemn Feast
 Lard his grave Matter with one scurrilous Jest;
 But labour'd that no Passage might appear,
 But what the Queen without a Blush might hear:
 And yet this poor Work suffer'd by the Rage,
 And Envy of some *Catos* of the Stage:
 Yet still he hopes this Play, which then was seen
 With sore Eyes, and condemn'd out of their Spleen,
 May be by you, the supreme Judge, set free,
 And rais'd above the Reach of Calumny.

THE
EMPEROR of the EAST.

Dramatis Personæ.

THEODOSIUS the Younger.

PAULINUS, a Kinsman to the Emperor.

PHILANAX, Captain of the Guard.

PATRIARCH.

TIMANTUS,

CHRYSAPIUS, } Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber.

GRATIANUS,

CLEON, a Traveller, Friend to PAULINUS.

Informer.

Projector.

Master of the Manners.

Mignon of the Suburbs,

Countryman.

Chirurgion.

Empirick.

PULCHERIA, the Protectress.

ATHENAI, a strange Virgin, after, the Empress.

ARCADIA,

FLACCILLA, } the young Sisters of the Emperor.

Servants.

Mutes.

The Scene, Constantinople.

T H E

EMPEROR of the EAST.

ACT I. SCENE I.*

Paulinus and Cleon,

Paulinus.

IN your six Years Travel, Friend, no doubt, you've met with
Many and rare Adventures, and observ'd
The Wonders of each Climate, varying in
The Manners and the Men, and so return,
For the future Service of your Prince and Country,
In your Understanding better'd.

Cleon. Sir, I have made of it
The best Use in my Power, and hope my Gleanings,
After the full Crop others reap'd before me,
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether
Appear unprofitable: Yet I left
The Miracle of Miracles in our Age
At Home behind me; every where abroad
Fame with a true tho' prodigal Voice, deliver'd
Such Wonders of *Pulcheria* the Princess,
To the Amazement, nay Astonishment rather
Of such as heard it, that I found not one,

* The Plot of this Play is founded on the History of *Theodosius* the younger. See *Socrates*, Lib. 7. *Theodoret*, L. 5, &c.

In all the States and Kingdoms that I pass'd thro'
Worthy to be her second.

Paul. She, indeed, is

A perfect Phoenix, and disdains a Rival.
Her infant Years, as you know, promis'd much :
But grown to Ripeness she transcends, and makes
Credulity her Debtor. I will tell you
In my blunt Way, to entertain the Time
Until you have the Happiness to see her,
How in your Absence she hath borne herself,
And with all possible Brevity, tho' the Subject
Is such a spacious Field, as would require
An Abstract of the purest Eloquence
(Deriv'd from the most famous Orators
The Nurse of Learning, *Athens*, shew'd the World)
In that Man, that should undertake to be
Her true Historian.

Cleon. In this you shall do me

A special Favour.

Paul. Since *Arcadius'* Death,

Our late great Master, the Protection of
The Prince his Son, the second *Theodosius*,
By a general Vote and Suffrage of the People ;
Was to her Charge assign'd, with the Disposal
Of his so many Kingdoms. For his Person,
She hath so train'd him up in all those Arts
That are both great and good, and to be wish'd
In an imperial Monarch, that the Mother
Of the *Gracchi*, grave *Cornelia* (*Rome* still boasts of)
The wise *Pulcheria* but nam'd, must be
No more remember'd. She, by her Example,
Hath made the Court a kind of Academy,
In which true Honour is both learn'd and practis'd,
Her private Lodgings a chaste Nunnery,
In which her Sisters, as Probationers, hear
From her their Sovereign Abbess, all the Precepts
Read in the School of Virtue.

Cleon. You amaze me.

Paul. I shall, ere I conclude: For here the Wonder
Begins, not ends. Her Soul is so immense,

And her strong Faculties so apprehensive,
 To search into the Depth of deep Designs,
 And of all Natures, that the Burthen, which
 To many Men were insupportable,
 To her is but a gentle Exercise,
 Made by the frequent Use familiar to her.

Cleon. With your good Favour, let me interrupt you.
 Being as she is in every Part so perfect,
 Methinks that all Kings of our Eastern World
 Should become Rivals for her.

Paul. So they have ;
 But to no Purpose. She, that knows her Strength
 To rule and govern Monarchs, scorns to wear
 On her free Neck the servile Yoke of Marriage.
 And for one loose Desire, envy itself
 Dares not presume to taint her. *Venus' Son*
 Is blind indeed, when he but gazes on her.
 Her Chastity being a Rock of Diamonds,
 With which encounter'd, his Shafts fly in Splinters,
 His flaming Torches in the living Spring
 Of her Perfections quenched : And, to crown all ;
 She's so impartial when she sits upon
 The high Tribunal, neither sway'd with Pity,
 Nor aw'd by Fear, beyond her equal Scale,
 That 'tis not Superstition to believe
Astrea once more lives upon the Earth,
Pulcheria's Breast her Temple.

Cleon. You have given her
 An admirable Character.

Paul. She deserves it,
 And such is the commanding Power of Virtue,
 That from her vicious enemies it compels
 Pæans of Praise as a due Tribute to her.

[*Solemn loud Musick.*]

Cleon. What means this solemn Musick ?

Paul. It ushers
 The Emperor's Morning Meditation,
 In which *Pulcheria* is more than assistant.
 'Tis worth your Observation, and you may

Collect from her Expence of Time this Day,
How her Hours for many Years have been dispos'd of,
Cleon. I am all Eyes and Ears.

Enter after a Strain of Musick, Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theodosius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla and Arcadia, followed by Chryfapius and Gratianus, Informer, Servants, and Officers.

Pulch. Your Patience, Sir.

Let those corrupted Ministers of the Court,
Which you complain of, our Devotions ended,
Be cited to appear. For the Ambassadors
Who are importunate to have Audience,
From me you may assure them, that To-morrow
They shall in publick kiss the Emperor's Robe,
And we in private with our soonest Leisure
Will give 'em Hearing. Have you especial Care too
That free Access be granted unto all
Petitioners. The Morning wears.—Pray you on, Sir;
Time lost is ne'er recover'd.

[Exeunt Theodosius, Pulcheria, and the Train.]

Paul. Did you note
The Majesty she appears in?

Cleon. Yes, my good Lord;
I was ravish'd with it.

Paul. And then with what Speed
She orders her Dispatches, not one daring
To interpose; the Emperor himself
Without Reply, putting in Act whatever
She is pleas'd t' impose upon him.

Cleon. Yet there were some
That in their sullen Looks rather confessed
A forc'd Constraint to serve her, than a Will
To be at her Devotion: What are they?

Paul. Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber, that
repine
The Globe and awful Scepter should give Place
Unto the Distaff, for as such they whisper

A Woman's Government, but dare not yet
Exprefs themselves.

Cleon. From whence are the Ambassadors
To whom she promis'd Audience?

Paul. They are
Employ'd by divers Princes, who desire
Alliance with our Emperor, whose Years now,
As you see, write him Man. One would advance
A Daughter to the Honour of his Bed;
A second his fair Sister: To instruct you
In the Particulars would ask longer time
Than my own Designs give Way to. I have Letters
From special Friends of mine, that to my Care
Commend a stranger Virgin, whom this Morning
I purpose to present before the Princess:
If you please, you may accompany me.

Cleon. I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Informer and Officers bringing in the Projector, the Suburbs
Minion, and the Masters of the Habit and Manners.*

Informer. Why should you droop, or hang your work-
ing Heads?

No Danger is meant to you; pray bear up,
For aught I know you're cited to receive
Preferment due to your Merits.

Projector. Very likely:

In all the Projects I have read and practis'd,
I never found one Man compell'd to come
Before the Seat of Justice under Guard,
To receive Honour.

Informer. No? It may be you are
The first Example. Men of Qualities,
As I've deliver'd you to the Protectress,
Who knows how to advance them, can't conceive
A fitter Place to have their Virtues publish'd,
Than in open Court. Could you hope that the Princess,

Knowing your precious Merits, will reward 'em
In a private Corner ? No ; you know not yet
How you may be exalted.

Suburbs Minion. To the Gallows.

Informer. Fie

Nor yet depreſs'd to the Gallies ; in your 'Names
You carry no ſuch Crimes : Your ſpecious Titles
Cannot but take her—Preſident of the Projectors !
What a Noiſe it makes ? The Maſter of the Habit !
How proud would ſome one Country be that I know
To be your firſt Pupil ? Minion of the Suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the Court,
And honour'd with the Stile of Squire of Dames,
What Hurt is in it ? One Thing I muſt tell you,
As I am the State-ſcout, you may think me an In-
former.

Maſter of the Habit. They are Synonimous.

Informer. Conceal nothing from her
Of your good Parts, 'twill be better for you ;
Or if you ſhould, it matters not, ſhe can conjure,
And I am her ubiquitous Spirit,
Bound to obey her—You have my Inſtructions,
Stand by, here's better Company.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, and Athenais, with a Petition.

Athen. Can I hope, Sir,
Oppreſſed Innocence ſhall find Protection,
And Juſtice among Strangers, when my Brothers,
Brothres of one Womb, by one Sire begotten,
Trample on my Afflictions ?

Paul. Forget them,
Remembring thoſe may help you.

Athen. They have robb'd me
Of all Means to prefer my juſt Complaint
With any promiſing Hope to gain a Hearing,
Much leſs Redreſs : Petitions not ſweetened
With Gold, are but unfavory, oft reſused ;
Or, if receiv'd, are pocketed, not read.
A Suitor's ſwelling Tears by the glowing Beams

Of cholerick Authority are dry'd up,
 Before they fall ; or, if seen, never pitied.
 What will become of a forsaken Maid ?
 My flatt'ring Hopes are too weak to encounter
 With my strong Enemy, Despair, and 'tis
 In vain t' oppose her.

Cleon. Cheer her up ; she faints, Sir.

Paul. This argues Weakness, tho' your Brothers
 were

Cruel beyond Expression, and the Judges
 That sentenc'd you corrupt ; you shall find here
 One of your own Fair Sex to do you right,
 Whose Beams of Justice, like the Sun, extend
 Their Light and Heat to Strangers, and are not
 Municipal or confin'd.

Athen. Pray you do not feed me
 With airy Hopes, unless you can assure me
 The great *Pulcheria* will descend to hear
 My miserable Story, it were better
 I died without her Trouble.

Paul. She is bound to it
 By the surest Chain, her natural Inclination
 To help th' afflicted ; nor shall long Delays
 (More terrible to miserable Suitors
 Than quick Denials) grieve you. Dry your fair Eyes ;
 This Room will instantly be sanctify'd
 With her bless'd Presence ; to her ready Hand
 Present your Grievances, and rest assur'd
 You shall depart contented.

Athen. You breathe in me
 A second Life.

Informer. Will your Lordship please to hear
 Your Servant a few Words ?

Paul. Away, you Rascal !
 Did I ever keep such Servants ?

Informer. If your Honesty
 Would give you Leave, it would be for your Profit.

Paul. To make Use of an Informer ? Tell me in what
 Can you advantage me ?

Informer. In the first Tender
Of a fresh Suit never begg'd yet,

Paul. What's your Suit, Sir?

Informer. 'Tis feasible:—Here are three arrant Knaves
Discover'd by my Art:

Paul. And thou the Arch-knave;
The great devour the less:

Informer. And with good Reason;
I must eat one a Month, I cannot live else.

Paul. A notable Cannibal? But, should I hear thee,
In what do your Knaves concern me?

Informer. In the begging
Of their Estates.

Paul. Before they are condemn'd?

Informer. Yes, or arraign'd, your Lordship may
speak too late else.

They are your own, and I will be content
With the fifth Part of a Share.

Paul. Hence, Rogue!

Informer. Such Rogues
In this Kind will be heard and cherish'd too.

Fool that I was to offer such a Bargain,
To a spic'd Conscience Chapman—But I care not;
What he disdains to taste others will swallow.

[*Loud Musick.*]

Enter Theodosius, Pulcheria, and the Train.

Cleon. They are returned from the Temple.

Paul. See, she appears;

• What think you now?

Athen. A cunning Painter, thus,
Her Veil ta'en off, and awful Sword and Balance
Laid by, would picture Justice.

Pulch. When you please,
You may intend those royal Exercises
Suiting your Birth and Greatness: I will bear
The Burthen of your Cares, and, having purged
The Body of your Empire of ill Humours,
Upon my Knees surrender it.

Chryf. Will you ever
Be aw'd thus like a Boy?

Grat. And kifs the Rod
Of a proud Mistrefs?

Timan. Be what you were born, Sir.

Phila. Obedience and Majesty never lodg'd
In the same Inn.

Theod. No more; he never learned
The right Way to command, that stopp'd his Ears
To wife Directions.

Pulch. Read o'er the Papers
I left upon my Cabinet; two Hours hence
I will examine you.

Flac. We spend our Time well.
Nothing but praying and poring on a Book;
It ill agrees with my Constitution, Sister.

Arcad. Would I had been born some masqu'ing La-
dy's Woman,
Only to see strange Sights, rather than live thus.

Flac. We are gone, forsooth; there is no Remedy,
Sister. [*Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.*]

Grat. What hath his Eye found out?

Timan. 'Tis fix'd upon
That Stranger Lady.

Chryf. I am glad yet that
He dares look on a Woman.

[*All this Time the Informer kneeling to Pulcheria, and
delivering Papers.*]

Theod. Philanax,
What is that comely Stranger?

Phila. A Petitioner.

Chryf. Will you hear her Case, and dispatch her in
your Chamber?
I'll undertake to bring her.

Theod. Bring me to
Some Place where I may look on her Demeanour.
—'Tis a lovely Creature!

Chryf. There's some Hope in this yet.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarch, and the Train.*]

Pulch. Now, you have done your Parts :

Paul. Now Opportunity courts you,
Prefer your Suit.

Athen. As low as Misery
Can fall, for Proof of my Humility,
A poor distressed Virgin bows her Head,
And lays hold on your Goodness, the last Altar]
Calamity can fly to for Protection.
Great Minds erect their never-failing Trophies
On the firm Base of Mercy ; but to triumph
Over a Suppliant, by proud Fortune captiv'd,
Argues a Bastard Conquest—'tis to you
I speak, to you, the fair and just *Pulcheria*,
The Wonder of the Age, your Sex's Honour ;
And, as such, deign to hear me. As you have
A Soul moulded from Heaven, and do desire
To have it made a Star there, make the Means
Of your Ascent to that celestial Height
Virtue wing'd with brave Action. They draw near
The Nature, and the Essence of the Gods,
Who imitate their Goodness.

Pulch. If you were
A Subject of the Empire, which your Habit
In every Part denies——

Athen. O fly not to
Such an Evasion ; whate'er I am,
Being a Woman, in Humanity
You are bound to right me, tho' the Difference
Of my Religion may seem to exclude me
From your Defence (which you would have confin'd)
The moral Virtue, which is general,
Must know no Limits—By these blessed Feet
That pace the Paths of Equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff Neck of tyrannous Oppression,
By these Tears by which I bathe 'em, I conjure you
With Pity to look on me.

Pulch. Pray you, rise.
And, as you rise, receive this Comfort from me.
Beauty set off with such sweet Language never
Can want an Advocate ; -and you must bring

More than a guilty Cause if you prevail not.
Some Business long since thought upon, dispatched,
You shall have Hearing, and, as far as Justice
Will warrant me, my best Aids.

Athen. I do desire

No stronger Guard; my Equity needs no Favour.

Pulch. Are these the Men?

Projector. We were, an't like your Highness,
The Men, the Men of Eminence and Mark,
And may continue so, if it please your Grace.

Master. This Speech was well projected. [Aside.

Pulch. Does your Conscience
(I will begin with you) whisper unto you
What here you stand accus'd of? Are you named
The President of Projectors?

Informer. Justify it, Man,
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

Project. That's apparent;
And, if you please, ask some about the Court,
And they will tell you, to my rare Inventions
They owe their Bravery, perhaps Means to purchase,
And cannot live without me. I, alas!
Lend out my labouring Brains to Use, and sometimes
For a Drachma in the Pound,—the more the Pity.
I am all Patience, and endure the Curses
Of many, for the Profit of one Patron.

Pulch. I do conceive the rest—What is the Second?

Informer. The Minion of the Suburbs.

Pulch. What hath he
To do in *Constantinople*?

Min. I steal in now and then,
As I am thought useful; marry, there I am call'd
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,
And by the Allowance of some sportful Ladies
Honour'd with that Title.

Pulch. Spare your Character,
You're here decipher'd—Stand by with your Compeer.
What is the Third? A Creature I ne'er heard of;

The Master of the Manners and the Habit?

You have a double Office.

Master. In my Actions

I make both good; for by my Theorems
Which your polite and terfer Gallants practise,
I refine the Court, and civilize
Their barbarous Natures. I have in a Table
With curious Punctuality set down
To a Hair's Breadth, how low a new-stamp'd Courtier
May vail to a Country Gentleman, and, by
Gradation, to his Merchant, Mercer, Draper,
His Linen-man and Taylor.

Pulch. Pray you, discover
This hidden Mystery.

Master. If the 'forefaid Courtier
(As it may chance sometimes) find not his Name
Writ in the Citizen's Books with a State-hum
He may salute 'em after three Days waiting:
But, if he owe them Money, that he may
Preserve his Credit, let him in Policy never
Appoint a Day of Payment: so they may hope still:
But, if he be to take up more, his Page
May attend 'em at the Gate, and usher 'em
Into his Cellar, and when they are warm'd with Wine,
Conduct 'em to his Bedchamber, and tho' then
He be under his Barber's Hands, as soon as seen,
He must start up to embrace 'em, vail thus low;
Nay, tho' he call 'em Cousins, 'tis the better,
His Dignity no Way wrong'd in't.

Paul. Here's a fine Knavel!

Pulch. Does this Rule hold without Exception, Sir-
rah;

For Courtiers in General?

Master. No, dear Madam;
For one of the last Edition, and for him
I have compos'd a Dictionary, in which
He is instructed, how, when, and to whom
To be proud or humble; at what times of the Year
He may do a good Deed for itself, and that is
Writ in Dominical Letters; all Days else

Are his own, and of those Days the several Hours
Mark'd out, and to what Use.

Pulch. Shew us your Method ;
I'm strangely taken with it.

Master. 'Twill deserve
A Pension, I hope. First a strong Cullis
In his Bed, to heighten Appetite : Shuttle-cock
To keep him in Breath when he rises ; Tennis-Courts
Are chargeable, and the riding of great Horses
'Too boist'rous for my young Courtier ; let the old ones
I think not of, use it ; next his Meditation
How to court his Mistrefs, and that he may seem witty,
Let him be furnish'd with confederate Jest
Between him and his Friend, that, on Occasion,
They may vent 'em mutually : What his Pace and
Garb

Must be in the Presence, then the Length of his Sword,
The Fashion of the Hilt—what the Blade is
It matters not, 'twere Barbarism to use it,
Unless to shew his Strength upon an Andiron ;
So, the sooner broke, the better.

Pulch. How I abuse
This precious Time ! Projector, I treat first
Of you and your Disciples ; you roar out,
All is the King's, his Will above his Laws ;
And that fit Tributes are too gentle Yokes
For his poor Subjects ; whisp'ring in his Ear,
If he would have their Fear, no Man should dare
To bring a Sallad from his Country Garden,
Without the paying Gabel ; kill a Hen,
Without Excise : and that, if he desire
To have his Children, or his Servants wear
Their Heads upon their Shoulders, you affirm
In Policy, 'tis fit the Owner should
Pay for 'em by the Poll ; or, if the Prince want
A present Sum, he may command a City
Impossibilities, and for Non-performance,
Compel it to submit to any Fine
His Officers shall impose. Is this the Way

To make our Emperor happy? Can the Groans
Of his Subjects yield him Musick? Must his Thresh-
olds

Be wash'd with Widows and wrong'd Orphans' Tears,
Or his Power grow contemptible?

Project. I begin

To feel myself a Rogue again.

Pulch. But you are

The Squire of Dames, devoted to the Service
Of gamesome Ladies, the hidden Mystery
Discover'd, their close Bawd; thy slavish Breath
Fanning the Fires of Lust, the Go-between
This Female and that wanton Sir; your Art
Can blind a jealous Husband, and, disguis'd
Like a Millener or Shoemaker, convey

A Letter in a Pantofle or Glove

Without Suspicion: nay, at his Table,

In a Cafe of Picktooths. You instruct 'em how

To parley with their Eyes, and make the Temple

A Mart of Looseness; to discover all

Thy subtil Brokages, were to teach in Publick

Those private Practices, which are, in Justice,

Severely to be punish'd.

Minion. I am cast;

A Jury of my Patronesses cannot quit me.

Pulch. You are Master of the Manners and the Ha-
bit;

Rather the Scorn of such as would live Men,

And not, like Apes, with servile Imitation

Study prodigious Fashions. You keep

Intelligence abroad, that may instruct

Our giddy Youth at home what new-found Fashion

Is now in Use, swearing he's most complete

That first turns Monster. Know, Villains, I can thrust

This Arm into your Hearts, strip off the Flesh

That covers your Deformities, and shew you

In your Nakedness. Now, tho' the Law

Call not your Follies Death, you are for ever

Banish'd my Brother's Court.—Away with 'em ;
I will hear no Reply.

[*Exeunt Informer, Officers and Prisoners.*]

*The Curtains drawn above, Theodosius and his Eunuchs
discovered.*

Paul. What think you now ?

Cleon. That I am in a Dream ; or that I see

A second *Pallas*.

Pulch. These remov'd, to you

I clear my Brow. Speak without Fear, sweet Maid,
Since with a mild Aspect and ready Ear,
I fit prepar'd to hear you.

Athen. Know, great Princess,

My Father, tho' a *Pagan*, was admired
For his deep Search into those hidden Studies,
Whose Knowledge is deny'd to common Men :
The Motion, with the divers Operations
Of the superior Bodies, by his long
And careful Observation, were made
Familiar to him ; all the secret Virtues
Of Plants and Simples, and in what Degree
They were useful to Mankind, he could discourse of ;
In a Word, conceive him as a Prophet honour'd
In his own Country. But being born a Man,
It lay not in him to defer the Hour
Of his approaching Death, tho' long foretold :
In this so fatal Hour he call'd before him
His two Sons and myself, the dearest Pledges
Lent him by Nature, and with his right Hand
Blessing our several Heads, he thus began :

Chryf. Mark his Attention.

Phila. Give me Leave to mark too.

Athen. " If I could leave my Understanding to you,
" It were superfluous to make Division
" Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you :
" But, to avoid Contention, I allot
" An equal Portion of my Possessions

“ To you, my Sons ; but unto thee, my Daughter,

“ My Joy, my Darling (pardon me, tho’ I

“ Repeat his Words) if my prophetick Soul

“ Ready to take her Flight, can truly guess at

“ Thy future Fate, I leave thee strange Assurance.

“ Of the Greatness thou art born to, unto which

“ Thy Brothers shall be proud to pay their Service :—

Paul. And all Men else that honour Beauty.

Theod. Ha !

Athen. “ Yet, to prepare thee for certain Fortune,

“ And that I may from present Wants defend thee,

“ I leave ten thousand Crowns”—which said, being
call’d

To th’ Fellowship of our Duties, he expir’d,

And with him all Remembrance of the Charge

Concerning me, left by him to my Brothers.

Pulch. Did they detain your Legacy ?

Athen. And still do,

His Ashes were scarce quiet in his Urn,

When, in Derision of my future Greatness,

They thrust me out of Doors, denying me

One short Night’s Harbour,

Pulch. Weep not,

Athen. I desire,

By your Persuasion or commanding Power,

The Restitution of mine own ; or that,

To keep my Frailty from Temptation,

In your Compassion of me, you would please

I, as a Handmaid, may be entertain’d

To do the meanest Offices to all such

As are honour’d in your Service,

Pulch. Thou art welcome,

What is thy Name ?

Athen. The forlorn *Athenais*.

Pulch. The Sweetness of thy Innocence strangely
takes me,

[*Takes her up, and kisses her,*

Forget thy Brothers Wrongs ; for I will be

In my Care a Mother, in my Love a Sister to thee ;

And, were it possible thou could'st be won
To be of our Belief——

Paul. May it please your Excellence,
That is an easy Task, I, tho' no Scholar,
Dare undertake it ; clear Truth cannot want
Rhetorical Persuasions.

Pulch. 'Tis a Work,
My Lord, will well become you.—Break up the Court;
May your Endeavours prosper.

Paul. Come, my Fair One ;
I hope, my Convert.

Athen. Never : I will die
As I was born.

Paul. Better you ne'er had been. [*Exeunt.*

Phila. What does your Majesty think of?—The
Maid's gone.

Theod. She's wondrous fair, and in her Speech ap-
pear'd
Pieces of Scholarship.

Chryf. Make Use of her Learning
And Beauty together ; on my Life she will be proud
To be so converted.

Theod. From foul Lust Heaven guard me. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

A C T II, S C E N E I.

Philanax, Timantus, Chryfapius, and Gratianus,

Philanax.

WE only talk, when we should do,
Timan. I'll second you ;
Begin, and when you please.

Grat. Be constant in it,

Chryf. That Resolution which grows cold To-day,
Will freeze To-morrow.

Grat. 'Slight, I think ſhe'll keep him
Her Ward for ever, to herſelf engroſſing
The Diſpoſition of all the Favours
And Bounties of the Empire.

Chryf. We, that by
The Nearneſs of our Service to his Perſon,
Should raiſe this Man, or pull down that, without
Her Licence, hardly dare prefer a Suit,
Or, if we do, 'tis croſs'd.—

Phila. You are troubled for
Your proper Ends; my Aims are high and honeſt,
The Wrong that's done to Majeſty I repine at:
I love the Emperor, and 'tis my Ambition
To have him know himſelf, and to that Purpoſe
I'll run the Hazard of a Check.

Grat. And I
The Loſs of my Place.

Timan. I will not come behind,
Fall what can fall.

Chryf. Let us put on ſad Aspects
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

Enter Theodoſius.

Theod. How's this? Clouds in the Chamber,
And the Air clear abroad!

Phila. When you, our Sun,
Obſcure your glorious Beams, poor we, that borrow
Our little Light from you, cannot but ſuffer
A general Eclipse.

Timan. Great Sir, 'tis true;
For, 'till you pleaſe to know and be yourſelf,
And freely dare diſpoſe of what's your own
Without a Warrant, we are falling Meteors,
And not fix'd Stars.

Chryf. The pale-fac'd Moon, that ſhould
Govern the Night, uſurps the Rule of Day,

And still is at the Full, in Spite of Nature,
And will not know a Change.

Theod. Speak you in Riddles?

I am no *Oedipus*, but your Emperor,
And as such would be instructed.

Phila. Your Command

Shall be obey'd: 'Till now, I never heard you
Speak like yourself; and may that Power, by which
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall
Deliver as a faithful Subject to you,
Hath Root or Growth from Malice, or base Envy.
Of your Sister's Greatness, I could honour in her
A Power subordinate to yours; but not
As 'tis predominant.

Timan. Is it fit that she,

In her birth your Vassal, should command the Knees
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?

Grat. She with Security walks upon the Heads
Of the Nobility; the Multitude,
As to a Deity, offering Sacrifice
For her Grace and Favour.

Chryf. Her proud Feet ev'n wearied
With the Kisses of Petitioners.

Grat. While you,

To whom alone such Reverence is proper,
Pass unregarded by her.

Timan. You have not yet

Been Master of one Hour of your whole Life.

Chryf. Your Will and Faculties kept in more Awe
Than she can do her own.

Phila. And as a Bondman,

(O let my Zeal find grace, and Pardon from you,
That I descend so low) you are design'd
To this or that Employment, suiting well
A private Man, I grant, but not a Prince.
To be a perfect Horseman; or to know
The Words of the Chace; or a fair Man of Arms;
Or to be able to pierce to the Depth,
Or write a Comment on th' obscurest Poets,
I grant are Ornaments; but your main Scope

Should be to govern Men, to guard your own,
If not enlarge your Empire.

Chryf. You are built up

By th' curious Hand of Nature to revive
The Memory of *Alexander*, or by
A prosperous Success in your brave Actions,
To rival *Cæsar*.

Timan. Rouze yourself, and let not
Your Pleasures be a Copy of her Will.

Phila. Your Pupil Age is past, and manly Actions
Are now expected from you.

Grat. Do not lose
Your Subjects Hearts.

Timan. What is't to have the Means
To be magnificent, and not exercise
The boundless Virtue?

Grat. You confine yourself
To that which strict Philosophy allows of,
As if you were a private Man.

Timan. No Pomp
Or glorious Shows of Royalty, rend'ring it
Both lov'd and terrible.

Grat. 'Slight, you live, as it
Begets some Doubt, whether you have, or not,
Th' Abilities of a Man.

Chryf. The Firmament
Hath not more Stars than there are several Beauties
Ambitious at the Height to impart their dear,
And sweetest Favours to you.

Grat. Yet you have not
Made Choice of one, of all the Sex, to serve you,
In a physical Way of Courtship.

Theod. But that I would not
Begin the Expression of my being a Man,
In Blood, or stain the first white Robe I wear
Of Absolute Power, with a servile Imitation
Of any tyrannous Habit, my just Anger
Prompts me to make you in your Sufferings feel,
And not in Words to instruct you, that the Licence

Of the loose and faucy Language you now practis'd,
Hath forfeited your Heads.

Grat. How's this?

[*Aside.*

Phila. I know not

What the Play may prove; but I assure you that
I do not like the Prologuc.

[*Aside.*

Theod. O the miserable

Condition of a Prince; who, tho' he vary
More Shapes than *Proteus* in his Mind and Manners,
He cannot win an univerfal Suffrage
From the many-headed Monster, Multitude.
Like *Aesop's* foolish Frogs, they trample on him,
As a senseless Block, if his Government be easy:
And, if he prove a Stork, they croak and rail
Against him as a Tyrant.—I'll put off
That Majesty, of which you think I have
Nor Use nor Feeling; and, in arguing with you,
Convince you with strong Proofs of common Reason,
And not with Absolute Power, against which, Wretches,
You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are
My Creatures, by my prodigal Favours fashion'd,
Presuming on the Nearness of your Service,
Set off with my familiar Acceptance,
Condemn my Obsequiousness to the wise Directions
Of an incomparable Sister, whom all Parts
Of our World, that are made happy in Knowledge
Of her Perfections, with Wonder gaze on?
And yet you that were only born to eat
The Blessings of our Mother Earth, that are
Distant but one Degree from Beasts (since Slaves
Can claim no larger Privilege) that know
No farther than your sensual Appetites
Or wanton Lust have taught you, undertake
To give your Sovereign Laws to follow that
Your Ignorance marks out to him?

[*Walks by.*

Grat. How were we

Abus'd in our Opinion of his Temper!

[*Aside.*

Phil. We had forgot 'tis found in Holy Writ,
That Kings Hearts are inscrutable.

[*Aside.*

Timan. I ne'er read it;
My Study lies not that Way.

[*Aside.*]

Phila. By his Looks
The Tempest still increases.

[*Aside.*]

Theod. Am I grown
So stupid in your Judgments, that you dare
With such Security offer Violence
To Sacred Majesty? Will you not know
The Lion is a Lion, tho' he shew not
His rending Paws, or fill th' affrighted Air
With the Thunder of his Roarings? — You bless'd
Saints!

How am I trench'd on? Is that Temperance
So famous in your cited *Alexander*,
Or *Roman Scipio*, a Crime in me?
Cannot I be an Emperor, unless
Your Wives and Daughters bow to my proud Lusts?
And 'cause I ravish not their fairest Buildings
And fruitful Vineyards, or what is dearest,
From such as are my Vassals, must you conclude
I do not know the awful Power and Strength
Of my Prerogative? Am I close-handed,
Because I scatter not among you that
I must not call mine own? Know, you Court-leeches,
A Prince is never so magnificent
As when he's sparing to enrich a Few
With th' Injuries of Many. Could your Hopes
So grossly flatter you, as to believe
I was born and train'd up as an Emperor, only
In my Indulgence to give Sanctuary,
In their unjust Proceedings, to the Rapine
And Avarice of my Grooms?

Phila. In the true Mirror
Of your Perfections, at length we see
Our own Deformities.

Timan. And not once daring
To look upon that Majesty we now slighted——

Chryf. With our Faces thus glu'd to the Earth, we
beg
Your gracious Pardon.

Grat. Offering our Necks
To be trod on, as a Punishment for our late
Presumption, and a willing Testimony
Of our Subjection.

Theod. Deserve our Mercy
In your better Life hereafter, you shall find,
'Tho' in my Father's Life I held it Madness
To usurp his Power, and in my Youth disdain'd not
'To learn from the Instructions of my Sister,
I'll make it good to all the World, I am
An Emperor; and ev'n this Instant grasp
The Scepter, my rich Stock of Majesty
Entire, no Scruple wasted.

Phila. If these Tears
I drop proceed not from my Joy to hear this,
May my Eye-balls follow 'em.

Timan. I will shew myself
By your sudden Metamorphosis, transform'd
From what I was.

Grat. And ne'er presume to ask
What fits not you to give.

Theod. Move in that Sphere,
And my Light with full Beams shall shine upon you.
Forbear this slavish Courtship; 'tis to me
In a kind idolatrous.

Phila. Your gracious Sister.

Enter Pulcheria and Servant.

Pulch. Has he converted her?

Serv. And, as such, will
Present her, when you please.

Pulch. I am glad of it.
Command my Dresser to adorn her with
The Robes that I gave Order for.

Serv. I shall.

Pulch. And let those precious Jewels I took last
Out of my Cabinet, if't be possible,
Give Lustre to her Beauties; and, that done,
Command her to be near us.

Serv. 'Tis a Province
I willingly embrace. [Exit Servant.]

Pulch. O my dear Sir,
You have forgot your Morning Task, and therefore
With a Mother's Love I come to reprehend you,
But it shall be gently.

Theod. 'Twill become you, tho'
You said with reverend Duty. Know hereafter,
If my Mother liv'd in you, howe'er her Son,
Like you she were my subject.

Pulch. How?

Theod. Put off
Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you
At Distance, as a Sister, but no longer
As a Governess, I assure you.

Grat. This is put home. [Aside.]

Timan. Beyond our Hopes. [Aside.]

Phila. She stands, as if his Words
Had powerful Magick in 'em. [Aside.]

Theod. Will you have me
Your Pupil ever? The Down on my Chin
Confirms I am a Man; a Man of Men;
The Emperor! that knows his Strength.

Pulch. Heaven grant
You know it not too soon.

Theod. Let it suffice
My Wardship's out. If your Design concerns us
As a Man, and not a Boy, with our Allowance
You may deliver it.

Pulch. A strange Alteration!
But I will not contend. [Aside.] Be as you wish, Sir,
Your own Disposer; uncompell'd I cancel
All Bonds of my Authority. [Kneels.]

Theod. You in this
Pay your due Homage; which perform'd, I thus
Embrace you as a Sister, no Way doubting
Your Vigilance for my Safety as my Honour;
And what you now come to impart, I rest
Most confident, points at one of them.

Pulch. At both,
 And not alone the present, but the future
 Tranquility of your Mind : Since in the Choice
 Of her you are to heat with holy Fires,
 And make the Confort of your Royal Bed,
 The certain Means of glorious Succession,
 With the true Happiness of our human Being,
 Are wholly comprehended.

Theod. How ? a Wife ?
 Shall I become a Votary to *Hymen*,
 Before my Youth hath sacrific'd to *Venus* ?
 'Tis something with the soonest—Yet, to shew,
 In Things indifferent, I am not averse
 To your wise Counsels, let me first survey
 Those Beauties, that, in being a Prince, I know
 Are Rivals for me. You will not confine me
 To your Election ; I must see, dear Sister
 With mine own Eyes.

Pulch. 'Tis fit, Sir—Yet, in this,
 You may please to consider, absolute Princes
 Have, or should have, in Policy, less free Will
 Than such as are their Vassals. For you must,
 As you are an Emperor, in this high Business,
 Weigh with due Providence, with whom Alliance
 May be most useful for the Preservation
 Or Increase of your Empire.

Theod. I approve not
 Such Compositions for our moral Ends,
 In what is in itself divine, nay more,
 Decreed in Heav'n. Yet, if our Neighbour Princes,
 Ambitious of such Nearness, shall present
 Their dearest Pledges to me (ever reserving
 The Caution of mine own Content) I'll not
 Contemn their courteous Offers.

Pulch. Bring in the Pictures.

[Two Pictures brought in.]

Theod. Must I then judge the Substances by the
 Shadows ?

The Painters are most envious, if they want

Good Colours for Preferment. Virtuous Ladies
 Love this Way to be flatter'd, and accuse
 The Workman of Detraction, if he add not
 Some Grace they cannot truly call their own.
 Is't not so, *Gratianus*? You may challenge
 Some Interest in the Science.

Grat. A Pretender

To the Art, I truly honour; and subscribe
 To your Majesty's Opinion.

Theod. Let me see——

Cleantbe, Daughter to the King of *Epirus*
Ætatis suæ, the fourteenth: Ripe enough,
 And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine
 The Symmetries. If Statuaries could
 By the Foot of *Hercules* set down punctually
 His whole Dimensions, and the Countenance be
 The Index of the Mind, this may instruct me,
 With th' Aids of that I've read touching this Subject
 What she is inward. The Colour of her Hair,
 (If it be, as this does promise,) pale and faint,
 And not a glitt'ring white. Her brow, so so.
 The Circles of her Sight, too much contracted;
Juno's fair Cow-eyes by old *Homer* are
 Commended to their Merit; here's a sharp Frost,
 I th' Tip of her Nose, which by the Length assures me
 Of Storms at Midnight, if I fail to pay her
 The Tribute she expects.—I like her not:
 What is the other?

Chryf. How hath he commenc'd
 Doctor in this so sweet and secret Art,
 Without our Knowledge?

[*Aside.*]

Timan. Some of his forward Pages
 Have robbed us of the Honour.

[*Aside.*]

Phila. No such Matter;
 He has the Theory only, not the Practice.

[*Aside.*]

Theod. Amasia, Sister to the Duke of *Athens*;
 Her Age eighteen, descended lineally
 From *Theseus*, as by her Pedigree
 Will be made apparent—Of his lusty Kindred,

And lose so much Time? 'Tis strange!—As I live, she
hath

A philosophical Aspect: There is
More Wit than Beauty in her Face, and, when
I court her, it must be in Tropes, and Figures,
Or she will cry *absurd*. She will have her Clenches
To cut off any Fallacy I can hope
To put upon her, and expect I should
Ever conclude in Syllogisms, and those true ones
In parte & toto, or she'll tire me with
Her tedious Elocutions in the Praise
Of the Increase of Generation, for which
Alone the Sport, in her Morality,
Is good and lawful, and to be often practis'd
For fear of missing.—Fie on't, let the Race
Of *Thesens* be match'd with *Aristotles*,
I'll none of her.

Pulch. You are curious in your Choice, Sir,
And hard to please; yet, if that your Consent
May give Authority to it, I'll present you
With one, that if her Birth and Fortunes answer'd
The Rarities of her Body and her Mind,
Detraction durst not tax her.

Theod. Let me see her,
Tho' wanting those Additions, which we can
Supply from our Store: it is in us
To make Men rich and noble: but, to give
Legitimate Shapes and Virtues, does belong
To the Great Creator of 'em, to whose Bounties
Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains
An Emperor for his Rival.

Pulch. I applaud
This fit Acknowledgment, since Princes then
Grow less than common Men, when they contend
With Him, by whom they are so.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais, newly habited.

Theod. I confefs it.

Pulch. Not to hold you in Suspense, Behold the Virgin
Rich in her natural Beauties, no Way borrowing
'Th' adulterate Aids of Art. Peruse her better ;
She's worth your serious View.

Phila. I am amaz'd too :

I never saw her Equal.

Grat. How his Eye

Is fix'd upon her !

Timan. And, as she were a Fort,
He'd suddenly surprize, he measures her
From the Bases to the Battlements.

Chryf. Ha ! now I view her better,
I know her ; 'tis the Maid that not long since
Was a Petitioner : her Bravery
So alters her, I had forgot her Face.

Phila. So has the Emperor.

Paul. She holds out yet,
And yields not to th' Assault.

Cleon. She's strongly guarded
In her Virgin Blushes.

Paul. When you know, fair Creature,
It is the Emperor that honours you
With such a strict Survey of your sweet Parts,
In Thankfulness you cannot but return
Due Reverence for the Favour.

Athen. I was lost

In my Astonishment at the glorious Object,
And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,
Being more than Man, my Adoration,
(Since sure there is Divinity about him :)
Or will rest satisfy'd, if my humble Knees
In Duty thus bow to him.

Theod. Ha ! it speaks.

Pulch. She is no Statue, Sir.

Theod. Suppose her one,
And that she had nor Organs, Voice, nor Heat,

Most willingly I would resign my Empire,
 So it might be to After-times recorded
 That I was her *Pygmalion*, tho', like him,
 I doated on my Workmanship, without Hope too
 Of having *Cytherea* so propitious
 To my Vows or Sacrifice, in her Compassion
 To give it Life or Motion.

Pulch. Pray you, be not rapt so,
 Nor borrow from imaginary Fiction
 Impossible Aids. She's Flesh and Blood, I assure you;
 And, if you please to honour her in the Trial,
 And be your own Security, as you'll find
 I fable not, she comes in a noble Way
 To be at your Devotion.

Chryf. 'Tis the Maid
 I offer'd to your Highness; her chang'd Shape
 Conceal'd her from you :

Theod. At the first I knew her;
 And a second Firebrand *Cupid* brings, to kindle
 My Flames almost put out : I am too cold,
 And play with Opportunity.—May I taste then
 The Nectar of her Lip ?—I do not give it
 The Praise it merits : Antiquity is too poor
 To help me with a Simile to express her.
 Let me drink often from this living Spring,
 To nourish new Invention.

Pulch. Do not surfeit
 In over-greedily devouring that
 Which may without Satiety feast you often.
 From the Moderation in receiving them,
 The choicest Viands do continue pleasing
 To the most curious Palates. If you think her
 Worth your Embraces, and the sovereign Title
 Of the *Grecian* Empress—

Theod. If ? How much you sin,
 Only to doubt it ; the Possession of her
 Makes all that was before most precious to me
 Common and cheap, in this you've shewn yourself
 A provident Protectress. I already

Grow weary of the absolute Command
Of my so numerous Subjects, and desire
No Sov'reignty but here, and write down gladly
A Period to my Wishes.

Pulch. Yet, before
It be too late, consider her Condition;
Her Father was a *Pagan*, she herself
A new-converted Christian.

Theod. Let me know
The Man to whose religious Means I owe
So great a Debt.

Paul. You are advanc'd too high, Sir,
To acknowledge a Beholdingness, 'tis discharg'd,
And I, beyond my Hopes, rewarded, if
My Service please your Majesty.

Theod. Take this Pledge
Of our assured Love. Are there none here
Have Suits to prefer? On such a Day as this
My Bounty's without Limit. O my dearest,
I will not hear thee speak; whatever in
Thy Thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely.
Thou wouldst plead thy Unworthiness; be thyself
(The Magazine of Felicity,) in thy Lowness.
Our Eastern Queens, at their full Height, bow to thee,
And are, in their best Trim, thy Foils and Shadows.
Excuse the Violence of my Love, which cannot
Admit the least Delay. Command the Patriarch
With Speed to do his Holy Office for us,
That, when we are made one——

Pulch. You must forbear, Sir;
She is not yet baptiz'd.

Theod. In the same Hour
In which she is confirmed in our Faith,
We mutually will give away each other,
And both be Gainers; we'll hear no Reply
That may divert us. On

Pulch. You may hereafter
Please to remember to whose Furtherance
You owe this Height of Happiness.

Athen. As I was

Your Creature when I first petition'd you,
I will continue so, and you shall find me,
Tho' an Empress, still your Servant.

[*All exit but Philanax, Gratianus and Timantus.*

Grat. Here's a Marriage
Made up o' th' sudden!

Phila. I repine not at
The fair Maid's Fortune—tho' I fear the Princess
Had some peculiar End in't.

Timan. Who's so simple
Only to doubt it?

Grat. It is too apparent,
She hath prefer'd a Creature of her own,
By whose Means she may still keep to herself
The Government of the Empire.

Timan. Whereas if
The Emperor had espous'd some Neighbour Queen,
Pulcheria, with all her Wisdom, could not
Keep her Pre-eminence.

Phila. Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd,—Heaven, I say,
Turn all to th' best!

Grat. Are we come to praying again?

Phil. Leave thy Prophaness.

Grat. Would it leave me.

I am sure I thrive not by it.

Timan. Come to the Temple.

Grat. Ev'n where you will—I know not what to
think on't.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Paulinus and Philanax.

Paulinus.

NOR this, nor th' Age before us, ever look'd on
The like Solemnity.

Phila. A sudden Fever
Kept me at home. Pray you, my Lord, acquaint me
With the Particulars.

Paul. You may presume,
No Pomp nor Ceremony could be wanting,
Where there was Privilege to command, and Means
'To cherish rare Inventions.

Phila. I believe it;
But the Sum of all, in brief.

Paul. Pray you, so take it;
Fair *Athenais*, not long since a Suitor,
And almost in her Hopes forsaken, first
Was christen'd, and the Emperor's Mother's Name,
Eudoxia, as he will'd, impos'd upon her;
Pulcheria, the ever-matchless Princess,
Assisted by her reverend Aunt *Maria*,
Her God-mothers.

Phila. And who the Masculine Witnesses?

Paul. At the new Empress' Suit I had the Honour;
—For which I must ever serve her.

Phila. 'Twas a Grace
With Justice you may boast of.

Paul. The Marriage follow'd;
And, as 'tis said, the Emperor made bold
To turn the Day to Night; for to Bed they went

As soon as they had din'd, and there are Wagers
Laid by some merry Lords, he hath already
Begot a Boy upon her.

Phila. That is yet
To be determin'd of; but I am certain
A Prince, so soon in his Disposition alter'd,
Was never heard nor read of.

Paul. But of late,
Frugal and sparing, now nor Bounds nor Limits
To his magnificent Bounties. He affirm'd,
Having receiv'd more Blessings by his Empress
Than he could hope, in Thankfulness to Heaven
He cannot be too prodigal to others.
Whatever's offer'd to his Royal Hand
He signs without perusing it.

Phila. I am here
Injoin'd to free all such as lie for Debt,
The Creditors to be paid out of his Coffers.

Paul. And I all Malefactors that are not
Convicted or for Treason or foul Murther;
Such only are excepted;

Phila. 'Tis a rare Clemency!

Paul. Which we must not dispute, but put in Prac-
tice. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Loud Musick, Shouts within: Heaven preserve the Emperor,
Heaven bless the Empress. Then in State, Chryfapius,
Patriarch. Paulinus, Theodosius, Athenais, Pulche-
ria, her two young Sisters bearing up Athenais's Train,
followed by Philanax, Gratianus, Timantus, Suitors,
presenting Petitions, the Emperor sealing them. Pulche-
ria appears troubled.*

Pulch. Sir, by your own Rules of Philosophy,
You know Things violent last not. Royal Bounties
Are great and gracious, while they are dispens'd
With Moderation; but, when their Excess
In giving Giant-bulks to others, take from

The Prince's just Proportion, they lose
The Name of Virtues, and, their Natures chang'd,
Grow the most dangerous Vices.

Theod. In this, Sister,
Your Wisdom is not circular; they that sow
In narrow Bounds, cannot expect in Reason
A Crop beyond their Ventures; what I do
Disperse I lend, and will with Usury
Return unto my Heap. I only then
Am rich, and happy (tho' my Coffers sound
With Emptiness) when my glad Subjects feel,
Their Plenty and Felicity is my Gift;
And they will find, when they with Cheerfulness
Supply not my Defects, I being the Stomach
To th' politick Body of the State, the Limbs
Grow suddenly faint and feeble. I could urge
Proofs of more Fineness in their Shape and Language;
But none of greater Strength.—Dissuade me not;
What we will, we will do; yet, to assure you
Your Care does not offend us, for an Hour
Be happy in the Converse of my best
And dearest Comfort—May you please to licence
My Privacy some few Minutes? [*To Athenais.*

Athen. Licence, Sir?

I have no Will but is deriv'd from yours,
And that still waits upon you; nor can I
Be left with such Security with any
As with the gracious Princess, who receives
Addition, tho' she be all Excellence,
In being stil'd your Sister.

Theod. O sweet Creature!
Let me be censur'd fond and too indulgent,
Nay, tho' they say uxorious, I care not;
Her Love and sweet Humility exact
A Tribute far above my Power to pay
Her matchless Goodness. [*Aside.*] Forward.

[*Exeunt Theodosius and the Train.*]

Pulch. Now you find
Your dying Father's Prophecy, that foretold
Your present Greatness, to the full accomplish'd.

For the poor Aids and Furtherance I lent you,
I willingly forget.

Athen. Ev'n that binds me
To a more strict Remembrance of the Favour;
Nor shall you, from my foul Ingratitude,
In any Circumstance, ever find Cause
T'upbraid me with your Benefit.

Pulch. I believe so.
Pray you, give us leave—What now I must deliver
Under the deepest Seal of Secrecy,
Tho' it be for your Good, will give Assurance
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
Hear, but obey my Counsels.

Athen. They must be
Of a strange Nature, if with zealous Speed
I put 'em not in Practice.

Pulch. 'Twere Impertinence
To dwell on Circumstances, since the Wound
Requires a sudden Cure; especially
Since you, that are the happy Instrument
Elected to it, tho' young, in your Judgment
Write far above your Years, and may instruct
Such as are more experienc'd.

Athen. Good Madam,
In this I must oppose you, I am well
Acquainted with my Weakness, and it will not
Become your Wisdom, by which I am rais'd
To this titulary Height, that should correct
The Pride and overweening of my Fortune,
To play the Parasite to it, in ascribing
That Merit to me, unto which I can
Pretend no Interest—Pray you, excuse
My bold Simplicity, and to my Weight
Design me where you please, and you shall find
In my Obedience, I am still your Creature.

Pulch. 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
The Building I have rais'd. Go on, sweet Lady,
In this your virtuous Progress.—But to the Point;
You know, nor do I envy it, you have
Acquir'd that Power which, not long since, was mine,

In governing the Emperor, and must use
 The Strength you hold in the Heart of his Affections,
 For his private, as the publick Preservation,
 To which there is no greater Enemy
 Than his exorbitant Prodigality,
 Howe'er his Sycophants and Flatterers call it
 Royal Magnificence; and, tho' he may
 Urge what's done for your Honour, must not be
 Curb'd, or be controul'd by you, you cannot in
 Your Wisdom but conceive, if that the Torrent
 Of his violent Bounties be not stopp'd or lessen'd,
 It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, Madam,
 Since 'tis your Duty, as you are his Wife,
 To give him saving Counsels, and in being
 Almost his Idol, may command him to
 Take any Shape you please, with a powerful Hand,
 To stop him in his Precipice to Ruin.

Athen. Avert it, Heaven!

Pulch. Heaven is most gracious to you, Madam,
 In choosing you to be the Instrument
 Of such a pious Work. You see he signs
 What Suit soever is prefer'd, not once
 Enquiring what it is, yielding himself
 A Prey to all. I would, therefore, have you, Lady,
 As I know you will, to advise him, or command him,
 As he would reap the Plenty of your Favours,
 To use more Moderation in his Bounties;
 And that, before he gives, he would consider
 The what, to whom, and wherefore.

Athen. Do you think
 Such Arrogance, or Usurpation rather
 Of what is proper, and peculiar
 To ev'ry private Husband, and much more
 To him an Emperor, can rank with th' Obedience
 And Duty of a Wife? Are we appointed
 In our Creation (let me reason with you)
 To rule, or to obey? Or, 'cause he loves me
 With a kind Impotence, must I tyrannize
 Over his Weakness? Or abuse the Strength
 With which he arms me, to his Wrong? Or, like

A prostituted Creature, merchandize
 Our mutual Delight for Hire? Or to
 Serve mine own fordid Ends? In vulgar Nuptials
 Priority is exploded, tho' there be
 A Difference in the Parties; and shall I,
 His Vassal, from Obscurity rais'd by him
 To this so eminent Light, ' presume t' appoint him
 To do, or not to do, this, or that? When Wives
 Are well accommodated by their Husbands
 With all Things both for Use, and Ornament,
 Let them fix there, and never dare to question
 Their Wills or Actions. For myself, I vow,
 Tho' now my Lord would rashly give away
 His Scepter and imperial Diadem,
 Or if there could be any Thing more precious,
 I would not cross it;—but I know this is
 But a Trial of my Temper, and as such
 I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,
 You are so subtil in your Arguments,
 I dare not stay to hear them.

Pulch. Is't ev'n so?

I've Power o'er these, yet, and command their Stay,
 To hearken, nearer to me.

1 *Sister.* We are charg'd
 By the Emperor, our Brother, to attend
 The Empress' Service.

2 *Sister.* You are too mortify'd, Sisset,
 (With Reverence I speak it) for young Ladies
 To keep you Company. I am so tir'd
 With your tedious Exhortations, Doctrines,
 Uses of your religious Morality,

• *To this so eminent Light.*

Thus we read in the old Copies, which I have here followed, tho'
 I think it ought to be

To this so eminent Height.

Light is the right Reading, and is oppos'd to Obscurity in the
 Line preceding. *M. M.*

That, for my Health-sake, I must take the Freedom
To enjoy a little of those Pleasures
That I was born to.

1 *Sister*. When I come to your Years
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your Pardon,
I'll lose no more Time. I have not learn'd to dance
yet,

Nor sing, but holy Hymns, and those to vile Tunes too;
Nor to discourse but of Schoolmen's Opinions.
How shall I answer my Suitors? Since, I hope,
Ere long I shall have many, without Practice
To write, and speak something that's not deriv'd
From the Fathers of Philosophy.

2 *Sist*. We shall shame
Our Breeding, Sister, if we should go on thus.

1 *Sister*. 'Tis for your Credit that we study
How to converse with Men; Women with Women
Yields but a barren Argument.

2 *Sister*. She frowns—
But you'll protect us, Madam?

Athen. Yes, and love
Your sweet Simplicity.

1 *Sist*. But, when we are enter'd,
We shall go on a good round Pace.

Athen. I'll leave you, Madam.

1 *Sister*. And we; our Duties with you.

[*Exeunt Athenais and the young Ladies.*]

Pulch. On all Hands
'Thus slighted? No Way left? Am I grown stupid
In my Invention? Can I make no Use
Of the Emperor's Bounties?—Now 'tis thought: with-
in there.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam.

Pulch. It shall be so:—Nearer; your Ear
Draw a Petition to this End.

Serv. Besides
The Danger to prefer it, I believe
'Twill ne'er be granted.

Pulch. How's this? Are you grown,
From a Servant my Director? Let me hear
No more of this. Dispatch, I'll master him

[*Exit Servant.*

At his own Weapon.

*Enter Theodosius, Favorinus, Philanax, Timantus, and
Gratianus.*

Theod. Let me understand it,
If yet there be ought wanting that may perfect
A general Happiness.

Favor. The People's Joy
In Seas of Acclamations flow in
To wait on yours.

Phila. Their Love with Bounty levied,
Is a sure Guard: Obedience, forc'd from Fear,
Paper Fortification, which in Danger
Will yield to the Impression of a Reed;
Or of itself fall off.

Theod. True, *Philanax.*
And by that certain Compass we resolve
To steer our Barque of Government.

Enter Servant with the Petition.

Pulch. 'Tis well.

Theod. My dearest and my all-deserving Sister,
As a Petitioner kneel? It must not be.
Pray you rise; altho' your Suit were half my Empire,
'Tis freely granted.

Pulch. Your Alacrity
To give hath made a Beggar; yet, before
My Suit is by your sacred Hand and Seal
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse
The Sum of my Request.

Theod. We will not wrong
Your Judgment, in conceiving what 'tis fit
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,
As to proceed with Caution, give me my Signet,

With Confidence I sign it, and here vow
By my Father's Soul, but with your free Consent,
It is irrevocable.

Timan. What if she now,
Calling to Memory how often we
Have cross'd her Government, in Revenge hath made
Petition for our Heads?

Grat. They must even off then;
No Ransom can redeem us.

Theod. Let those Jewels
So highly rated by the *Persian* Merchants
Be bought, and as a Sacrifice from us
Presented to *Eudoxia*, she being only
Worthy to wear 'em. I am angry with
The unresistable Necessity
Of my Occasions and important Cares,
That so long keep me from her.

[*Exeunt Theodosius and the Train.*]

Pulch. Go to the Empress,
And tell her on the sudden I am sick,
And do desire the Comfort of a Visit,
If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use
Your humblest Language.—But, when once I have her
[*Exit Servant.*]

In my Possession, I will rise and speak
In a higher Strain: Say it raise Storms, no matter.
Fools judge by the Event, my Ends are honest.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Theodosius, Timantus, and Philanax.

Theod. What is become of her? Can she that carries
Such glorious Excellence of Light about her
Be any where conceal'd?

Phila. We have sought her Lodgings,
And all we can learn from the Servants, is,
She, by your Majesty's Sisters waited on,

The Attendance of her other Officers,
By her exprefs Command, deny'd,—

Theod. Forbear

Impertinent Circumstances,—whither went ſhe? Speak.

Phila. As they gueſs, to the Laurel Grove.

Theod. So ſlightly guarded!

What an Earthquake I feel in me! and, but that
Religion affures the contrary,

The Poets Dreams of luſtful Fawns and Satyrs,
Would make me fear I know not what.

Enter Favorinus.

Favor. I have found her,
An it pleaſe your Majeſty.

Theod. Yes, it doth pleaſe me. But why return'd without her?

Favor. As ſhe made

Her ſpeedieſt Approaches to your Preſence,
A Servant of the Princeſs's, *Pulcheria*,
Encounter'd her. What 'twas he whiſper'd to her
I'm ignorant; but, hearing it, ſhe ſtarted,
And will'd me to excuſe her Abſence from you
The third Part of an Hour.

Theod. In this ſhe takes

So much of my Life from me; yet, I'll bear it
With what Patience I may; ſince 'tis her Pleaſure,
Go back, my *Favorinus*, and intreat her
Not to exceed a Minute.

Timant. Here's ſtrange Fondneſs! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E I V.

Pulcheria. Servants.

Pulch. You're certain ſhe will come?

Serv. She is already

Enter'd your outward Lodgings.

Pulch. No Train with her?

Serv. Your Excellency's Sisters only.

Pulch. 'Tis the better.

See the Doors strongly guarded, and deny

Access to all, but with our special Licence:

Why dost thou stay? Shew your Obedience;

Your Wisdom now is useless. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter Athenais, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.

Flac. She is sick, sure;

Or, in fit Reverence to your Majesty,

She had waited you at the Door.

Arcad. 'Twould hardly be

[*Pulcheria walking by*]

Excus'd, in civil Manners, to her Equal:

But with more difficulty to you, that are

So far above her.

Athen. Not in her Opinion;

She hath been too long accusom'd to Command

T' acknowledge a Superior.

Arcad. There she walks.

Flac. If she be not sick of the Sullens, I see not

The least Infirmity in her.

Athen. This is strange!

Arcad. Open your Eyes: The Empress. —

Pulch. Reach that Chair:

Now, sitting thus at Distance, I'll vouchsafe

To look upon her.

Arcad. How, Sister? Pray you awake.

Are you in your Wits?

Flac. Grant, Heaven, your too much Learning

Does not conclude in Madness.

Athen. You intreated

A Visit from me.

Pulch. True, my Servant us'd

Such Language: But now, as a Mistress, I

Command your Service.

Athen. Service?

Arcad. She's stark mad, sure.

Pulch. You'll find I can dispose of what's mine own
Without a Guardian.

Athen. Follow me.—I will see you
When your frantick Fit is o'er. I do begin
To be of your Belief.

Pulch. It will deceive you.
Thou shalt not stir from hence.—Thus, as mine own,
I seize upon thee.

Flac. Help, help! Violence
Offer'd to the Empress' Person!

Pulch. 'Tis in vain:
She was an Empress once; but, by my Gift:
Which, being abus'd, I do recall my Grant.
You are read in Story; call to Remembrance
What the great *Hector's* Mother, *Hecuba*,
Was to *Ulysses*, *Ilium* sack'd.

Athen. A Slave.

Pulch. To me thou art so.

Athen. Wonder and Amazement
Quite overwhelm me: How am I transform'd?
How have I lost my Liberty? [*Knocking without.*]

Enter Servant.

Pulch. Thou shalt know
Too soon, no Doubt.—Who's that, that with such
Rudeness,
Beats at the Door?

Serv. The Prince *Paulinus*, Madam,
Sent from the Emperor to attend upon
The gracious Empress.

Ar cad. And who is your Slave now?

Flac. Sister, repent in Time, and beg Pardon
For your Presumption.

Pulch. —It is resolv'd:
From me return this Answer to *Paulinus*;
She shall not come; she's mine; the Emperor hath
No Interest in her. [*Exit Servant.*]

Athen. Whatsoe'er I am
You take not from your Power o'er me, to yield
A Reason for this Usage.

Pulch. Tho' my Will is
Sufficient: to add to thy Affliction,
Know, Wretched Thing, 'tis not thy Fate, but Folly,
Hath made thee what thou art: 'Tis some Delight
To urge my Merits to one so ungrateful;
Therefore with Horror hear it. When thou wert
Thrust as a Stranger from thy Father's House,
Expos'd to all Calamities that Want
Could throw upon thee; thine own Brothers' Scorn,
And in thy Hopes, as by the World, forsaken,
My Pity, the last Altar that was left thee;
I heard thy Syren Charms, with Feeling heard them,
And my Compassion made mine Eyes vie Tears
With thine, dissembling Crocodile! and when Queens
Were emulous for thy Imperial Bed,
The Garments of thy Sorrows cast aside,
I put thee in a Shape as would have forc'd
Envy from *Cleopatra*, had she seen thee.
Then, when I knew my Brother's Blood was warm'd
With youthful Fires, I brought thee to his Presence:
And how my deep Designs, for thy good plotted,
Succeeded to my Wishes, is apparent,
And needs no Repetition.

Athen. I am conscous
Of your so many and unequal'd Favours,
But find not how I may accuse myself
For any Facts committed, that with justice
Can raise your Anger to this Height against me.

Pulch. Pride and Forgetfulness would not let thee
see that,
Against which now thou canst not close thy Eyes.
What Injury could be equal to thy late
Contempt of my good Counsel, when I urg'd
The Emperor's prodigal Bounties, and intreated
That you would use your Power to give 'em Limits,
Or, at the least, a due Consideration
Of such as su'd, and for what, ere he sign'd it?

In Opposition, you brought against me
 Th' Obedience of a Wife, that Ladies were not,
 Being well accommodated by their Lords,
 To question, but much less to cross, their Pleasures ;
 Nor would you, tho' the Emperor were resolv'd
 To give away his Scepter, hinder it,
 Since 'twas done for your Honour, covering with
 False Colours of Humility your Ambition.

Athen. And is this my Offence ?

Pulch. As wicked Counsel

Is still most hurtful unto those that give it ;
 Such as deny to follow what is good,
 In Reason, are the first that must repent it.
 When I please, you shall hear more ; in the mean Time,
 Thank your own wilful Foily that hath chang'd you
 From an Empress to a Bondwoman.

Theod. Force the Doors :

Kill those that dare resist.

*Enter Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Chryfapius,
 and Gratianus.*

Athen. Dear Sir, redeem me.

Flac. O suffer not, for your own Honour's Sake,
 The Empress, you late so lov'd, to be made
 A Prisoner in the Court.

Arcad. Leap to his Lips,
 You'll find them the best Sanctuary.

Flac. And try then,
 What Interest my reverend Sister hath
 To force you from 'em.

Theod. What strange May-game's this ?
 Tho' done in Sport, how ill this Levity
 Becomes your Wisdom ?

Pulch. I am serious, Sir,
 And have done nothing but what you in Honour,
 And as you are yourself an Emperor,
 Stand bound to justify.

Theod. Take heed; put not these
Strange Trials on my Patience,

Pulch. Do not you, Sir,
Deny your own Act; as you are a Man,
And stand on your own Bottom, 'twill appear
A childish Weakness to make void a Grant,
Sign'd by your Sacred Hand and Seal, and strengthen'd
With a religious Oath, but with my Licence
Never to be recall'd. For some few Minutes
Let Reason rule your Passion, and in this,

[*Delivers the Deed.*]

Be pleas'd to read my Interest. You will find there,
What you in me call Violence, is Justice,
And that I may make Use of what's mine own,
According to my Will. 'Tis your own Gift, Sir;
And what an Emperor gives, should stand as firm
As the Celestial Poles upon the Shoulders
Of *Atlas*, or his Successor in that Office
The great *Alcides*.

Theod. Miseries of more Weight,
Than 'tis feign'd they supported, fall upon me!
What hath my Rashness done? In this Transaction
Drawn in express and formal Terms, I have
Giv'n and consign'd into your Hands, to use
And observe, as you please, my dear *Eudoxa*.
It is my Deed, I do confess it is,
And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd:
But yet you may shew Mercy—and you will,
When you consider that there is no Beauty
So perfect in a Creature, but is soil'd
With some unbefeeching Blemish. You have labour'd
'To build me up a complete Prince; 'tis granted:
Yet, as I am a Man, like other Monarchs,
I have Defects and Frailties; my Facility
To send Petitioners with pleas'd Looks from me,
Is all I can be charg'd with, and it will
Become your Wisdom, (since 'tis in your Power)
In Charity to provide, I fail no further
Or in my Oath or Honour.

Pulch. Royal Sir,
 This was the Mark I aim'd at, and I glory
 At the length you so conceive it: 'Twas a Weakness
 To measure by your own Integrity
 The Purposes of others. I have shewn you,
 In a true Mirror, what Fruit grows upon
 The Tree of hoodwink'd Bounty, and what Dangers
 Precipitation in the managing
 Your great Affairs produceth.

Theod. I embrace it
 As a grave Advertisement, and vow hereafter
 Never to sign Petitions at this Rate.

Pulch. For mine, see, Sir, 'tis cancell'd; on my
 Knees
 I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.

[*Tears the Deed.*]

She is my second Gift.

Theod. Which if I part from
 'Till Death divorce us——

[*Kissing Athenais.*]

Athen. So, Sir——

Theod. Nay, Sweet, chide not:
 I am punish'd in thy Looks; defer the rest,
 'Till we're more private.

Pulch. I ask Pardon too,
 If, in my personated Passion, I
 Appear'd too harsh and rough.

Athen. 'Twas gentle Language,
 What I was then consider'd.

Pulch. O dear Madam,
 It was Decorum in the Scene.

Athen. This Trial,
 When I was *Athenais*, might have pass'd;
 But as I am the Empress——

Theod. Nay, no Anger,
 Since all Good was intended.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Athenais, Arcadia,
 and Flaccilla.*]

Pulch. Building on
That certain Base, I fear not what can follow.

[*Exit Pulcheria.*

Paul. These are strange Devices, *Philanax.*

Phila. True, my Lord.

May all turn to the best!

Grat. The Emperor's Looks
Promis'd a Calm.

Chryf. But the vex'd Empress' Frowns
Prefag'd a second Storm.

Paul. I am sure I feel one
In my Leg already.

Phila. Your old Friend, the Gout?

Paul. My forc'd Companion, *Philanax.*

Chryf. To your Rest.

Paul. Rest, and forbearing Wine, with a temperate
Diet,

Tho' many Mountebanks pretend the Cure of't,
I've found my best Physicians.

Phila. Ease to your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I,

Athenais and Chryfapius.

Athenais.

MAKE me her Property?

Chryf. Your Majesty
Hath just Cause of Distaste; and your Resentment
Of the Affront in the Point of Honour cannot
But meet a fair Construction.

Athen. I have only
The Title of an Empress, but the Power

Is by her ravish'd from me. She surveys
My Actions as a Governess, and calls
My not observing all that she directs,
Folly and Disobedience.

Chryf. Under Correction

With Grief I've long observ'd it; and, if you
Stand pleas'd to sign my Warrant, I'll deliver
In my unfeign'd Zeal and Desire to serve you,
(Howe'er I run the Hazard of my Head for't,
Should it arrive at the Knowledge of the Princess)
Not alone, the Reasons why Things are thus carried,
But give into your Hands the Power to clip
The Wings of her Command.

Athen. Your Service this Way
Cannot offend me.

Chryf. Be you pleas'd to know then,
(But still with Pardon, if I am too bold)
Your too much Sufferance imps the broken Feathers
Which carry her to this proud Height, in which
She with Security soars, and still tow'rs o'er you:
But, if you would employ the Strength you hold
In the Emperor's Affections, and remember
The Orb you move in should admit no Star else,
You never would confests the managing
Of State Affairs to her alone are proper,
And you fit by a Looker on.

Athen. I would not,
If it were possible I could attempt
Her Diminution, without a Taint
Of foul Ingratitude in myself.

Chryf. In this
The Sweetness of your Temper does abuse you;
And you call that a Benefit to yourself
Which she for her own Ends conferr'd upon you.
'Tis yielded she gave Way to your Advancement:
But for what Cause? that she might still continue
Her absolute Sway and Swing o'er the whole State;
And that she might to her Admirers vaunt,
The Empress was her Creature, and the Giver
To be preferr'd before the Gift.

Athen. It may be.

Chryf. Nay, 'tis most certain: Whereas, would you please

In a true Glass to look upon yourself,
And view without Detraction your own Merits,
Which all Men wonder at, you would find that Fate,
Without a second Cause, appointed you
To the supremest Honour. For the Princess,
She hath reign'd long enough, and her Remove
Will make your Entrance free to the Possession
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve
To build upon her Ruins, leave the Engines
That must be us'd to undermine her Greatness
To my Provision.

Athen. I thank your Care:

But a Design of such Weight must not be
Rashly determin'd of; it will exact

A long and serious Consultation from me.

In the mean Time, *Chryfapius*, rest assur'd

I live your thankful Mistress.

[*Exit Athenais,*

Chryf. Is this all?

Will the Physick that I minister'd work no further?

I've play'd the Fool; and, leaving a calm Port,

Embark'd myself on a rough Sea of Danger.

In her Silence lies my Safety, which how can I

Hope from a Woman? But the Die is thrown,

And I must stand the Hazard.

*Enter Theodosius, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus, and
Huntsmen.*

Theod. Is *Paulinus*

So tortur'd with his Gout?

Phila. Most miserably, Sir.

And it adds much to his Affliction, that

The Pain denies him Power to wait upon

Your Majesty.

Theod. I pity him.—He is

A wond'rous honest Man, and what he suffers,

I know, will grieve my Empress.

Timan. He, indeed, is
Much bound to her gracious Favour.

Theod. He deserves it;
She cannot find a Subject upon whom
She better may confer it.—Is the Stag
Safe lodg'd?

Grat. Yes, Sir, and the Hounds and Huntsmen
ready.

Phila. He will make you royal Sport. He is a Deer
Of ten³ at the least.

Enter Countryman with an Apple.

Grat. Whither will this Clown?

Timan. Stand back.

Count. I would see the Emperor. Why should you
Courtiers

Scorn a poor Countryman? We sweat at the Plough
To vill your Mouths, you and your Curs might starve
else.

We prune the Orchards, and you cranch the Fruit;
Yet still y'are snarling at us.

Theod. What's the Matter?

Count. I would look on thy sweet Face.

Timan. Unmannerly Swain!

Count. Zwain? Tho' I am a Zwain, I have a Heart,
yet,

As ready to do Service for my Leg,⁴
As any Princock, Peacock of you all.

Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this Twig
I would so veeze you,

Timan. Will your Majesty
Hear this rude Language?

Theod. Yes, and hold it as
An Ornament, not a Blemish. *O Timantus!*
Since that dread Power, by whom we are, disdains not

³ *A Deer of ten.* Is a Deer that has ten Branches to his Horns,
which they have at Three Years old. *M. M.*

⁴ My Liege is the Word intended by the Speaker, but I suppose
it is misspelt on Purpose. *M. M.*

With an open Ear to hear Petitions from us,
 Easy Access in us, his Deputies,
 To the meanest of our Subjects, is a Debt
 Which we stand bound to pay.

Count. By my Granam's Ghost
 'Tis a wholesome Zaying; our Vicar could not mend it
 In the Pulpit on a Zunday.

Theod. What's thy Suit Friend?

Count. Zute? I would laugh at that. Let the Court
 beg from thee,

What the poor Country gives. I bring a Present
 To thy good Grace, which I can call mine own,
 And look not, like these gay Volk, for a Return
 Of what they venture. Have I giv'nt you, ha!

Chryf. A perilous Knave.

Count. Zee here a dainty Apple. [*Presents the Apple.*
 Of mine own grafting; zweet and zownd, I assure thee,

Theod. It is the fairest Fruit I ever saw.

Those golden Apples in the *Hesperian* Orchards
 So strangely guarded by the watchful Dragon,
 As they requir'd great *Hercules* to get 'em;
 Or those with which *Hippomenes* deceiv'd
 Swift-footed *Atalanta*, when I look
 On this, deserve no Wonder. You behold
 The poor Man and his Present with Contempt;
 I to their Value prize both; He, that could
 So aid weak Nature by his Care and Labour,
 As to compel a Crab-tree stock to bear
 A precious Fruit of this large Size and Beauty,
 Would by his Industry change a petty Village
 Into a populous City, and from that
 Erect a flourishing Kingdom. Give the Fellow,
 For an Encouragement to his future Labours,
 Ten *Attick* Talents.

Count. I will weary Heaven
 With my Prayers for your Majesty. [*Exit Countryman.*

Theod. *Philanax*,
 From me present this Rarity to the rarest
 And best of Women. When I think upon
 The boundless Happiness that from her flows to me,

In my Imagination I am rapt
 Beyond myself.—But I forget our Hunting,
 To the Forest for the Exercise of my Body;
 But for my Mind, 'tis wholly taken up
 In the Contemplation of her matchless Virtues.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Athenais, Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.

Athen. You shall know there's a Difference between us.

Pulch. There was, I'm certain, not long since, when you

Kneel'd a Petitioner to me; then you were happy
 To be near my Feet; and do you hold it, now,
 As a Disparagement that I sive you, Lady?

Athen. Since you respect me only as I was,
 What I am shall be remember'd.

Pulch. Does the Means
 I practis'd, to give good and saving Counsels
 To th' Emperor, and your new stamp'd Majesty
 Still stick in your Stomach?

Athen. 'Tis not yet digested,
 In troth it is not. Why, good Governess,
 Tho' you are held for a grand Madam, and yourself
 The first that overprize it, I ne'er took
 Your Words for *Delphian* Oracles, nor your Actions
 For such Wonders as you make 'em,—there is one,
 When she shall see her Time, as fit and able
 To be made Partner of the Emperor's Cares,
 As your wise self, and may with Justice challenge
 A nearer Interest.—You have done your Visit,
 So, when you please, you may leave me.

Pulch. I'll not bandy
 Words with your Mightiness, proud one, only this,

You carry too much Sail for your small Bark;
 And that, when you leaft think upon't, may fink you.
 [Exit. Pulcheria.]

Flac. I am glad ſhe's gone.

Arcad. I fear'd ſhe would have read
 A tedious Lecture to us.

Enter Philanax with the Apple.

Phila. From the Emperor.
 This rare Fruit to the rareſt.

Athen. How, my Lord?

Phila. I uſe his Language, Madam; and that Truſt,
 Which he impos'd on me, diſcharg'd, his Pleaſure
 Commands my preſent Service. [Exit Philanax.]

Athen. Have you ſeen
 So fair an Apple?

Flac. Never.

Arcad. If the Taſte
 Answer the Beauty.

Athen. Prettily begg'd:—you ſhould have it;
 But that you eat too much cold Fruit, and that
 Changes the freſh Red in your Cheeks to Paleneſs.

Enter Servant.

I've other Dainties for you; you come from
Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble
 And honeſt Lord? My Witneſs at the Fount;
 In a Word, the Man to whoſe bleſſ'd Charity
 I owe my Greatneſs. How is't with him?

Serv. Spiritly,
 In his Mind; but, by the raging of his Gout,
 In his Body much diſtemper'd; that you pleas'd
 To inquire his Health, took off much from his Pain;
 His glad Looks did confirm it.

Athen. Do his Doctors
 Give him no Hope?

Serv. Little; they rather fear,
By his continual burning, that he stands
In Danger of a Fever.

Athen. To him again,
And tell him that I heartily wish it lay
In me to ease him, and from me deliver
This choice Fruit to him; you may say to that,
I hope it will prove physical.

Serv. The good Lord
Will be o'erjoy'd with the Favour.

Athen. He deserves more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Paulinus brought in a Chair, and Chirurgeon.

Chirurg. I've done as much as Art can do, to stop
The violent Course of your Fit, and I hope you feel it.
How does your Honour?

Paul. At some Ease, I thank you:
I would you could assure Continuance of it,
For the Moiety of my Fortune.

Chirurg. If I could cure
The Gout, my Lord, without a Philosopher's Stone]
I should soon purchase, it being a Disease,
In poor Men very rare, and in the rich
The Cure impossible, your many Bounties
Bid me prepare you for a certain Truth,
And to flatter you were dishonest.

Paul. Your plain dealing
Deserves a Fee. Happy are poor Men;
If sick with the Exceis of Heat or Cold,
Caus'd by necessitous Labour, not loose Surfeits,
They, when spare Diet, or kind Nature fail
To perfect their Recovery, soon arrive at
Their Rest in Death; but, on the contrary,
The Great and Noble are expos'd as Preys
To the Rapine of Physicians; and they,
In ling'ring out what is remediless,

Aim at their Profit, not the Patient's Health.
 A thousand Trials and Experiments
 Have been put upon me, and I forc'd to pay dear
 For my Vexation; but I am resolv'd,
 (I thank your honest Freedom) to be made
 A Property no more for Knaves to work on.
 —What have you there?

Enter Cleon with a Parchment Roll.

Cleon. The Triumphs of an Artfman
 O'er all Infirmities, made authentional
 With the Names of Princes, Kings and Emperors
 That were his Patients.

Paul. Some Empirick.

Cleon. It may be so; but he swears, within three
 Days
 He will grub up your Gout by th' Roots, and make you
 able

To march ten Leagues a Day in complete Armour.

Paul. Impossible.

Cleon. Or, if you like not him——

Chirurg. Hear him, my Lord, for your Mirth; I will
 take Order

They shall not wrong you.

Paul. Usher in your Monster.

Cleon. He is at Hand, march up: Now speak for
 yourself.

Enter Empirick.

Empir. I come not, Right Honourable, to your Pre-
 sence, with any base and fordid End of Reward; the
 Immortality of my Fame is the White I shoot at, the
 Charge of my most curious and costly Ingredients de-
 fray'd, amounting to some seventeen thousand Crowns
 —a Trifle in respect of Health—writing your noble
 Name in my Catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself
 amply satisfi'd.

Chirurg. I believe so.

Empir. For your own Sake, I most heartily wish, that you had now all the Diseases, Maladies and Infirmities upon you, that were ever remember'd by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the latter, and more admired Paracelsus.

Paul. For your good Wish I thank you.

Empir. Take me with you; I beseech your good Lordship. I urg'd it, that your Joy, in being certainly and suddenly free from them, may be the greater, and my not to be parallell'd Skill the more remarkable. The Cure of the Gout's a Toy; without Boast be it said; my Cradle-practice; the Cancer, the Fis-tula, the Dropsy, Consumption of Lungs and Kidneys, Hurts in the Brain, Heart, or Liver, are Things worthy my Opposition; but in the Recovery of my Patients I ever overcome them.—But to your Gout—

Paul. I, marry, Sir; that cur'd, I shall be apter To give Credit to the rest.

Empir. Suppose it done, Sir.

Chirur. And the Means you use, I beseech you.

Empir. I will do it in the plainest Language, and discover my Ingredients. First, my *boteni Terebinthina*, of Cypris, my Manna, *ros caelo*, coagulated with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly Yolks of Eggs, with a little Cyath, or Quantity of my potable Elixir, with some few Scruples of Sassafras and Guacum, so taken every Morning and Evening, in the Space of three Days, purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward Causes of the virulent Tumor.

Paul. Why do you smile?

Chirur. When he hath done, I will resolve you.

Empir. For my exterior Applications, I have these Balsumunguentulums, extracted from Herbs, Plants, Roots, Seeds, Gums, and a Million of other Vegetables, the principal of which are Ulissipona, or Serpentaria, Sophia, or Herba Consolidarum, Parthenion, or Commanilla Romana, Mumia transmarina, mixed with my plumbum Philosophorum, and mater metallorum, *cum ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in postagra.*

Cleon. A conjuring Balsamum.

Empir. This applied warm upon the pained place, with a Feather of *Struthio cameli*, or a Bird of Paradise, which is every where to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant Dolor.

Chirur. An excellent Receipt! but does your Lordship know what it is good for?

Paul. I would be instructed.

Chirur. For the Gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it in a plainer Phrase, the Pox.

Empir. If it cure his Lordship Of that, by the Way, I hope, Sir, 'tis the better. My Medicine serves for all Things, and the Pox, Sir, Tho' falsely nam'd the Sciatica, or Gout, Is the more Catholick Sickness.

Paul. Hence with the Rascal! Yet hurt him not; he makes me smile, and that Frees him from Punishment. [*They thrust off the Empir.*]

Chirur. Such Slaves as this Render our Art contemptible.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My good Lord——

Paul. So soon return'd?

Serv. And with this Present from Your great and gracious Mistress, with her Wishes It may prove physical to you.

Paul. In my Heart

I kneel, and thank her Bounty. Dear Friend *Cleon*, Give him the Cupboard of Plate in the next Room. For a Reward. [*Exeunt Cleon and the Servant.*]
Most glorious Fruit; but made More precious by her Grace and Love that sent it. To touch it only, coming from her Hand, Makes me forget all Pain. A Diamond Of this large Size, though it would buy a Kingdom, Hew'd from the Rock, and laid down at my Feet; Nay, tho' a Monarch's Gift, will hold no Value, Compar'd with this—And yet, ere I presume

To taste it, tho', fans *Question*, it is
 Some heavenly *Restorative*, I in *Duty*
 Stand bound to weigh my own *Unworthiness*.
Ambrosia is *Food* only for the *Gods* ;
 And not by human *Lips* to be *prophan'd*.
 I may adore it as some holy *Relique*
 Deriv'd from thence, but *impious* to keep it
 In my *Possession* ; the *Emperor* only
 Is worthy to enjoy it.—Go, good *Cleon*,

Enter Cleon.

And (cease this *Admiration* at this *Object*)
 From me present this to my *Royal Master*,
 I know it will amaze him, and excuse me
 That I am not myself the *Bearer* of it.
 That I should be lame now, when with *Wings* of *Duty*
 I should fly to the *Service* of this *Empress* !
 Nay, no *Delays*, good *Cleon*.

Cleon. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Theodosius, Chryfapius, Timantus and Gratianus.

Chryf. Are you not tir'd, Sir !

Theod. Tir'd ? I must not say so,
 However, tho' I rode hard. To a *Huntsman*,
 His *Toil* is his *Delight*, and to complain
 Of *Weariness*, would shew as poorly in him,
 As if a *General* should grieve for a *Wound*
 Receiv'd upon his *Forehead*, or his *Breast*,
 After a *glorious Victory*, lay by
 These *Accoutrements* for the *Chace*.

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. You are well return'd, Sir,
 From your princely *Exercise*.

Theod. Sister, to you
 I owe the Freedom, and the Use of all
 The Pleasures I enjoy. Your Care provides
 For my Security, and the Burthen, which
 I should alone sustain, you undergo,
 And, by your painful Watchings, yield my Sleeps
 Both sound and sure. How happy am I in
 Your Knowledge of the Art of Government!
 And, credit me, I glory to behold you
 A Partner, and no Subject of my Empire.

Pulch. My Vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,
 I'm confident you allow of—yet it is not
 Approv'd by all.

Theod. Who dares repine at that
 Which hath our Suffrage?

Pulch. One that too well knows
 The Strength of her Abilities can better
 My weak Endeavours.

Theod. In this you reflect
 Upon my Empress?

Pulch. True; for, as she is
 The Consort of your Bed, 'tis fit she share in
 Your Cares and absolute Power.

Theod. You touch a String
 That sounds but harshly to me, and I must
 In a Brother's Love advise you, that hereafter
 You would forbear to move it. Since she is
 In her pure Self a Harmony of such Sweetness,
 Compos'd of Duty, chaste Desires, her Beauty
 (Tho' it might tempt a Hermit from his Beads)
 The least of her Endowments. I am sorry
 Her holding the first Place, since that the second
 Is proper to yourself, calls on your Envy.
 She err? It is impossible in a Thought,
 And, much more, speak or do what may offend me.
 In other Things I would believe you, Sister:
 But, tho' the Tongues of Saints and Angels tax'd her
 Of any Imperfection, I should be
 Incredulous.

Pulch. She is yet a Woman, Sir.

Theod. The Abstract of what's excellent in the Sex :
But to their Mulcts and Frailties a mere Stranger :
—I'll die in this Belief.

Enter Cleon with the Apple.

Cleon. Your humblest Servant,
The Lord *Paulinus*, as a Witness of
His Zeal and Duty to your Majesty,
Presents you with this Jewel.

Theod. Ha !

Cleon. It is
Preferr'd by him——

Theod. Above his Honour ?

Cleon. No, Sir ;
I would have said his Patrimony :

Theod. 'Tis the same.

Cleon. And he intreats, since Lameness may excuse
His not presenting it himself, from me
(Tho' far unworthy to supply his Place)
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

Theod. Farther off ;
You've told your Tale : Stay you for a Reward ?

—Take that. [Strikes him.]

Pulch. How's this ?

Chryf. I never saw him moy'd thus.

Theod. We must not part so, Sir—A Guard upon
him.

Enter Guard.

Theod. May I not vent my Sorrows in the Air,
Without Discovery ? Forbear the Room !

[They all go aside.]

Yet be within Call—What an Earthquake I feel in me !
And on the sudden my whole Fabrick totters.
My Blood within me turns, and thro' my Veins
Parting with natural Redness I discern it,
Chang'd to a fatal Yellow. What an Army

Of hellish Furies, in the horrid Shapes
Of Doubts and Fears, charge on me! Rise to my
Rescue,

Thou stout Maintainer of a chaste Wife's Honour,
The Confidence of her Virtues; be not shaken
With the Wind of vain Surmises; much less suffer
The Devil Jealousy to whisper to me
My curious Observation of that
I must no more remember.—Will it not be?
Thou uninvited Guest, ill-manner'd Monster,
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to
Give Fuel to that Fire I would put out?
The Goodness of my Memory proves my Mischief,
And I would sell my Empire, could it purchase
The dull Art of Forgetfulness.—Who waits there?

Timan. Most sacred Sir,

Theod. Sacred as 'tis accur'd^s,
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your Life,
Without a Word concerning this, command

[*Exit Timantus.*

Eudoxia to come to me.—Would I had
Ne'er known her by that Name, my Mother's Name!
Or that, for her own Sake, she had continued
Poor *Athenais* still;—No Intermision?
Wilt thou so soon torment me? Must I read
Writ in the Table of my Memory,
To warrant my Suspicion, how *Paulinus*
(Tho' ever thought a Man averse to Women)
First gave her Entertainment? Made her Way
For Audience to my Sister; then I did
Myself observe how he was ravish'd with
The gracious Delivery of her Story,
(Which was, I grant, the Bait that first took me too)
She was his Convert; what the Rhetorick was
He us'd, I know not; and, since she was mine
In private as in publick, what a Mass

^s *Sacratas*, in *Latin*, means accursed; to this *Theodosius* alludes, when he says, that *Sacred*, as it is *accursed*, is proper to him. *M. M.*

Of Grace and Favours hath she heap'd upon him!
And but to-day this fatal Fruit—She's come.

Enter Timantus, Athenais, Flaccilla, and Arcadia.

Can she be guilty?

Athen. You seem troubl'd, Sir;
My Innocence makes me bold to ask the Cause,
That I may ease you of it.—No Salute,
After four long Hours' Absence?

Theod. Prithee, forgive me. [Kisses her.
Methinks I find *Paulinus* on her Lips,
And the fresh Nectar that I drew from thence
Is on the sudden pall'd. [*Aside.*] How have you spent
Your Hours since I last saw you?

Athen. In the Converse
Of your sweet Sisters.

Theod. Did not *Philanax*,
From me deliver you an Apple?

Athen. Yes, Sir;
Heaven! how you frown! Pray you, talk of something
else:

Think not of such a Trifle.

Theod. How! a Trifle?
Does any Toy from me presented to you,
Deserve to be so slighted? Do you value
What's sent, and not the Sender?—From a Peasant
It had deserv'd your Thanks.

Athen. And meets from you, Sir,
All possible Respect.

Theod. I priz'd it, Lady,
At a higher Rate than you believe, and would not
Have parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before myself.

Athen. It was, indeed,
The fairest that I ever saw.

Theod. It was?
And it had Virtues in it, my *Eudoxia*,
Not visible to the Eye.

Athen. It may be so, Sir.

Theod. What did you with it,—tell me punctually;
I look for a strict Account.

Athen. What shall I answer?

Theod. Do you stagger? Ha!

Athen. No, Sir, I have eaten it.

It had the pleasant Taste. I wonder that
You found it not in my Breath.

Theod. I faith, I did not,
And it was wond'rous strange.

Athen. Pray you, try again.

Theod. I find no Scent of't here. You play with me.
You have it still?

Athen. By your sacred Life and Fortune,
An Oath I dare not break; I've eaten it.

Theod. Do you know how this Oath binds?

Athen. Too well to break it.

Theod. That ever Man, to please his brutish Sense,
Should slave his Understanding to his Passions,
And, taken with soon fading White and Red,
Deliver up his credulous Ears to hear
The Magick of a *Syren*, and from these
Believing there ever was, is, or can be
More than a seeming Honesty in bad Woman.

Athen. This is strange Language, Sir.

Theod. Who waits? Come all.

—Nay, Sister not so near; being of the Sex,
I fear you are infected too.

Pulch. What mean you?

Theod. To show you a Miracle, a Prodigy,
Which *Africk* never equall'd:—Can you think⁶
This Masterpiece of Heaven, this precious Vellum,

6 ————— Can you think
This Masterpiece of Heaven, &c.

Thus in *Otbello*:

Was this fair Paper, this most godly Book,
Made to write Whore upon?

Act 4. Scene 9.

Of such a Purity and Virgin Whiteness,
 Could be design'd to have Perjury and Whoredom,
 In capital Letters writ upon't ?

Pulch. Dear Sir.

Theod. Nay, add to this, an Impudence beyond
 All prostituted Boldness. Art not dead yet ?
 Will not the Tempests in thy Conscience rend thee
 As small as Atoms ? That there may no Sign
 Be left thou ever wert so ? Wilt thou live
 'Till thou art blasted with the dreadful Lightning
 Of pregnant and unanswerable Proofs
 Of thy adulterous twines ? Die yet, that I
 With my Honour may conceal it.

Athen. Would long since
 The *Gorgon* of your Rage had turn'd me Marble.
 Or, if I have offended——

Theod. If !——good Angels !——
 But I am tame. Look on this dumb Accuser.

[*Shewing the Apple.*

Athen. Oh, I am lost !

[*Aside.*

Theod. Did ever Cormorant
 Swallow his Prey, and then digest it whole,
 As she hath done this Apple ? *Philanax*,
 As 'tis, from me presented it. The good Lady
 Swore she had eaten it ; yet, I know not how,
 It came intire unto *Paulinus*' Hands,
 And I from him receiv'd it ; sent in Scorn,
 Upon my Life, to give me a close touch
 That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing
 Left thee to see him, to give Satisfaction
 To thy insatiate Lust, but what was sent
 As a dear Favour from me ? How have I sinn'd
 In my Dotage on this Creature ? But to her
 I've liv'd as I was born, a perfect Virgin.
 Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be
 True to her Bed, but that I must feed high,
 To strengthen my Abilities to cloy
 Her ravenous Appetite, little suspecting
 She would desire a Change.

Athen. I never did, Sir.

Theod. Be dumb; I will not waste my Breath in taxing

Thy base Ingratitude. How I have rais'd thee Will by the World be, to thy Shame, spoke often. But for that Ribawd, who held in my Empire The next Place to myself, so bound unto me By all the Ties of Duty and Allegiance, He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is In a Wrong of such high Consequence to pull-down His Lord's slow Anger on him. *Philanax*, He's troubl'd with the Gout; let him be cur'd With a violent Death, and in the other World, Thank his Phyfician.

Phila. His Cause unheard, Sir?

Pulch. Take Heed of Rashness.

Theod. Is what I command To be disputed?

Phila. Your Will shall be done, Sir: But that I am the Instrument——

Theod. Do you murmur?

[*Exit Philanax with the Guard.*

What couldst thou say, if that my Licence should Give Liberty to thy Tongue? Thou would'st die? I am not

[*Athenais kneeling, points to Theodosius' Sword.* So to be reconcil'd.—See me no more:

The Sting of Conscience ever knawing on thee, A long Life be thy Punishment. [*Exit Theodosius.*

Flac. O sweet Lady.

How I could weep for her!

Arcad. Speak, dear Madam, speak.

Your Tongue, as you are a Woman, while you live, Should be ever moving; at the least, the last Part That stirs about you.

Pulch. Tho' I should, sad Lady, In Policy rejoice, you as a Rival Of my Greatness are remov'd, Compassion, Since I believe you innocent, commands me To mourn your Fortune; credit me I will urge

All Arguments I can allege that may
Appease the Emperor's Fury.

Arcad. I will grow too,
Unto my Knees, unless he bid me rise,
And swear he will forgive you.

Flac. And repent too:
All this Pother for an Apple?

[*Exeunt Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]

Chryf. Hope, dear Madam,
And yield not to Despair. I'm still your Servant,
And never will forsake you; tho' a-while
You leave the Court and City, and give Way
To th' violent Passions of the Emperor.
Repentance in his Want of you will soon find him,
In the mean Time I'll dispose of you, and omit
No Opportunity that may invite him
To see his Error.

Athen. Oh!

[*Wringing her Hands,*

Chryf. Forbear, for Heav'n's Sake:

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Philanax, Paulinus, Guard, and Executioners.

Paulinus.

THIS is most barbarous! how have you lost
All Feeling of Humanity, as Honour,
In your Consent alone, to have me us'd thus?
But to be, as you are a Looker on,
Nay, more, a principal Actor in't (the Softness
Of your former Life consider'd) almost turns me
Into a senseless Statue.

Phila. Would, long since,
Death, by some other Means, had made you one,
That you might be less sensible of what
You have, or are to suffer

Paul. Am to suffer?

Let such, whose Happiness and Heaven depend
Upon their present Being; fear to part with
A Fort, they cannot long hold; mine to me is
A Charge that I am weary of, all Defences
By Pain and Sickness batter'd;—yet, take Heed,
Take Heed, Lord *Philanax*, that, for private Spleen,
Or any false conceived Grudge against me,
(Since in one Thought of Wrong to you, I am
Sincerely innocent) you do not that
My Royal Master must in Justice punish,
If so you pass to your own Heart thorough mine,
The Murther, as it will come out, discover'd.

Phila. I murder you, my Lord? Heav'n witness
for me

With the restoring of your Health, I wish you
Long Life and Happiness: For myself, I am
Compell'd to put in Execution that
Which I would fly from; 'tis the Emperor,
The high incens'd Emperor's Will commands
What I must see perform'd.

Paul. The Emperor?

Goodness and Innocence guard me! Wheels nor Racks
Can force into my Memory the Remembrance
Of the least Shadow of Offence, with which
I ever did provoke him; tho' belov'd,
(And yet the People's Love is short and fatal)
I never courted popular Applause;
Feasted the Men of Action, or labour'd
By prodigal Gifts to draw the needy Soldier,
The Tribunes, or Centurions to a Faction,
Of which I would rise up the Head against him.
I hold no Place of Strength, Fortrefs or Castle
In my Command, that can give Sanctuary
To Mal-contents, or countenance Rebellion.
I've built no Palaces to face the Court,

Nor do my Followers' Bravery shame his Train;
 And, tho' I cannot blame my Fate for Want,
 My competent Mean of Life deserves no Envy.
 In what, then, am I dangerous?

Phila. His Displeasure
 Reflects on none of those Particulars
 Which you have mention'd, tho' some jealous Princes
 In a Subject cannot brook 'em.

Paul. None of these?
 In what, then, am I worthy his Suspicion?
 But it may, nay it must be, some Informer,
 To whom my Innocence appear'd a Crime,
 Hath poison'd his late good opinion of me.
 'Tis not to die, but, in the Censure of
 So good a Master, guilty, that afflicts me,

Phila. There is no Remedy.

Paul. No?—I have a Friend yet,
 Could the Strictness of your Warrant give Way to it,
 To whom the State I stand in now deliver'd,
 That by fair Intercession for me would
 So far prevail, that, my Defence unheard,
 I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer,
 Without a fit Distinction.

Phila. These false Hopes,
 My Lord, abuse you, What Man, when condemn'd,
 Did ever find a Friend? or who dares lend
 An Eye of Pity to that Star-cross'd Subject
 On whom his Sovereign frowns?

Paul. She that dares plead
 For Innocence without a Fee; the Empress,
 My great and gracious Mistress.

Phila. There's your Error.
 Her many Favours, which you hop'd should make you,
 Prove your Undoing. She, poor Lady, is
 Banish'd for ever from the Emperor's Presence,
 And his confirm'd Suspicion, to his Wrong,
 That you have been over-familiar with her,
 Dooms you to Death. I know you understand me.

Paul. Over-familiar?

Phila. In sharing with him
Those sweet and secret Pleasures of his Bed,
Which can admit no Partner.

Paul. And is that
The Crime for which I am to die ? Of all
My num'rous Sins, was there not one of Weight
Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not
The Colour of a Guilt I never saw,
To paint my Innocence in a deform'd
And monstrous Shape ? But that it were prophane
To argue Heav'n of Ignorance or Injustice,
I now should tax it. Had the Stars that reign'd
At my Nativity such curst Influence,
As not alone to make me miserable,
But, in the Neighbourhood of her Goodness to me,
To force Contagion upon a Lady,
Whose purer Flames were not inferior
To theirs when they shine brightest ? To die for her,
Compar'd with what she suffers, is a Trifle.
By her Example warn'd, let all great Women
Hereafter throw Pride and Contempt on such
As truly serve 'em, since a Retribution
In lawful Courtesies is now stil'd Lust,
And to be thankful to a Servant's Merits
Is grown a Vice, no Virtue.

Phila. These Complaints
Are to no Purpose : Think on the long Flight
Your better Part must make.

Paul. She is prepar'd :
Nor can the freeing of an Innocent
From the Emperor's furious Jealousy, hinder her.
It shall out, 'tis resolv'd, but to be whisper'd
To you alone. What a solemn Preparation
Is made here to put forth an Inch of Taper
In itself almost extinguish'd ? Mortal Poison ?
The Hangman's Sword, the Halter ?

Phila. 'Tis left to you
To make Choice of which you please.

Paul. Any will serve
 To take away my Gout and Life together.
 I would not have have the Emperor imitate
 Rome's Monster, *Nero*, in that cruel Mercy
 He shew'd to *Seneca*. When you have discharg'd
 What you are trusted with, and I have giv'n you
 Reasons beyond all Doubt or Disputation,
 Of the Empress's and my Innocence; when I am dead,
 (Since 'tis my Master's Pleasure, and high Treason
 In you not to obey it) I conjure you,
 By the Hopes you have of Happiness hereafter,
 Since mine in this World are now parting from me,
 That you would win the young Man to Repentance
 Of the Wrong done to his chaste Wife *Eudoxia*;
 And if perchance he shed a Tear for what
 In his Rashness he impos'd on his true Servant,
 So it cure him of future Jealousy,
 'Twill prove a precious Balsam, and find me
 When I am in my Grave.—Now, when you please,
 For I am ready.

Phila. His Words work strangely on me,
 And I would do—but I know not what to think on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Timantus, Gratianus and Chryfapius.

Pulch. Still in his sullen Mood? No Intermission
 Of his melancholy Fit?

Timan. It rather, Madam,
 Increases, than grows less.

Grat. In the next Room
 To his Bed-chamber we watch'd; for he by Signs
 Gave us to understand, he would admit
 Nor Company, nor Conference.

Pulch. Did he take
 No Rest, as you could guess?

Chryf. Not any, Madam ;
 Like a *Numidian* Lion, by the Cunning
 Of the desp'rate Huntsman taken in a Toil,
 And forc'd into a spacious Cage, he walks
 About his Chamber, we might hear him gnash
 His Teeth in Rage ; which open'd, hollow Groans
 And Murmurs issu'd from his Lips, like Winds
 Imprison'd in the Caverns of the Earth
 Striving for Liberty ; and sometimes throwing
 His Body on his Bed, then on the Ground,
 And with such Violence, that we more than fear'd,
 And still do, if the Tempest of his Passions
 By your Wisdom be not laid, he will commit
 Some Outrage on himself.

Pulch. His better Angel,
 I hope, will stay him from so foul a Mischief ;
 Nor shall my Care be wanting.

Timan. Twice I heard him
 Say, False *Eudoxia* ! how much art thou
 Unworthy of these Tears ! Then sigh'd, and straight
 Roar'd out, *Paulinus* ! was his gouty Age
 To be prefer'd before my Strength and Youth ?
 Then groan'd again, so many Ways expressing
 Th' Afflictions of a tortur'd Soul, that we,
 Who wept in vain for what we could not help,
 Were Sharers in his Suff'rings.

Pulch. Tho' your Sorrow
 Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from
 The Burthen of his Miseries. We must practise
 With some fresh Object, to divert his Thoughts
 From that they're wholly fix'd on.

Chryf. Could I gain
 The Freedom of Access, I would present him
[A Paper deliver'd.]
 With this Petition. Will your Highness please
 To look upon it : You will soon find there
 What my Intents and hopes are.

Enter Theodosius.

Grat. Ha! 'tis he.

Pulch. Stand close,
And give way to his Passions: 'tis not safe
To stop them in their violent Course, before
They've spent themselves.

Theod. I play the Fool, and am
Unequal to myself; Delinquents are
To suffer, not the Innocent. I have done
Nothing, which will not hold Weight in the Scale
Of my impartial Justice; neither feel
The Worm of Conscience upbraiding me
With one black Deed of Tyranny; wherefore, then,
Should I torment myself? Great *Julius* would not
Rest satisfy'd that his Wife was free from Fact,
But, only for Suspicion of a Crime,
Su'd a Divorce; nor was the *Roman* Rigour
Censur'd as cruel: And still the wise *Italian*,
That knows the Honour of his Family
Depends upon the Purity of his Bed,
For a Kiss, nay, wanton Look, will plough up Mis-
chief,

And sow the Seeds of his Revenge in Blood.
And shall I, to whose Power the Law's a Servant,
That stand accountable to none, for what
My Will calls an Offence, being compell'd,
And on such Grounds to raise an Altar to
My Anger; tho', I grant, 'tis cemented
With a loose Strumpet's and Adulterer's Gore,
Repent the Justice of my Fury? No,
I should not: Yet still my Excess of Love,
Fed high in the Remembrance of her choice
And sweet Embraces, would persuade me that
Connivance or Remission of her Fault,
Made warrantable by her true Submission
For her Offence, might be excusable,

Did not the Cruelty of my wounded Honour
With an open Mouth deny it.

Pulch. I approve of
Your good Intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.

[*To Chryfapius.*

—He now seems calm. Let us upon our Knees
Encompass him. Most Royal Sir——

Flac. Sweet Brother——

Arcad. As you're our Sovereign, by the Ties of Nature
You're bound to be a Father in your Care
To us poor Orphans.

Timant. Shew Compassion, Sir,
Unto yourself.

Grat. The Majesty of your Fortune
Should fly above the Reach of Grief.

Chryf. And 'tis
Impair'd, if you yield to it.

Theod. Wherefore pay you
This Adoration to a sinful Creature?
I'm Flesh and Blood, as you are; sensible
Of Heat and Cold; as much a Slave unto
The Tyranny of my Passions, as the meanest
Of my poor Subjects. The proud Attributes,
By oil-tongu'd Flattery impos'd upon us,
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
The Deputy of Heaven, and in that
Omnipotent, with all false Titles else,
Coin'd to abuse our Frailty, tho' compounded,
And by the Breath of Sycophants apply'd,
Cure not the least Fit of an Ague in us.
We may give poor Men Riches; confer Honours
On Undeservers; raise, or ruin such
As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,
Ambition would persuade us to forget
That we are Men: But He that sits above us,
And to whom, at our utmost Rate, we are
But pageant-properties, derides our Weakness.
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
Can I call back Yesterday, with all their Aids
That bow unto my Scepter? Or restore

My Mind to that Tranquility and Peace
It then enjoy'd?—Can it make *Eudoxia* chaste?
Or vile *Paulinus* honest?

Pulch. If I might,
Without Offence, deliver my Opinion——

Theod. What would you say?

Pulch. That, on my Soul, the Empress
Is innocent.

Chryf. The good *Paulinus* guiltless.

Grat. And this should yield you Comfort.

Theod. In being guilty

Of an Offence, far, far transcending that

They stand condemn'd for. Call you this a Comfort,

Suppose it could be true? A Corrosive rather;

Not to eat our dead Flesh, but putrify

What yet is sound. Was Murder ever held

A Cure for Jealousy? or the crying Blood

Of Innocence, a Balm to take away

Her fest'ring Anguish;—As you do desire

I should not do a Justice on myself,

Add to the Proofs by which *Paulinus* fell,

And not take from 'em; in your Charity

Sooner believe that they were false, than I

Unrighteous in my Judgment? Subjects Lives

Are not their Prince's Tennis-balls, to be bandy'd

In Sport away. All that I can endure

For them, if they were guilty, is an Atom

To the Mountain of Affliction I pull'd on me,

Should they prove Innocent.

Chryf. For your Majesty's Peace

I more than hope they were not. The false Oath

Took by the Empress, and for which she can

Plead no Excuse, convicted her, and yields

A sure Defence for your Suspicion of her.

And yet, to be resolv'd, since strong Doubts are

More grievous, for the most Part, than to know

A certain Loss.——

Theod. 'Tis true, *Chryfapius*;

Were there a possible Means.

Chryf. 'Tis offer'd to you,
If you please to embrace it. Some few Minutes
Make Truce with Passion; and but read, and follow.
What's there projected, you shall find a Key
Will make your Entrance easy to discover
Her secret Thoughts; and then, as in your Wisdom
You shall think fit, you may determine of her,
And rest confirm'd, whether *Paulinus* died
A Villain or a Martyr.

Theod. It may do;
Nay, sure it must: Yet, howsoever it fall,
I am most wretched; which Way in my Wishes
I fashion the Event, I'm so distracted
I cannot yet resolve on.—Follow me;
Tho' in my Name all Names are comprehended,
I must have Witnesses, in what Degree
I have done Wrong or suffer'd.

Pulch. Hope the best, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A sad Song. Athenais in Sack-cloth; her Hair loose.

Athen. **W**H^Y art thou slow, thou Rest of Trouble,
Death,
To stop a Wretch's Breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad Heart
A Prey unto thy Dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold.
Sorrow hath made me old.
Deform'd and wrinkled; all that I can crave,
Is Quiet in my Grave.
Such as live happy, hold long Life a Jewel;
But to me thou art cruel;
If thou end not my tedious Misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; Pity unto me,
In one short Hour's Delay is Tyranny.

Thus, like a dying Swan, to a sad Tune
 I sing my own Dirge; would a Requiem follow,
 Which in my Penitence I despair not of,
 (This brittle Glas of Life already broken
 With Misery) the long and quiet Sleep
 Of Death would be most welcome.—Yet, before
 We end our Pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
 Should leave Corruption, and foul Sins behind us.
 But with wash'd Feet and Hands, the Heathens dare not
 Enter their prophane Temples; and for me
 To hope my Passage to Eternity
 Can be made easy, 'till I have shook off
 The Burthen of my Sins in free Confession,
 Aided with Sorrow and Repentance for 'em,
 Is against Reason. 'Tis not laying by
 My royal Ornaments, or putting on
 This Garment of Humility and Contrition;
 The throwing Dust and Ashes on my Head;
 Long Fasts to tame my proud Flesh, that can make
 Atonement for my Soul; that must be humbled,
 All outward Signs of Penitence else are useles.,
Chryfapius did assure me he would bring me
 A holy Man, from whom (having discover'd
 My secret crying Sins) I might receive
 Full Absolution.—And he keeps his Word.

Enter Theodosius like a Friar, with Chryfapius.

Welcome, most Reverend Sir! upon my Knees
 I entertain you.

Theod. Noble Sir, forbear
 The Place; the sacred Office that I come for

[*Exit Chryfapius.*

Commands all Privacy.—My penitent Daughter,
 Be careful, as you wish Remission from me,
 That, in Confession of your Sins, you hide not
 One Crime, whose pond'rous Weight, when you would
 make

Your Flights above the Firmament, may sink you.

A foolish Modesty in concealing aught
Is now far worse than Impudence to profess
And justify your Guilt; be, therefore, free:
So may the Gates of Mercy open to you.

Athen. First then, I ask a Pardon, for my being
Ingrateful to Heav'n's Bounty.

Theod. A good Entrance.

Athen. Greatness comes from Above; and I, rais'd
to it

From a low Condition; sinfully forgot
From whence it came, and, looking on myself
In the false Glass of Flattery, I receiv'd it
As a Debt due to my Beauty, not a Gift
Or Favour from the Emperor.

Theod. 'Twas not well.

Athen. Pride waited on Unthankfulness, and no more
Rememb'ring the Compassion of the Princess,
And the Means she us'd to make me what I was,
Contested with her, and with sore Eyes seeing
Her greater Light as it dimm'd mine, I practis'd
To have it quite put out.

Theod. A great Offence;

But, on Repentance, not unpardonable.
Forward.

Athen. O Father!—what I now must utter,
I fear, in the Delivery will destroy me,
Before you have absolv'd me.

Theod. Heav'n is gracious,
Out with it.

Athen. Heav'n commands us to tell Truth.
Yet I, most sinful Wretch—swore myself,

Theod. On what Occasion?

Athen. Quite forgetting that
An innocent Truth can never stand in need
Of a guilty Lie, being on the sudden ask'd
By the Emperor, my Husband, for an Apple
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it;
When my griev'd Conscience too well knows I sent it
To comfort sick *Paulinus*, being a Man
I truly lov'd and favour'd.

Theod. A cold Sweat,
Like the Juice of Hemlock, bathes me. [Aside.

Athen. And from this
A furious Jealousy getting Possession
Of the good Emperor's Heart, in his Rage he doom'd
The innocent Lord to die, my Perjury
The fatal Cause of Murder.

Theod. Take heed, Daughter,
You niggle not with your Conscience and Religion,
In stiling him an Innocent from your Fear,
And Shame to accuse yourself. The Emperor
Had many Spies upon you, saw such Graces,
Which Virtue could not warrant, shower'd upon him;
Glances in publick, and more liberal Favours
In your private Chamber-meetings, making Way
For foul Adultery; nor could he be
But sensible of the Compact pass'd between you,
To the Ruin of his Honour.

Athen. Hear me, Father:
I look'd for Comfort; but, in this you come
To add to my Afflictions.

Theod. Cause not you
Your own Damnation, in concealing that
Which may, in your Discovery, find Forgiveness.
Open your Eyes; set Heaven or Hell before you.
In the revealing of the Truth, you shall
Prepare a Palace for your Soul to dwell in,
Stor'd with celestial Blessings; whereas, if
You palliate your Crime, and dare beyond,
Playing with Lightning, in concealing it,
Expect a dreadful Dungeon, fill'd with Horror,
And never-ending Torments.

Athen. May they fall
Eternally upon me, and increase,
When that which we call Time hath lost its Name!
May Lightning cleave the Centre of the Earth
And I sink quick, before you have absolv'd me,
Into the bottomless Abyss, if ever
In one unchaste Desire, nay, in a Thought

I wrong'd the Honour of the Emperor's Bed.
 I do deserve, I grant, more than I suffer,
 In that, my Fervor and Desire to please him,
 In my holy Meditations, press'd upon me,
 And would not be kept out; now to dissemble
 (When I shall suddenly be insensible
 Of what the World speaks of me) were mere madness:
 And, tho' you are incredulous, I presume,
 If, as I kneel now; my Eyes swol'n with Tears,
 My Hands heav'd up thus, my stretch'd Heart-strings
 ready

To break asunder, my incensed Lord
 (His Storm of Jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,
 He would believe I lied not.

Theod. Rise, and see him, *[Discovers himself.]*
 On his Knees, with Joy affirm it.

Athen. Can this be?

Theod. My Sisters, and the rest there,—all bear Wit-
 nesses.

*Enter Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla, Chryfapius, Gra-
 tianus, Timantus, and Philanax.*

In freeing this incomparable Lady
 From the Suspicion of Guilt, I do
 Accuse myself, and willingly submit
 To any Penance she in Justice shall
 Please to impose upon me.

Athen. Royal Sir,
 Your ill Opinion of me's soon forgiven.

Pulch. But how you can make Satisfaction to
 The poor *Paulinus*, he being dead, in Reason
 You must conclude impossible.

Theod. And in that
 I am most miserable; The Ocean
 Of Joy, which in your Innocence flow'd high to me,
 Ebbs in the Thought of my unjust Command,
 By which he died. O *Philanax* (as thy Name
 Interpreted speaks thee) thou hast ever been
 A Lover of the King, and thy whole Life

Can witness thy Obedience to my Will,
 In putting that in Execution which
 Was trusted to thee; say but, yet, this once,
 Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,
 And that *Paulinus* lives, and thy Reward
 For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,
 Shall centuple whatever yet thy Duty
 Or Merit challeng'd from me.

Phila. 'Tis too late, Sir.

He's dead; and, when you know he was unable
 To wrong you in the Way that you suspected,
 You'll wish it had been otherwise.

Theod. Unable?

Phila. I am sure he was an Eunuch, and might
 safely

Lie by a Virgin's Side; at four Years made one;
 Tho', to hold Grace with Ladies, he conceal'd it.
 —The Circumstances and the Manner how
 You may hear at better Leisure.

Theod. How! an Eunuch?

The more the Proofs are that are brought to clear thee,
 My best *Eudoxia*, the more my Sorrows.

Athen. That I am innocent?

Theod. That I am guilty

Of Murder, my *Eudoxia*. I will build
 A glorious Monument to his Memory;
 And, for my Punishment, live and die upon it,
 And never more converse with Men.

Enter Paulinus.

Paul. Live long, Sir!

May I do so to serve you! and, if that
 I live does not displease you, you owe for it
 To this good Lord.

Theod. Myself, and all that's mine.—

Phila. Your Pardon is a Payment.

Theod. I am rapt

With Joy beyond myself. Now, my *Eudoxia*,

My Jealousy puff'd away thus, in this Breath
I scent the natural Sweetness. [Kisses her.

Arcad. Sacred Sir,
I'm happy to behold this, and presume,
Now you are pleas'd, to move a Suit, in which
My Sister is join'd with me.

Theod. Pr'ythee speak it;
For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;
I thank your good Instructions. [To Pulcheria.

Arcad. 'Tis but this, Sir.
We have observ'd the falling out and in
Between the Husband and the Wife shews rarely;
Their Jars and Reconcilements strangely take us.

Flac. Anger and Jealousy that conclude in Kisses
Is a sweet War, in sooth.

Arcad. We therefore, Brother,
Most humbly beg you would provide us Husbands,
That we may taste the Pleasure of't.

Flac. And with Speed, Sir;
For so your Favour's doubled.

Theod. Take my Word,
I will with all Convenience; and not blush
Hereafter to be guided by your Counsels:
I will deserve your Pardon. *Philanax*
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent Bounties
Fall on *Chrysapius*: My Grace on all.
Let *Cleon* be deliver'd and rewarded.
My Grace on all, which as I lend to you,
Return your Vows to Heaven, that it may please
(As it is gracious) to quench in me
All future Sparks of burning Jealousy.

E P I L O G U E.

WE'VE Reason to be doubtful, whether he,
On whom (forc'd to it by Necessity).
The Maker did confer his Emp'ror's Part,
Hath giv'n you Satisfaction, in his Art
Of Action and Delivery; 'tis sure Truth
The Burden was too heavy for his Youth ⁷
To undergo.—But in his Will, we know,
He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,
With his, our Service, if your Favours deign
To give him Strength, hereafter to sustain
A greater Weight. It is your Grace that can
In your Allowance of this, write him Man
Before his Time: which, if you please to do,
You make the Player and the Poet too.

7 The Burden was too heavy for his Youth.

The Intent of this Epilogue is to apologize for some young Actor, who performed the Part of the *Emperor*, and of whose Abilities they were something doubtful.

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T H E

MAID of HONOUR.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

A H R

MAID OF HONOUR.

THE GEOMTRY.

[To my most honour'd FRIENDS

Sir FRANCIS FOLIAMBE, Knt. and Bart.

A N D T O

Sir THOMAS BLAND, Knt.

THAT you have been and continued so for many Years, since you vouchsafed to own me, Patrons to me and my despised Studies, I cannot but with all humble Thankfulness acknowledge: And living, as you have done, inseparable in your Friendship (notwithstanding all Differences, and Suits in Law arising between you) I held it as impertinent, as absurd, in the Presentment of my Service in this Kind, to divide you. A free Confession of a Debt in a meaner Man, is the amplest Satisfaction to his Superiors; and I heartily wish, that the World may take Notice, and from myself, that I had not to this Time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent Courtesies and Favours. When your serious Occasions will give you Leave, you may please to peruse this Trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your Protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a Testimony of his Duty, who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your Service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

ROBERTO, King of *Sicily*.

FERDINAND, Duke of *Urbino*.

BERTOLDO, the King's natural Brother, a Knight of
Malta.

GONZAGA, a Knight of *Malta*, General to the Dutchess
of *Siena*.

ASTUTIO, a Counsellor of State.

FULGENTIO, the Minion of *Roberto*.

ADORNI, a Follower of *Camiola's* Father.

AMBASSADOR, from the Duke of *Urbino*.

SIGNIOR SYLLI, a foolish Self-lover.

ANTHONIO, }
GASPARO, } Two Rich Heirs, City-bred.

PIERIO, a Colonel to *Gonzaga*.

RODERIGO, }
IACOMO, } Captains to *Gonzaga*.

DRUSO, }
LIVIO, } Captains to Duke *Ferdinand*.

PAULO, a Priest, *Camiola's* Confessor.

AURELIA, Dutchess of *Siena*.

CAMIOLA, the Maid of Honour.

CLARINDA, her Woman.

Scout, Soldiers, Servants, Gaoler, Dwarf, Mutes.

T H E
M A I D of H O N O U R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Presence Chamber.

Aftutio and Adorni.

Adorni.

GOOD Day to your Lordship!

Aftutio. Thanks, *Adorni.*

Adorni. May I presume to ask if the Ambaffador
Employ'd by *Ferdinand*, the Duke of *Urbini*,
Hath Audience this Morning?

Enter Fulgentio.

Aftutio. 'Tis uncertain,
For, tho' a Counsellor of State, I am not
Of the Cabinet Council. But there's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.

Adorni. I will move him Sir.

Fulgen. If you've a Suit, shew Water, I am blind
else.

Adorni. A Suit, yet of a Nature, not to prove
The Quarry that you hawk for: If your Words
Are not like *Indian Wares*, and every Scruple,
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor Syllable,
Vouchsaf'd in Answer of a fair Demand,
Cannot deserve a Fee.

370 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Fulgen. It seems you're ignorant ;
I neither speak nor hold my Peace for nothing :
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single Question, gratis.

Adorni. I much thank you.

Hath the Ambaffador Audience, Sir, To-day ?

Fulgen. Yes.

Adorni. At what Hour ?

Fulgen. I promis'd not so much.

A Syllable you begg'd ; my Charity gave it.

Move me no further.

[*Exit Fulgentio.*]

Astutio. This you wonder at ?

With me, 'tis usual.

Adorni. Pray you, Sir, what is he ?

Astutio. A Gentleman, yet no Lord. He hath some
Drops

Of the King's Blood running in his Veins, deriv'd
Some ten Degrees off. His Revenue lies
In a narrow Compass, the King's Ear ; and yields him
Every Hour a fruitful Harvest. Men may talk
Of three Crops in a Year in the *Fortunate Islands*.
Or Profit made by Wool : But, while there are Suitors,
His Sheep-shearing, nay, shaving to the Quick
Is in every Quarter of the Moon, and constant.
In the Time of trussing a Point, he can undo
Or make a Man. His Play or Recreation
Is to raise this up, or pull down that ; and, tho'
He never yet took Orders, makes more Bishops
In *Sicily*, than the Pope himself.

Enter Bertoldo, Gasparo, Anthonio, and a Servant.

Adorni. Most strange !

Astutio. The Presence fills. He in the *Malta Habit*
Is the natural Brother of the King—a By-blow.

Adorni. I understand you.

Gaspar. 'Morrow to my Uncle.

Anth. And my late Guardian. But at length I have
The Reins in my own Hands.

Astutio. Pray you use 'em well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Bert. With this Jewel
Presented to *Camiola*, prepare
This Night a Visit for me. I shall have [*Exit Servant.*
Your Company, Gallants, I perceive, if that
The King will hear of War.

Anth. Sir, I have Horses
Of the best Breed in *Naples*, fitter far
To break a Rank than crack a Lance, and are
In their Career of such incredible Swiftness
They out-strip Swallows.

Bert. And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated.
You're well provided, Signior?

Anth. Sir, excuse me.
All of their Race by Instinct know a Coward,
And scorn the Burthen. They come on like Lightning;
Founder'd in a Retreat.

Bert. By no means back 'em;
Unless you know your Courage sympathize
With the Daring of your Horse.

Anth. My Lord, this is bitter.
Gasp. I will raise me a Company of Foot;
And, when at push of Pike I am to enter
A Breach, to shew my Valour, I have brought me
An Armour Cannon-proof.

Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an Out-work in your Shirt?

Gasp. I do not like
Activity that Way.

Bert. You had rather stand
A Mark to try their Muskets on?

Gasp. If I do
No Good, I'll do no Hurt.

Bert. 'Tis in you, Signior,
A Christian Resolution and becomes you;
But I will not discourage you.

Anth. You are, Sir;
A Knight of *Malta*, and, as I have heard,
Have serv'd against the *Turk*.

Bert. 'Tis true.

Anth. Pray you, shew us
The Difference between the City-Valour,
And Service in the Field.

Bert. 'Tis somewhat more
Than roaring in a Tavern or a Brothel,
Or to steal a Lanthorn from a sleeping Watch;
Then burn their Halberts; or, safe guarded by
Your Tenant's Sons, to carry away a Maypole
From a Neighbour-Village. You will not find, there,
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken Brawl, or, to get you the Names
Of valiant Chevaliers, Fellows that will be,
For a Cloak with thrice-dy'd Velvet, and a cast Suit,
Kick'd down the Stairs. A Knave with half a Breech,
there,
And no Shirt (being a Thing superfluous,
And worn out of his Memory) if you bear not
Yourselfes both in, and upright with a provant
Sword,

Will flash your Scarlets, and your Plush a new Way;
Or with the Hilts thunder about your Ears
Such Musick as will make your Worships dance
To the doleful Tune of *Lachryma*.

Gasp. I must tell you
In private, as you are my princely Friend,
I do not like such Fiddlers.

Bert. No? They are useful
For your Initiation; I remember you,
When you came first to the Court, and talk'd of nothing
But your Rents and your Entradas, ever chiming
The Golden Bells in your Pockets, you believ'd
The taking of the Wall as a Tribute due to
Your gaudy Cloaths; and could not walk at Midnight
Without a causeless Quarrel, as if Men
Of coarser Outfides were in Duty bound

To suffer your Affronts: But, when you had been
Cudgel'd well, twice or thrice, and from the Doctrine
Made profitable Uses, you concluded
The Sov'reign Means to teach irregular Heirs
Civility, with Conformity of Manners,
Were two or three sound Beatings.

Anth. I confefs

They did much Good upon me.

Gasp. And on me;—the Principles that they read
were found.

Bert. You'll find

The like Instructions in the Camp.

Astutio. The King —

A Flourish.

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio, Ambassador, and Attendants.

Rober. We fit prepared to hear.

Ambass. Your Majesty

Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With th' desp'rate Fortunes of my Lord; and Pity
Of the much that your Confederate hath suffer'd
(You being his last Refuge) may persuade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
Your Royal Aids to stay him in his Fall
To certain Ruin. He, too late, is conscious
That his Ambition to encroach upon
His Neighbour's Territories, with the Danger of
His Liberty, nay, his Life, hath brought in Question
His own Inheritance: But Youth and Heat
Of Blood, in your Interpretation, may
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it
An Error in him, being deny'd the Favours
Of the fair Princess of *Siena* (tho'
He fought her in a noble Way) t' endeavour
To force Affection by Surprisal of
Her principal Seat, *Siena*.

Rober. Which now proves
The Seat of his Captivity, not Triumph,
Heav'n is still just.

Ambaff. And yet that justice is
To be with Mercy temper'd, which Heav'n's Deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injur'd Dutchess
By Reason taught, as Nature,¹ could not, with
The Reparation of her Wrongs, but aim at
A brave Revenge; and my Lord feels too late
That Innocence will find Friends. The great *Gonzaga*,
The Honour of his Order—(I must praise
Virtue, tho' in an Enemy) He whose Fights
And Conquests hold one Number, rallying up
Her scatter'd Troops before we could get Time
To victual, or to man the conquer'd City,
Sat down before it; and, presuming that
'Tis not to be reliev'd, admits no Parley,
Our Flags of Truce hung out in vain: Nor will he
Lend an Ear to Composition, but exacts
With th' rend'ring up the Town, the Goods, and Lives
Of all within the Walls, and of all Sexes
To be at his Discretion.

Rober. Since Injustice
In your Duke meets this Correction, can you press us,
With any seeming Argument of Reason;
In foolish Pity to decline his Dangers,
To draw 'em on Our Self? Shall We not be
Warn'd by his Harms? The League proclaim'd be-
tween us,
Bound neither of us farther than to aid
Each other, if by foreign Force invaded;
And so far in my Honour I was ty'd.
But, since, without our Counsel, or Allowance,
He hath took Arms, with his good Leave, he must
Excuse us, if we steer not on a Rock
We see, and may avoid. Let other Monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud War,
And with the Blood of their poor Subjects purchase

¹ Means here, as well as Nature. *M. M.*

Increase of Empire, and augment their Cares
 In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,
 Gilding unjust Invasions with the trim
 Of glorious Conquests; We, that would be known
 The Father of our People in our Study
 And Vigilance for their Safety, must not change
 Their Plough-shares into Swords, and force them from
 The secure Shade of their own Vines to be
 Scorch'd with the Flames of War, or, for our Sport,
 Expose their Lives to Ruin.

Ambass. Will you, then,

In his Extremity forsake your Friend?

Rober. No; but preserve Our Self.

Bert. Cannot the Beams

Of Honour thaw your icy Fears?

Rober. Who's that?

Bert. A kind of Brother, Sir; how'er, your Sub-
 ject,

Your Father's Son, and one who blushes that
 You are not Heir to his brave Spirit and Vigour,
 As to his Kingdom.

Rober. How's this?

Bert. Sir, to be

His living Chronicle, and to speak his Praise,
 Cannot deserve your Anger.

Rober. Where's your Warrant

For this Presumption?

Bert. Here, Sir, in my Heart.

Let Sycophants, that feed upon your Favours,
 Stile Coldness in you Caution, and prefer
 Your Ease before your Honour; and conclude
 To eat and sleep supinely, is the End
 Of Human Blessings: I must tell you, Sir,
 Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice,²
 And, when we move not forward, we go backward;

A a 4

† 2 ——— I must tell you, Sir,
 Virtue, if not in Action, is a Vice.

Nor is this Peace (the Nurfe of Drones and Cowards)
Our Health, but a Difafe.

Gaff. Well urg'd, my Lord.

Anth. Perfekt what is fo well begun.

Ambaff. And bind
My Lord your Servant.

Rober. Hair brain'd Fool! What Reafon
Canft thou infer to make this Good?

Bert. A thoufand,
Not to be contradicted. But confider
Where your Command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in *France*,
Spain, *Germany*, *Portugal*, but in *Sicily*;
An Ifland, Sir. Here are no Mines of Gold
Or Silver to enrich you; No Worm spins
Silk in her Womb, to make Difinction
Between you and a Peafant in your Habits.
No Fish lives near our Shores, whose Blood can dye
Scarlet or Purple; all that we poffefs,
With Beasts we have in common: Nature did
Design us to be Warriors, and to break thro'
Our Ring the Sea, by which we are environ'd;
And we by Force muft fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous Nation, and increafe fo faft,
That, if we by our Providence are not fent
Abroad in Colonies, or fall by the Sword,
Not *Sicily* (tho' now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas ftill'd the Granary of great *Rome*)
Can yield our num'rous Fry Bread: We muft ftarve,
Or eat up one another.

The Poets have many Paflages fimilar to this. Thus *Shakefpeare*

— If our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Meafure for Meafure, Act 1. Scene 2.

And *Horace* tells us, Virtue concealed is of little Confequence,

*Paulum fepultæ diftat inertiae
Celata virtus.*

Adorni. The King hears
With much Attention. [Aside.

Astutio. And seems mov'd with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd. [Aside.

Bert. May you live long, Sir,
The King of Peace, so you deny not us
The Glory of the War; let not our Nerves
Shrink up with Sloth, nor, for Want of Employment,
Make younger Brothers Thieves: 'Tis their Sword, Sir,
Must sow and reap their Harvest. If Examples
May move you more than Arguments, look on *Eng-*
land, 3

The Empress of the *European* Isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields Precedence,
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The Mistress of the Ocean? Her Navies
Putting a Girdle round about the World,
When the *Iberian* quak'd, her Worthies nam'd;
And the fair *Fleur de Lis* grew pale, set by
The Red Rose and the White. Let not our Armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd *Armada* make us
Ridiculous to the late poor Snakes our Neighbours
Warm'd in our Bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our Hours
Without Variety, confin'd to Drink,
Dice, Cards, or Whores. Rouze us, Sir, from the
Sleep

Of Idleness, and redeem our mortgag'd Honours.
Your Birth, and justly, claims my Father's Kingdoms;
But his heroic Mind descends to me:
—I will confirm so much.

Adorni. In his Looks he seems
To break ope *Janus'* Temple.

☞ 3 ——— Look on England,
The Empress of European Isles.

All our old Poets have celebrated their Country, neither is *Mis-*
singer wanting: As the Passages similar to this are well known, I
shall forbear setting them down here.

Astutio. How these Younglings
Take Fire from him!

Adorni. It works an Alteration
Upon the King.

Anth. I can forbear no longer :
War, War, my Sovereign!

Fulgen. The King appears
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speak.

Rober. Think not
Our Counsel's built upon so weak a Base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken with
Tempestuous Winds of Words. As I, my Lord,
Before resolv'd you, I will not engage
My Person in this Quarrel; neither press
My Subjects to maintain it: Yet, to shew
My Rule is gentle, and that I've Feeling of
Your Master's Sufferings, since the Gallants, weary
Of the Happiness of Peace, desire to taste
The bitter Sweets of War, we do consent
That, as Adventurers and Volunteers
(No Way compell'd by us) they may make Trial
Of their boasted Valours.

Bert. We desire no more.

Rober. 'Tis well; and, but my Grant in this, expect
not
Assistance from me. Govern as you please
The Province you make Choice of; for, I vow
By all Things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash Undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwise than as a sad Disaster,
Fall'n on a Stranger; nor will I esteem
That Man my Subject, who, in thy Extremes,
In Purse or Person aids thee. Take your Fortune;
You know me; I have said it. So, my Lord,
You have my whole Answer.

Ambass. My Prince pays
In me his Duty.

Rober. Follow me, *Fulgentio*,
And you, *Astutio*.

[*Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio and Attendants.*

Gasp. What a Frown he threw
At his Departure on you.

Bert. Let him keep
His Smiles for his State-Catamite; I care not.

Anth. Shall we aboard to-night?

Ambass. Your Speed, my Lord,
Doubles the Benefit.

Bert. I have a Business
Requires Dispatch.—Some two Hours hence I'll meet
you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Camiola's House.

*Enter Signior Sylli, walking fantastically before, followed
by Camiola and Clarinda.*

Camiola. Nay, Signior, this is too much Ceremony
In my own House.

Sylli. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practis'd.

Clar. For your Mirth-sake,
Let him alone, he has been all this Morning
In Practice with a peruk'd Gentleman Uther,
To teach him his true Amble and his Postures

[*Sylli walking by, and practising his Postures.*
When he walks before a Lady.

Sylli. You may, Madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use Art,
To make you doat upon me by exposing
My more than most rare Features to your View.
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A Mark of sweet Simplicity, ever noted
I' th' Family of the *Syllies*. Therefore, Lady,
Look not with too much Contemplation on me;
If you do, you are i' th' Suds.

Camiola. You are no Barber?

Sylli. Fie! no, not I; but my good Parts have
drawn

More loving Hearts out of fair Ladies Bellies,
Than the whole Trade have done Teeth.

Camiola. Is't possible?

Sylli. Yes, and they live too; marry, much con-
ding

The Scorn of their *Narcissus*, as they call me,
Because I love myself.

Camiola. Without a Rival.

What Philtres or Love-powders do you use
To force Affection? I see nothing in
Your Person, but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor Heart still.

Sylli. You are warn'd—be arm'd;
And do not lose the Hope of such a Husband,
In being too soon enamour'd.

Clar. Hold in your Head,
Or you must have a Martingale.

Sylli. I have sworn
Never to take a Wife, but such a one
(O may your Ladyship prove so strong!) as can
Hold out a Month against me.

Camiola. Never fear it;
Tho' your best taking Part, your Wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But, since in your Pity
You please to give me Caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.

Sylli. The first is,
That you ne'er hear me sing; for I'm a Syren.
If you observe, when I warble, the Dogs howl,
As ravish'd with my Ditties, and you will
Run mad to hear me.

Camiola. I will stop my Ears,
And keep my little Wits.

Sylli. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus, cast not a Sheep's Eye
Upon the Quiv'ring of my Calf.

Camiola. Proceed, Sir.

THE MAID OF HONOUR. 381

Sylli. But on no Terms (for 'tis a main Point) dream
not

O' th' Strength of my Back, tho' 'twill bear a Burthen
With any Porter.

Camiola. I mean not to ride you.

Sylli. Nor I your little Ladyship, 'till you have
Perform'd the Covenant.—Be not taken with
My pretty Spider-fingers; nor my Eyes,
That twinkle on both Sides.

Camiola. Was there ever such [*One knocks.*]
A Piece of Motley heard of!—Who's that; you may
spare

The Catalogue of my Dangers. [*Exit Clarinda.*]

Sylli. No, good Madam;
I have not told you half.

Camiola. Enough, good Signior;
If I eat more of such Sweet-meats, I shall surfeit.

Enter Clarinda.

Who is't?

Clar. The Brother of the King.

Sylli. Nay, start not.

The Brother of the King! Is he no more?
Were it the King himself, I'd give him Leave
To speak his Mind to you, for I'm not jealous;
And, to assure your Ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.

[*Exit Sylli.*]

Camiola. *Camiola*, if ever, now be constant:
This is, indeed, a Suitor, whose sweet Presence,
Courtship, and loving Language, would have stagger'd
The chaste *Penelope*; and, to increase
The Wonder, did not Modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him he sues me for.
And yet my Reason, like a Tyrant, tells me
I must not give nor take it.

Enter Sylli and Bertoldo.

Sylli. I must tell you,
You lose your Labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior *Sylli* came before you ; and you know,
First come, first serv'd : Yet, you shall have my Coun-
tenance

To parley with her ; and I'll take special Care
That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. You are courteous.

Sylli. Come, Wench, wilt thou hear Wisdom ?

[*Steps aside.*]

Clar. Yes, from you, Sir.

Bert. If forcing this sweet Favour from your Lips,

[*Kisseth her.*]

Fair Madam, argue me of too much Boldness,
When you are pleas'd to understand, I take
A parting Kifs, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify th' Offence.

Camiola. A parting Kifs, Sir ?

What Nation, envious of the Happiness
Which *Sicily* enjoys in your sweet Presence,
Can buy you from her ? or what Climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both belov'd and honour'd ? the North-Star,
And Guider of all Hearts ; and, to sum up
Your full Account of Happiness in a Word,
The Brother of the King.

Bert. Do you, alone,

And with an unexampled Cruelty,
Enforce my Absence, and deprive me of
Those Blessings, which you with a polish'd Phrase
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful Exile ? What are Titles to me ?
Or popular Suffrage ? or my Nearness to
The King in Blood ? or fruitful *Sicily*,
Tho' it confess'd no Sovereign but myself ;
When you, that are the Essence of my Being,

The Anchor of my Hopes, the real Substance
Of my Felicity, in your Disdain
Turn all to fading and deceiving Shadows ?

Camiola. You tax me without Cause.

Bert. You must confess it.

But, answer Love with Love, and seal the Contract
In the uniting of our Souls, how gladly
(Tho' now I were in Action, and assur'd,
Following my Fortune, that plum'd Victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my Tent)
Would I put off my Armour, in my Heat
Of Conquest, and, like *Anthony*, pursue
My *Cleopatra* ! Will you yet look on me
With an Eye of Favour ?

Camiola. Truth bear Witness for me,
That, in the Judgment of my Soul, you are
A Man so absolute, and circular
In all those wish'd-for Rarities, that may take
A Virgin captive, that, tho' at this Instant
All scepter'd Monarchs of our Western World
Were Rivals with you, and *Camiola* worthy
Of such a Competition, you alone
Should wear the Garland.

Bert. If so, what diverts
Your Favour from me ?

Camiola. No Mule't in yourself ;
Or in your Person, Mind or Fortune.

Bert. What then ?

Camiola. The Consciousness of mine own Wants.—
Alas ! Sir, †

† 4 ————— *Alas, Sir !*

*We are not Parallels ; but, like Lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one Center.*

This seems badly expressed. Parallels are the only Lines that cannot meet in a Center ; for all Lines divided with any Angle towards each other, must meet somewhere, if continued both Ways.

We are not Parallels, means merely *we are not alike ; we are not Equals ;* the Expression is common, and is used again in the Page of this Volume.

We are not Parallels ; but, like Lines divided,
 Can ne'er meet in one Center. Your Birth, Sir,
 (Without Addition) were an ample Dowry
 For one of fairer Fortunes ; and this Shape,
 Were you ignoble, far above all Value :
 To this so clear a Mind, so furnish'd with
 Harmonious Faculties, moulded from Heaven,
 That, tho' you were *Thersites* in your Features,
 Of no Descent, and *Irus* in your Fortunes,
Ulysses-like, you'd force all Eyes and Ears
 To love, but seen ; and, when heard, wonder at
 Your matchless Story. But, all these bound up
 Together in one Volume, give me Leave
 With Admiration to look upon 'em ;
 But not presume, in my own flatt'ring Hopes,
 I may, or can, enjoy 'em.

Bert. How you ruin
 What you would seem to build up ! I know no
 Disparity between us ; you're an Heir
 Sprung from a noble Family ; fair, rich, young,
 And ev'ry Way my Equal.

Camiola. Sir, excuse me, ⁵

————— True, I do ;
 But you and he, Sir, are not Parallels.

By *Lines divided*, *Massinger* does not mean, as the Editor supposes, Lines inclined to each other in any Angle ; but the divided Parts of the same right Line which never can meet in one Center.
M. M.

☞ 5 ————— Sir, excuse me,
 One airy with Proportion ne'er discloses
 The Eagle and the Wren.

This Passage is somewhat difficult. *Camiola* is shewing how unlikely it was, that *Bertoldo* should condescend to marry her, because of the Disparity of their Birth ; and she says, " One who is puffed up with an high Opinion of his own Birth, and the Equality there ought to be in Marriages : *One airy with Proportion*, will never stoop so low as *Bertoldo* must, to marry her : The Eagle might as well vouchsafe to court the Wren."

One airy with Proportion, ne'er ⁷ discloses
 The Eagle and the Wren : Tissue and Frize,
 In the same Garment, monstrous : But, suppose
 That what's in you excessive, were diminish'd,
 And my Desert supply'd, the strongest Bar,
 Religion, stops our Entrance. You are, Sir,
 A Knight of *Malta*, by your Order bound
 To a single Life : You cannot marry me ;
 And, I assure myself, you are too noble
 To seek me (tho' my Frailty should consent)
 In a base Path.

Bert. A Dispensation, Lady,
 Will easily absolve me.

Camiola. O take heed, Sir !
 When what is vow'd to Heav'n is dispens'd with,
 To serve our Ends on Earth, a Curse must follow,
 And not a Blessing.

Bert. Is there no Hope left me ?

Camiola. Nor to myself, but is a Neighbour to
 Impossibility. True Love should walk
 On equal Feet ; in us it does not, Sir.
 But rest assur'd, excepting this, - I shall be
 Devoted to your Service.

Bert. And this is your
 Determinate Sentence ?

Camiola. Not to be revok'd.

Bert. Farewel ! then, fairest Cruel ! All Thoughts in
 me
 Of Women perish ! Let the glorious Light
 Of noble War extinguish Love's divine Taper,
 That only lends me Light to see my Folly !
 Honour, be thou my ever-living Mistress,
 And fond Affection as thy Bond-slave serve thee !

[*Exit Bertoldo.*]

⁷ *Discloses*, we should read *encloses*, and the Meaning is this : The Airy that is fit for an Eagle cannot be equally fit for a Wren. If it be proportion'd to the one, it can bear no Proportion to the other.
M. M.

Camiola. How soon my Sun is set! (He being absent)
Never to rise again! What a fierce Battle
Is fought between my Passions!—Methinks
We should have kiss'd at Parting.

Sylli. I perceive
He has his Answer.—Now must I step in
To comfort her. You have found, I hope, sweet Lady,
Some Difference between a Youth of my Pitch,
And this Bug-bear, *Bertoldo*. Men are Men,
The King's Brother is no more: Good Parts will do it,
When Titles fail.—Despair not; I may be
In Time intreated.

Camiola. Be so now, to leave me.
Lights for my Chamber.—O my Heart!
[*Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda.*

Sylli. She now,
I know, is going to Bed to ruminatē
Which Way to glut herself upon my Person;
But, for my Oath-sake, I will keep her hungry!
And, to grow full myself, I'll strait to Supper.
[*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace at Palermo.

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio and Astutio.

Roberto.

EMBARK'D to-night, do you say?
Fulgen. I saw him aboard, Sir.

Rober. And without taking of his Leave?

Astutio. 'Twas strange!

Rober. Are we grown so contemptible?

Fulgen. 'Tis far from me, Sir, to add Fuel to your
Anger,

That in your ill Opinion of him burns

Too hot already; else, I should affirm

It was a gross Neglect.

Rober. A wilful Scorn

Of Duty and Allegiance; you give it

Too fair a Name.—But we shall think on't. Can you

Guess what the Numbers were that follow'd him

In his desperate Action?

Fulgen. More than you think, Sir.

All ill-affected Spirits in *Palermo*,

Or to your Government or Person, with

The turbulent Sword-men; such whose Poverty forc'd
'em

To wish a Change, are gone along with him;

Creatures devoted to his Undertakings,

In Right or Wrong; and, to express their Zeal,

And Readiness to serve him, ere they went,

Prophanely took the Sacrament on their Knees,

To live and die with him.

Rober. O most impious!

Their Loyalty to us forgot?

Fulgen. I fear so.

Astutio. Unthankful as they are!

Fulgen. Yet this deserves not

One troubled Thought in you, Sir; with your Pardon,

I hold that their Remove from hence, makes more

For your Security than Danger.

Rober. True;

And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.

Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd

With Letters writ, and sign'd with your own Hand,

To the Dukes of *Siena*, in Excuse

Of these Forces sent against her. If you spare

An Oath to give it Credit, that we never

Consented to it, swearing for the King,

Tho' false, it is no Perjury.

Astutio. I know it.

They are not fit to be State Agents, Sir,
That, without Scruple of their Conscience, cannot
Be prodigal in such Trifles.

Fulgen. Right, *Astutio.*

Rober. You must, beside, from us take some Instruc-
tions,

To be imparted as you judge 'em useful,
To the General *Gonzaga.* Instantly
Prepare you for your Journey.

Astutio. With the Wings
Of Loyalty and Duty.

[*Exit Astutio.*]

Fulgen. I am bold to put your Majesty in Mind——

Rober. Of my Promise,
And Aids, to further you in your am'rous Project
To the fair and rich *Camiola* : There's my Ring ;
Whatever you shall say that I intreat,
Or can command by Pow'r, I will make good.

Fulgen. Ever your Majesty's Creature.

Rober. *Venus* prove propitious to you !

[*Exit Roberto.*]

Fulgen. All forts to my Wishes.
Bertoldo was my Hindrance. He remov'd,
I now will court her in the Conqueror's Stile ;
“ Come, See, and Overcome.”——Boy !

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, your Pleasure !

Fulgen. Hasten to *Camiola* ; bid her prepare
An Entertainment suitable to a Fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a Visit.

Page. 'Tis a Favour
Will make her proud.

Fulgen. I know it.

Page. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit Page.*]

Fulgen. Intreaties fit not me ; a Man in Grace
May challenge Awe and Privilege, by his Place.

[*Exit Fulgentio.*]

SCENE II.

Camiola's House.

Enter Sylli, Adorni and Clarinda.

Adorni. So melancholick, say you?

Clar. Never given
To such Retirement.

Adorni. Can you guess the Cause?

Clar. If it hath not its Birth and Being from
The brave *Bertoldo's* Absence, I confess
'Tis past my Apprehension.

Sylli. You are wide. I, in my Understanding,
Pity your Ignorance.—Yet, if you will
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her Shoe wrings her.

Clar. I vow, Signior,
By my Virginity.

Sylli. A perilous Oath,
In a Waiting Woman of Fifteen! and is, indeed,
A Kind of Nothing.

Adorni. I'll take one of Something,
If you please to minister it.

Sylli. Nay, you shall not swear:
I had rather take your Word; for, should you vow,
“Damn me, I'll do this,” you are sure to break.

Adorni. I thank you, Signior; but resolve us——

Sylli. Know, then,
Here walks the Cause. She dares not look upon me;
My Beauties are so terrible and enchanting,
She can't endure my Sight.

Adorni. There I believe you.

Sylli. But the Time will come (be comforted) when
I will
Put off this Vizard of Unkindness to her,

And shew an amorous and yielding Face :
 And, until then, tho' *Hercules* himself
 Desire to see her, he had better eat
 His Club than pass the Threshold ; for I'll be
 Her *Cerberus* to guard her.

Adorni. A good Dog !

Clar. Worth twenty Porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you open House here ?

No Groom t' attend a Gentleman ? O, I spy one,

Sylli. He means not me, I am sure.

Page. You, Sirrah ! Sheep's-head,

With a Face cut on a Cat-stick, Do you hear ?

You Yeoman-pewterer, conduct me to

The Lady of the Mansion ; or my Poignard

Shall difembogue thy Soul.

Sylli. O terrible !

Dilembogue ? I talk'd of *Hercules*, and here is one
 Bound up in *decimo-sexto*.

Page. Answer, wretch.

Sylli. Pray you, little Gentleman, be not so furious ;
 The Lady keeps her Chamber.

Page. And we present ?

Sent in an Embassy to her ? But here is

Her Gentlewoman : Sirrah ! hold my Cloak,

While I take a Leap at her Lips. Do it, and neatly ;

Or, having first tripp'd up thy Heels, I'll make

Thy Back my Footstool. [*Page kisses Clarinda.*]

Sylli. *Tamerlane* in little !

Am I turn'd *Turk* ? What an Office am I put to !

Clar. My Lady, gentle Youth, is indispos'd.

Page. Tho' she were dead and buried, only tell her,
 The great Man in the Court, the brave *Fulgentio*,
 Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
 Out of the Grave for Joy.

Enter Fulgentio.

Sylli. Here comes another !
The Devil, I fear in his Holiday Clothes.

Page. So soon !

My Part is at an End then. Cover my Shoulders ;
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

Fulgen. Are you, Sirrah,
An Implement of the House ?

Sylli. Sure he will make
A Joint-stool of me !

Folgen. Or, if you belong
To the Lady of the Place, command her hither.

Adorni. I do not wear her Livery ; yet acknowledge
A Duty to her. And as little bound
To serve your peremptory Will, as she is
To obey your Summons. 'Twill become you, Sir,
To wait her Leisure ; then, her Pleasure known,
You may present your Duty.

Fulgen. Duty, Slave ?
I'll teach you Manners.

Adorni. I'm past Learning ; make not
A Tumult in the House.

Fulgen. Shall I be brav'd thus ? [*They draw.*]

Sylli. O I am dead ! and now I swoon.

Clar. Help ! Murther ! [*Falls on his Face.*]

Page. Recover, Sirrah ! the Lady's here.

Enter Camiola.

Sylli. Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant.

Camiola. What Insolence is this ? *Adorni,* Hold,
Hold, I command you.

Fulgen. Saucy Groom !

Camiola. Not so, Sir ;
However, in his Life, he had Dependence
Upon my Father. Put on your Hat.

Fulgen. In my Prefence, without Leave?

Sylli. He has mine, Madam?

Camiola. And I must tell you, Sir, and in plain Language,

Howe'er your glitt'ring Outside promise Gentry,
The Rudeness of your Carriage and Behaviour
Speaks you a coarser Thing.

Sylli. She means a Clown, Sir :

I am her Interpreter, for want of a better.

Camiola. I am a Queen in mine own House ; nor
must you
Expect an Empire here.

Sylli. Sure, I must love her
Before the Day, the pretty Soul's so valiant.

Camiola. What are you ? And what would you with
me ?

Fulgen. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may, on your Submission, proceed to,
You in your Reason must repent the Coarseness
Of my Entertainment.

Camiola. Why, fine Man, what are you ?

Fulgen. A Kinsman of the King's.

Camiola. I cry you Mercy !

For his Sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible but a King may have
A Fool to his Kinsman,—no Way meaning you, Sir.

Fulgen. You have heard of *Fulgentio*.

Camiola. Long since, Sir ;

A Suit-broker in Court. He has, the worst
Report, among good Men, I ever heard of,
For Bribery and Extortion : In their Prayers,
Widows and Orphans curse him for a Canker
And Caterpillar in the State. I hope, Sir,
You're not the Man ; much less employ'd by him
As a Smock-agent to me.

Fulgen. I reply not

As you deserve, being assur'd you know me,
Pretending Ignorance of my Person, only

To give me a Taste of your Wit : 'Tis well and courtly ;
I like a sharp Wit well.

Sylli. I can't endure it !

Nor any of the *Syllies*.

Fulgen. More I know too,

This harsh Induction must serve as a Foil
To the well-tun'd Observance and Respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my Credit with the King,
And that, (contain your Joy) I deign to love you.

Camiola. Love me ? I am not rapt with it.

Fulgen. Hear it again

I love you honestly—Now you admire me.

Camiola. I do, indeed, it being a Word so seldom
Heard from a Courtier's Mouth : But, pray you, deal
plainly,

Since you find me simple, what might be the Motives
Inducing you to leave the Freedom of
A Batchelor's Life, on your soft Neck to wear,
The stubborn Yoke of Marriage ? And, of all
The Beauties in *Palermo*, to choose me,
Poor me ? That is the main Point you must treat of.

Fulgen. Why, I will tell you. Of a little Thing
You are a pretty Piece, indifferently fair too ;
And, like a new rigg'd Ship both tight, and yare
Well truss'd to bear. Virgins of Giant Size
Are Sluggards at the Sport : But, for my Pleasure,
Give me a neat well-timber'd Gamester like you ;
Such need no Spurs,—the Quickness of your Eye
Affures an active Spirit.

Camiola. You're pleasant, Sir ;
Yet I presume that there was one Thing in me
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all
Those Parts you have remember'd.

Fulgen. What ?

Camiola. My Wealth, Sir.

Fulgen. You're in the right : without that, Beauty is
A Flower worn in the Morning, at Night trod on :
But Beauty, Youth, and Fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.

Camiola. You speak well ;
And, in Return, excuse me, Sir, if I
Deliver Reasons why, upon no Terms,
I'll marry you ; I fable not.

Sylli. I'm glad
To hear this ; I began to have an Ague. [Aside.

Fulgen. Come, your wife Reasons.

Camiola. Such as they are, pray you, take them.
First, I am doubtful whether you are a Man,
Since, for your Shape trimm'd up in a Lady's Dressing,
You might pass for a Woman: Now I love
To deal on Certainties. And, for the Fairness
Of your Complexion, which you think will take me,
The Colour, I must tell you, in a Man
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out
If put to Labour. Give me the lovely brown.
A thick curl'd Hair of the same Dye; broad Shoulders;
A brawny Arm full of Veins; a Leg without
An artificial Calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.

Sylli. She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good Parts,
O *Sylli!* fortunate *Sylli!*

Camiola. You are mov'd, Sir.

Fulgen. Fie! no; go on.

Camiola. Then, as you are a Courtier,
A grac'd one too, I fear you have been too forward;
And so much for your Person. Rich you are,
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The Aids of *Satan's* little Fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his Back, must be
Spent you know where; the Proverb's stale. One
Word more,
And I have done.

Fulgen. I'll ease you of the Trouble,
Coy and disdainful.

Camiola. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Fulgen. No, your own Folly shall; and, since you
put me

To my last Charm, look upon this and tremble.

[*Shows the King's Ring.*

Camiola. At the Sight of a fair Ring? The King's, I take it :

I have seen him wear the like : If he hath sent it
As a Favour to me——

Fulgen. Yes, 'tis very likely ;

His dying Mother's Gift, priz'd at his Crown.

By this he does command you to be mine ;

By his Gift you are so :—You may yet redeem all.

Camiola. You are in a wrong Account still. Tho' the King may

Dispose of my Life and Goods, my Mind's mine own,
And never shall be your's. The King (Heav'n bless him!)
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself
Abstemious from base and goatish Looseness,
Will not compel, against their Wills, chaste Maidens,
To dance in his Minion's Circles. I believe,
Forgetting it, when he wash'd his Hands, you stole it
With an Intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd ;
I'm still myself and will be.

Fulgen. A proud Haggard,

And not to be reclaim'd! Which of your Grooms,
Your Coachman, Fool, or Footman, ministers
Night-physick to you ?

Camiola. You're foul-mouth'd,

Fulgen. Much fairer

Than thy black Soul; and so I will proclaim thee.——

Camiola. Were I a Man thou durst not speak this.

Fulgen. Heaven

So prosper me, as I resolve to do it

To all Men, and in every Place,—scorn'd by

A Tit of Ten-pence? [*Exit Fulgentio and his Page.*

Sylli. Now I begin to be valiant :

Nay, I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher ! *

8 ——— O for a Butcher !

Do a Friends Part, &c.

This is a true Picture of a Fop. He is here drawn in his proper Features—A Coward. Nothing could be more abjectly fearful, than

Do a Friend's Part; 'Pray you, carry him the Length
of't.

I give him three Years and a Day to match my Toledo;
And then we'll fight like Dragons.

Adorni. Pray, have Patience.

Camiola. I may live to have Vengeance: My *Bertoldo*
Would not have heard this.

Adorni. Madam.—

Camiola. 'Pray you, spare
Your Language; Pr'thee Fool, make me merry:

Sylli. That is my Office ever.

Adorni. I must do,
Not talk; this glorious Gallant shall hear from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III,

The Castle at Siena.

The Chambers discharg'd. A Flourish as to an Assault,
Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, and Soldiers.

Gonz. Is the Breach made assaultable?

Pierio. Yes, and the Moat
Fill'd up; the Cannoneer hath done his Parts,
We may enter six a-breast.

Roder. There's not a Man
Dares shew himself upon the Wall,

this our Bravado, when in Danger: But, now his Enemy is gone,
he swaggers about most courageously. *Now I begin to be valiant; nay,*
I will draw my Sword. O for a Butcher! The bloody cruel Tem-
per * of one: He wishes he could act like one of them. Then
turning to *Adorni* with the same intrepid Resolution, he says, *Do a*
Friend's Part; pray you, carry him the Length of't, &c.

* *O for a Butcher! The bloody cruel Temper, &c.*

It is impossible that the Words should convey the Sense that the Editor attrib-
utes to them. It is a difficult Passage, and my Conjecture may possibly be er-
roneous, but I should read it thus:

Nay I will draw my Sword: O for a Bout! Here
Do a Friend's Part, &c. M. M.

Jacomo. Defeat not
The Soldiers hoped-for Spoil.

Pierio. If you, Sir,
Delay the Assault, and the City be given up
To your Discretion, you in Honour cannot
Use the Extremity of War, but, in
Compassion to 'em, you to us prove cruel.

Jacomo. And an Enemy to yourself.

Roder. A Hindrance to
The brave Revenge you've vow'd.

Gonz. Temper your Heat,
And lose not, by too sudden Rashness, that
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.
Security ushers Ruin; proud Contempt
Of an Enemy, three Parts vanquish'd, with Desire
And Greediness of Spoil, hath often wrested
A certain Victory from the Conqueror's Gripe.
Discretion is the Tutor of the War,
Valour the Pupil; and, when we command
With Lenity, and our Direction's follow'd
With Cheerfulness, a prosp'rous End must crown
Our Works well undertaken.

Roder. Ours are finish'd.

Pierio. If we make Use of Fortune.

Gonz. Her false Smiles
Deprive you of your Judgments. The Condition
Of our Affairs exacts a double Care.
And like bifronted *Janus*, we must look
Backward, as forward. Tho' a flatt'ring Calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden Tempest rais'd,
Not fear'd, much less expected, in our Rear
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our Confusion.

Enter Scout.

Our Scout! what brings
Thy ghastly Looks and sudden Speed?

Scout. Th' Assurance
Of a new Enemy.

Gonz. This I foresaw and fear'd.

What are they? Know'st thou?

Scout. They are, by their Colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the Brightness
Of their Rich Armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the Sun.

Gonz. From *Sicily*?

The King in League! No War proclaim'd! 'Tis foul:
But this must be prevented, not disputed.

Ha! how is this? Your Ostrich plumes that but
E'en now, like Quills of Porcupine seem'd to threaten
The Stars, drop at the Rumour of a Shower;
And like to captive Colours sweep the Earth:
Bear up; but, in great Dangers, greater Minds
Are never proud. Shall a few loose Troops, untrain'd
But in a customary Ostentation
Presented as a Sacrifice to your Valours,
Cause a Dejection in you.

Pierio. No Dejection.

Roder. However startl'd, where you lead we'll follow.

Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their
Charge,

But meet 'em Man to Man, and Horse to Horse.

Pierio, in our Absence hold our Place,
And with our Footmen, and those sickly Troops,
Prevent a Sally. I in mine own Person,
With part of the Cavalry, will bid
These Hunters welcome to a bloody Breakfast:
But I lose Time.

Pierio. I'll to my Charge.

[*Exit Pierio.*]

Gonz. And we
To ours: I'll bring you on.

Jacomo. If we come off,
It's not amiss; if not, my 'State is settl'd.

[*Exeunt, Alarm.*]

SCENE IV. Siena.

Ferdinand, Druso, and Livio above.

Ferd. No Aids from *Sicily*? Hath Hope forfook us?
 And that vain Comfort to Affliction, Pity,
 By our vow'd Friend deny'd us? We can nor live
 Nor die with Honour: Like Beasts in a Toil
 We wait the Leisure of the bloody Hunter,
 Who is not so far reconcil'd to us,
 As in one Death to give a Period
 To our Calamities; but in delaying
 The Fate we cannot fly from, starv'd with Wants,
 We die this Night to live again To-morrow,
 And suffer greater Torments.

Druso. There is not
 Three Days Provision for every Soldier,
 At an Ounce of Bread a Day, left in the City.

Liv. To die the Beggar's Death, with Hunger made
 Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
 Our Heart-strings with Vexation.

Ferd. Would they would break,
 Break altogether! How willingly, like *Cato*,
 Could I tear out my Bowels, rather than
 Look on the Conqueror's insulting Face;
 But that Religion, and the horrid Dream?
 To be suffer'd in th' other World, denies it.
 What News with thee?

Enter Soldier.

Sold. From the Turret of the Fort,
 By the rising Clouds of Dust, thro' which, like Lightning,
 The Splendour of bright Arms sometimes break thro',
 I did descry some Forces making towards us;

9 ————— *And the horrid Dream, &c.*

An imitation of *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, Act 3d.

————— To die! to sleep!
 To sleep, perchance to dream! Ay, this is the Rub
 That makes Calamity of so long Life—— D.

And, from the Camp, as emulous of their Glory,
 The General, (for I know him by his Horse)
 And bravely seconded, 'encounter'd 'em.
 Their Greetings were too rough for Friends; their
 Swords,
 And not their Tongues, exchanging Courtesies.
 By this the main Battalies are join'd;
 And, if you please to be Spectators of
 The horrid Issue, I will bring you where,
 As in a Theatre, you may see their Fates
 In purple Gore presented.

Ferd. Heav'n, if yet

Thou art pleas'd for my Wrong done to *Aurelia*,
 Take Pity of my Miseries!—Lead the Way, Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Before the Castle of Siena.

A long Charge, after a Flourish for Victory.

Gonzaga, Jacomo, and Roderigo wounded. Bertoldo,
 Gasparo, and Anthonio Prisoners.

Gonz. We have 'em yet, tho' they cost us dear. This
 was

Charg'd home and bravely follow'd. Be yourselves
 True Mirrors to each other's Worth; and, looking
 With noble Emulation on his Wounds
 (The glorious Liv'ry of triumphant War)

[*To Jacomo and Roderigo.*]

Imagine these with equal Grace appear
 Upon yourself. The bloody Sweat you've suffer'd
 In this laborious, nay, toilsome Harvest,
 Yields a rich Crop of Conquest, and the Spoil,
 Most precious Balsam to a Soldier's Hurts,
 Will ease and cure 'em. Let me look upon

[*To Gasparo and Anthonio.*]

THE MAID OF HONOUR. 401

The Prisoners Faces. Oh, how much transform'd
From what they were! O *Mars*! were these Toys fa-
shion'd

To undergo the Burthen of thy Service?
The Weight of their defensive Armour bruis'd
Their weak effem'nate Limbs, and would have forc'd
'em

In a hot Day without a Blow to yield.

Anth. This Insultation shews not manly in you.

Gonz. To Men I had forborn it; you are Women,
Or, at the best, loose Carpet-knights. What Fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your Ease in Court
For Labour in the Field? Perhaps, you thought
To charge thro' Dust and Blood an armed Foe,
Was but like graceful running at the Ring
For a wanton Mistress' Glove, and the Encounter
A soft Impression on her Lips. But you
Are gaudy Butterflies, and I wrong myself
In parling with you.

Gasp. *Væ victis!* now we prove it.

Roder. But here's one fashion'd in another Mould,
And made of tougher Metal.

Gonz. True; I owe him
For this Wound bravely given.

Bert. O that Mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire
A Wretch no more remember'd!

Gonz. Look up, Sir,
To be o'ercome deserves no Shame. If you
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of Courage in Resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: But, since you perform'd
As much as could be hop'd for from a Man,
(Fortune his Enemy) you wrong yourself
In this Dejection. I am honour'd in
My Victory o'er you; but to have these
My Prisoners, is, in my true Judgment, rather
Captivity than a Triumph. You shall find
Fair Quarter from me, and your many Wounds

(Which I hope are not mortal) with such Care
Look'd to and cur'd, as if your nearest Friend
Attended on you.

Bert. When you know me better,
You will make void this Promise: can you call me
Into your Memory?

Gonz. The brave *Bertoldo*!
A Brother of our Order! by *St. John*,
(Our holy Patron) I am more amaz'd,
Nay, thunderstruck with thy Apostacy
And *Precipice* from the most solemn Vows
Made unto Heaven, when this, the glorious Badge
Of our Redeemer was conferr'd upon thee
By the great Master, than if I had seen
A reprobate *Jew*, an Atheist, *Turk*, or *Tartar*
Baptiz'd in our Religion.

Bert. This I look'd for,
And am resolv'd to suffer.

Gonz. Fellow-Soldiers,
Behold this Man, and, taught by his Example,
Know that 'tis safer far to play with Lightning,
Than trifle in Things sacred.—In my Rage, [*Weeps.*]
I shed these at the Funeral of his Virtue,
Faith and Religion—why, I will tell you;
He was a Gentleman so train'd up, and fashion'd
For noble Uses, and his Youth did promise
Such Certainties, more than Hopes, of great Atchieve-
ments,

As if the Christian World had stood oppos'd
Against the *Ottoman* Race to try the Fortune
Of one Encounter, this *Bertoldo* had been,
(For his Knowledge to direct, and matchless Courage
To execute) without a Rival, by the
Votes of good Men chosen General,
As the prime Soldier and most deserving
Of all that wear the Cross; which now, in Justice,
I thus tear from him.

Bert. Let me die with it
Upon my Breast.

Gonz. No; by this thou wert sworn
On all Occasions, as a Knight, to guard

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Weak Ladies from Oppression, and never
 To draw thy Sword against 'em; whereas thou,
 In Hope of Gain or Glory, when a Princess,
 And such a Princess as *Aurelia* is,
 Was dispossest'd by Violence, of what was
 Her true Inheritance, against thine Oath
 Hast to thy uttermost labour'd to uphold
 Her falling Enemy. But thou shalt pay
 A heavy Forfeiture, and learn too late,
 Valour, employ'd in an ill Quarrel, turns
 To Cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
 Foul Vice's Vizard. This is that which cancels
 All Friendship's Bands between us.—Bear 'em off;
 (I will hear no Reply) and let the Ransom
 Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
 In this I do but right, and let it be
 Stil'd Justice, and not wilful Cruelty. [Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Siena.

Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, and Jacomo.

Gonzaga.

WHAT I have done, Sir, by the Law of Arms
 I can and will make good.

Astutio. I've no Commission

To expostulate the Act. These Letters speak
 The King my Master's Love to you, and his
 Vow'd Service to the Dutchess, on whose Person
 I am to give Attendance.

Gonz. At this Instant,
 She's at *Pienza*: You may spare the Trouble

Of riding thither; I have advertis'd her
 Of our Success, and on what humble Terms
Siena stands: Tho' presently I can
 Possess it, I defer it, that she may
 Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
 The Prisoners and the Spoil.

Astutio. I thank you, Sir.

I' the mean Time, if I may have your Licence,
 I have a Nephew, and one once my Ward;
 For whose Liberties and Ransoms I would gladly
 Make Composition.

Gonz. They are, as I take it,
 Call'd *Gasparo* and *Antonio*.

Astutio. The same, Sir.

Gonz. For them you must treat with these: But, for
Bertoldo,

He is mine own: If the King will ransom him,
 He pays down fifty thousand Crowns; if not
 He lives and dies my Slave.

Astutio. Pray you a Word——

The King will rather thank you to detain him,
 Than give one Crown to free him.

Gonz. At his Pleasure.

I'll send the Prisoners under Guard: My Business
 Calls me another Way. [Exit *Gonzaga*.

Astutio. My Service waits you.

Now, Gentlemen, do not deal like Merchants with me,
 But noble Captains; you know, in great Minds,
Posse, & nolle, nobile.

Roder. Pray you, speak
 Our Language.

Jacomo. I find not, in my Commission,
 An Officer's bound to speak or understand
 More than his Mother-tongue.

Roder. If he speak that
 After Midnight, 'tis remarkable.

Astutio. In plain Terms, then,
Antonio is your Prisoner; *Gasparo*, yours.

Jacomo. You are i' the right.

Astutio. At what Sum do you rate
Their several Ransoms?

Roder. I must make my Market
As the Commodity cost me.

Astutio. As it cost you?
You did not buy your Captainship? Your Desert,
I hope, advanc'd you.

Roder. How? It well appears
You are no Soldier. Desert in these Days?
Desert may make a Serjeant to a Colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But, if it ever get a Company
(A Company; pray you, mark me) without Money,
Or private Service done for the General's Mistress,
With a Commendatory Epistle from her,
I will turn Lancepedade.

Jacomo. Pray you, observe, Sir:
I serv'd two 'Prenticeships, just fourteen Years,
Trailing the puissant Pike; and half so long
Had the Right-hand File; and I fought well, 'twas
said, too:

But I might have serv'd, and fought, and serv'd till
Doomsday,
And ne'er have carried a Flag, but for the Legacy
A bucksome Widow of threescore bequeath'd me,
And that too, my Back knows, I labour'd hard for,
But was better paid.

Astutio. Y're merry with yourselves:
But this is from the Purpose.

Roder. To the Point then.
Pris'ners are not ta'en every Day; and, when
We have 'em, we must make the best Use of 'em.
Our Pay is little to the Part¹⁰ we should bear,
And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent

10 ——— Part we should bear.

The Author in all Probability wrote *Port*, meaning that a Captain's Pay did not answer his Expences, and the manner of living which his rank obliged him to support. *D.*

Before we have it, and hardly wipes off Scores
At the Tavern and th' Ordinary.

Jacomo. You may add too,
Our Sport took up on Trust.

Roder. Peace, thou Smock-vermin !
Discover Commanders Secrets ? In a Word, Sir,
We have enquir'd, and find our Pris'ners rich :
Two thousand Crowns a-piece our Companies cost us ;
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present Pay.

Jacomo. It is too little : Yet,
Since you have said the Word, I am content ;
But will not go a Gazet less. "

Astutio. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading :
I'll be your Pay-master.

Roder. We desire no better.

Astutio. But not a Word of what's agreed between us,
'Till I have school'd my Gallants.

Jacomo. I am dumb, Sir.

*Enter a Guard: Bertoldo, Anthonio, and Gasparo in
Irons.*

Bert. And where remoy'd now ? Hath the Tyrant
found out
Worse Usage for us ?

Anth. Worse it cannot be..
My Greyhound has fresh Straw, and Scraps in his Ken-
nel ;
But we have neither.

Gaspr. Did I ever think
To wear such Garters on Silk Stockings ? Or

↳ " But will not go a Gazet less.

From the Word *Gazetta*, a Farthing, *Massinger* makes Use of the
same Word, and to the same Purpose, in the first Scene of the *Guar-
dian*.

Gazetta is a *Venetian* Coin ; and being the Price paid for the first
Newspapers that were printed, they obtained from thence the Name
of *Gazettes*. M. M.

That my too curious Appetite, that turn'd
At the Sight of Godwits, Pheasant, Partridge, Quails,
Larks, Wood-cocks, collar'd Salmon, as coarse Diet,
Would leap at a mouldy Crust ?

Anth. And go without it ;

So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The City Entertainment ! A huge Shoulder
Of glorious Ram Mutton, seconded
With a Pair of tame Cats, or Conies, a Crab-tart
With a worthy Loin of Veal and valiant Capon,
Mortify'd to grow tender.—These I scorn'd
From their plentiful Horn of Abundance, tho' invited :
But now I could carry my own Stool to a Tripe,
And call their Chitterlings Charity, and bless the Foun-
der.

Bert. O that I were no farther sensible
Of my Miseries than you are! You, like Beasts,
Feel only Stings of Hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty : But your narrow Souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the Torments are,
Which a free and noble Soul, made captive, suffers :
Most miserable Men ! and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, tho' made of Gold,
Express base Thralldom, and all Delicates
Prepar'd by *Midian* Cooks for Epicures,
When not our own, are bitter ; Quilts, fill'd high
With Gossomore and Roses, cannot yield
The Body soft Repose, the Mind kept waking
With Anguish and Affliction.

Astutio. My good Lord——

Bert. This is no Time nor Place for Flatt'ry, Sir :
Pray you, stile me as I am, a Wretch, forsaken
Of the World, as myself.

Astutio. I would it were
In me to help you.

Bert. If that you want Power, Sir,
Lip-Comfort cannot cure me.—Pray you, leave me
To mine own private Thoughts.

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Astutio. My valiant Nephew! [Walks by.
 And my more than warlike Ward! I am glad to see you
 After your glorious Conquests. Are these Chains
 Rewards for your good Service? If they are,
 You should wear 'em on your Necks (since they are
 massley)
 Like Aldermen of the Ward.

Anth. You jeer us too.

Gasp. Good Uncle, name not (as you are a Man of
 Honour)
 That fatal Word of War; the very Sound of it
 Is more dreadful than a Cannon.

Anth. But redeem us
 From this Captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
 Never to wear a Sword, or cut my Meat
 With a Knife that has an Edge or Point. I'll starve first,

Gasp. I will cry Brooms or Cat's Meat in *Palermo*;
 Turn Porter, carry Burthens; any Thing,
 Rather than live a Soldier.

Astutio. This should have
 Been thought upon before. At what Price, think you,
 Your two wise heads are rated?

Anth. A Calve's Head is
 More worth than mine; I'm sure it had more Brains in't,
 Or I had ne'er come here.

Roder. And I will eat it
 With Bacon. if I have not speedy Ransom.

Anth. And a little Garlick too, for your own Sake,
 Sir;
 'Twill boil in your Stomach else.

Gasp. Beware of mine,
 Or th' Horns may choak you. I am marry'd, Sir.

Anth. You shall have my Row of Houses near the
 Palace.

Gasp. And my Villa.—All——

Anth. All that we have.

[To *Astutio.*

Astutio. Well, have more Wit hereafter: For this
 Time
 You're ransom'd.

Jacomo. Off with their Irons.

Roder. Do, do :

If you are ours again, you know your Price.

Anth. Pray you, dispatch us : I shall ne'er believe
I am a Freeman, 'till I set my Foot
In *Sicily* again, and drink *Palermo*,
And in *Palermo* too.

Astutio. The Wind fits fair,
You shall aboard To-night : With the rising Sun
You may touch upon the Coast. But take your Leaves
Of the late General, first.

Gasp. I will be brief.

Anth. And I.—My Lord, Heaven keep you.

Gasp. Yours, to use

In the Way of Peace ; but, as your Soldiers, never.

Anth. A Pox of War ! No more of War !

Bert. Have you

[*Exeunt* Roderigo, Giacomo, Anthonio, and Gasparo,
Authority to loose their Bonds, yet leave
The Brother of your King, whose Worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in Irons ?
If Ransom may redeem them, I have Lands,
A Patrimony of mine own assign'd me
By my deceased Sire, to satisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my Freedom.

Astutio. I wish you had, Sir ; but the King, who
yields

No Reason for his Will, in his Displeasure
Hath seiz'd on all you had ; nor will *Gonzaga*,
Whose Pris'ner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand Crowns.

Bert. I find it now,

That Misery never comes alone. But, grant
The King is yet inexorable, Time
May work him to a Feeling of my Suff'rings.
I've Friends that swore their Lives and Fortunes were
At my Devotion, and among the rest
Yourself, my Lord, when, forfeited to the Law
For a foul Murther, and in cold Blood done,
I made your Life my Gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incensed King, and got your Pardon.

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—Beware Ingratitude. I know you're rich,
And may pay down the Sum.

Astutio. I might, my Lord;
But pardon me.

Bert. And will *Astutio* prove, then,
To please a passionate Man, the King's no more,
False to his Maker and his Reason, which
Commands more than I ask? O Summer-Friendship,
Whose flatt'ring Leaves that shadow'd us in
Our Prosperity, with the least Gust drop off
In th' Autumn of Adversity! How like
A Prison is to a Grave! When dead, we are
With solemn Pomp brought thither; and our Heirs,
(Masking their Joy in false dissembled Tears)
Weep o'er the Hearse; but Earth no sooner covers
The Earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward Smiles, the Dead no more remember'd,
So, enter'd in a Prison.—

Astutio. My Occasions
Command me hence, my Lord.

Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel King that I will wear
These Fetters, till my Flesh and they are one
Incorporated Substance. In myself,
As in a glass, I'll look on human Frailty,
And curse the Height of royal Blood: since I,
In being born near to *Jove*, am near his Thunder.

[*Exit Astutio.*

Cedars once shaken with a Storm, their own
Weight grubs their Roots out.—Lead me where you
please;

I am his, not Fortune's Martyr, and will die
The great Example of his Cruelty.

[*Exit with the Guard.*

SCENE II.

A Grove near the Palace at Palermo.

Adorni. He undergoes my Challenge, and contemns it,

And threatens me with the late Edict made
'Gainst Duellists, that Altar Cowards fly to.¹²
But I, that am engag'd, and nourish in me
A higher Aim than fair *Camiola* dreams of,
Must not sit down thus. In the Court I dare not
Attempt him; and in Publick he's so guarded
With a Herd of Parasites, Clients, Fools and Suitors,
That a Musket cannot reach him.—My Designs
Admit of no Delay. This is her Birth-day,
Which with a fit and due Solemnity
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such
As love to serve her, usually present
A tributary Duty. I'll have something
To give, if my Intelligence prove true,
Shall find Acceptance. I'm told, near this Grove
Fulgentio every Morning makes his Markets
With his Petitioners. I may present him
With a sharp Petition.—Ha! 'tis he: my Fate
Be ever blest'd for't.

Enter Fulgentio.

Fulgen. Command such as wait me,
Not to presume, at the least for half an Hour,
To press on my Retirements.

¶ ¹² 'Gainst Duellists, then, &c.

Fulgentio put up his Challenge, and, instead of accepting it, threatened him with the Law against Duels. This *Adorni* would represent as base Treatment. A Man of Courage he supposes would not have taken the Advantage of such a Law. *That Altar*, that was a Sanctuary Cowards only would fly to. The Sense here plainly requires the Alteration I have made of, *that* for *then*, which in the former Reading was scarce intelligible.

I take *the* to be the right Reading, which might easily be mistaken for *then*. D.

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Page. I will say, Sir, you are at your Prayers,
Fulgen. That will not find Belief;
 Courtiers have something else to do.—Be gone, Sir.
 Challeng'd! 'tis well. And by a Groom! still better.
 Was this Shape made to fight? I have a Tongue yet,
 Howe'er no Sword, to kill him; and what Way
 This Morning I'll resolve of. [Exit Fulgentio,
Adorni. I shall cross
 Your Resolution, or suffer for you, [Exit Adorni.

S C E N E III.

Camiola's House.

Camiola : divers Servants with Presents,

Enter Sylli and Clarinda.

Sylli. What are all these?
Clar. Servants with several Presents,
 And rich ones too.
1 Serv. With her best Wishes, Madam,
 Of many such Days to you, the Lady *Petula*
 Presents you with this Fan.
2 Serv. This Diamond
 From your Aunt *Honorio*.
3 Serv. This Piece of Plate
 From your Uncle, old *Vincentio*, with your Arms
 Graven upon it.
Camiola. Good Friends! they are too
 Munificent in their Love and Favour to me.
 Out of my Cabinet return such Jewels
 As this directs you; for your Pains;—and yours;—
 Nor must you be forgotten. Honour me
 With the drinking of a Health.
1 Serv. Gold, on my Life!
2 Serv. She scorns to give base Silver.
3 Serv. Would she had been
 Born every Month in the Year!

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1 *Serv.* Month? every Day.

2 *Serv.* Shew such another Maid.

3 *Serv.* All Happiness wait you.

Sylli. I'll see your Will done.

[*Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, and Servants.*]

Enter Adorni wounded.

Camiola. How! *Adorni* wounded!

Adorni. A Scratch got in your Service, else not worth Your Observation; I bring not, Madam, In Honour of your Birth-day, antique Plate, Or Pearl, for which the savage *Indian* dives Into the Bottom of the Sea; nor Diamonds Hewn from steep Rocks with Danger: Such as give To those that have what they themselves want, aim at A glad Return with Profit: Yet, despise not My Offering at the Altar of your Favour; Nor let the Lowness of the Giver lessen The Height of what's presented. Since it is A precious Jewel, almost forfeited, And, dimm'd with Clouds of Infamy, redeem'd, And, in its natural Splendor, with Addition, Restor'd to the true Owner.

Camiola. How is this?

Adorni. Not to hold you in Suspense, I bring you, Madam,

Your wounded Reputation cur'd, the Sting Of virulent Malice, fest'ring your fair Name, Pluck'd out and trod on: That proud Man, that was Deny'd the Honour of your Bed, yet durst With his untrue Reports strumpet your Fame, Compell'd by me, hath giv'n himself the Lye, And in his own Blood wrote it.—You may read *Fulgentio* subscrib'd.

Camiola. I am amaz'd!

Adorni. It does deserve it, Madam. Common Service

Is fit for Hinds, and the Reward proportion'd

To their Conditions. Therefore, look not on me
As a Follower of your Father's Fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours.—You frown! my Service
Merits not this Aspect.

Camiola. Which of my Favours,
I might say Bounties, hath begot and nourish'd
This more than rude Presumption? Since you had
An Itch to try your desp'rate Valour, wherefore
Went you not to the War? Couldst thou suppose
My Innocence could ever fall so low
As to have Need of thy rash Sword to guard it
Against malicious Slander? O how much
Those Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when
The Clearness and Integrity of their Actions
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their own Bases? Such as in a Colour
Of seeming Service give Protection to 'em,
Betray their own Strengths. Malice, scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argu'd, gives a kind of Credit
To a false Accusation. In this,
This your most memorable Service, you believ'd
You did me Right; but you have wrong'd me more
In your Defence of my undoubted Honour,
Than false *Fulgentio* could.

Adorni. I am sorry what
Was so well intended, is so ill receiv'd.

Enter Clarinda.

Yet, under your Correction, you wish'd
Bertoldo had been present.

Camiola. True, I did:
But he and you, Sir, are not Parallels,
Nor must you think yourself so.

Adorni. I am what
You'll please to have me.

Camiola. If *Bertoldo* had
Punish'd *Fulgentio's* Insolence, it had shown
His Love to her, whom in his Judgment he
Vouchsaf'd to make his Wife; a Height, I hope,

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Which you dare not aspire to. The same Actions
 Suit not all Men alike :—But I perceive
 Repentance in your Looks. For this Time, leave me :
 I may forgive, perhaps forget, your Folly :
 Conceal yourself till this Storm be blown over.
 You will be sought for ; yet, if my Estate

[Gives him her Hand to kiss.

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my Service.

Adorni. This is something yet, tho' I miss'd the
 Mark I shot at. [Exit Adorni.

Camiola. This Gentleman is of a noble Temper ;
 And I too harsh, perhaps, in my Reproof :
 Was I not, *Clarinda* ?

Clar. I am not to censure
 Your Actions, Madam : but there are a thousand
 Ladies, and of good Fame, in such a Cause,
 Would be proud of such a Servant.

Camiola. It may be ;

Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this Kind.
 Why uncall'd for ?

Serv. The Signiors, Madam, *Gasparo* and *Antonio*,
 (Selected Friends of the renown'd *Bertoldo*)
 Put ashore this Morning.

Camiola. Without him ?

Serv. I think so.

Camiola. Never think more then.

Serv. They have been at Court.

Kiss'd the King's Hand ; and, their first Duties done.
 To him, appear ambitious, to tender
 To you their second Service.

Camiola. Wait 'em hither. [Exit Servant.

Fear, do not rack me ! Reason, now, if ever,
 Haste with thy Aids, and tell me, such a Wonder
 As my *Bertoldo* is, with such Care fashion'd,
 Must not, nay, cannot, in Heav'n's Providence

Enter Antonio, Gasparo, and Servant.

So soon miscarry ; pray you, forbear ; ere you
Take the Privilege, as Strangers, to salute me,
(Excuse my Manners) make me first understand,
How it is with *Bertoldo* ?

Gasp. The Relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your Thanks.

Anth. I wish
Some other should inform you.

Camisola. Is he dead ?
You see, tho' with some Fear, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead ? Would that were the worst, a Debt
If we were paid then,
Kings in their Birth owe Nature.

Camisola. Is there aught
More terrible than Death ?

Anth. Yes, to a Spirit
Like his ; cruel Imprisonment, and that
Without the Hope of Freedom.

Camisola. You abuse me :
The royal King cannot, in Love to Virtue
(Tho' all Springs of Affection were dry'd up)
But pay his Ransom.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise—No less will do it
Than fifty thousand Crowns.

Camisola. A petty Sum ;
The Price weigh'd with the Purchase ; fifty thousand ?
To the King 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his Minion for a Masque, cannot but ransom
Such a Brother at a Million—You wrong
The King's Magnificence.

Anth. In your Opinion ;
But 'tis most certain. He does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it ; but forbids
All other Men.

Camisola. Are you sure of this ?

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Gasp. You may read
The Edict to that Purpose, publish'd by him :
That will resolve you.

Camiola. Possible ? Pray you, stand off ;
If I do not mutter Treason to myself,
My Heart will break : Yet I will not curse him ; [*Afide.*
He is my King—The News you have deliver'd,
Makes me weary of your Company ; we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the Door.
—Nay, pray you, no more Compliments.

Gasp. One thing more,
And that's substantial : Let your *Adorni*
Look to himself.

Anth. The King is much incens'd
Against him for *Fulentio*.

Camiola. As I am
For your Slowness to depart.

Both. Farewel, sweet Lady !

[*Exeunt Gasparo and Anthonio.*

Camiola. O more than impious Times ! when not
alone

Subordinate Ministers of Justice are
Corrupted and seduc'd, but Kings themselves
(The greater Wheels by which the lesser move)
Are broken and disjointed ! could it be else,
A King, to sooth his politick Ends, should so far
Forfake his Honour, as at once to break
Th' Adamant Chains of Nature and Religion,
To bind up Atheism, as a Defence ¹³
To his Dark Counsels ? Will it ever be ?
That to deserve too much is dangerous,

☞ ¹³ To bind up Atheism, &c.

This appears to me to be false ; I would read,

To bring up Atheism, &c.

To bind is certainly preferable to the proposed Amendment ; but
I see nothing Atheistical in the King's Conduct, according to the
present Use of that Word. *M. M.*

And Virtue, when too eminent, a Crime?
 Must She serve Fortune still? Or, when stripp'd of
 Her gay and glorious Favours, lose the Beauties
 Of her own natural Shape? O my *Bertoldo*!
 Thou only Sun in Honour's Sphere, how soon
 Art thou eclips'd and darken'd! not the Nearness
 Of Blood prevailing on the King; nor all
 The Benefits to the gen'ral Good dispens'd
 Gaining a Retribution! but that
 To owe a Courtesy to a simple Virgin
 Would take from thy deserving, I find in me
 Some Sparks of Fire, which, fann'd with Honour's
 Breath,
 Might rise into a Flame, and in Men darken
 Their usurp'd Splendor. Ha! my Aim is high,
 And, for the Honour of my Sex, to fall so,
 Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolv'd:
 Call in *Adorni*.

Clar. I am happy in
 Such Employment, Madam. [Exit *Clarinda*.

Camiola. He's a Man,
 I know, that at a reverend Distance loves me,
 And such are ever faithful. What a Sea
 Of melting Ice I walk on! what strange Censures
 Am I to undergo! but good Intent
 Deride all future Rumours.

Enter Clarinda and Adorni.

Adorni. I obey
 Your Summons, Madam.

Camiola. Leave the Place, *Clarinda*:
 One Woman, in a Secret of such Weight,
 Wise Men may think too much. Nearer, *Adorni*.

[Exit *Clarinda*.

I warrant it with a Smile.

Adorni. I cannot ask
 Safer Protection, what's your Will?

Camiola. To doubt
 Your ready Desire to serve me, or prepare you

With the Repetition of former Merits,
 Would, in my Diffidence, wrong you : But I will,
 And without Circumstance, in the Trust that I
 Impose upon you, free you from Suspicion.

Adorni. I foster none of you.

Camiola. I know you do not,
 You are *Adorni*, by the Love you owe me.—

Adorni. The surest Conjuratiō.

Camiola. Take me with you.—

Love born of Duty ; but advance no further.
 You are, Sir, as I said, to do me a Service,
 To undertake a Task, in which your Faith,
 Judgment, Discretion—in a Word, your all
 That's good, must be engag'd ; nor must you study
 In the Execution, but what may make
 For th' Ends I aim at.

Adorni. They admit no Rivals.

Camiola. You answer well.—You have heard of *Ber-*
toldo's

Captivity, and the King's Neglect ; the Greatness
 Of his Ransom, fifty thousand Crowns, *Adorni* ;
 Two Parts of my Estate.

Adorni. To what tends this ?

Camiola. Yet I so love the Gentleman (for to you
 I will confess my Weakness) that I purpose
 Now, when he is forsaken by the King,
 And his own Hopes, to ransom, and receive him
 Into my Bosom as my lawful Husband,

[*Adorni starts, and seems troubled.*]

Why change you Colour ?

Adorni. 'Tis in Wonder of

Your Virtue, Madam.

Camiola. You must therefore to
Siena for me, and pay to *Gonzaga*
 This Ransom for his Liberty ; you shall
 Have Bills of Exchange along with you. Let him
 swear

A solemn Contract to me, for you must be

420 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

My principal Witness, if he should—But why
Do I entertain these Jealousies? You will do this?

Adorni. Faithfully, Madam.—But not live long af-
ter. [*Aside.*

Camiola. One Thing I had forgot.—Besides his Free-
dom,

He may want Accommodations; furnish him

According to his Birth. And from *Camiola*

Deliver this Kiss, printed on your Lips [*Kisses him.*

Seal'd on his Hand.—You shall not see my Blushes;

I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit Camiola.*

Adorni. I'm half-hang'd

Out of the Way already.—Was there ever

Poor Lover so employ'd? against himself

To make Way for his Rival. I must do it:

Nay, more, I will. If Loyalty can find

Recompence beyond Hope or Imagination,

Let it fall on me in the other World,

As a Reward; for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp.

Enter Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, and Giacomo.

Gonzaga.

YOU'VE seiz'd upon the Citadel, and disarm'd
All that could make Resistance?

Pierio. Hunger had

Done that, before we came; nor was the Soldier
Compell'd to seek for Prey; the famish'd Wretches,

In Hope of Mercy, as a Sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.

Gonz. You proclaim'd,
On Pain of Death, no Violence should be offer'd
To any Woman ?

Roder. But it needed not ;
For Famine had so humbled 'em, and took off
The Care of their Sex's Honour, that there was not
So coy a Beauty in the Town, but would
For half a mouldy Bisket sell herself
To a poor Befogion, ¹⁴, and without shrieking.

Gonz. Where is the Duke of *Urbini* !

Jacomo. Under Guard,
As you directed.

Gonz. See the Soldiers set
In Rank and File ; and, as the Dutcheis's pass'es,
Bid 'em veil their Ensigns ; and charge 'em, on their
Lives,

Not to cry Whores.

Jacomo. The Devil cannot fright 'em
From their military Licence ; tho' they know
They are her Subjects, and will part with Being
To do her Service ; yet, since she's a Woman,
They will touch at her Breech with their Tongues—
and that is all

That they can hope for.

[*A Shout, and a general Cry within, Whores !
Whores !*

Gonz. O the Devil ! they are at it.
Hell stop their brawling Throats.—Again ! make
up

And cudgel them into Jelly.

Roder. To no Purpose,
Tho' their Mothers were there,
They would have the same Name for 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁴ *Bisogni*, in *Italian*, signifies a Recruit. *M. M.*

S C E N E II,

Before the Walls of Siena.

Enter Roderigo, Jacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, and Aurelia, (under a Canopy.) Astutio presents her with Letters. Loud Musick. She reads the Letters.

Gonz. I do beseech your Highness not to ascribe
To th' Want of Discipline, the barbarous Rudeness
Of the Soldier, in his Prophanation of
Your sacred Name and Virtues.

Aurelia. No, Lord General,
I've heard my Father say oft, 'twas a Custom
Usual i' th' Camp; nor are they to be punish'd
For Words, that have in Fact deserv'd so well.
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent Princess!

Aurelia. But for these Aids from Sicily sent against us
To blast our Spring of Conquest in the Bud:
I cannot find, my Lord Ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a Wrong,
With Purpose to detain us from our own;
Howe'er the King endeavours, in his Letters,
To mitigate th' Affront.

Astutio. Your Grace hereafter
May hear from me such strong Assurances
Of his unlimited Desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in Forgetfulness
The Mem'ry of what's past.

Aurelia. We shall take Time
To search the Depth of't further, and proceed
As our Council shall direct us.

Gonz. We present you
With the Keys of the City; all Lets are remov'd;
Your Way is smooth and easy; at your Feet
Your proudest Enemy falls.

Aurelia. We thank your Valours:

A Victory without Blood is twice achiev'd,
And the Disposure of it, to us tender'd,
The greatest Honour. Worthy Captains, Thanks!
My Love extends itself to all.

[*A Guard made. Aurelia passés thro' them. Loud Musick.*

Gonz. Make Way there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter Bertoldo, with a small Book, in Fetters, and Jailor.

Bert. 'Tis here determin'd (great Examples, arm'd
With Arguments, produc'd to make it good)
That neither Tyrants, nor the wrested Laws;
The People's frantick Rage, sad Exile, Want,
Nor, that which I endure, captivity,
Can do a wise Man any Injury.
Thus *Seneca*, when he wrote it, thought.—But then
Felicity courted him; his Wealth exceeding
A private Man's; happy in the Embraces
Of his chaste Wife *Paulina*; his house full
Of Children, Clients, Servants, flatt'ring Friends,
Soothing his Lip-positions, and created
Prince of the Senate, by the general Voice,
At his new Pupil's Suffrage; Then, no doubt,
He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner
The Prince's Frowns and Jealousies had thrown him
Out of Security's Lap, and a Centurion
Had offer'd him what Choice of Death he pleas'd;
But told him, die he must: when straight the Armour
Of his so boasted Fortitude, fell off,

[*Throws away the Book.*

Complaining of his Frailty. Can it then
Be censur'd womanish Weakness in me, if,

Thus clogg'd with Irons, and the Period
 To close up all Calamities deny'd me,
 (Which was presented *Seneca*) I wish
 I ne'er had Being; at least, never knew
 What Happiness was; or argue with Heav'n's Justice,
 Tearing my Locks, and in defiance throwing
 Dust in the Air? or, falling on the Ground, thus
 With my Nails and Teeth to dig a Grave, or rend
 The Bowels of the Earth, my Step-mother,
 And not a natural Parent? or thus practise
 To die, and, as I were insensible,
 Believe I had no Motion? [Lies on his Face,

Enter Gonzaga, Adorni, and Jailor.

Gonz. There he is:

I'll not enquire by whom his Ransom's paid,
 I'm satisfy'd that I have it; nor alledge
 One Reason to excuse his cruel Usage,
 As you may interpret it; let it suffice.
 It was my Will to have it so.—He is yours, now,
 Dispose of him as you please. [Exit Gonzaga,

Adorni. Howe'er I hate him,

As one preferr'd before me, being a Man,
 He does deserve my Pity. Sir,—he sleeps,
 Or is he dead? Would he were a Saint in Heaven;
 'Tis all the Hurt I wish him. But, I was not

[Kneels by him.

Born to such Happiness.—No, he breathes—Come near,
 And, if't be possible, without his Feeling,
 Take off his Irons.—So, now leave us private.

[His Irons taken off.

He does begin to stir, and as transported [Exit Jailor.
 With a joyful Dream.—How he stares! and fees his
 Legs,

As yet uncertain whether it can be
 True or fantastical.

Bert. Ministers of Mercy,
 Mock not Calamity.—Ha! 'tis no Vision!
 Or, if it be, the happiest that ever

Appear'd to sinful Flesh!—Who's here? His Face
Speaks him *Adorni!* but some glorious Angel,
Concealing its Divinity in his Shape,
Hath done this Miracle, it being not an Act
For wolfish Man. Resolve me, if thou look'ft for
Bent Knees in Adoration?

Adorni. O forbear, Sir!
I am *Adorni,* and the Instrument
Of your Deliverance; but the Benefit
You owe another.

Bert. If he has a Name,
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my Heart,
I am his Bondman.

Adorni. To the Shame of Men,
This great Act is a Woman's.

Bert. The whole Sex
For her Sake must be deify'd. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Guess who this Phoenix should be!

Adorni. 'Tis *Camiola.*

Bert. Pray you speak it again! There's Musick in
her Name!

Once more, I pray you, Sir!

Adorni. *Camiola,*
The Maid of Honour.

Bert. Curs'd Atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other;
Since she alone, in th' Abstract of herself,
That small, but ravishing Substance, comprehends
Whatever is or can be wish'd in the
Idea of a Woman. O what Service,
Or Sacrifice of Duty can I pay her,
If not to live and die her Charity's Slave?
Which is resolv'd already.

Adorni. She expects not
Such a Dominion o'er you: Yet, ere I
Deliver her Demands, give me your Hand:
On this, as she enjoin'd me, with my Lips
I print her Love and Service, by me sent you.

Bert. I am overwhelm'd with Wonder!

Adorni. You must now
 (Which is the Sum of all that she desires)
 By a solemn Contract bind yourself, when she
 Requires it, as a Debt due for your Freedom,
 To marry her.

Bert. This does engage me further;
 A Payment? An Increase of Obligation!
 To marry her?—'Twas my *nil ultra*, ever!
 The End of my Ambition! O that now
 The Holy Man, she present, were prepar'd
 To join our Hands, but with that Speed my Heart
 Wishes mine Eyes might see her.

Adorni. You must swear this.

Bert. Swear it? Collect all Oaths and Imprecations,
 Whose least Breach is Damnation; and those
 Minister'd to me in a Form more dreadful;
 Set Heav'n and Hell before me, I will take 'em:
 False to *Camiola*? Never.—Shall I now
 Begin my Vows to you?

Adorni. I am no Churchman;
 Such a one must file it on Record. You are free;
 And, that you may appear like to yourself
 (For so she wish'd) there's Gold with which you may
 Redeem your Trunks and Servants, and whatever
 Of late you lost. I have found out the Captain
 Whose Spoil they were.—His Name is *Roderigo*.

Bert. I know him.

Adorni. I have done my Part.

Bert. So much, Sir,
 As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
 I walk in Air!—Divine *Camiola*!—
 But Words cannot express thee. I'll build to thee
 An Altar in my Soul, on which I'll offer
 A still increasing Sacrifice of Duty. [*Exit Bertoldo.*]

Adorni. What will become of me now is apparent!
 Whether a Poniard or a Halter be
 The nearest Way to Hell (for I must thither,
 After I've kill'd myself) is somewhat doubtful.
 This *Roman* Resolution of Self-Murder,
 Will not hold Water at the high Tribunal,

When it comes to be argu'd ; my good Genius
 Prompts me to this Consideration. He
 That kills himself to avoid Misery, fears it,
 And, at the best, shews but a bastard Valour.
 This Life's a Fort committed to my Trust,
 Which I must not yield up till it be forc'd.
 —Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
 But he that boldly bears Calamity.

S C E N E IV.

Siena. *A Flourish.*

Enter Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, Gonzaga, Aurelia,
 Ferdinand, Astutio, and Attendants.

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our Glory
 To overcome with Courtesies, not Rigour ;
 The lordly *Roman*, who held it the Height
 Of human Happiness to have Kings and Queens
 To wait by his triumphant Chariot-wheels
 In his insulting Pride, depriv'd himself
 Of drawing near the Nature of the Gods,
 Best known for such, in being merciful.
 Yet, give me Leave, but still with gentle Language,
 And with the Freedom of a Friend, to tell you,
 To seek by Force, what Courtship could not win,
 Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild School.
 Wise Poets feign that *Venus'* Coach is drawn
 By Doves and Sparrows, not by Bears and Tygers.

Ferd. I spare the Application,—In my Fortune
 Heav'n's Justice hath confirm'd it ; yet, great Lady,
 Since my Offence grew from Excess of Love,
 And not to be resisted, having paid too,
 With Loss of Liberty (the Forfeiture
 Of my Presumption) in your Clemency
 It may find Pardon.

Aurelia. You shall have just Cause
 To say it hath. The Charge of the long Siege

Defray'd, and the Loss my Subjects have sustain'd
Made good, (since so far I must deal with Caution)
You have your Liberty.

Ferd. I could not hope for
Gentler Conditions.

Aurelia. My Lord *Gonzaga*,
Since my coming to *Siena*, I've heard much of
Your Pris'ner, brave *Bertoldo*.

Gonz. Such an one,
Madam, I had.

Astutio. And have still, Sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your Hopes deceive you.—He is ransom'd,
Madam.

Astutio. By whom, I pray you, Sir?

Gonz. You had best enquire
Of your Intelligencer: I am no Informer.

Astutio. I like not this.

[*Afide.*]

Aurelia. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly Gentleman, and of noble Parts,
A Brother of your Order.

Gonz. He was, Madam,
'Till he, against his Oath, wrong'd you, a Princess,
Which his Religion bound him from.

Aurelia. Great Minds,
For Trial of their Valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjust; yet without Malice;
And such a fair Construction I make of him.
I would see that brave Enemy.

Gonz. My Duty
Commands me to seek for him.

Aurelia. Pray you do:
And bring him to our Presence.

[*Exit Gonzaga.*]

Astutio. I must blast
His Entertainment. [*Afide.*] May it please your Ex-
cellency,

He is a Man debauch'd, and for his Riots
Cast off by th' King my Master; and that, I hope, is
A Crime sufficient.

Ferd. To you, his Subjects,
That like as your King likes —

Aurelia. But not to Us;
We must weigh with our own Scale.

Enter Gonzaga, Bertoldo richly habited, and Adorni.

This is he, sure!!
How soon mine Eye had found him!—What a Port
He bears! how well his Bravery becomes him!
A Pris'ner! nay, a princely Suitor, rather!
But I'm too sudden.

Gonz. Madam, 'twas his Suit,
Unsent for, to present his Service to you,
Ere his Departure.

Aurelia. With what Majesty
He bears himself!

Astutio. The Devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransom'd? and thus rich, too!

Aurelia. You ill deserve

[*Bertoldo kneeling, kisses her Hand.*

The Favour of our Hand—(We are not well:
Give Us more Air.)

[*She descends suddenly.*

Gonz. What sudden Qualm is this?

Aurelia. —That lifted yours against me.

Bert. Thus, once more,
I sue for Pardon.

Aurelia. Sure his Lips are poison'd,
And, thro' these Veins, force Passage to my Heart,
Which is already seiz'd upon. [Aside.

Bert. I wait, Madam;
To know what your Commands are; my Designs
Exact me in another Place.

Aurelia. Before
You have our Licence to depart? If Manners,
Civility of Manners cannot teach you
T' attend our Leisure, I must tell you, Sir,
That you are still our Prisoner; nor had you
Commission to free him.

Gonz. How's this, Madam?

Aurelia. You were my Substitute, and wanted Power,
Without my Warrant, to dispose of him.

I will pay back his Ransom ten Times over,
Rather than quit my Interest.

Bert. This is
Against the Law of Arms.

Aurelia. But not of Love: [*Aside.*
Why, hath your Entertainment, Sir, been such
In your Restraint, that, with the Wings of Fear,
You would fly from it.

Bert. I know no Man, Madam,
Enamour'd of his Fetters, or delighting
In Cold or Hunger, or that would in Reason
Prefer Straw in a Dungeon, before
A Down Bed in a Palace.

Aurelia. How!—Come nearer;
Was his Usage such?

Gonz. Yes; and it had been worse,
Had I foreseen this.

Aurelia. O thou mis-shap'd Monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No Share in Nature's Bounties, know no Pity
To such as have 'em. Look on him with my Eyes,
And answer then, whether this were a Man
Whose Cheeks of lovely Fulness should be made
A Prey to meagre Famine? or these Eyes,
Whose every Glance store *Cupid's* empty'd Quiver,
To be dimm'd with tedious Watching; or these Lips,
These ruddy Lips, of whose fresh Colour, Cherries
And Roses were but Copies, should grow pale
For Want of Nectar? or these Legs that bear
A Burthen of more Worth, than is supported
By *Atlas'* weary'd Shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the Weight of Iron? Oh, I could dwell ever
On this Description!

Bert. Is this in Derision
Or Pity of me?

Aurelia. In your Charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my Prisoner,
You shall have fairer Quarter; you will shame
The Place where you have been, should you now
leave it

Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient Lodgings, and it shall be
My Care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our Will. You'll follow me?

Bert. To the Centre,
Such a *Sibylla* guiding me.

[*Exeunt Aurelia and Bertoldo.*]

Gonz. Who speaks first?

Ferd. We stand, as we had seen *Medusa's* Head!

Pierio. I know not what to think, I'm so amaz'd!

Roder. Amaz'd! I'm thunderstruck!

Jacomo. We are enchanted.

And this is some Illusion.

Adorni. Heav'n forbid!

In dark Despair it shews a Beam of Hope.

Contain thy Joy, *Adorni.*

Astutio. Such a Princess,

And of so long experienc'd Reservedness,
Break forth, and on the sudden, into Flashes
Of more than doubted Looseness!

Gonz. They come again,

—Smiling, as I live: His Arm circling her Waist—

—I shall run mad:—Some Fury hath possess'd her.

If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble

A Prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,

Tho' the Devil fart Fire, have at him.

Enter Bertoldo and Aurelia.

Aurelia. Let not, Sir,

The Violence of my Passion nourish in you

An ill Opinion; or, grant my Carriage

Out of the Road and Garb of private Women,

'Tis still done with Decorum. As I am

A Princess, what I do is above Censure,

And to be imitated.

Bert. Gracious Madam,

Vouchsafe a little Pause; for I am so rapt

Beyond myself, that, 'till I have collected

My scatter'd Faculties, I cannot tender
My Resolution.

Aurelia. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you.

[*Bertoldo walking by, musing.*

Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This curst Object strangles my Devotion :
I must speak, or I burst. Pray you, fair Lady,
If you can, in Courtesy direct me to
The chaste *Aurelia*.

Aurelia. Are you blind ? Who are we ?

Gonz. Another kind of Thing. Her blood was go-
vern'd

By her Discretion, and not rul'd her reason :
The Reverence and Majesty of *Juno*
Shin'd in her Looks, and, coming to the camp,
Appear'd a second *Pallas*. I can see
No such Divinities in you : If I
Without Offence may speak my Thoughts, you are,
As 'twere, a wanton *Helen*.

Aurelia. Good ; ere long
You shall know me better.

Gonz. Why, if you are *Aurelia*,
How shall I dispose of the Soldier ?

Astutio. May it please you
To hasten my Dispatch ?

Aurelia. Prefer your Suits
Unto *Bertoldo* ; we will give him Hearing,
And you'll find him your best Advocate. [*Exit Aurelia.*

Astutio. This is rare !

Gonz. What are we come to ?

Roder. Grown up in a Moment
A Favourite !

Ferd. He does take State already.

Bert. No, no, it cannot be !—yet, but *Camila*,
There is no Step between me and a Crown :
—Then my Ingratitude ! a Sin in which
All Sins are comprehended ! aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost.

[*Aside.*

Gonz. May it please your Excellence—
—Second me, Sir.

Bert. Then my so horrid Oaths,
And hell-deep Imprecations made against it. [*Aside.*

Astutio. The King, your Brother, will thank you for
th' Advancement
Of his Affairs—

Bert. And yet who can hold out
Against such Batteries, as her Power and Greatness
Raise up against my weak Defences! [*Aside.*

Gonz. Sir,

Enter Aurelia:

Do you dream waking?—Slight, she's here again.
" Walks she on woollen Feet!

Aurelia. You dwell too long
In your Deliberation, and come
With a Cripple's Pace to that which you should fly to.

Bert. It is confess'd: Yet, why should I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By false Play send you off a Loser from me?
I'm already too too much engag'd
To th' King my Brother's Anger; and who knows
But that his Doubts and politick Fears, should you
Make me his Equal, may draw War upon
Your Territories; were that Breach made up,
I should with Joy embrace, what now I fear
To touch but with due Rev'ence.

Aurelia. That Hind'rance
Is easily remov'd. I owe the King
For a royal Visit, which I straight will pay him;
And having first reconcil'd you to his Favour,
A Dispensation shall meet with us.

Bert. I am wholly yours.

¹⁵ *Bert. Walks she on woollen Feet!*

These Words are certainly Part of *Gonzaga's* Speech, who is surprized at the sudden Return of *Aurelia*; they would come strangely from *Bertoldo* in the midst of his Meditations. *M. M.*

Aurelia. On this Book seal it.

Gonz. What Hand and Lip too? Then the Bargain's sure,

You've no Employment for me?

Aurelia. Yes, *Gonzaga*;
Provide a royal Ship.

Gonz. A Ship? Saint *John*!

Whither are we bound, now?

Aurelia. You shall know hereafter,

My Lord, your Pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your Patience.

Adorni. Camiola. [Whispers to Bertoldo.

Aurelia. How do you?

Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you. [Exeunt.

Adorni. The heavy Curse that waits on Perjury,

And foul Ingratitude, pursue thee, ever!

Yet why from me this? In this Breach of Faith

My Loyalty finds Reward! what poisons him,

Proves Mithridate to me. I have perform'd

All she commanded punctually; and now,

In the clear Mirrour of my Truth, she may

Behold his Falsehood. O that I had Wings

To bear me to *Palermo*! this, once known,

Must change her Love into a just Diddain,

And work her to Compassion of my Pain. [Exit,

S C E N E II. *Camiola's House.*

Enter Sylli, Camiola, and Clarinda, at several Doors.

Sylli. Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome was
The Top and Ridge of my House, am, on the sudden,
Turn'd to the pitifullest Animal
O' th' Lineage of the *Syllies*!

Camiola. What's the Matter?

Sylli. The King—break Girdle, break!

Camiola. Why, what of him?

Sylli. Hearing how far you doated on my Person,
Growing envious of my Happiness, and knowing

His Brother, nor his Favourite *Fulgentio*,
 Could get a sheep's Eye from you, I being present,
 Is come himself a Suitor, with the Awl
 Of his Authority to bore my Nose,
 And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!

Camiola. Do not roar so :
 The King ?

Sylli. The King : Yet loving *Sylli* is not
 So sorry for his own, as your Misfortune ;
 If the King should carry you, or you bear him,
 What a Loser should you be ? He can but make you
 A Queen, and what a simple Thing is that
 To th' being my lawful Spouse. The World can never
 Afford you such a Husband.

Camiola. I believe you.
 But how are you sure the King is so inclin'd ?
 Did not you dream this ?

Sylli. With these Eyes I saw him
 Dismiss his Train, and lighting from his Coach,
 Whisper *Fulgentio* in the Ear.

Camiola. If so,
 I guess the Business.

Sylli. It can be no other,
 But to give me the Bob, that being a Matter
 Of main Importance.—Yonder they are, I dare not

Enter Roberto and Fulgentio.

Be seen, I am so desperate ! if you forsake me,
 Send me Word, that I may provide a Willow Garland,
 To wear, when I drown myself. O *Sylli*, *Sylli* !

[*Exit crying.*]

Ful. It will be worth your Pains, Sir, to observe
 The Constancy and Bravery of her spirit.
 Tho' great Men tremble at your Frowns, I dare
 Hazard my Head, your Majesty, set off
 With Terror, cannot fright her.

Robert. May she answer
 My Expectation.

Fulgen. There she is.

Cam. My Knees thus
Bent to the Earth (while my Vows are sent upward
For the Safety of my Sov'reign) pay the Duty
Due for so great an Honour, in this Favour
Done to your humblest Hand-maid.

Rober. You mistake me,
I come not, Lady, that you may report
The King, to do you Honour, made your House ¹⁶
(He being there) his Court; but to correct
Your stubborn Disobedience. A Pardon
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchas'd
With this Humility.

Camiola. A Pardon, Sir?
'Till I am conscious of an Offence,
I will not wrong my Innocence to beg one.
What is my Crime, Sir?

Rober. Look on him I favour,
You scorn'd and neglected.

Camiola. Is that all, Sir?

Rober. No, Minion; tho' that were too much. How
can you
Answer the setting on your desp'rate Bravo
To murder him?

Camiola. With your Leave, I must not kneel, Sir,
While I reply to this: But thus rise up
In my Defence, and tell you as a Man
(Since when you are unjust, the Deity
Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you)
'Twas never read in Holy Writ, or moral,
That Subjects on their Loyalty were oblig'd
To love their Sov'reign's Vices; your Grace, Sir,
To such an Undeserver is no Virtue.

Fulgen. What think you now, Sir?

Camiola. Say you should love Wine,
You being the King, and 'cause I am your Subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not Kings,
By Violence, from humble Vassals force
The Liberty of their Souls. I could not love him.

And to compel Affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your Prerogative.

Rober. Excellent Virgin!

How I admire her Confidence!

[*Afide.*

Camiola. He complains

Of Wrong done him : But, be no more a King,
Unless you do me Right. Burn your Decrees,
And of your Laws and Statutes make a Fire,
To thaw the frozen Numbness of Delinquents,
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your Edicts
Call it Death in any Man that breaks into
Another's House to rob him, tho' of Trifles ;
And shall *Fulgentio*, your *Fulgentio* live ?
Who hath committed more than Sacrilege
In the Pollution of my clear Fame
By his malicious Slanders.

Rober. Have you done this ?

Answer truly on your Life.

Fulgen. In the Heat of Blood
Some such Thing I reported.

Rober. Out of my Sight!

For I vow, if by true Penitence thou win not
This injur'd Lady to sue out thy Pardon,
Thy Grave is digg'd already.

Fulgen. By my own Folly

I've made a fair Hand of't.

[*Exit Fulgentio.*

Rober. You shall know, Lady,

While I wear a Crown, Justice shall use her Sword
To cut Offenders off, tho' nearest to us.

Camiola. I : now you shew whose Deputy you are,
If now I bathe your Feet with Tears, it cannot
Be censur'd Superstition,

Rober. You must rise.

Rise in our Favour and Protection ever : [Kisses her.

Camiola. Happy are Subjects ! when the Prince is still
Guided by Justice, not his passionate Will. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Camiola's House.**Enter Camiola and Sylli.*

Camiola.

YOU see how tender I am of the Quiet
And Peace of your Affection, and what great
ones

I put off in your Favour.

Sylli. You do wisely,

Exceeding wisely ! and, when I have said,

I thank you for't, be happy.

Camiola. And good Reason,

In having such a Blessing.

Sylli. When you have it,

But the Bait is not yet ready. Stay the Time,

While I triumph by myself.—King, by your Leave,

I have wip'd your royal Nose without a Napkin ;

You may cry Willow, ' Willow ! for your Brother,

I'll only say go by. For my fine Favourite,

He may graze where he please ; his Lips may water

Like a Puppy's o'er a frumenty Pot, while *Sylli*Out of his two-leav'd Cherry-stone Dish drinks *Nectar* !

I cannot hold out any longer ; Heav'n forgive me,

'Tis not the first Oath I have broke, I must take

A little for Preparative. [*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*]*Camiola.* By no Means.

If you forswear yourself we shall not prosper.

I'll rather lose my Longing.

Sylli. Pretty Soul !

How careful it is of me ! let me buss yet,

Thy little dainty Foot for't : That, I'm sure, is
Out of my Oath.

Camiola. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous ; such a Favour
My amorous Shoemaker steals.

Sylli. O most rare Leather ! [Kisses her Shoe often.
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.

Camiola. Fie ! you dwell too long there ;
Rise, prithee rise.

Sylli. O, I am up already.

Enter Clarinda hastily.

Camiola. How I abuse my Hours !——What News
with thee, now ?

Clar. Off with that gown, 'tis mine ; mine by your
Promise :

Signior *Adorni* is return'd ! now upon Entrance ;
Off with it, off with it, Madam.

Camiola. Be not so hasty :

When I go to Bed, 'tis thine.

Sylli. You have my Grant too ;

But, do you hear, Lady, tho' I give Way to this,
You must hereafter ask my Leave, before
You part with Things of Moment.

Camiola. Very good ;

When I'm yours, I'll be govern'd.

Sylli. Sweet Obedience !

Enter Adorni.

Camiola. You're well return'd.

Adorni. I wish that the Success
Of my Service had deserv'd it.

Camiola. Lives *Bertoldo* ?

Adorni. Yes, and return'd with Safety,

Camiola. 'Tis not then

In the Power of Fate to add to, or take from

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My perfect Happiness : And yet he should
Have made me his first Visit.

Adorni. So I think too ;

But he——

Sylli. Durst not appear, I being present :
That's his Excuse, I warrant you.

Camiola. Speak, where is he ?

With whom ? Who hath deserv'd more from him ? Or
Can be of equal Merit ? In this
Do not except the King.

Adorni. He's at the Palace.

With the Dutchess of *Siena*. One Coach brought 'em
thither,

Without a third. He's very gracious with her,
You may conceive the rest.

Camiola. My jealous Fears
Make me to apprehend.

Adorni. Pray you, dismiss
Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the Particulars.

Camiola. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the Court.

Sylli. I will outrun
A Footman for your Pleasure.

Camiola. There observe
The Dutchess' Train and Entertainment,

Sylli. Fear not,
I will discover all that is of Weight
To the Liveries of her Pages and her Footmen.
This is fit Employment for me. [Exit Sylli,

Camiola. Gracious with
The Dutchess ! sure, you said so ?

Adorni. I will use
All possible Brevity to inform you, Madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharg'd
With Faith and loyal Duty.

Camiola. I believe it ;
You ransom'd him, and supply'd his Wants—imagine
That is already spoken ; and what Vows
Of Service he made to me, is apparent ;

His Joy of me, and Wonder too, perspicuous ;
Does not your Story end so ?

Adorni. Would the End
Had answered the Beginning—In a Word,
Ingratitude and Perjury at the Height,
Cannot express him.

Camiola. Take Heed.

Adorni. Truth is arm'd,
And can defend itself. It must out, Madam,
I saw (the Presence full) the amorous Dutchess
Kiss and embrace him, on his Part accepted
With equal Ardour, and their willing Hands
No sooner join'd, but a Remove was publish'd,
And put in Execution.

Camiola. The Proofs are
Too pregnant.—O *Bertoldo* !

Adorni. He's not worth
Your Sorrow, Madam.

Camiola. Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it ?

Adorni. His Precipice from Goodness raising mine,
And serving as a Foil to set my Faith off,
I had little Reason.

Camiola. In this you confess
The Devilish Malice of your Disposition.
As you were a Man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not in Flattery of your false Hopes
To glory in it. When good Men pursue
The Path mark'd out by Virtue, the blessed Saints
With Joy look on it, and Seraphic Angels
Clap their celestial Wings in heav'nly Plaudits,
To see a Scene of Grace so well presented,
The Fiends, and Men made up of Envy, mourning ;
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their Divinity can partake of Passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair Temple,
Built in *Bertoldo's* Loyalty, turn'd to Ashes
By the Flames of his Inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoicing in the Object.—'Tis not well
In you, *Adorni.*

Adorni. What a Temper dwells
In this rare Virgin?—Can you pity him [Aside,
That hath shewn none to you?

Camiola. I must not be
Cruel by his Example. You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek Recovery
Of what I have lost by Tears, and with bent Knees
Beg his Compassion. No; my tow'ring Virtue,
From the Assurance of my Merit, scorns
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler Course,
And, confident in the Justice of my Cause,
(The King his Brother, and new Mistress Judges)
Ravish him from her Arms—You have the Contract
In which he swore to marry me?

Adorni. 'Tis here, Madam.

Camiola. He shall be, then, against his Will my Husband,
And when I have him, I'll so use him—Doubt not,
But that, your Honesty being unquestion'd;
This Writing with your Testimony clears all.

Adorni. And buries me in the dark Mists of Error.

Camiola. I'll presently to Court; pray you, give Order
For my Coach.

Adorni. A Cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to th' Gallows, [Exit Adorni,

Camiola. O false Men!
Inconstant! perjur'd! My good Angel, help me
In these my Extremities!

Enter Sylli.

Sylli. If you ever will see a brave Sight,
Lose it not now. *Bertoldo* and the Dutchess
Are presently to be married. There's such Pomp
And Preparation.

Camiola. If I marry, 'tis
This Day, or never.

Sylli. Why, with all my Heart;
Tho' I break this, I'll keep the next Oath I make,
And then it is quit.

Camiola. Follow me to my Cabinet ;
You know my Confessor, Father *Paulo* ?

Sylli. Yes : Shall he
Do the Feat for us ?

Camiola. I will give in Writing
Directions to him, and attire myself
Like a Virgin-bride, and something I will do
That shall deserve Men's Praise and Wonder too.

Sylli. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my Points of Cochineal and Yellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II,

The Palace at Palermo.

Loud Musick.

*Enter Roberto, Bertoldo, Aurelia, Astutio, Gonzaga,
Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, and Bishop, with Attendants.*

Robert. Had our Division been greater, Madam,
Your Clemency, (the Wrong being done to you)
In Pardon of it, like the Rod of Concord,
Must make a perfect Union, once more
With a brotherly Affection we receive you
Into our Favour. Let it be your Study
Hereafter to deserve this Blessing, far
Beyond your Merit.

Bert. As the Princess' Grace
To me is without Limit, my Endeavours,
With all Obsequiousness to serve her Pleasures,
Shall know no Bounds : nor will I, being made
Her Husband, forget the Duty that
I owe her as a Servant.

Aurelia. I expect not
But fair Equality, since I well know,
If that Superiority be due,

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'Tis not to me. When you are made my Confort,
 All the Prerogatives of my high Birth cancell'd,
 I'll practise the Obedience of a Wife,
 And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
 Make Choice of their Inferiors, only aiming
 To feed their sensual Appetites, and to reign
 Over their Husbands, in some Kind commit
 Authoriz'd Whoredom, nor will I be guilty
 In my Intent of such a Crime.

Gonz. This done,
 As it is promis'd, Madam, may well stand for
 A Precedent to great Women: But, when once
 The griping Hunger of Desire is cloy'd,
 (And the poor Fool, advanc'd, brought on his Knees)
 Most of your Eagle-breed, I'll not say all,
 (Ever excepting you) challenge again,
 What in hot Blood they parted from.

Aurelia. You are ever
 An Enemy of our Sex, but you, I hope, Sir,
 Have better Thoughts,

Bert. I dare not entertain
 An ill one of your Goodness.

Rober. To my Power
 I will enable him, to prevent all Danger
 Envy can raise against your Choice. One Word more
 Touching the Articles,

Enter Fulgentio, Camiola, Sylli, and Adorni.

Fulgen. In you alone
 Lie all my Hopes; you can or kill or save me;
 But pity in you will become you better,
 (Tho' I confess in Justice 'tis deny'd me)
 Than too much Rigour.

Camiola. I will make your Peace
 As far as it lies in me; but must first
 Labour to right myself.

Aurelia. Or add or alter
 What you think fit. In him I have my all,
 Heav'n make me thankful for him.

Rober. On to the Temple.

Camiola. Stay, royal Sir, and, as you are are a King,
Erect one¹⁷ here, in doing Justice to
An injur'd Maid.

Aurelia. How's this?

Bert. O I am blasted!

Rober. I have giv'n some Proof, sweet Lady, of my
Promptness

To do you Right, you need not therefore doubt me;
And rest assur'd, that this great Work dispatch'd,
You shall have Audience, and Satisfaction
To all you can demand.

Camiola. To do me Justice

Exacts your present Care, and can admit
Of no Delay. If ere my Cause be heard,
In Favour of your Brother, you go on, Sir,
Your Scepter cannot right me. He's the Man,
The guilty Man whom I accuse, and you
Stand bound in Duty, as you are Supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a Judge,
As a Delinquent look on him, and not
As on a Brother: Justice painted blind,
Infers, her Ministers are oblig'd to hear
The Cause and Truth, the Judge determine of it;
And not sway'd or by Favour or Affection,
By a false Gloss or wrested Comment, alter
The true Intent and Letter of the Law.

Roberto. Nor will I, Madam.

Aurelia. You seem troubl'd, Sir.

Gonz. His Colour changes too.

Camiola. The Alteration

Grows from his Guilt. The Goodness of my Cause
Begets such Confidence in me, that I bring
No hir'd Tongue to plead for me, that with gay
Rhetorical Flourishes may palliate
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.
I stand here mine own Advocate; and my Truth,
Deliver'd in the plainest Language, will

¹⁷ That is, a Temple. *M. M.*

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Make good itself; nor will I, if the King
Give Suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest Enemy; and this Stranger Prince;
To sit Assistants with him.

Aurelia. I ne'er wrong'd you.

Camiola. In your Knowledge of the Injury, I believe it;
Nor will you in your Justice, when you are
Acquainted with my Interest in this Man
Which I lay Claim to.

Robert. Let us take our Seats,
What is your Title to him?

Camiola. By this Contract,
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend Man,
I challenge him for my Husband.

Sylli. Ha! was I
Sent for the Friar for this? O *Sylli!* *Sylli!*

Robert. This Writing is
Authentic.

Aurelia. But done in the Heat of Blood,
(Charm'd by her Flatt'ries, as, no doubt, he was)
To be dispens'd with.

Ferd. Add this, if you please,
The Distance and Disparity between
Their Births and Fortunes.

Camiola. What can Innocence hope for,
When such as sit her Judges, are corrupted!
Disparity of Birth or Fortune urge you?
Or *Syren* Charms? or, at his best, in me,
Wants to deserve him? Call some few Days back,
And, as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my Inferior. Imagine
You saw him now in Fetters, with his Honour,
His Liberty lost; with her black Wings Despair
Circling his Miseries, and this *Gonzaga*
Trampling on his Afflictions; the great Sum
Proposed for his Redemption; the King
Forbidding Payment of it; his near Kinsmen,
With his protesting Followers and Friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole World forsaken;

Dead to all Hope, and buried in the Grave
 Of his Calamities; and then weigh duly
 What she deserv'd (whose Merits now are doubted)
 That, as his better Angel, in her Bounties
 Appear'd unto him, his great Ransom paid;
 His Wants, and with a prodigal Hand, supply'd;
 Whether, then, being my manumis'd Slave,
 He ow'd not himself to me?

Aurelia. Is this true?

Robert. In his Silence 'tis acknowledg'd.

Gonz. If you want

A Witness to this Purpose, I'll depose it.

Camiola. If I have dwelt too long on my Deservings
 To this unthankful Man, pray you pardon me;
 The Cause requir'd it. And, tho' now I add
 A little, in my Painting, to the Life,
 His barbarous Ingratitude, to deter
 Others from Imitation, let it meet with
 A fair Interpretation. This Serpent,
 Frozen to Numbness, was no sooner warm'd
 In the Bosom of my Pity and Compassion,
 But, in Return, he ruin'd his Preserver;
 The Prints, the Irons had made in his Flesh,
 Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,
 My Benefits (in Sand, or Water written)
 As they had never been, no more remember'd:
 And on what Ground, but his ambitious Hopes
 To gain this Dutchess' Favour.

Aurelia. Yes; the Object
 (Look on it better, Lady) may excuse
 The Change of his Affection.

Camiola. The Object?

In what? forgive me, Modesty, if I say
 You look upon your Form in the false Glass
 Of Flattery and Self-love, and that deceives you.
 That you were a Dutchess, as I take it, was not
 Character'd on your Face, and, that not seen,
 For other Feature, make all these, that are
 Experienc'd in Women, Judges of 'em;

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And, if they are not Parasites, they must grant,
For Beauty without Art, tho' you storm at it,
I may take the Right-hand File:

Gonz. Well said, i' faith!

I see fair Women on no Terms will yield
Priority in Beauty.

Camila. Down, proud Heart!

Why do I rise up in Defence of that,
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me!
No, Madam, I recant;—You are all Beauty,
Goodness and Virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a Foil to set you off; enjoy your Conquest;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am
In my Lowness from your Height, you may look on
me,

And in your Suffrage to me, make him know
That, tho' to all Men else I did appear
The Shame and Scorn of Women,¹⁸ He stands bound
To hold me as¹⁹ her Masterpiece.

Rober. By my Life,

You've shewn yourself of such an abject Temper,
So poor, and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
Your Nearness to me.

Ferd. I am chang'd in my
Opinion of you, Lady, and profess
The Virtues of your Mind, an ample Fortune
For an absolute Monarch.

☞ 18 ————— I did appear
The Shame and Scorn of Women.

This is the Reading of all the Old Copies, but I imagine it is false,
and that we ought to read

————— I did appear
The Shame and Scorn of Nature.

What strengthens this Supposition, is the Line following, which
makes the Sense entire.

¹⁹ If we read *a* instead of *her* in the last of these Lines, there
will be no Need of any other Alteration. *M. M.*

Gonz. Since you are resolv'd
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble Order for a Woman; do it
For this. You may search thro' the World, and meet
not

With such another *Phenix*.

Aurelia. On the Sudden

I feel all Fires of Love quench'd in the Water
Of Compassion.—Make your Peace; you have
My free Consent; for here I do disclaim
All Int'rest in you: And, to further your
Desires, fair Maid, compos'd of Worth and Honour,
The Dispensation procur'd by me,
Freeing *Bertoldo* from his Vow, makes Way
To your Embraces.

Bert. Oh, how have I stray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble Track
Mark'd me by Virtue! 'Till now, I was never
Truly a Prisoner. To excuse my late
Captivity, I might alledge the Malice
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing
Courage in my Defence was no Way wanting.
But now I have surrend'rd up my Strengths
Into the Power of Vice, and on my Forehead
Branded with mine own Hand, in capital Letters,
Disloyal and ingrateful. Tho' barr'd from
Human Society, and hiss'd into
Some Desert ne'er yet haunted with the Curses
Of Men and Women, sitting as a Judge
Upon my guilty Self, I must confess
It justly falls upon me; and one Tear,
Shed in Compassion of my Sufferings, more
Than I can hope for.

Camiola. This Compunction
For th' Wrong that you have done me, tho' you should
Fix here, and your Sorrow move no farther,
Will, in respect I lov'd once, make these Eyes
Two Springs of Sorrow for you.

Bert. In your Pity
 My Cruelty shews more monstrous : Yet I am not,
 Tho' most ingrateful, grown to such a Height
 Of Impudence, as in my Wishes only
 To ask your Pardon. If, as now I fall
 Prostrate before your Feet, you will vouchsafe
 To act your own Revenge, treading upon me
 As a Viper eating thro' the Bowels of
 Your Benefits, to whom, with Liberty,
 I owe my Being, 'twill take from the Burthen
 That now is insupportable.

Camiola. Pray you, rise ;
 As I wish Peace and Quiet to my Soul,
 I do forgive you heartily. Yet, excuse me,
 Tho' I deny myself a Blessing that,
 By the Favour of the Dutcheſs ſecoded,
 With your Submission is offer'd to me,
 Let not the Reason I alledge for't grieve you,
 You have been false once.—I have done : and if,
 When I am married (as this Day I will be)
 As a perfect Sign of your Atonement with me,
 You wish me Joy, I will receive it for
 Full Satisfaction of all Obligations
 In which you stand bound to me.

Bert. I will do it,
 And, what's more, in Despite of Sorrow, live
 To see myself undone, beyond all Hope
 To be made up again.

Sylli. My Blood begins
 To come to my Heart again.

Camoli. Pray you, Signior *Sylli*,
 Call in the holy Friar. He's prepar'd
 For finishing the Work.

Sylli. I knew I was
 The Man. Heaven make me thankful !

Rober. Who is this ?

Astutio. His Father was the great Banker of *Palermo* :
 And this the Heir of his great Wealth.—His Wisdom
 Was not hereditary.

Sylli. Tho' you know me not,
 Your Majesty owes me a round Sum ; I have

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A Seal or two to witness; yet, if you please
To wear my Colours, and dance at my Wedding,
I'll never sue you.

Rober. And I'll grant your Suit.

Sylli. Gracious *Madona*, noble General,
Brave Captains and my quondam Rivals wear 'em,
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A Thought, but that Way current. [Exit.

Aurelia. For my Part,
I cannot guess the Issue.

Enter Sylli with the Friar.

Sylli. Do your Duty,
And with all Speed you can, you may dispatch us.

Paulo. Thus, as a principal Ornament to the Church,
I seize her.

All. How!

Rober. So young, and so religious!

Paulo. She has forsook the World,

Sylli. And *Sylli* too?

I shall run mad.

Rober. Hence with the Fool! proceed, Sir.

[*Sylli thrust off.*

Paulo. Look on this Maid of Honour, now
Truly honour'd in her Vow
She pays to Heaven: Vain Delight
By Day, or Pleasure of the Night,
She no more thinks of: This fair Hair
(Favours for great Kings to wear)
Must now be shorn. Her rich Array
Chang'd into a homely grey.
The Dainties with which she was fed,
And her proud Flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted; from the Spring,
For Wine, cold Water we will bring,
And with Fasting mortify
The Feasts of Sensuality.
Her Jewels, Beads; and she must look
Not in a Glass, but holy Book;

To teach her the ne'er-erring Way
 To Immortality. O may
 She, as she purposes to be
 A Child new-born to Piety,
 Persevere in it, and good Men,
 With Saints and Angels say, Amen!

Camiola. This is the Marriage! this the Port to which
 My Vows must steer me! Fill my spreading Sails
 With the pure Wind of your Devotions for me,
 That I may touch the secure Haven, where
 Eternal Happiness keeps her Residence,
 Temptations to Frailty never ent'ring.
 I am dead to the World, and thus dispose
 Of what I leave behind me, and, dividing
 My 'State into three Parts, I thus bequeath it.
 The first to the fair Nunnery, to which
 I dedicate the last, and better Part
 Of my frail Life; a second Portion
 To pious Uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful Service.
 And, ere I take my last Farewel, with Hope
 To find a Grant, my Suit to you is, that
 You would, for my Sake, pardon this young Man,
 And to his Merits love him, and no further.

Rober. I thus confirm it.

[Gives his Hand to Fulgentio,

Camiola. And, as ere you hope, [To Bertoldo.

Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
 To reassume your Order; and in fighting
 Bravely against the Enemies of our Faith,
 Redeem your mortgag'd Honour.

Gonza. I restore this:— [The white Cross,
 Once more Brothers in Arms.

Bert. I'll live and die so.

Camiola. To you my pious Wishes! And, to end
 All Differences, Great Sir, I beseech you
 To be an Arbitrator, and compound
 The Quarrel, long continuing, between
 The Duke and Dutchess,

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Rober. I'll take it into
My special Care.

Camiola. I'm then at Rest.—Now, Father,
Conduct me where you please.

[*Exeunt Paulo and Camiola.*

Rober. She well deserves
Her Name, *The Maid of Honour!* May she stand
To all Posterity a fair Example
For noble Maids to imitate! Since to live
In Wealth and Pleasure is common; but to part with
Such poison'd Baits is rare, there being nothing
Upon this Stage of Life to be commended,
Tho' well begun, till it be fully ended. [Exeunt.

We are now come to the Conclusion of *the Maid of Honour*: A
Piece which in my Judgment does *Honour* to its Author, and well de-
serves to be presented upon the *English* Stage.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME;

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