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THE
P L A Y S
OF
P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.
VOLUME III.

THE
P L A Y S
OF
P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

By W. GIFFORD, Esq.

HAUD TAMEN INVIDEAS VATI QUEM PULPITA PASCUNT.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

THE PICTURE.

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

LONDON:

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THE
MAID OF HONOUR.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.] This “Tragi-comedy” does not appear, under the present title, in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert: but a play called *the Honour of Women* was entered there May 6th, 1628, which Mr. Malone conjectures to be the piece before us. He speaks, however, with some hesitation on the subject, as a play of Massinger’s, called *the Spanish Viceroiy, or the Honour of Women*, was entered at Stationer’s Hall, for Humphrey Mosely, in 1653. If this double title be correct, of which we may reasonably entertain a doubt, the plays cannot be the same; for among the dramatis personæ of the present, no such character as a Spanish viceroy is to be found. Sicily, indeed, was long governed by viceroys from Spain; but Roberto is here styled King, and constantly acts from himself.

Mr. Malone says, that *the Maid of Honour* was printed in 1631. All the copies which I have seen (for there is but one edition) are dated 1632, which was probably the earliest period of its appearance; as we learn from the commendatory verses prefixed to it by Sir Aston Cockayne, that it was printed after *the Emperor of the East*, which was not given to the press till this year.

This Play was always a favourite, and, indeed, with strict justice; for it has a thousand claims to admiration and applause. It was frequently acted, the old title-page tells us, “at the Phoenix in Drurie-lane, with good allowance, by the Queen’s Majesties servants.” An attempt was made some years since to revive it, by Mr. Kemble, but, as I have been informed, without success.

TO

My most honoured Friends,

SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. AND BART.

AND

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 superiours; 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 more 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.

* *When your more serious occasions &c.*] Mr. M. Mason omits more.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Roberto, *king of Sicily.*

Ferdinand, *duke of Urbin.*

Bertoldo, *the king's natural brother, a knight of Malta.*

Gonzaga, *a knight of Malta, general to the dutchess of Sienna.*

Astutio, *a counsellor of state.*

Fulgentio, *the minion of Roberto.*

Adorni, *a follower of Camiola's father.*

Signior Sylli, *a foolish self-lover.*

Antonio, } *two rich heirs, city-bred.*

Gasparo, }

Pierio, *a colonel to Gonzaga.*

Roderigo, } *captains to Gonzaga.*

Jacomo, }

Druso, } *captains to duke Ferdinand.*

Livio, }

Father Paulo, *a priest, Camiola's confessor.*

Ambassadour from the duke of Urbin.

A Bishop.

A Page.

Aurelia, *dutchess of Sienna.*

Camiola, *the MAID OF HONOUR.*

Clarinda, *her woman.*

*Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants,
Sercants, &c.*

SCENE, *partly in Sicily, and partly in the Siennese.*

THE
MAID OF HONOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Palermo. *A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter ASTUTIO *and* ADORNI.

Ador. Good day to your lordship.

Ast. Thanks, Adorni.

Ador. May I presume to ask if the ambassadour
Employ'd by Ferdinand, the duke of Urbin,
Hath audience this morning?

Enter FULGENTIO.

Ast. 'Tis uncertain ;
For, though a counsellor of state, I am not
Of the cabinet council: but here's one, if he
please,
That may resolve you.

Ador. I will move him.—Sir!

Ful. If you've a suit, shew water, I am blind
else.

Ador. 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,
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.

6 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Ful. It seems you are ignorant,
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, gratis.

Ador. I much thank you.

Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to day?

Ful. Yes.

Ador. At what hour?

Ful. I promised not so much.

A syllable you begg'd, my charity gave it;
Move me no further. [*Exit.*

Ast. This you wonder at:

With me, 'tis usual.

Ador. Pray you, sir, what is he?

Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord.¹ He hath some
drops

Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived
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
suits,

His sheepshearing, 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, though
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops
In Sicily, than the pope himself.

¹ *Ast.* A gentleman, *not* no lord.] Would not the satire be more apparent, if the sentence were reversed? As it stands now, it is scarcely intelligible.

Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, and
a *Servant*.

Ador. Most strange !

Ast. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.

Ador. I understand you.

Gasp. Morrow to my uncle.

Ant. And my late guardian :—but at length I
have

The reins in my own hands.

Ast. Pray you, use them well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Bert. With this jewel
Presented to Camiola, prepare,
This night, a visit for me. [*Exit Servant.*] I shall
have

Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that
The king will hear of war.

Ant. 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 outstrip swallows.

Bert. And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated :
You are well provided, signior.

Ant. Sir, excuse me ;
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,
And scorn the burthen : they come on like light-
ning ;
Founder'd in a retreat.

Bert. By no means back them ;
Unless you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.

Ant. 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 bought² me
An armour cannon-proof.

Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an outwork, 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.

Ant. You are, sir,
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,
Have served against the Turk.

Bert. 'Tis true.

Ant. 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 constable³ from a sleeping watch,
Then burn their halberds ; or, safe guarded by

² ————— to shew my valour, I have bought me]
Coxeter and M. Mason read, I have brought me : the old copy
is surely right.

³ Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,] For this ex-
pression, so exquisitely humorous, the modern editors give us,

Or to steal a lanthorn from a sleeping watch !

It is scarcely possible to mark these wanton deviations from the
original, without some degree of warmth. By no process in
blundering could *lanthorn* be written for *constable* : the editors,
therefore, must have gratuitously taken upon themselves the
reformation of the language. Pity for the author must be mixed

Your tenant's sons, to carry away a may-pole
From a neighbour village. You will not find
there,

Your masters of dependencies⁴ to take up
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,
For a cloak with thrice-died 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

with our indignation at their perverse temerity, when we thus find them banishing his most witty expressions from the text, under the bold idea of improving it!

It is the more singular that they should do this in the present case, as the same thought, in nearly the same words, is to be found in *the Renegado*. See Vol. II. p. 210.

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————— you will not find there

Your masters of dependencies &c.] *Masters of dependencies* were a set of needy bravoës, who undertook to ascertain the authentick grounds of a quarrel, and, in some cases, to settle it for the timorous or unskilful.

————— “Your high offer,
“Taught by the *masters of dependencies*,
“That, by compounding differences ’tween others,
“Supply their own necessities, with me
“Will never carry it.” *The Elder Brother.*

In this punctilious age, all matters relative to duelling were arranged, in set treatises, with a gravity that, in a business less serious, would be infinitely ridiculous. Troops of disbanded soldiers, or rather of such as pretended to be so, took up the “noble science of arms,” and, with the use of the small sword, (then a novelty,) taught a jargon respecting the various modes of “honourable quarrelling,” which, though seemingly calculated to baffle alike the patience and the understanding, was a fashionable object of study. The dramatick poets, faithful to the moral end of their high art, combated this contagious folly with the united powers of wit and humour; and, after a long and well conducted struggle, succeeded in rendering it as contemptible as it was odious, and finally drove it from the stage.

Yourselves both in, and upright, with a provant sword⁵

Will slash 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 *Lachrymæ*.⁶

Casp. 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 imitation; * 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 believed
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to

⁵ ————— with a provant sword &c.] A *provant sword* is a plain, unornamented sword, such as soldiers are supplied with by the state. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*, when Master Stephen produces his "pure Toledo," Bobadill exclaims,

"This a Toledo? pish!

"*Steph.* Why do you pish?

"*Bob.* A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them:—a poor *provant rapier*; no better."

Properly speaking, *provant* means provisions: thus Petillius, in the tragedy of *Bonduca*:

"All my company

"Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk

"Of what *provant* is."

But our old writers extend it to all the articles which make up the magazines of an army.

It appears, from the pointing of the former editors, that they had not the slightest notion of what their author was saying.

⁶ *To the doleful tune of Lachrymæ.* | See *the Picture*.

* *For your imitation;* | Thus the quarto: Mr. M. Mason reads, *For your imitation*; an alteration as void of meaning as of harmony.

Your gaudy clothes ; and could not walk at mid-
night

Without a causeless quarrel, as if men
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts : but, when you had been
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the
doctrine⁷

Made profitable uses, you concluded,
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
Civility, with conformity of manners,
Were two or three sound beatings.

Ant. I confess

They did much good upon me.

Gasp. And on me :

The principles that they read were sound.

Bert. You'll find

The like instructions in the camp.

Ast. The king !

A flourish. Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Am-
bassadour, and Attendants.

Rob. We sit prepared to hear.

Amb. Your majesty

Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With the desperate 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

⁷ ————— and from the doctrine
Madc profitable uses, &c.] See the Emperor of the East.

Of blood, in your interpretation, may
 Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it
 An error in him, being denied the favours
 Of the fair princess of Sienna, (though
 He sought her in a noble way,) to endeavour
 To force affection by surprisal of
 Her principal seat, Sienna.

Rob. Which now proves
 The seat of his captivity, not triumph:
 Heaven is still just.

Amb. And yet that justice is
 To be with mercy temper'd, which heaven's
 deputies
 Stand bound to minister. The injured dutchess,
 By reason taught, as nature, 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, though 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 relieved, admits no parley,
 Our flags of truce hung out in vain: nor will
 he

Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,
 With the rendering up the town, the goods and
 lives
 Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,
 To be at his discretion.

Rob. Since injustice
 In your duke meets this correction, can you
 press us,
 With any seeming argument of reason,

In foolish pity to decline^s his dangers,
 To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be
 Warn'd by his harms? The league proclaim'd
 between us

Bound neither of us further than to aid
 Each other, if by foreign force invaded;
 And so far in my honour I was tied.
 But since, without our counsel, or allowance,
 He hath ta'en 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, pur-
 chase

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 ploughshares into swords, and force them
 from

The secure shade of their own vines, to be
 Scorched with the flames of war; or, for our sport,
 Expose their lives to ruin.

Amb. Will you, then,

In his extremity, forsake your friend?

Rob. No; but preserve ourself.

^s *In foolish pity to decline his dangers,
 To draw them on ourself?*] *To decline*, here means to divert
 from their course; in which sense it is frequently met with in
 our old poets. Thus Jonson:

“————— who declining

“Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,

“Slipt down the Gemonies.”

Sejanus.

Again, in his *Forest*:

“This makes, that wisely you *decline* your life

“Far from the maze of custom, error, strife.”

Bert. Cannot the beams
Of honour thaw your icy fears?

Rob. Who's that?

Bert. A kind of brother, sir, how'er your
subject ;
Your father's son, and one who blushes that
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,
As to his kingdom.

Rob. How's this !

Bert. Sir, to be
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,
Cannot deserve your anger.

Rob. Where's your warrant
For this presumption ?

Bert. Here, sir, in my heart :
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Style 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 ;
And, when we move not forward, we go back-
ward :⁹

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————— *I must tell you, sir,*

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice ;

And when we move not forward, we go backward :] This is a
beautiful improvement on Horace :

Paulum sepultæ distat inertie

Celata virtus.

It is, however, surpassed by the spirited apostrophe of Jonson
to himself :

“ Where dost thou careless lie

“ Buried in ease and sloth ?

“ Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die ;

“ And this security,

“ It is the common moth

“ That eats on wit and arts, and so destroys them both.”

Underwoods.

The last line of the text alludes to the Latin adage : *Non pro-
gredi est regredi.*

Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease.

Gasp. Well urged, my lord.

Ant. Perfect what is so well begun.

Amb. And bind

My lord your servant.

Rob. Hair-brain'd fool! what reason
Canst thou infer, to make this good?

Bert. A thousand,

Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your command lies:¹ 'tis not, sir, in
France,

Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold
Or silver to enrich you; no worm spins
Silk in her womb, to make distinction
Between you and a peasant in your habits;
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can die
Scarlet or purple; all that we possess,
With beasts we have in common: nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environed;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,
That, if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas stiled the Granary of great
Rome,

1

————— *But consider*

Where your command lies: &c.] Davies, I think, says, that here is an allusion to the affairs of this country under James.

However that may be, it is, at least, certain that the author, in this animated description, was thinking of England only. He could scarcely be so ignorant of the natural history of Sicily as not to know how little of his description applied to that island; while every word of it was perfectly applicable to this.

Can yield our numerous fry bread; we must
starve,

Or eat up one another.

Ador. The king hears
With much attention.

Ast. And seems moved with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

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: it is their swords,
sir,

Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples
May move you more than arguments, look on
England,

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 quaked, her worthies named;
And the fair flower-de-luce² 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, confined to drink,
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the
sleep

Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's king-
dom;

² *And the fair flower-de-luce*] A fit of extraordinary nicety has here seized the modern editors, and they read, *the fair fleur-de-lis!*

But his heroick mind descends to me :
I will confirm so much.

Ador. In his looks he seems
To break ope Janus' temple.

Ast. How these younglings
Take fire from him !

Ador. It works an alteration
Upon the king.

Ant. I can forbear no longer :
War, war, my sovereign !

Ful. The king appears
Resolved, and does prepare to speak.

Rob. 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 resolved 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 have feeling
O'your master's sufferings, since these³ 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.

Rob. 'Tis well ; and, but my grant in this, ex-
pect 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,

³ ———— since these gallants,] So the old copies :
the modern editions read, since the gallants.

Fallen 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 absolute⁴ answer.

Amb. My prince pays
In me his duty.

Rob. Follow me, Fulgentio,
And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish. 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.

Ant. Shall we aboard to night?

Amb. Your speed, my lord,
Doubles the benefit.

Bert. I have a business
Requires dispatch; some two hours hence I'll
meet you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Camiola's House.

*Enter Signior SYLLI, walking fantastically, fol-
lowed by CAMIOLA and CLARINDA.*

Cam. Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony
In my own house.

⁴ ————— So, my lord,

You have my absolute answer.] Thus the quarto: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, very correctly as well as metrically, read, *You have my whole answer!* How little has hitherto been seen of Massinger!

Syl. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practised.

Clar. For your mirth's sake
Let him alone; he has been all this morning
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,
[*Sylli walking by, and practising his postures.*
When he walks before a lady.

Syl. You may, madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,
To make you dote 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
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,
Look not with too much contemplation on me;
If you do, you are in the suds.

Cam. You are no barber?

Syl. 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.

Cam. Is't possible?

Syl. Yes, and they live too; marry, much con-
doling
The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me,
Because I love myself—

Cam. Without a rival.

What philters 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.

Syl. 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 martingal.

Syl. 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.

Cam. Never fear it ;
Though 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.

Syl. The first is,
That you never 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.

Cam. I will stop my ears,
And keep my little wits.

Syl. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheep's eye
Upon the quivering of my calf.

Cam. Proceed, sir.

Syl. But on no terms, for 'tis a main point,
dream not
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a
burthen
With any porter.

Cam. I mean not to ride you.

Syl. Nor I your little ladyship, till you have
Perform'd the covenants. Be not taken with
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.

Cam. Was there ever such
A piece of motley heard of! [*A knocking within.*]
Who's that? [*Exit Clarinda.*] You may spare
The catalogue of my dangers.

Syl. No, good madam ;
I have not told you half.

Cam. Enough, good signior;
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Who is't?

Clar. The brother of the king.

Syl. 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 am not jealous;
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and that done—hide myself.

[*Exit.*

Cam. 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 to me for:
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me
I must nor give nor take it.⁵

Re-enter SYLLI with BERTOLDO.

Syl. I must tell you,
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,
First come first served: yet you shall have my
countenance

To parley with her, and I'll take special care
That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. Your are courteous.

⁵ *I must nor give nor take it.*] This mode of expression, which is very frequent in Massinger, is almost as frequently changed by Mr M. Mason into *I must not give &c.*

Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?

Clar. Yes, from you, sir. [*They converse aside.*]

Bert. If forcing this sweet favour from your
lips, [*Kisses her.*]

Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,
When you are pleased to understand I take
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify the offence.

Cam. A parting kiss, 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 beloved 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,
Though 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?

Cam. You tax me without cause.

Bert. You must confess it.

But answer love with love, and seal the con-
tract

In the uniting of our souls, how gladly

(Though now I were in action, and assured,
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heat
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue
My Cleopatra! Will you yet look on me
With an eye of favour?

Cam. 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, though 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?

Cam. No mulct in yourself,
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.

Bert. What then?

Cam. The consciousness of mine own wants:
alas! sir,
We are not parallels; but, like lines divided,³

³ ————— *alas, sir!*

We are not parallels; but, like lines divided,

Can ne'er meet in one centre.] 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. COXETER.

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 centre. M. MASON.

If Mr. M. Mason understands his own meaning it is well; that of his author, I apprehend, he has not altogether made out. Our old writers were not, generally speaking, very expert mathematicians, and therefore frequently confounded the proper-

Can ne'er meet in one centre. 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 though you were Thersites in your fea-
 tures,
 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,

ties of lines and figures. Not only Massinger, but many others who had good means of information, use *parallels* (as it seems to me) for *radii*. Dr. Sacheverell was accused by the wits, or rather whigs, of his day, for speaking, in his famous *University Sermon*, of *parallel lines that met in a centre*. The charge appears to be just, for, though he changed the expression when the sermon was committed to the press, he retained his conviction of its propriety: "They," (temptations,) he says, "are the *centre* in which all our passions terminate and join, though never so much *repugnant* to each other."

In the Proëme to Herbert's *Travels*, which were printed not long after *the Maid of Honour*, a similar expression is found: "Great Britaine—contains the summe and abridge of all sorts of excellencies, *met here like parallels in their proper centre*."

In the life of Dr. H. More (1710) there is a letter to a correspondent who had sent him a pious treatise, in which the same expression occurs, and is thus noticed by the doctor: "There is but one passage that I remember, which will afford them (the profane and atheistical rout of the age) a disingenuous satisfaction; which is in p. 480, where you say that *straight lines drawn from the center run parallel together*. To a candid reader your intended sense can be no other than that they run $\pi\alpha\rho\ \alpha\lambda\lambda\lambda\alpha\lambda\alpha\iota$, that is, by one another; which they may do, though they do not run all along equidistantly one by another, which is the mathematical sense of the word parallel." See *Gent. Mag.* May, 1782. The good doctor is, I think, the best critick on the subject, that has yet appeared, and sufficiently explains Massinger.

With admiration to look upon them ;
 But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,
 I may or can enjoy them.

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 every way my equal.

Cam. Sir, excuse me ;

One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses
 The eagle and the wren :—tissue and frieze
 In the same garment, monstrous ! But suppose
 That what's in you excessive were diminish'd,
 And my desert supplied, the stronger 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

7 *Cam.* *Sir, excuse me ;*

One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses

The eagle and the wren :—] The modern editors read *One airy with proportion* &c. Upon which Coxeter observes, that “the passage is somewhat difficult.” It means, however, he adds, “that one who is puffed up with an high opinion of his birth, (i. e. *airy with proportion*,) will never stoop so low as Bertoldo must, to marry Camiola.” To this Mr. M. Mason subjoins, that for *discloses* we should read *encloses*, and that the meaning is, “the airy that is fit for an eagle cannot be equally fit for a wren !” Poor Coxeter's blunder is sufficiently ridiculous : but did not Mr. M. Mason, who tells us, in a note, of the absolute necessity of consulting and comparing contemporary authors, recollect those beautiful lines of Shakspeare ?

“Anon, as patient as the female dove,

“Ere that her golden couplets are *disclosed*,

“His silence will sit drooping.”

Hamlet.

Disclose, in short, is constantly used by our old writers for *hatch*, as *acrie* is, for the nest of any bird of prey : and the meaning of this “somewhat difficult passage” nothing more, than that eagles and wrens are too disproportionate in bulk to be *hatched* in the same *nest*.

To seek me, though my frailty should consent,
In a base path.

Bert. A dispensation, lady,
Will easily absolve me.

Cam. O take heed, sir!
When what is vow'd to heaven is dispensed with,
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.

Bert. Is there no hope left me?

Cam. Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility. True love should walk
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir:
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service.

Bert. And this is your
Determinate sentence?

Cam. Not to be revoked.

Bert. Farewell then, fairest cruel! all thoughts
in me

Of women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim 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.*

Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being absent,
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle

8 ————— *Let the glorious light*

Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper,] So the quarto: for
which fine line the modern editors give us,

————— *Let the glorious light*

Of noble war extinguish Love's divine taper!

It seems strange that no want of harmony in the metre, no defect of sense in the expression, could ever rouse them into a suspicion of their inaccuracy. I have not, however, pointed out every error to the reader: in what has already past of this act, the old reading has been silently restored in numerous instances.

Is fought between my passions!—methinks
We should have kiss'd at parting.

Syl. 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 bugbear 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 entreated.

Cam. Be so now, to leave me.

Lights for my chamber. O my heart!

[*Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda.*]

Syl. She now,

I know, is going to bed, to ruminare
Which way to glut herself upon my person;
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry:
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, and ASTUTIO.

Rob. Embark'd to night, do you say?

Ful. I saw him aboard, sir.

Rob. And without taking of his leave?

Ast. 'Twas strange!

Rob. Are we grown so contemptible?

Ful. '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.

Rob. 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 ?

Ful. More than you think, sir.
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government or person, with
The turbulent swordmen, such whose poverty
forced them
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,
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,
To live and die with him.

Rob. O most impious !
Their loyalty to us forgot ?

Ful. I fear so.

Ast. Unthankful as they are !

Ful. 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.

Rob. 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 our own
hand,
To the dutchess of Sienna, in excuse

Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
 An oath, to give it credit,⁹ that we never
 Consented to it, swearing for the king,
 Though false, it is no perjury.

Ast. I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, sir,
 That, without scruple of their conscience, cannot
 Be prodigal in such trifles.

Ful. Right, Astutio.

Rob. You must, beside, from us take some
 instructions,
 To be imparted, as you judge them useful,
 To the general Gonzaga. Instantly
 Prepare you for your journey.

Ast. With the wings
 Of loyalty and duty. [*Erit.*

Ful. I am bold

To put your majesty in mind——

Rob. Of my promise,
 And aids, to further you in your amorous project
 To the fair and rich Camiola: there's my ring;
 Whatever you shall say that I entreat,
 Or can command by power, I will make good.

Ful. Ever your majesty's creature.

Rob. Venus prove
 Propitious to you! [*Erit.*

Ful. All sorts to my wishes;
 Bertoldo was my hindrance: he removed,
 I now will court her in the conqueror's style;
 Come, see, and overcome. Boy!

9

————— *If you spare*

An oath, to give it credit, &c.] This detestable doctrine is unworthy of the king, who has hitherto conducted himself with propriety, and preserved some degree of interest with the reader. Massinger, however, has taken sufficient care to disclose his own ideas of such pernicious tenets, which, I hope, were never fashionable, by the ridicule which he dexterously flings over them in the subsequent speeches.

Enter Page.

Page. Sir; your pleasure?

Ful. Haste 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.

Ful. I know it.

Page. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Ful. Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Camiola's House.

Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, and CLARINDA.

Ador. So melancholy, say you!¹

Clar. Never given
To such retirement.

Ador. 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.

Syl. You are wide,
The whole field wide.² I, in my understanding,
Pity your ignorance;—yet, if you will

¹ *Ador.* So melancholy, say you!] So the old copies: the modern editions read, So melancholick!

² *The whole field wide.*] This hemistich is dropt by Mr. M. Mason: it signifies little that the measure of two lines is spoiled by his negligence, for, as he modestly says of his edition,

Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her shoe wrings her.

Clar. I vow, signior,
By my virginity.

Syl. A perilous oath,
In a waitingwoman of fifteen! and is, indeed,
A kind of nothing.

Ador. I'll take one of something,
If you please to minister it.

Syl. Nay, you shall not swear:
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,
D—n me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.

Ador. I thank you, signior; but resolve us.

Syl. Know, then,
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon
me;

My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,
She cannot endure my sight.

Ador. There I believe you.

Syl. But the time will come, be comforted, when
I will

Put off this vizer of unkindness to her,
And shew an amorous and yielding face:
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be
Her Cerberus to guard her.

Ador. A good dog!

Clar. Worth twenty porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you open house here?
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.

“correctness is the only merit it pretends to.” The expression, however signior Sylli picked it up, is a Latinism: *Erras, tota via aberras.*

Syl. 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 fewerer,³ conduct me to
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disembogue thy soul.

Syl. O terrible!

Disembogue! I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.⁴

Page. Answer, wretch.

Syl. 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. [*Kisses Clarinda.*]

Syl. Tamberlane in little!
Am I turn'd Turk!⁵ What an office am I put to!

Clar. My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.

Page. Though 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.

³ You yeoman fewerer,] See the Picture.

⁴ ——— I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.] We have already had this ex-
pression applied to a page. Vol. I. p. 176. Indeed, no author,
with whom I am acquainted, repeats himself so frequently, and
with so little ceremony, as Massinger.

⁵ Am I turn'd Turk!] Is my situation or occupation changed.
In this sense the phrase often occurs in our old dramatists. See
Vol. II. p. 220.

Enter FULGENTIO.

Syl. 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.

Ful. Are you, sirrah,
An implement of the house?

Syl. Sure he will make
A jointstool of me!

Ful. Or, if you belong
To the lady of the place, command her hither.

Ador. 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.

Ful. Duty! Slave,
I'll teach you manners.

Ador. I'm past learning; make not
A tumult in the house.

Ful. Shall I be braved thus? [*They draw.*]

Syl. O, I am dead! and now I swoon.

[*Falls on his face.*]

Clar. Help! murder!

Page. Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

Enter CAMIOLA.

Syl. Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [*Rises.*]

Cam. What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,
Hold, I command you.

Ful. Saucy groom!

Cam. Not so, sir ;
 However, in his life, he had dependence
 Upon my father, he's a gentleman
 As well born as yourself.⁶ Put on your hat.

Ful. In my presence, without leave !

Syl. He has mine, madam.

Cam. And I must tell you, sir, and in plain
 language,
 Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,
 The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
 Speaks you a coarser thing.

Syl. She means a clown, sir ;
 I am her interpreter, for want of a better.

Cam. I am a queen in mine own house ; nor
 must you
 Expect an empire here.

Syl. Sure, I must love her
 Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant.

Cam. What are you ? and what would you with
 me ?

Ful. 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.

Cam. Why, fine man ? what are you ?

Ful. A kinsman of the king's.

Cam. 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.

Ful. You have heard of Fulgentio ?

Cam. Long since, sir ;

6

————— *He's a gentleman*

As well born as yourself.] This is the second passage, in the
 compass of little more than a page, which is wholly omitted by
 Mr. M. Mason !

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 are not the man; much less employ'd by him,
 As a smock-agent to me.

Ful. I reply not

As you deserve, being assured 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.

Syl. I cannot endure it;

Nor any of the Syllis.

Ful. More; I know too,

This harsh induction must serve as a foil
 To the well-tuned 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.

Cam. Love me! I am not rapt with it.

Ful. Hear't again;

I love you honestly: now you admire me.

Cam. 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 bachelor'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.

Ful. Why, I will tell you, Of a little thing

You are a pretty peat,⁷ indifferent 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
 Assures an active spirit.

Cam. You are 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.

Ful. What ?

Cam. My wealth, sir.

Ful. You are 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.

Cam. You speak well ;

And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I
 Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,
 I'll marry you ; I fable not.

Syl. I am glad

To hear this ; I began to have an ague.

Ful. Come, your wise reasons.

Cam. 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,

⁷ *You are a pretty peat,*] For *peat* the modern editors are pleased to give us *piece* ; a colloquial barbarism of our own times.

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 die, broad
shoulders,

A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.

Syl. She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts;
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!

Cam. You are moved, sir.

Ful. Fie! no; go on.

Cam. Then, as you are a courtier,
A graced one too, I fear you have been too for-
ward;

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.

Ful. I'll ease you of the trouble,
Coy and disdainful!

Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Ful. No; your own folly shall; and, since you
put me
To my last charm, look upon this, and tremble.

[*Shews the king's ring.*]

Cam. 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——

Ful. Yes, 'tis very likely;
His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown:

By this he does command you to be mine ;
By his gift you are so :—you may yet redeem all.

Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though
the king may
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine
own,

And never shall be your's. The king, heaven
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 am still myself, and will be.

Ful. A proud haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd ! which of your grooms,
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers
Night-physick to you ?

Cam. You are foul-mouth'd.

Ful. Much fairer
Than thy black soul ; and so I will proclaim thee.

Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.

Ful. 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 ! [*Exeunt Fulgentio and Page.*

Syl. Now I begin to be valiant :
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother !^{*}
Do a friend's part ; pray you, carry him the length
of't.

^{*}

————— O for a butcher !

Do a friend's part, &c.] This is a true picture of a fop. No-
thing could be more abjectly fearful than this our bravado,

I give him three years and a day to match my
Toledo,

And then we'll fight like dragons.

Ador. Pray, have patience.

Cam. I may live to have vengeance: my Ber-
toldo

Would not have heard this.

Ador. Madam,——

Cam. Pray you, spare

Your language. Prithee fool, and make me
merry.

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 temper of one. COXETER.

O for a butcher!] It is impossible that the words should convey the sense that the editor attributes to them. It is a difficult passage, and my conjecture may possibly be erroneous, but I should read it thus :

*Nay, I will draw my sword: O for a bout! Here,
Do a friend's part, &c.* M. MASON.

Sylli is no fop, but a fool: one of those characters which the audiences of Massinger's time looked for in every piece that came before them. By fool, I do not mean such as are found in Shakspeare, compounds of archness, knavery, petulance, and licentiousness, infinitely diversified, (for to the production of such our poet was not equal,) but a harmless simpleton, whose vanity is too puerile, and cowardice too abject, to excite in our times either interest or mirth:— for the rest, nothing can be more contemptible than the jargon of Coxeter on his own erroneous reading. I have consulted all the copies to which I had access, and they concur in reading, *O for a brother!* (with the single exception, indeed, of Mr. Malone's, which reads *butcher*;) i. e. *a brother in arms*, (I suppose to do what he immediately after requests Adorni to do for him,) a common expression at the time, and well understood by Massinger's audience. The grave remark of Mr. M. Mason on the spurious reading of Coxeter is truly ridiculous. Why did he not examine the old copies?

9 *Cam.* Pray you, spare

Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merry.] i. e. play the fool. An explanation that would have been wholly unnecessary,

Syl. That is my office ever.

Ador. I must do,
Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Siennese.*¹ *A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

The Chambers shot off: a Flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, and Soldiers.

Gonz. Is the breach made assaultable?

Pier. Yes, and the moat
Fill'd up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;
We may enter six abreast.

Rod. There's not a man
Dares shew himself upon the wall.

Jac. Defeat not
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.

Pier. If you, sir,
Delay the assault, and the city be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot

if the modern editors had not mistaken the sense, and therefore altered the passage. They read, in despite of the metre,

*Pray you, spare
Your language. Prithee, fool, make me merry.*

¹ *The Siennese, &c.*] Here, as in *the Duke of Milan*, Coxeter attempted to particularize the place of action, but with as little success as before. See Vol. I. p. 235. He reads, *The Castle at Sienna*: this, however, was in the hands of the duke of Urbin; while Gonzaga and his army are described as lying encamped before the walls of the town; which they are now preparing to assault. The castle of Sienna, if castle it must be, should be placed at the head of the next scene. Mr. M. Mason copies all these absurdities, as usual.

Use the extremity of war,—but, in
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.

Jac. And an enemy to yourself.

Rod. A hindrance to

The brave revenge you have 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, have 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 prosperous end must crown
Our works well undertaken.

Rod. Ours are finish'd——

Pier. 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: though a flattering calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion.

Enter a Scout.

Our scout! what brings
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?

Scout. The 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 estridge² plumes, that but
Even now, like quills of porcupines, 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, un-
train'd

But in a customary ostentation,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,
Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

Rod. However startled, where you lead we'll
follow.

Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their
charge,

But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio, in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,
Prevent a sally. I in mine own person,
With part of the cavallery,³ will bid

² ————— your estridge plumes, &c.] For *estridge* the modern editions read *ostrich*:—but this is not the only capricious alteration which they have introduced into this beautiful speech.

³ *With part of the cavallery.*] So it must be spelt, and so the quarto spells it: the modern editions have *cavalry*, which is not metre, nor any thing like metre. The old expression is neither incorrect, nor uncommon, as I could easily shew, if it were at all necessary.

These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast :
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge. [Exit.

Gonz. And we

To ours : I'll bring you on.

Jac. If we come off,

It's not amiss ; if not, my state is settled.

[*Exeunt. Alarm within.*

SCENE IV.

The same. The Citadel of Sienna.

Enter FERDINAND, DRUSO, and LIVIO, on the Walls.

Fer. No aids from Sicily ! Hath hope forsook
us ;

And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,
By our vow'd friend denied 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 reconciled unto us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities ; but in delaying
The fate we cannot fly from, starved with wants,
We die this night, to live again to morrow,
And suffer greater torments.

Dru. 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.

Fer. 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 the other world, denies it !

Enter a Soldier.

What news with thee ?

Sold. From the turret of the fort,
 By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like
 lightning,
 The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake^a
 through,
 I did descry some forces making towards us ;
 And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
 The general, (for I know him by his horse,)
 And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.
 Their greetings were too rough for friends ; their
 swords,
 And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.
 By this the main battalions 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.

Fer. Heaven, if yet
 Thou art appeas'd for my wrong done to Aurelia,
 Take pity of my miseries ! Lead the way, friend.
[*Exeunt.*

^a *The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,*] Both Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason corrupt *brake* into *break*, though it be arrant nonsense !

SCENE V.

The same. A Plain near the Camp.

A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for victory; then enter GONZAGA, JACOMO, and RODERIGO wounded; BERTOLDO, GASPARO, and ANTONIO Prisoners.

Gonz. We have them yet, though they cost us dear. This was Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be to yourselves

True mirrors to each other's worth; and, looking With noble emulation on his wounds, The glorious livery of triumphant war,

[To Jacomo and Roderigo.

Imagine these with equal grace appear Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have 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 them. Let me look upon

[Gasparo and Antonio brought forward.

The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much transform'd From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashion'd

To undergo the burthen of thy service? The weight of their defensive armour bruised Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,

In a hot day, without a blow to yield.

Ant. This insultation shews not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborn it; you are women,

Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights.⁵ What fury
 Seduced you to exchange your ease in court
 For labour in the field? perhaps, you thought
 To charge, through 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. *Tæ victis!* now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
 And made of tougher metal.

5

————— you are women,

Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights.] *Carpet-knights*, a term of contempt very frequently used by our old writers, were such as were made on occasion of publick festivities, marriages, births, &c. in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory. They were naturally little regarded by the latter; and, indeed, their title had long been given, in scorn, to effeminate courtiers, favourites, &c. To confine, as some do, the expression to the knights made by James I. is evidently erroneous; since it was in use, and in the opprobrious sense of the text, before he was born. I hope it will not be thought that I have loaded the page with superfluous quotations, which it has been my chief study to avoid:—there is, however, so beautiful a passage in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, that, as it is not altogether irrelevant to the subject, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it:

“ Oh the brave dames

“ Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see

“ The inward man; and only from his worth.

“ *Courage and conquests*, the blind archer knew

“ To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch;

“ They were proof against him else! No *carpet-knight*,

“ That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,

“ Or stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,

“ Sung to his lute such soft and pleasing notes

“ As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew.

“ Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense,

“ Though he came so perfumed, as he had robb'd

“ Sabea or Arabia of their wealth,

“ And stored it in one suit.”

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 hoped for from a man,
(Fortune his enemy,) you wrong yourself
In this dejection. I am honour'd in
My victory over 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 cured, 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 amazed,
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,
Baptized in our religion !

Bert. This I look'd for ;
And am resolved 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
 achievements,

As—if the Christian world had stood opposed
 Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune
 Of one encounter, this Bertoldo had been,
 For his knowledge to direct, and matchless cou-
 rage

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
 Weak ladies from oppression, and never
 To draw thy sword against them; 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 visor. This is that which cancels
 All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off;
 I will hear no reply: and let the ransome

Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
 In this I do but right, and let it be
 Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.

*Enter GONZAGA, ASTUTIO, RODERIGO, and
 JACOMO.*

Gonz. What I have done, sir, by the law of arms
 I can and will make good.

Ast. I have 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 Fienza:⁶ you may spare the trouble
 Of riding thither; I have advertised her
 Of our success, and on what humble terms
 Sienna stands: though 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.

Ast. I thank you, sir.
 In the mean time, if I may have your license,
 I have a nephew, and one once my ward,
 For whose liberties and ransomes I would gladly
 Make composition.

⁶ *She's at Fienza:*] So the old copies. The modern editors read *Pienza*.

Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Call'd Gasparo and Antonio.

Ast. 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.

Ast. 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.*

Ast. My service waits you.
Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with
me,
But noble captains ; you know, in great minds,
Posse et nolle, nobile.

Rod. Pray you, speak
Our language.

Jac. I find not, in my commission,
An officer's bound to speak or understand
More than his mother-tongue.

Rod. If he speak that
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.

Ast. In plain terms, then,
Antonio is your prisoner ; Gasparo, yours.

Jac. You are in the right.

Ast. At what sum do you rate
Their several ransomes ?

Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.

Ast. As it cost you !
You did not buy your captainship ? your desert,
I hope, advanced you.

Rod. 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 lanceprezado.⁷

Jac. Pray you observe, sir :
 I served 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 served, and fought, and served
 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.

Ast. You are merry with yourselves :
 But this is from the purpose.

Rod. To the point then,
 Prisoners are not ta'en every day ; and, when
 We have them, we must make the best use of
 them.

Our pay is little to the part we should bear,
 And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent
 Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
 At the tavern and the ordinary,

Jac. You may add, too,
 Our sport ta'en up on trust.

Rod. Peace, thou smock-vermin !

⁷ *I will turn lanceprezado.*] “ The lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the *lancepado* or *prezado*, who is the leader or governor of half a file ; and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four.”

The Soldier's Accidence, p. 1.

Discover commanders' secrets!—In a word, sir,
We have enquired, and find our prisoners rich:
Two thousand crowns apiece our companies cost
us;

And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay.

Jac. It is too little: yet,
Since you have said the word, I am content,
But will not go a gazet less.*

Ast. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading;
I'll be your paymaster.

Rod. We desire no better.

Ast. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have school'd my gallants.

Jac. I am dumb, sir.

*Enter a Guard with BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, and
GASPARO, in irons.*

Bert. And where removed now? hath the tyrant
found out
Worse usage for us?

Ant. Worse it cannot be.
My grayhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his
kennel;
But we have neither.

Gasp. Did I ever think
To wear such garters on silk stockings: or
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge,
quails,

* *But will not go a gazet less.* | A gazet (*gazzetta*) is a Venetian coin, worth about three-farthings of our money. The petty Italian courant (*joglio d'aristi*) was originally sold for this sum; hence it derived the name, which is now common to all the newspapers of Europe.

Larks, woodcocks, calver'd salmon,⁹ as coarse diet,
Would leap at a mouldy crust?

Ant. And go without it,
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The city entertainment! A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon
Mortified to grow tender!—these I scorn'd
From their plentiful horn of abundance, though
invited:

But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe,
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the
founder.

Bert. O that I were no further 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, though made of gold,

⁹ ————— calver'd salmon,] For *calver'd salmon*,
Mr. M. Mason, who had not yet discovered the necessity “of
reading with attention the dramatick productions of the time;”
gives us *collar'd salmon!* The old expression, however, is not
uncommon: indeed it occurs again in the following pages:

“ great lords sometimes,

“ For change, leave *calver'd salmon*, and eat sprats.”

The Guardian.

“ My footboy shall eat pheasants, *calver'd salmon*,

“ Knot, godwits, &c.”

The Alchemist.

This dish was not out of request in Shadwell's time: Tope (in
the Scowlers) says, “ I came here to venture for a good stomach
to my *calver'd salmon* and turbot.” It appears to have differed
but little from what is now called pickled salmon; as the direc-
tions for preparing it are—“ to boil it in vinegar with oil and
spices.”

Express base thraldom; and all delicacies
 Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,
 When not our own, are bitter; quilts fill'd high
 With gossamere and roses cannot yield
 The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
 With anguish and affliction.

Ast. My good lord——

Bert. This is no time nor place for flattery, sir:
 Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken
 Of the world as myself.

Ast. 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. [*Walks by.*]

Ast. My valiant nephew!
 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 them on your necks, since they
 are massy,
 Like aldermen of the war.

Ant. 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.

Ant. 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.

Ast. This should have
 Been thought upon before. At what price, think
 you,

Your two wise heads are rated?

Ant. A calf's head is
 More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more
 brains in't,

Or I had ne'er come here.

Rod. And I will eat it
 With bacon, if I have not speedy ransome.

Ant. And a little garlick too, for your own
 sake, sir:

'Twill boil in your stomach else.

Gasp. Beware of mine,
 Or the horns may choak you; I am married, sir.

Ant. You shall have my row of houses near
 the palace.

Gasp. And my villa; all——

Ant. All that we have.

Ast. Well, have more wit hereafter: for this time,
 You are ransomed.

Jac. Off with their irons.

Rod. Do, do:

If you are ours again, you know your price.

Ant. Pray you dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe
 I am a free man, till I set my foot
 In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,
 And in Palermo too.

Ast. The wind sits 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.

Ant. And I. My lord, heaven keep you!

Gasp. Yours, to use
 In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.

Ant. A pox of war! no more of war.

[*Exeunt Rod. Jac. Ant. and Gasp*]

Bert. Have you

Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in irons?

If ransome 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.

Ast. I wish you had, sir; but the king, who
yields

No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,
Whose prisoner 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 sufferings.

I have 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 murder, and in cold blood done,

I made your life my gift, and reconciled you

To this incensed king, and got your pardon.

—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,

And may pay down the sum.

Ast. 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 flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our

Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

In the 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 herse ; but earth no sooner covers
 The earth brought thither, but they turn away
 Withinward smiles, the dead no more remember'd ;
 So, enter'd in a prison——

Ast. 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. [*Exit Astutio.*] 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.¹
 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 guarded.*]

SCENE II.

Palermo. *A Grove near the Palace.*

Enter ADORNI.

Ador. He undergoes my challenge, and con-
 temns it,

And threatens me with the late edict made
 'Gainst duellists, the altar cowards fly to.

¹ *In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.*] Πορρω Διος
 και τε πορρω κεραισε. We have already had an allusion to this
 proverb. Vol. I. p. 22.

But I, that am engaged, 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 desigus
 Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,
 Which, with a fit and due solemnity,
 Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such
 As love or serve her usually present
 A tributary duty. I'll have something
 To give, if my intelligence prove true,
 Shall find acceptance. I am 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 bless'd for't!

Enter FULGENTIO and Page.

Ful. Command such as wait me
 Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,
 To press on my retirements.

Page. I will say, sir,
 You are at your prayers.

Ful. That will not find belief;
 Courtiers have something else to do:—be gone,
 sir. [*Exit Page.*
 Challenged! '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.*

Ador. I shall cross
 Your resolution, or suffer for you.

[*Exit, following him.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Camiola's House.

Enter CAMIOLA, followed by Servants with Presents; SYLLI, and CLARINDA.

Syl. 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 Honoria.

3 Serv. This piece of plate
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms
Graven upon it.

Cam. Good friends, they are too
Munificent in their love and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet return such jewels
As this directs you:—*[To Clarinda.]*—for your
pains; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. *[Gives them money.]*
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!

1 Serv. Month! every day.

2 Serv. Shew such another maid.

3 Serv. All happiness wait you!

Clar. I'll see your will done.

[Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, and Servants.]

Enter ADORNI wounded.

Cam. How, Adorni wounded!

Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth

Your observation: I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, 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 splendour, with addition
Restored to the true owner.

Cam. How is this?

Ador. Not to hold you in suspense, I bring
you, madam,

Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that
was

Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read
Fulgentio subscribed. *[Offering a paper.*

Cam. I am amazed!

Ador. 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.

Cam. 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 desperate 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 deceived 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 them,
 Betray their own strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts
 out

Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
 To a false accusation. In this, this your
 Most memorable service, you believed
 You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more
 In your defence of my undoubted honour,
 Than false Fulgentio could.

Ador. I am sorry what was
 So well intended is so ill received;

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd
 Bertoldo had been present.

Cam. True, I did:
 But he and you, sir, are not parallels,
 Nor must you think yourself so.

Ador. I am what
 You'll please to have me.

Cam. If Bertoldo had
Punish'd Fulgentio's insolence, it had shewn
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,
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.

Ador. This is something yet, though I miss'd
the mark I shot at. *[Exit.*

Cam. 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.

Cam. 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.

Cam. Without him?

Serv. I think so.

Cam. 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.

Cam. Wait them 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 heaven's providence

Enter ANTONIO and GASPARO.

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.

Ant. I wish
 Some other should inform you.

Cam. Is he dead?
 You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst, a
 debt were paid then,
 Kings in their birth owe nature.

Cam. Is there aught
 More terrible than death?

Ant. Yes, to a spirit
 Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that
 Without the hope of freedom.

Cam. You abuse me:²
 The royal king cannot, in love to virtue,
 (Though all springs of affection were dried up,)
 But pay his ransome.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis,
 You will think otherwise: no less will do it
 Than fifty thousand crowns.

² *Cam.* *You abuse me:*] i. e. practise on my credulity with a forged tale: the word often occurs in this sense.

Cam. A petty sum,³
The price weigh'd with the purchase; fifty
thousand!

To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a mask, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's magnificence.

Ant. In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.

Cam. Are you sure of this?

Gasp. You may read
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him;
That will resolve you.

Cam. Possible! pray you, stand off;
If I do not mutter treason to myself,
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;
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.

Ant. The king is much incensed
Against him for Fulgentio.

Cam. As I am,
For your slowness to depart.

Both. Farewell, sweet lady.

[*Exeunt Gasparo and Antonio.*]

Cam. O more than impious times! when not
alone
Subordinate ministers of justice are

³ *A petty sum,*] The old copies read a *pretty* sum; and are probably right: *pretty* is often used in the sense of trilling, inconsiderable, &c. by our ancient writers.

Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,
 The greater wheels by which the lesser move,
 Are broken, or⁴ disjointed! could it be, else,
 A king, to sooth his politick ends, should so far
 Forsake his honour, as at once to break
 The adamant chains of nature and religion,
 To bind up atheism,⁵ as a defence
 To his dark counsels? Will it ever be,
 That to deserve too much is dangerous,
 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 eclipsed and darken'd! not the nearness
 Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all
 The benefits to the general good dispensed,
 Gaining a retribution! But that
 To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
 Would take from the⁶ 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 splendour. Ha! my aim is high,
 And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,

⁴ *Are broken, or disjointed!*] So all the editors till Mr. M. Mason, who chooses to read—Are broken *and* disjointed. If the wheels were once broken, the state of their joints was a matter of no great consequence.

⁵ *To bind up atheism,*] Our old writers seem to have used such words as profaneness, blasphemy, *atheism*, &c. with a laxity which modern practice does not acknowledge. They applied them to any extraordinary violation of moral or natural decorum.

⁶ *Would take from the deserving*] The modern editors read, *thy* deserving. I have followed the quarto. The observation is general, not limited to her lover. I need not observe on the uncommon beauty of this spirited speech.

Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolved :
Call in Adorni.

Clar. I am happy in
Such an employment, madam. [Exit.

Cam. He's a man,
I know, that at a reverent 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 intents
Deride all future rumours.

Re-enter CLARINDA with ADORNI.

Ador. I obey
Your summons, madam.

Cam. Leave the place, Clarinda ;
One woman, in a secret of such weight,
Wise men may think too much : [Exit Clarinda.]
nearer, Adorni.

I warrant it with a smile.

Ador. I cannot ask
Safer protection ; what's your will ?

Cam. 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.

Ador. I foster none of you.

Cam. I know you do not.
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me——

Ador. The surest conjuration.

Cam. Take me with you.⁷—
Love born of duty ; but advance no further.
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
To undertake a task, in which your faith,

⁷ *Take me with you.*] See Vol. II. p. 488.

Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you
study,

In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aim at.

Ador. They admit no rivals.

Cam. You answer well. You have heard of
Bertoldo's
Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness
Of his ransome; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;
Two parts of my estate!

Ador. To what tends this?

Cam. 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 him, and receive
him

Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—
Why change you colour?

Ador. 'Tis in wonder of
Your virtue, madam.

Cam. You must, therefore, to
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This ransome for his liberty; you shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him
swear

A solemn contract to me, for you must be
My principal witness, if he should—but why
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?

Ador. Faithfully, madam—but not live long
after. [*Aside.*

Cam. One thing I had forgot: besides his
freedom,
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.

Ador. I am half

Hang'd out o'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
Recompense 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.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Siennese. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.

*Enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, and
JACOMO.*

Gonz. You have seized upon the citadel, and
disarm'd

All that could make resistance?

Pier. 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?

Rod. But it needed not;

For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en 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 biscuit, sell herself
To a poor bisognion,⁸ and without shrieking.

Gonz. Where is the duke of Urbin?

Jac. Under guard,
As you directed.

Gonz. See the soldiers set
In rank and file, and, as the dutchess passes,
Bid them vail their ensigns;⁹ and charge them,
on their lives,
Not to cry Whores.

Jac. The devil cannot fright them
From their military license. Though 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.

Rod. To no purpose,

⁸ *To a poor bisognion,]* *Bisogni*, in Italian, signifies a recruit.
M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's Italian is nearly as correct as his English. *Bisogno* is sometimes, indeed, used for a soldier in his first campaign, (a *tyro*,) but for a recruit, in our sense of the word, I believe, never. A *bisognion* (from *bisognoso*,) is a necessitous person, a beggar, &c. In our old writers it frequently occurs as a term of contempt.

⁹ *Bid them vail their ensigns;]* i. e. lower them, in token of superiour authority:

“ Now the time is come

“ That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,

“ And let her head fall into England's lap.”

First Part of King Henry VI.

Though their mothers were there, they would
have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Part of the Camp.

Loud musick. Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, GONZAGA, and AURELIA under a Canopy. ASTUTIO presents her with letters.

Gonz. I do beseech your highness not to ascribe
To the want of discipline the barbarous rudeness
Of the soldier, in his profanation of
Your sacred name and virtues.

Aurel. No, lord general;
I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punish'd
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well:
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent princess!

Aurel. But for these aids from Sicily sent
against us,
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud;
I cannot find, my lord ambassadour,
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 the affront.

Ast. 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 memory of what's past.

Aurel. 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 removed ;
Your way is smooth and easy ; at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.

Aurel. We thank your valours :
A victory without blood is twice achieved,
And the disposeure of it, to us tender'd,
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks !
My love extends itself to all.

Gonz. Make way there.

[*A Guard drawn up ; Aurelia passes through
them. Loud musick.* [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Sienna. *A Room in the Prison.*

BERTOLDO *is discovered*¹ *in fetters, reading.*

Bert. 'Tis here determined, (great examples,
arm'd
With arguments, produced 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

¹ BERTOLDO *is discovered*, &c.] So careless are the editors, that they mark the entrance of the Gaoler here ; then, without any exit, bring him in again with Gouzaga and Adorni.

Of children, clients, servants, flattering 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 pleased,
 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 censured womanish weakness in me, if,
 Thus clogg'd with irons, and the period
 To close up all calamities denied me,
 Which was presented Seneca, I wish
 I ne'er had being; at least, never knew
 What happiness was; or argue with heaven'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? [*Falls on his face.*

Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, and Gaoler.

Gonz. There he is:

I'll not enquire by whom his ransome's paid,
 I'm satisfied that I have it; nor allege
 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.*

Ador. 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
 Born to such happiness—[*Kneels by him.*]—no, he
 breathes—come near,
 And, if't be possible, without his feeling,
 Take off his irons.—[*His irons taken off.*]—So;
 now leave us private. [Exit Gaoler.
 He does begin to stir; and, as transported
 With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels
 his legs,
 As yet uncertain whether it can be
 True or fantastical.

Bert. [*rising.*] 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'st for
 Bent knees in adoration?

Ador. 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.

Ador. To the shame of men,
 This great act is a woman's.

Bert. The whole sex
 For her sake must be deified. How I wander
 In my imagination, yet cannot
 Guess who this phœnix should be!

Ador. 'Tis Camiola.

Bert. Pray you, speak't again : there's musick
in her name.

Once more, I pray you, sir.

Ador. Camiola,

The MAID OF HONOUR.

Bert. Curs'd atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other ;
Since she alone, in the 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 resolved already !

Ador. 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 o'erwhelm'd with wonder !

Ador. 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 prepared
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart
Wishes mine eyes might see her !

Ador. You must swear this.

Bert. Swear it ! Collect all oaths and impre-
cations,
Whose least breach is damnation, and those

Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful;
 Set heaven and hell before me, I will take them:
 False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now
 Begin my vows to you?

Ador. 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,) here'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.

Ador. I have done my parts.²

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.*]

Ador. 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 argued; 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 forced:

² *Ador.* *I have done my parts.*] There is no expression more familiar to our old writers than this: yet Massinger's editors, in their blind rage for reformation, perpetually corrupt it into—*I have done my part.*

Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. A State-room in the Palace.

A Flourish. Enter PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, and Attendants.

Aurel. 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 deprived 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 tigers.
I spare the application.³

Fer. In my fortune
Heaven'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

³ *I spare the application.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason give this hemistich to Ferdinand, and so indeed does my quarto: all the others which I have examined make it conclude Aurelia's speech, to which it evidently belongs.

Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may find pardon.

Aurel. 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.

Fer. I could not hope for
Gentler conditions.

Aurel. My lord Gonzaga,
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.

Gonz. Such an one,
Madam, I had.

Ast. And have still, sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ran-
somed, madam.

Ast. By whom, I pray you, sir?

Gonz. You had best enquire
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer.

Ast. I like not this.

Aurel. 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.

Aurel. 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.

Aurel. Pray you do;
And bring him to our presence. [*Exit Gonzaga.*]

Ast. I must blast

His entertainment. May it please your excellency,

He is a man debauch'd, and, for his riots,
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.

Fer. To you, his subjects,
That like as your king likes.

Aurel. But not to us;
We must weigh with our own scale.

*Re-enter GONZAGA, with 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 prisoner! 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.

Aurel. With what majesty
He bears himself!

Ast. The devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransomed, and thus rich too!

Aurel. You ill deserve

[*Bertoldo kneeling, kisses her hand.*

The favour of our hand—we are not well,
Give us more air. [Rises suddenly.

Gonz. What sudden qualm is this?

Aurel. —That lifted yours against me.

Bert. Thus, once more,
I sue for pardon.

Aurel. Sure his lips are poison'd,
And through these veins force passage to my
heart,

Which is already seized on. [Aside.

Bert. I wait, madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.

Aurel. Before
You have our license to depart! If manners,
Civility of manners, cannot teach you
To 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?

Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted
power,
Without my warrant, to dispose of him:
I will pay back his ransome ten times over,
Rather than quit my interest.

Bert. This is
Against the law of arms.

Aurel. 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.

Aurel. How!—Come nearer:
Was his usage such?

Gonz. Yes; and it had been worse,
Had I forseen this.

Aurel. O thou mis-shaped monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity
To such as have them. 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 emptied 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' wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever
On this description!

Bert. Is this in derision,
Or pity of me?

Aurel. 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 Sybilla guiding me.

[*Exeunt Aurelia, Bertoldo, and Attendants.*]

Gonz. Who speaks first?

Fer. We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.

Pier. I know not what to think, I am so amazed.

Rod. Amazed! I am thunderstruck.

Jac. We are enchanted,
And this is some illusion.

Ador. Heaven forbid!
In dark despair it shews a beam of hope:
Contain thy joy, Adorni.

Ast. Such a princess,
And of so long-experienced reserv'dness,
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,
Though the devil f— fire, have at him.

Re-enter BERTOLDO, and AURELIA.

Aurel. 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.

Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you.

[*Bertoldo walks by, musing.*]

Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This cursed 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.

Aurel. Are you blind? who are we?

Gonz. Another kind of thing. Her blood was
govern'd
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:
The reverence and majesty of Juno
Shined 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.

Aurel. Good; ere long
You shall know me better.

Gonz. Why, if you are Aurelia,
How shall I dispose of the soldier?

Ast. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?

Aurel. Prefer your suits
Unto Bertoldo; we will give him hearing,
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*]

Ast. This is rare!

Gonz. What are we come to?

Rod. Grown up in a moment
A favourite!

Ferd. He does take state already.

Bert. No, no; it cannot be:—yet, but Camiola.
There is no stop between me and a crown.
Then my ingratitude! a sin in which
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost.

Gonz. May it please your excellence——
Second me, sir.

Bert. Then my so horrid oaths,
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!

Ast. The king, your brother, will thank you
for the 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!

Gonz. Sir,

Re-enter AURELIA.

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!
Walks she on woollen feet!⁴

⁴ *Walks she on woollen feet!*] These words are certainly part

Aurel. 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 am already too, too much engaged
To the 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 reverence.

Aurel. That hinderance
Is easily removed. I owe the king
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;
And having first reconciled you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meet with us.

Bert. I am wholly yours.

Aurel. On this book seal it.

Gonz. What, hand and lip too! then the bar-
gain's sure.—

You have no employment for me?

Aurel. Yes, Gonzaga;
Provide a royal ship.

Gonz. A ship! St. John;
Whither are we bound now?

of Gonzaga's speech, who is surprised at the sudden return of Aurelia; they would come strangely from Bertoldo, in the midst of his meditations. M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's amendment. The old copy gives this hemistich to Bertoldo.

Aurel. You shall know hereafter.

My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your patience.

Ador. Camiola.

[*Aside to Bertoldo.*

Aurel. How do you?

Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you.

[*Exeunt all but Adorni.*

Ador. The heavy curse that waits on perjury,
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever!
Yet why from me this? in his 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 mirror 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 disdain,
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Palermo. *A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, and CLARINDA, at
several doors.*

Syl. 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' the lineage of the Syllis!

Cam. What's the matter?

Syl. The king—break, girdle, break!

Cam. Why, what of him?

Syl. 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!

Cam. Do not roar so:

The king!

Syl. 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 the being my lawful spouse! the world can
 never

Afford you such a husband.

Cam. I believe you.

But how are you sure the king is so inclined?
 Did not you dream this?

Syl. With these eyes I saw him
 Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,
 Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.

Cam. If so,
 I guess the business.

Syl. 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.
 Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare
 Hazard my head, your majesty, set off
 With terrour, cannot fright her.

Rob. May she answer
 My expectation !

Ful. There she is.

Cam. My knees thus
 Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward
 For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty
 Due for so great an honour, in this favour
 Done to your humblest handmaid.

Rob. You mistake me ;
 I come not, lady, that you may report
 The king, to do you honour, made your house
 (He being there) his court ; but to correct
 Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
 For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased
 With this humility.

Cam. A pardon, sir !
 Till I am conscious of an offence,
 I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.
 What is my crime, sir ?

Rob. Look on him I favour,
 By you scorn'd and neglected.⁵

Cam. Is that all, sir ?

Rob. No, minion ; though that were too much.
 How can you
 Answer the setting on your desperate bravo
 To murder him ?

Cam. With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
 While I reply to this : but thus rise up

⁵ *Rob.* *Look on him I favour,*
By you scorn'd and neglected.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason,
 in defiance of metre and sense ;

Rob. *Look on him I favour,*
You scorn'd &c.

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 obliged
 To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,
 To such an undeserver is no virtue.

Ful. What think you now, sir?

Cam. 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.

Rob. Excellent virgin!

How I admire her confidence!

Cam. 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, though 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?

Rob. Have you done this?

Answer truly, on your life.

Ful. In the heat of blood,
 Some such thing I reported.

Rob. Out of my sight!

For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not

This injured virgin⁶ to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digg'd already.

Ful. By my own folly
I have made a fair hand of't. [Exit.

Rob. You shall know, lady,
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.

Cam. Ay, now you shew whose deputy you are:
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot
Be censured superstition.

Rob. You must rise ;
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [Kisses her.

Cam. Happy are subjects, when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will
[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Camiola's House.

Enter CAMIOLA and SYLLI.

Cam. You see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affliction, and what great ones
I put off in your favour.

⁶ *This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon.*] I have already observed that there is but one edition of this play ; the copies, however, vary considerably. In this line, for example, some of them read *virgin*, some *lady*, and some omit the word altogether. In these cases nothing remains for an editor, but to make use of his judgment, and select that which appears the least objectionable.

Syl. You do wisely,
Exceeding wisely; and, when I have said,
I thank you for't, be happy.

Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing.

Syl. 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 wiped 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 furmenty pot, while Sylli,
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish, drinks
nectar!

I cannot hold out any longer; heaven forgive me!
'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take
A little for a preparative.

[*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*]

Cam. By no means.
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:
I'll rather lose my longing.

Syl. Pretty soul!
How careful it is of me! let me buss yet

7
————— for your brother,
I'll only say, Go by!] This is an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy*; the constant butt of all the writers of those times, who seem to be a little uneasy, notwithstanding their scoffs, at its popularity. Old Jeronimo, however, kept his ground till the general convulsion, when he sunk, with a thousand better things, to rise no more.

What hold he once had of the publick mind may be collected from an anecdote in that strange medley by Prynne, which, by the way, contains more ribaldry in a few pages, than is to be found in half the plays he reprobates. He there tells us of a lady who, on her death-bed, instead of attending to the priest, "cried out nothing but Jeronimo! Jeronimo!"—and died in this reprobate state, "thinking of nothing but plays."

Histrionastix.

Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure, is
Out of my oath.

Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoemaker steals.

Syl. O most rare leather! [*Kisses her shoe often.*]
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.

Cam. Fie! you dwell too long there;
Rise, prithee rise.

Syl. O, I am up already.

Enter CLARINDA hastily.

Cam. 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!

Cam. Be not so hasty:
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.

Syl. You have my grant too;
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to
this,

You must hereafter ask my leave, before
You part with things of moment.

Cam. Very good;
When I'm yours I'll be govern'd.

Syl. Sweet obedience!

Enter ADORNI.

Cam. You are well return'd.

Ador. I wish that the success
Of my service had deserved it.

Cam. Lives Bertoldo?

Ador. Yes, and return'd with safety.

Cam. 'Tis not then

In the power of fate to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness; and yet—he should
Have made me his first visit.

Ador. So I think too;

But he——

Syl. Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his excuse, I warrant you.

Cam. Speak, where is he?

With whom? who hath deserved more from him?
or

Can be of equal merit? I in this
Do not except the king.

Ador. He's at the palace,
With the dutchess of Sienna. One coach brought
them hither,

Without a third: he's very gracious with her;
You may conceive the rest.

Cam. My jealous fears
Make me to apprehend.

Ador. Pray you, dismiss
Signior wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars:

Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the court.

Syl. I will outrun
A footman, for your pleasure.

Cam. There observe
The dutchess' train, and entertainment.

Syl. 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.]

Cam. Gracious with
The dutchess! sure, you said so?

Ador. I will use

The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints
 With joy look on it, and seraphick angels
 Clap their celestial wings in heavenly 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.

Ador. What a temper dwells
 In this rare virgin! Can you pity him,
 That hath shewn none to you?

Cam. 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 towering 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?

Ador. 'Tis here, madam.

Cam. 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.

Ador. And buries me in the dark mists of error.

Cam. I'll presently to court; pray you, give
 order
 For my caroch.*

* *For my caroch.*] It seems as if Massinger's editors were

Ador. A cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to the gallows. [*Exit.*

Cam. O false men!
Inconstant! perjured! My good angel help me
In these my extremities!

Re-enter SYLLI.

Syl. If you e'er will see a brave sight,
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the dutchess
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp,
And preparation!

Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never.

Syl. Why, with all my heart;
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I
make,
And then it is quit.

Cam. Follow me to my cabinet;
You know my confessor, father Paulo?

Syl. Yes: shall he
Do the feat for us?

Cam. 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.

Syl. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow.

[*Exeunt.*

ignorant of the existence or meaning of such a word as *caroch*; since they exchange it for *couch*, though it invariably destroys the metre.

SCENE II.

The same. A State-room in the Palace.

Loud Musick. Enter ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, *a Bishop, and Attendants.*

Rob. 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, e'er forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.

Aurel. I expect not
But fair equality, since I well know,
If that superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,
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 inferiours, only aiming
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign
Over their husbands, in some kind commit
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,
In my intent, of such a crime.

Gonz. This done,
 As it is promised, 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 advanced, 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.

Aurel. 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.

Rob. 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.*

Ful. In you alone
 Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me;
 But pity in you will become you better
 (Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)
 Than too much rigour.

Cam. I will make your peace
 As far as it lies in me; but must first
 Labour to right myself.

Aurel. Or add or alter
 What you think fit; in him I have my all:
 Heaven make me thankful for him!

Rob. On to the temple.

Cam. Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,
 Erect one⁹ here, in doing justice to
 An injured maid.

⁹ Erect one here,] i. e. a temple. M. MASON.

Aurel. How's this?

Bert. O, I am blasted!

Rob. I have given some proof, sweet lady, of my promptness
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;

And rest assured, that, this great work dispatch'd,
You shall have audience, and satisfaction
To all you can demand.

Cam. 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 sceptre 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 obliged 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.

Rob. Nor will I, madam.

Aurel. You seem troubled, sir.

Gonz. His colour changes too.

Cam. The alteration
Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring
No hired 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
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.

Aurel. I ne'er wrong'd you.

Cam. 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.

Rob. Let us take our seats.

What is your title to him?

Cam. By this contract,
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend man,

[*Presents a paper to the king.*

I challenge him for my husband.

Syl. Ha! was I

Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!
Some cordial, or I faint.¹

Rob. This writing is
Authentic.

Aurel. But done in heat of blood,
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt, he was,
To be dispensed with.

Fer. Add this, if you please,
The distance and disparity between
Their births and fortunes.

Cam. 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 inferiour. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga

¹ *Some cordial, or I faint.*] Wholly omitted in Mr. M. Mason's edition.

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 deserved, whose merits now are doubted,
 That, as his better angel, in her bounties
 Appear'd unto him, his great ransome paid,
 His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied ;
 Whether, then, being my manumised slave,
 He owed not himself to me ?

Aurel. Is this true ?

Rob. In his silence 'tis acknowledged.

Gonz. If you want

A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.

Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
 To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me ;
 The cause required it. And though 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 ?

Aurel. Yes ; the object,
 Look on it better, lady, may excuse
 The change of his affection.

Cam. 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
 Experienced in women, judges of them,
 And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,
 For beauty without art, though 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.

Cam. 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, though to all men else I did appear
 The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound
 To hold me as the masterpiece.

Rob. By my life,

You have shewn yourself of such an abject
 temper,
 So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
 Your nearness to me.

Fer. I am changed in my
 Opinion of you, lady; and profess
 The virtues of your mind an ample fortune
 For an absolute monarch.

Gonz. Since you are resolved
 To damn yourself, in your forsaking of

Your noble order for a woman, do it
For this. You may search through the world,
and meet not

With such another phœnix.

Aurel. On the sudden

I feel all fires of love quench'd in the water
Of my compassion.—Make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I do disclaim
All interest in you: and, to further your
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,
The dispensation procured 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 allege the malice
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
Disloyal, and Ingrateful. Though 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.

Cam. This compunction

For the wrong that you have done me, though
you should

Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.

Bert. In your pity
 My cruelty shews more monstrous: yet I am
 not,
 Though 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 through the bowels of
 Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,
 I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
 That now is insupportable.

Cam. Pray you, rise;
 As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
 I do forgive you heartily: yet, excuse me,
 Though I deny myself a blessing that,
 By the favour of the dutchess, seconded
 With your submission, is offer'd to me;
 Let not the reason I allege 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.

Syl. My blood begins
 To come to my heart again.

Cam. Pray you, signior Sylli,
 Call in the holy friar: he's prepared
 For finishing the work.

Syl. I knew I was
 The man: heaven make me thankful!

Rob. Who is this?

Ast. His father was the banker² of Palermo,
And this the heir of his great wealth : his wisdom
Was not hereditary.

Syl. Though you know me not,
Your majesty owes me a round sum ; I have
A seal or two to witness ; yet, if you please
To wear my colours, and dance at my wedding,
I'll never sue you.

Rob. And I'll grant your suit.

Syl. Gracious madonna, noble general,
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought, but that way current. [Exit.

Aurel. For my part,
I cannot guess the issue.

Re-enter SYLLI with Father PAULO.

Syl. Do your duty ;
And with all speed you can, you may dispatch us.

Paul. Thus, as a principal ornament to the
church,
I seize her.

All. How !

Rob. So young, and so religious !

Paul. She has forsook the world.

Syl. And Sylli too !
I shall run mad.

Rob. Hence with the fool !—[*Sylli thrust off.*]—
Proceed, sir.

Paul. Look on this MAID OF HONOUR, NOW
Truly honour'd in her vow

² *Ast.* His father was the banker of Palermo,] Never was there such a copy of an author made as that of Massinger by Mr. M. Mason. Just above, he dropt a monosyllable to spoil the metre ; here he has inserted one for the same reason : at least I can find no other. He reads, *the great banker of Palermo.*

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
 Changed into a homely gray.
 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,
 Perséver³ in it, and good men,
 With saints and angels, say, Amen !

Cam. 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 entering !
 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.

³ Perséver *in it*,] This is the second time the editors have modernised *perséver* into *persevere*, to the destruction of the verse. See Vol. I. p. 7.

And, ere I take my last farewell, 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.

Rob. I thus confirm it.

[*Gives his hand to Fulgentio.*]

Cam. And, as e'er 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 mortgaged honour.

Gonz. I restore this: [*Gives him the white cross.*
Once more, brothers in arms.

Bert. I'll live and die so.

Cam. 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.

Rob. I will take it into
My special care.

Cam. I am then at rest. Now, father,
Conduct me where you please.

[*Exeunt Paulo and Camiola.*]

Rob. 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's common, but to part
with

Such poison'd baits is rare; there being nothing
Upon this stage of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.**]

* This is of the higher order of Massinger's plays: nor will it be very easy to find in any writer a subject more animated, or characters more variously and pointedly drawn. There is no

delay in introducing the business of the drama; and nothing is allowed to interfere with its progress. Indeed this is by far too rapid; and event is precipitated upon event without regard to time or place. But Massinger acts with a liberty which it would be absurd to criticise. Thebes and Athens, Palermo and Sienna, are alike to him; and he must be allowed to transport his agents and their concerns from one to another, as often as the exigencies of his ambulatory plan may require.

It is observable, that in this play Massinger has attempted the more difficult part of dramatick writing. He is not content with describing different qualities in his characters; but lays before the reader several differences of the same qualities. The courage of Gonzaga, though by no means inferior to it, is not that of Bertoldo. In the former, it is a fixed and habitual principle, the honourable business of his life. In the latter, it is an irresistible impulse, the instantaneous result of a fiery temper. Both characters are again distinguished from Roderigo and Giacomo. These too have courage; but we cannot separate it from a mere vulgar motive, the love of plunder; and in this respect Gonzaga's captains resemble those of Charles, in *the Duke of Milan*. There is still another remove; and all these branches of real courage differ from the poor and forced approaches to valour in Gasparo and Antonio. These distinctions were strongly fixed in Massinger's mind: lest they should pass without due observation, he has made Gonzaga point out some of them, Act II. sc. iii.: and Bertoldo dwells upon others, Act III. sc. i. And in this respect, again he has copied his own caution, already noticed in the Observations on *the Renegado*. A broader distinction is used with his two courtiers; and the cold interest of Astutio is fully contrasted with the dazzling and imprudent assumption of Fulgentio. But Camiola herself is the great object that reigns throughout the piece. Every where she animates us with her spirit, and instructs us with her sense. Yet this superiority takes nothing from her softer feelings. Her tears flow with a mingled fondness and regret; and she is swayed by a passion which is only quelled by her greater resolution. The influence of her character is also heightened through the different manner of her lovers; through the mad impatience of the uncontrolled Bertoldo, the glittering pretensions of Fulgentio, and the humble and sincere attachment of Adorni, who nourishes secret desires of an happiness too exalted for him, faithfully performs commands prejudicial to his own views, through the force of an affection which ensures his obedience, and, amidst so much service, scarcely presumes to hint the passion which consumes him. I know not if even signior Sylli is wholly useless here; he serves at least to shew her good-

humoured toleration of a being hardly important enough for her contempt.

In the midst of this just praise of Camiola, there are a few things to be regretted. Reason and religion had forbidden her union with Bertoldo; and she had declared herself unalterable in her purpose. His captivity reverses her judgment, and she determines not only to liberate, but to marry him. Unfortunately too, she demands a sealed contract as the condition of his freedom; though Bertoldo's ardour was already known to her, and the generosity of her nature ought to have abstained from so degrading a bargain. But Massinger wanted to hinder the marriage of Aurelia; and, with an infelicity which attends many of his contrivances, he provided a prior contract at the expense of the delicacy, as well as the principles, of his heroine. It is well, that the nobleness of the conclusion throws the veil over these blemishes. Her determination is at once natural and unexpected. It answers to the original independence of her character, and she retires with our highest admiration and esteem.

It may be observed here, that Massinger was not unknown to Milton. The date of some of Milton's early poems, indeed, is not exactly ascertained: but if the reader will compare the speech of Paulo, with *the Penseroso*, he cannot fail to remark a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure and the solemnity of the thoughts. On many other occasions he certainly remembers Massinger, and frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue.

A noble lesson arises from the conduct of the principal character. A fixed sense of truth and rectitude gives genuine superiority; it corrects the proud, and abashes the vain, and marks the proper limits between humility and presumption. It also governs itself with the same ascendancy which it establishes over others. When the lawful objects of life cannot be possessed with clearness of honour, it provides a nobler pleasure in rising above their attraction, and creates a new happiness by controlling even innocent desires. DR. IRELAND.



THE
P I C T U R E .

THE PICTURE.] This Tragi-comedy, or, as Massinger calls it, this “ true Hungarian History,” was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, June 8th, 1629. The plot, as *the Companion to the Playhouse* observes, is from the 28th novel of the second volume of Painter’s *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. The magical circumstance, however, from which the play takes its name, is found in a variety of authors: it has all the appearance of an Arabian fiction, and was introduced into our romances at a very early period. The following stanza is from a poem of the fourteenth century, called *Horn Childe and Maiden Rinnild*, first given to the press by Mr. Ritson :

“ To Rinneld he com withouten lesing,
 “ And sche bitaught him a ring
 “ The vertu wele sche knewe :
 “ ‘ Loke thou forsake it for no thing,
 “ It schal ben our tokening,
 “ The ston it is wel trewe.
 “ When the ston wexeth wan,
 “ Than chaungeth the thought of thi leman,
 “ Take then a newe ;
 “ When the ston wexeth rede
 “ Than have y lorn mi maidenhed,
 “ Oyaines the untrew.’ ”

The story is also to be found among the *Novelles Galantes* ;— but they had the same origin, and it is altogether unnecessary to enter into their respective variations. The French have modernized it into a pretty tale, under the name of *Comment filer parfait Amour*.

This Play was much approved at its first appearance, when it was acted, as the phrase is, by the whole strength of the house. Massinger himself speaks of it with complacency ; and, indeed, its claims to admiration are of no common kind. It was printed in 1630 ; but did not reach a second edition. It is said, in the title-page, to have been “ often presented at the Globe and Black Friar’s playhouses, by the King’s Majesty’s servants.”

An unsuccessful attempt was made to revive this Play, by Mr. Kemble : *Magnis excidit ausis!* We tolerate no magick now but Shakspeare’s ; and without it *the Picture* can have no interest.

TO

My honoured and selected Friends

OF THE

NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IT may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play, in the presentment, found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your so frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. ACTORS' NAMES.

Ladislaus, <i>king of Hungary,</i>	R. Benfield.
Ferdinand, <i>general of the army,</i>	R. Sharpe.
Eubulus, <i>an old counsellor,</i>	J. Lowin.
Mathias, <i>a knight of Bohemia,</i>	J. Taylor.
Ubaldo, } <i>wild courtiers,</i>	T. Pollard.
Ricardo, }	E. Swanstone.
Julio Baptista, <i>a great scholar,</i>	W. Pen.
Hilario, <i>servant to Sophia.</i>	J. Shancke.

Two Boys, representing Apollo and Pallas.

Two Couriers.

A Guide.

Servants to the queen.

Servants to Mathias.

Honorina, <i>the queen,</i>	J. Thomson.
Sophia, <i>wife to Mathias,</i>	J. Hunnieman.
Aeanthe, } <i>maids of honour,</i>	A. Goffe.
Sylvia, }	
Corisca, <i>Sophia's woman.</i>	W. Trigge.

Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Captains, &c.

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SCENE, partly in Hungary, and partly in Bohemia.

THE
P I C T U R E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Frontiers of Bohemia.

*Enter MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO,
with other Servants.*

Math. Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,
May fall upon us?—be now, as thy name,
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,
Wise, and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

Soph. You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.

Math. Nay, no melting;
Since the necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,
And great men, my superiours, rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal:
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the publick voice,

For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour :
Such airy tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our demcans are,* and, what's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.

Math. For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.
You have been an obedient wife, a right one ;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and
though

Not to satiety, or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed ; want breeds dissension,
Even in good women.

Soph. Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste, or sign of discontent,
For want of what's superfluous ?

Math. No, Sophia ;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action, as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and shew them in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing musick, the same age

* *How narrow our demcans are,*] *Demcans* is here used for *means*, as demerits for merits, &c.

Not to be named with thee, should so outshine
thee

In jewels, and variety of wardrobes ;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compared are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am so rich, or
In your opinion, why should you borrow
Additions for me ?

Math. Why ! I should be censured
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments: therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family,
And our poor fortunes; and from these command
Obedience to you, as to myself:
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully ;
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless :
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you
waste not

One drop of sorrow ; look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t'invoke you: at our parting, 'twere
To personate devotion.² My soul

² *To personate devotion.*] i. e. to play it as an assumed part.
See Vol. II. p. 497.

Shall go along with you, and, when you are
Circled with death and horrou, seek and find
you ;

And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would shew poorly ;
My actions shall speak for me : 'twere to doubt
you,

To beg I may hear from you ; where you are
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.
If I dwell long upon your lips, consider,
After this feast, the griping fast that follows,
And it will be excusable ; pray turn from me.
All that I can, is spoken. [*Exit.*

Math. Follow your mistress.

Forbear your wishes for me ; let me find them
At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.

Hil. For my part, sir, I will grow lean with
study
To make her merry.

Coris. Though you are my lord,
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
I may take my leave ; your hand, or, if you please
To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,
But stand a-tip-toe for't.

Math. O, farewell, girl ! [*Kisses her.*

Hil. A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

Coris. 'Twas my fee ;
Love, how he melts !³ I cannot blame my lady's
Unwillingness to part with such marmalade
lips.

There will be scrambling for them in the camp ;

³ Love, how he melts !] So the quarto: the modern editions have, Love, how he melts. Why Coxeter made the alteration I cannot even guess; surely, deity for deity, the former is the most natural for Corisca to swear by.

And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now
I were his leaguer laundress ;⁴ I would find
Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen,
Or I would strain hard for't.

Hil. How the mammet twitters !

Come, come ; my lady stays for us.

Coris. Would I had been

Her ladyship the last night !

Hil. No more of that, wench.

[*Exeunt Hilario, Corisca, and the rest.*]

⁴ ————— *I could wish now*

I were his leaguer laundress ;] Mr. M. Mason reads *his leiger laundress* ; what he understood by it, I know not, but *Corisca* means his camp laundress.

“ ————— While I lay

“ In the leaguer at Ardennes, he corrupts

“ Two mercenary slaves,” &c. *Love's Victory.*

Leaguer is the Dutch, or rather Flemish, word for a camp ; and was one of the newfangled terms introduced from the Low-Countries. This innovation on the English language is excellently noticed by Sir John Smythe, in *Certain Discourses concerning the Formes and Effects of divers Sorts of Weapons* &c. 4to. 1590. “ These,” (the officers mentioned before,) “ utterlie ignorant of all our auncient discipline and proceedings in actions of armes, have so affected the Wallons, Flemings, and base Almanes discipline, that they have procured to inuovate, or rather to subvert all our auncient proceedings in matters military :—as, for example, they will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a *campe* by the Dutch name of *legar* ; nor will not aford to say that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard* :—as though our English nation, which hath been so famous in all actions militarie manie hundred yeares, were now but newly crept into the world ; or as though our language were so barren, that it were not able of itself, or by derivation to afford convenient words to utter our minds in matters of that qualitie.”

I cannot avoid adding my wishes that our officers would reflect a little on these sensible observations : there is now a greater affectation than ever, of introducing French military phrases into our army ; the consequences of which may be more important than they seem to imagine.

Math. I am strangely troubled: yet why I
should nourish

A fury here, and with imagined food,
Having no real grounds on which to raise
A building of suspicion she was ever
Or can be false hereafter? I in this
But foolishly enquire the knowledge of
A future sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,
Though with my loss of being. I have already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,
One deeply read⁵ in nature's hidden secrets,
And, though with much unwillingness, have won
him

To do as much as art can, to resolve me
My fate that follows—To my wish, he's come.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your promise and performance walk together;
And therefore, without circumstance, to the point;
Instruct me what I am.

5 ————— a general scholar,

One deeply read &c.] In the list of dramatis personæ, too, he is called a *great scholar*. The character of Baptista is founded upon a notion very generally received in the dark ages, that men of learning were conversant in the operations of magick: and, indeed, a *scholar* and a magician are frequently confounded by our old writers, or rather considered as one and the same. The notion is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.

Baptista Porta has given an elaborate account, in his treatise *de Magia naturali*, of the powers once supposed to be possessed and exercised by magicians. I believe that this work was not published in Massinger's time; but both that and the author had long been familiar "in the mouths of men," and were probably not unknown to Massinger. It is an ingenious conjecture of Mr. Gilchrist, that he took the name of his "deep-read scholar," from *Baptista Porta*.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made trial of my love some other way.

Math. Nay, this is from the purpose.

Bapt. If you can
Proportion your desire to any mean,
I do pronounce you happy; I have found,
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife.
Is to this present hour from all pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason, therefore,
You should fix here; and make no further search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O, Baptista,
'Tis not in me to master so my passions;
I must know further, or you have made good
But half your promise. While my love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my presence was
A watch upon her, her desires being met too
With equal ardour from me, what one proof
Could she give of her constancy, being un-
tempted?

But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women
Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she
The absolute disposer of herself,
Without control or curb; nay, more, invited
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,
If then she hold out—

Bapt. As, no doubt, she will.

Math. Those doubts must be made certainties,
Baptista,
By your assurance; or your boasted art
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,
And play with my affliction! I am on
The rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, Mathias,

I am no god, nor can I dive into
 Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are;
 That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd
 E'en from the devils themselves: they can but guess,
 Out of long observation, what is likely;
 But positively to foretel that⁶ shall be,
 You may conclude impossible. All I can,
 I will do for you; when you are distant from her
 A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,
 You shall know truly when she is solicited,
 And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little model of Sophia,
 With more than human skill limn'd to the life;
[Gives him a picture.

Each line and lineament of it in the drawing
 So punctually observed, that, had it motion,
 In so much 'twere herself.

Math. It is, indeed,
 An admirable piece! but if it have not
 Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,
 In what can it advantage me?

Bapt. I'll instruct you:
 Carry it still about you, and as oft
 As you desire to know how she's affected,
 With curious eyes peruse it: while it keeps
 The figure it now has, entire and perfect,
 She is not only innocent in fact,
 But unattempted; but if once it vary
 From the true form, and what's now white and red
 Incline to yellow,⁷ rest most confident

⁶ *But positively to foretel that shall be,*] All the copies read,
that this shall be, which spoils the verse, and is not, indeed, the
 language of the age.

⁷ *but if once it vary*
From the true form, and what's now white and red
Incline to yellow,] It is not improbable but that these and

She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd;
 But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
 The fort, by composition or surprise,
 Is forced or with her free consent surrender'd.

Math. How much you have engaged me for
 this favour

The service of my whole life shall make good.

Bapt. We will not part so, I'll along with you,
 And it is needful; with the rising sun
 The armies meet; yet, ere the fight begin,
 In spite of opposition, I will place you
 In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,
 And near his person.

Math. As my better angel,
 You shall direct and guide me.

Bapt. As we ride
 I'll tell you more.

Math. In all things I'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Hungary. *A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

Ric. When came the post?

Ubald. The last night.

Ric. From the camp?

Ubald. Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and
 sign'd

By the general, Ferdinand.

Ric. Nay, then, sans question,
 It is of moment.

similar fictions were originally derived from the rabbinical notion, that distant events were signified to the high-priest by changes in the colour of the precious stones which formed the Urin and Thummim.

Ubaldo. It concerns the lives
Of two great armies.

Ric. Was it cheerfully
Received by the king?

Ubaldo. Yes; for being assured
The armies were in view of one another,
Having proclaim'd a publick fast and prayer
For the good success, he dispatch'd a gentleman
Of his privy chamber to the general,
With absolute authority from him
To try the fortune of a day.

Ric. No doubt then
The general will come on, and fight it bravely.
Heaven prosper him! This military art
I grant to be the noblest of professions;
And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never
Inclined to learn it; since this bubble honour,
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for,)
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,
Too dear a purchase.⁸

Ubaldo. Give me our court warfare:
The danger is not great in the encounter
Of a fair mistress.

Ric. Fair and sound together
Do very well, Ubaldo; but such are
With difficulty to be found out; and when they
know
Their value, prized too high. By thy own report,
Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and since that,
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-
trader

⁸ ————— since this bubble honour,
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for,)
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,
Too dear a purchase.] In this passage, which has been hitherto
most absurdly pointed, Massinger, as Coxeter observes, had
Shakspeare in his thoughts, and principally Falstaff's humorous
catechism.

I'the street, with certain danger to thy pocket,
 To the great lady in her cabinet ;
 That spent upon thee more in cullises,
 To strengthen thy weak back, than would main-
 tain

Twelve Flanders mares, and as many running
 horses :

Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills,
 Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.

U bald. You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you were
 A novice in those mysteries.

Ric. By no means ;
 My doctor can assure the contrary :
 I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,
 As he that is a gamester, and plays often,
 Must sometimes be a loser.

U bald. Wherefore, then,
 Do you envy me ?

Ric. It grows not from my want,
 Nor thy abundance ; but being, as I am,
 The likelier man, and of much more experience,
 My good parts are my curses : there's no beauty
 But yields ere it be summon'd ; and, as nature
 Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,
 There's none can buy till I have made my market.
 Satiety cloy's me ; as I live, I would part with
 Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,
 To find that only phœnix in my search,
 That could hold out against me.

U bald. Be not rapt so ;
 You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,
 What think you of the queen ?

Ric. I dare not aim at
 The petticoat royal, that is still excepted :
 Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract
 Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
 To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,

I would venture my neck to a halter—but we
talk of

Impossibilities: as she hath a beauty
Would make old Nestor young; such majesty
Draws forth a sword of terrour to defend it,
As would fright Paris, though the queen of love
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

Ubold. Have you observed
The gravity of her language mix'd with sweetness?

Ric. Then, at what distance she reserves herself
When the king himself makes his approaches to
her—

Ubold. As she were still a virgin, and his life
But one continued wooing.

Ric. She well knows
Her worth, and values it.

Ubold. And so far the king is
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.

Ric. All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her; the loud noise of war
Cannot awake him.

Ubold. At this very instant,
When both his life and crown are at the stake,
He only studies her content, and when
She's pleased to shew herself, musick and masks
Are with all care and cost provided for her.

Ric. This night she promised to appear.

Ubold. You may
Believe it by the diligence of the king,
As if he were her harbinger.

Enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, and Attendants
with perfumes.

Ladis. These rooms
Are not perfumed, as we directed.

Eubu. Not, sir!

I know not what you would have; I am sure the
smoak

Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision
Spent in your majesty's kitchens.

Ladis. How I scorn

Thy gross comparison! When my⁹ Honoria,
The amazement of the present time, and envy
Of all succeeding ages, does descend
To sanctify a place, and in her presence
Makes it a temple to me, can I be
Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her?
But that the splendour of her beams of beauty
Hath struck thee blind—

Eubu. As dotage hath done you.

Ladis. Dotage? O blasphemy! is it in me
To serve her to her merit? Is she not
The daughter of a king?

Eubu. And you the son
Of ours I take it; by what privilege else
Do you reign over us? for my part, I know not
Where the disparity lies.

Ladis. Her birth, old man,
(Old in the kingdom's service, which protects
thee,)

Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties
Might make the Thunderer a rival for her,
They are but superficial ornaments,
And faintly speak her: from her heavenly mind,
Were all antiquity and fiction lost,
Our modern poets could not, in their fancy,
But fashion a Minerva far transcending
The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of.
But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus!¹

⁹ *When my Honoria,*] Mr. M. Mason omits *my*; I know not whether by inadvertence or design; but it injures the metre.

¹ *But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus!*] Our old

And though she knows one glance from her fair
 eyes
 Must make all gazers her idolaters,
 She is so sparing of their influence,
 That, to shun superstition in others,
 She shoots her powerful beams only at me.
 And can I, then, whom she desires to hold
 Her kingly captive above all the world,
 Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,
 She might command as slaves, but gladly pay
 The humble tribute of my love and service,
 Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,
 I did not err?

Eubu. Well, since you hug your fetters,
 In Love's name wear them! You are a king, and
 that
 Concludes you wise:² your will a powerful reason,
 Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not
 argue.

And what in a mean man I should call folly,
 Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom:
 But for me, I subscribe.

Ladis. Do, and look up,
 Upon this wonder.

writers were very lax in their use of foreign names, Massinger was a scholar, yet he pronounces *Eubulus* much as Shakspeare would have done it.

² ————— *You are a king, and that*

Concludes you wise: &c.] Massinger appears to me to have several sly thrusts, in various parts of his works, at the slavish doctrines maintained by most of the celebrated writers of his time:

————— “be it one poet's praise,
 “That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways,
 “That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
 “And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.”

Loud musick. Enter HONORIA in state, under a Canopy; her train born up by SYLVIA and ACANTHE.

Ric. Wonder! It is more, sir.

Ubald. A rapture, an astonishment.

Ric. What think you, sir?

Eubu. As the king thinks, that is the surest guard

We courtiers ever lie at.³ Was prince ever
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:
But yet to admiration look not on her.
Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,
With what assured gravity she receives it!
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes
Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,
How he's exalted! Women in their natures
Affect command; but this humility
In a husband and a king marks her the way
To absolute tyranny. [*The king seats her on his
throne.*] So! Juno's placed
In Jove's tribunal; and, like Mercury,
(Forgetting his own greatness,) he attends
For her employments. She prepares to speak;
What oracles shall we hear now?

Hon. That you please, sir,
With such assurances of love and favour,
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours, sir,
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,
Binds me in retribution to deserve
The grace conferr'd upon me.

Ladis. You transcend

³ *Eubu.* As the king thinks, that is the surest guard

We courtiers ever lie at.] i. e. the surest posture of defence.
"Thou knowest," says Falstaff, "my old ward; thus I lay."
Guard and ward are the same word.

In all things excellent; and it is my glory,
 Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself
 From absolute command, surrendering up
 My will and faculties to your disposal:
 And here I vow, not for a day or year,
 But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,
 That whatsoever I in justice may
 Exact from these my subjects, you from me
 May boldly challenge: and when you require it,
 In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,
 Thus I will pay my homage.

Hon. O forbear, sir!

Let not my lips envy my robe; on them
 Print your allegiance often: I desire
 No other fealty.

Ladis. Gracious sovereign!
 Boundless in bounty!

Eubu. Is not here fine fooling!
 He's, questionless, bewitch'd. Would I were gelt.
 So that would disenchant him! though I forfeit
 My life for't, I must speak. By your good leave,
 sir—

I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,
 Having no power: you are like me, a subject,
 Her more than serene majesty being present.
 And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
 Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,
 And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,
 But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen-ushers,
 It does belong to your place, see it reform'd;
 He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge
 The privilege of his bonnet.

Ladis. Do not tempt me.

Eubu. Tempt you! in what? in following your
 example?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,
 As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,

On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign
 But weary of it, I now bend my knee
 To her divinity, and desire a boon
 From her more than magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.

Nay, be not moved ; for our mirth's sake let us
 hear him.

Eubu. 'Tis but to ask a question : Have you
 ne'er read
 The story of Semiramis and Ninus ?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eubu. I will then instruct you,
 And 'tis to the purpose : This Ninus was a king ;
 And such an impotent loving king as this was,
 But now he's none ; this Ninus (pray you ob-
 serve me)

Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife ;
 (I must confess, there the comparison holds not,
 You are a king's daughter, yet, under your cor-
 rection,

Like her, a woman ;) this Assyrian monarch,
 Of whom this is a pattern, to express
 His love and service, seated her, as you are,
 In his regal throne, and bound by oath his
 nobles,

Forgetting all allegiance to himself,
 One day to be her subjects, and to put
 In execution whatever she
 Pleased to impose upon them :—pray you command
 him

To minister the like to us, and then
 You shall hear what follow'd.

Ladis. Well, sir, to your story.

Eubu. You have no warrant, stand by ; let me
 know

Your pleasure, goddess.

Hon. Let this nod assure you.

Eubu. Goddess-like, indeed ! as I live, a pretty idol !

She knowing her power, wisely made use of it ;
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted, (as, in reason, madam,
You may do his,) that he might never have
Power to recall his grant, or question her
For her short government, instantly gave order
To have his head struck off.

Ladis. Is't possible ?

Eubu. The story says so, and commends her
wisdom

For making use of her authority.

And it is worth your imitation, madam :

He loves subjection, and you are no queen,

Unless you make him feel the weight of it.

You are more than all the world to him, and that

He may be so⁴ to you, and not seek change,

When his delights are sated, mew him up

In some close prison, (if you let him live,

Which is no policy,) and there diet him

As you think fit, to feed your appetite ;

Since there ends his ambition.

Ubold. Devilish counsel !

Ric. The king's amazed.

⁴ *You are more than all the world to him, and that*

He may be foe to you,] This is the reading of all the old copies, but most certainly false. It ought to be

and that

He may be so to you. COXETER.

When it is considered that the old way of spelling *so* was *foe*, and that the *f* is frequently mistaken for an *s*, we shall not be inclined to think extraordinarily highly of the editor's sagacity, notwithstanding it is set off by a capital letter, which is not to be found in the original. But now steps in Mr. M. Mason, and, having the scent of an amendment pronounces *so* to be nonsense! and proposes to read, (nay, actually prints,) *true*, which, saith he, 'is evidently the right word.' All this thrashing for chaff!

Ubald. The queen appears, too, full
Of deep imaginations; Eubulus
Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now she seems resolved:
I long to know the issue.

[*Honoria descends from the throne.*]

Hon. Give me leave,
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy
Of your unequall'd graces shower'd upon me,
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish
One doubt Honoria dares abuse the power
With which she is invested by your favour;
Or that she ever can make use of it
To the injury of you, the great bestower,
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight
To seek to^s me with more obsequiousness
Than I desired: and stood it with my duty
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer?
I do but act the part you put upon me,
And though you make me personate a queen,
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royal sovereign.

Ric. Admirable!

Hon. I have heard of captains taken more with
dangers
Than the rewards; and if, in your approaches
To those delights which are your own, and freely,
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you,
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me
Beyond my just proportion?

Ubald. Above wonder!

^s To seek to me &c.] See Vol. I. p. 221.

Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such
goodness !

Hon. Now, sir,
The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,
I change to this humility ; and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,
And seat you in your own.

[*Leads the king to the throne.*]

Ladis. I am transported
Beyond myself.

Hon. And now, to your wise lordship :
Am I proved a Semiramis ? or hath
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,
Which you call dotage ?

Ladis. Answer, wretch !

Eubu. I dare, sir,
And say, however the event may plead
In your defence, you had a guilty cause ;
Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it,
To teach a lady, humble in herself,
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,
To be ambitious.

Hon. Eubulus, I am so ;
'Tis rooted in me ; you mistake my temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold
Command over my lord ; such a proud torrent
Would sink me in my wishes : not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
And may with justice challenge.

Eubu. This I look'd for ;
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew
A gushing tide would follow.

Hon. By my birth,
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,
From you, as things beneath me, I expect

What's due to majesty, in which I am
A sharer with your sovereign.

Eubu. Good again!

Hon. And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appear so.

Ladis. You need not fear a rival.

Hon. I hope not;
And till I find one, I disdain to know
What envy is.

Ladis. You are above it, madam.

Hon. For beauty without art, discourse, and
free⁶

From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a king
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as——

Eubu. I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!⁷

⁶ For beauty without art, discourse, and free &c.] These last words are improperly arranged, we should read,

For beauty without art, and discourse free from affectation.

M. MASON.

I know not how much Mr. M. Mason had read of his author when he wrote this note; but must take leave to think, that his acquaintance with him was exceedingly superficial. The mode of expression, which he would change into tame prose by his arrangement, is so frequent in Massinger, as to form one of the characteristic of his style. It is not, indeed, unknown to, or unused by, any of his contemporaries: but in none of them are the recurrences of it so frequent. See Act IV. sc. i. note 8.

⁷ *Eubu.* I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!] Dodsley reads,
As I

Blush for you, lady, trumpet not your own praise.

Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason:

As I

Blush for you, lady, trumpet your own praises——

And explain it to mean that——“she herself having lost all sense of shame, he undertakes to blush for her; and therefore ironically bids her proceed.”

I like neither of these readings. Dodsley's is very tame; and

This spoken by the people had been heard
 With honour to you. Does the court afford
 No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced
 To be your own gross flatterer?

Ladis. Be dumb,
 Thou spirit of contradiction!

Hon. The wolf
 But barks against the moon, and I contemn it.
 The mask you promised. [*A horn sounded within.*]

Ladis. Let them enter.

Enter a Courier.

How!

Eubu. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

Ladis. From the camp?

Cour. The general, victorious in your fortune,
 Kisses your hand in this, sir. [*Delivers a letter.*]

Ladis. That great Power,
 Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,
 Be ever praised for't! Read, sweet, and partake it:
 The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss
 Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.

Eubu. But let it not exalt you; bear it, sir,
 With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Ladis. I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now
 Enquire particulars.—[*Exit Courier.*].—Our de-
 lights deferr'd,
 With reverence to the temples; there we'll tender

Coxeter's at variance with what follows. The old copy points
 the passage thus:

Eub. *As I*

Blush for you lady, trumpet your own prayers?

Which leads me to suspect that the queen was interrupted by
 the impatience of Eubulus; and upon that idea I have regulated
 the text. This is by far the greatest liberty I have yet taken
 with my author.

Our souls' devotions to his dread might,
 Who edged our swords, and taught us how to
 fight. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Room in Mathias' House.*

Enter HILARIO and CORISCA.

Hil. You like my speech?

Coris. Yes, if you give it action
 In the delivery.

Hil. If! I pity you.
 I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first
 time,

Nor shall be, I hope, the last.

Coris. Nay, I think so too.

Hil. And if I put her not out of her dumps with
 laughter,
 I'll make her howl for anger.

Coris. Not too much
 Of that, good fellow Hilario: our sad lady
 Hath drank too often of that bitter cup;
 A pleasant one must restore her. With what
 patience
 Would she endure to hear of the death of my
 lord;

That, merely out of doubt he may miscarry,
 Afflicts herself thus?

Hil. Umph! 'tis a question
 A widow only can resolve. There be some

That in their husbands' sicknesses⁸ have wept
 Their pottle of tears a day; but being once cer-
 tain

At midnight he was dead, have in the morning
 Dried up their handkerchiefs, and thought no
 more on't.

Coris. Tush, she is none of that race; if her
 sorrow

Be not true and perfect, I against my sex
 Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.
 She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,
 Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam
 Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;
 Eats little, and her nightly musick is,
 Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony
 Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,
 Am made one of the consort.⁹ This hour only
 She takes the air, a custom every day
 She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes,
 From some that pass by, to receive assurance
 Of the success and safety of her lord.
 Now, if that your device will take——

Hil. Ne'er fear it;

I am provided cap-à-pié, and have
 My properties in readiness.

Soph. [*within.*] Bring my veil, there.

Coris. Be gone, I hear her coming.

Hil. If I do not

⁸ *That in their husbands' sicknesses have wept*] So the quarto: the modern editors read,

That in their husband's sickness have wept which utterly destroys the metre. In the next speech, for—woman *ne'er wept*, Mr. M. Mason gives us—women *ne'er wept*! and thus he stumbles and blunders on through the whole work.

⁹ *Am made one of the consort.*] Here, as every where else, Mr. M. Mason discharges the genuine word for *concert*. See the *Fatal Dowry*.

Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss
me. [Exit.

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. I was flatter'd once, I was a star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and, like one,
Hang in the air between my hopes and fears ;
And every hour, the little stuff burnt out
That yields a waning light to dying comfort,
I do expect my fall, and certain ruin.
In wretched things more wretched is delay ;
And Hope, a parasite to me, being unmask'd,
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my
Distraction worse than madness. Even my prayers,
When with most zeal sent upward, are pull'd down
With strong imaginary doubts and fears,
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.
Dreams and fantastick visions walk the round¹
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber's
Broken with loud alarms : can these be then
But sad presages, girl ?

Coris. You make them so,
And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you.
Such pure affection, such mutual love,
A bed, and undefiled on either part,
A house without contention, in two bodies
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,
Kissing each other, cannot be short-lived,
Or end in barrenness.—If all these, dear madam,
(Sweet in your sadness,) should produce no fruit,
Or leave the age no models of yourselves,

¹ *Dreams and fantastick visions walk the round*] For—the round, Coxeter would read, *their round* ; but he did not understand the phrase. To “walk the round” was technical, and meant to watch, in which sense it often occurs in Massinger, and other writers of his age.

To witness to posterity what you were ;
 Succeeding times, frighted with the example,
 But hearing of your story, would instruct
 Their fairest issue to meet sensually,
 Like other creatures, and forbear to raise
 True Love, or Hymen, altars.

Soph. O Corisca,

I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes ;
 And they are built upon a weak foundation,
 To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,
 Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord
 Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,
 In his dear care of me. And if his life
 Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,
 His tenderness of me (knowing how much
 I languish for his absence) had provided
 Some trusty friend, from whom I might receive
 Assurance of his safety.

Coris. Ill news, madam,
 Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on
 crutches :

With patience expect it, and, ere long,
 No doubt, you shall hear from him.

[A sowgelder's horn blown.]

Soph. Ha ! What's that ?

Coris. The fool has got a sowgelder's horn. A post,
 As I take it, madam.

Soph. It makes this way still ;
 Nearer and nearer.

Coris. From the camp, I hope.

*Enter one disguised as a Courier, with a horn ; fol-
 lowed by HILARIO, in antick armour, with long
 white hair and beard.*

Soph. The messenger appears, and in strange
 armour.
 Heaven ! if it be thy will—

Hil. It is no boot
 To strive; our horses tired, let's walk on foot:
 And that the castle, which is very near us,
 To give us entertainment, may soon hear us,
 Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-a,²
 Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.

Coris. He names you, madam.

Hil. For to her I bring,
 Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,
 By name Mathias. [*Exit Courier.*]

Soph. From my lord? O sir,
 I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.
 So may Mars favour you in all your battles,
 As you with speed unload me of the burthen
 I labour under, till I am confirm'd
 Both where and how you left him!

Hil. If thou art,
 As I believe, the pigsney of his heart,
 Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee;
 And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Soph. Have you no letters from him?

Hil. No more words.³

In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords:
 Yet as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth
 I will proclaim his deeds from north to south;

² *Blow lustily my lad, and drawing nigh-a,*

Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.] Coxeter took the *a* from *nigh-a*, and Mr. M. Mason, not to behind hand in the business of improvement, reduced *Sophia* to *Sophy*. He then observes with great self-complacency, "this emendation" (emendation!) "is evidently right; as all the rest of this ridiculous speech is in rhyme, we should *without doubt* read *Sophy* instead of *Sophia*!" After all this confidence, the old copy reads precisely as I have given it.

³ *Hil. No more words.]* Here is another "emendation"! The editors read; *No, mere words.* But Hilario alludes to what he had just said—"so much *I was will'd to say to thee—and therefore question me no further.*" The contradiction which follows, makes the humour, if it may be so styled, of this absurd interlude.

But tremble not, while I relate the wonder,
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my
voice thunder.

Soph. This is some counterfeit braggart.

Coris. Hear him, madam.

Hil. The rear march'd first, which follow'd by
the van,

And wing'd with the battalia,* no man
Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself;
Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,
Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias,
Advanced, and star'd like Hercules or Goliath.
A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt,
Assail'd him; every one a Termagant:
But what did he then? with his keen-edge spear
He cut and carbonaded them: here and there
Lay legs and arms; and, as 'tis said truelee
Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

Soph. This is ridiculous.

Hil. I must take breath;

Then, like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.

Soph. His death!

Hil. I am out.

Coris. Recover, dunder-head.

Hil. How he escaped, I should have sung, not
died;

For, though a knight, when I said so, I lied.
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,
And looking round for some courageous knight
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,
He call'd to me, Help, help, Hilario!
My valiant servant, help!

Coris. He has spoil'd all.

* *And wing'd with the battalia,* | Mr. M. Mason reads *battalion*; a needless surcrease of nonsense: by *battalia* our old writers meant what we now call the main body of the army.

Soph. Are you the man of arms, then? I'll
make bold

To take off your martial beard, you had fool's hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,
In such an antick fashion? Am I grown
Contemptible to those I feed? you, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears,
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.⁵

Coris. We did it for your mirth.

Hil. For myself, I hope,
I have spoke like a soldier.

Soph. Hence, you rascal!

I never but with reverence name my lord,
And can I hear it by thy tongue profaned,
And not correct thy folly? but you are
Transform'd, and turn'd knight-errant; take your
course,

And wander where you please; for here I vow
By my lord's life, (an oath I will not break,)
Till his return, or certainty of his safety,
My doors are shut against thee. [Exit.

Coris. You have made
A fine piece of work on't! How do you like the
quality?⁶

⁵ *Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.] Bases seem to be some kind of quilted and ornamental covering for the upper part of the legs. That it was considered as defensive in some measure, I have no doubt, (though Steevens maintains the contrary, see *Pericles*, Act II. sc. i.) since it appears, in almost every instance, to have made a part of the military dress of the time:*

“*Per.* Now by your furtherance I am clad in steel

“Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided

“Of a pair of bases.

“*Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown

“to make thee a pair.”

⁶ *How do you like the quality?] i. e. the profession of playing.*

You had a foolish itch to be an actor,
And may stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my share ?

Coris. No, certainly ; I fear I have already
Too much of mine own : I'll only, as a damsel,
(As the books say,⁷) thus far help to disarm you ;
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,
I leave you to your fortune. [*Exit.*

Hil. Have I sweat

My brains out for this quaint and rare invention,
And am I thus rewarded ? I could turn
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no
meat

To pacify colon :⁸ What will become of me ?
I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not :
My end must be to stand in a corn field,
And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese ;
Or find some hollow tree in the highway,
And there, until my lord return, sell switches :
No more Hilario, but Dolorio now,
I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose
To move compassion ; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

See *the Roman Actor*, Vol II. p. 339. In the last line of this speech, the editors have unnecessarily inserted *now* before stroll.

⁷ *As the books say,*] i. e. the books of knight-errantry, which were then much read. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—*As the book says!*

⁸ *To pacify colon :*] i. e. the cravings of hunger. See Vol. I. p. 132.

SCENE II.

Hungary. *An Ante-room in the Palace.*

Enter EUBULUS, UBALDO, RICARDO, and others.

Eubu. Are the gentlemen sent before, as it
was order'd
By the king's direction, to entertain
The general?

Ric. Long since; they by this have met him,
And given him the *biennu*.

Eubu. I hope I need not
Instruct you in your parts.

Ubal. How! us, my lord!
Fear not; we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

Ric. The state were miserable, if the court
had none
Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France;
With form and punctuality to receive
Stranger ambassadours: for the general,
He's a mere native, and it matters not
Which way we do accost him.

Ubal. 'Tis great pity
That such as sit at the helm provide no better
For the training up of the gentry. In my judg-
ment

An academy erected, with large pensions
To such as in a table could set down
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to every nation——

Ric. O, it were
An admirable piece of work!

Ubal. And yet rich fools
 Throw away their charity on hospitals
 For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study
 The due regard to compliment and courtship,
 Matters of more import, and are indeed
 The glories of a monarchy.

Eubu. These, no doubt,
 Are state points, gallants, I confess; but, sure,
 Our court needs no aids this way, since it is⁹
 A school of nothing else. There are some of you
 Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads
 Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done
 More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery,¹
 Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,
 Or a long famine; all the treasure, by
 This foul excess, is got into the merchant,
 Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,
 And the third part of the land too, the nobility
 Engrossing titles only.

Ric. My lord, you are bitter. [*A trumpet.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The general is alighted, and now enter'd.

Ric. Were he ten generals, I am prepared,
 And know what I will do.

Eub. Pray you what, Ricardo?

Ric. I'll fight at compliment with him.

Ubal. I'll charge home too.

Eub. And that's a desperate service; if you
 come off well.

⁹ *Our court needs no aids this way, since it is &c.*] Mr. M. Mason, in defiance of authority and of grammar, reads: *Our courts need no aids this way since it &c.* indeed, he hath printed the whole of this speech very carelessly, and pointed it still more so.

¹ ————— *by superfluous bravery*] i. e. as I have already observed, finery, costliness of apparel, &c.

Enter FERDINAND, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, and Captains.

Ferd. Captain, command the officers to keep
The soldier, as he march'd, in rank and file,
Till they hear further from me. [*Exeunt Captains.*]

Eubu. Here's one speaks
In another key; this is no canting language
Taught in your academy.

Ferd. Nay, I will present you
To the king myself.

Math. A grace beyond my merit.

Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set
Too high a price on.

Eubu. With a friend's true heart,
I gratulate your return.

Ferd. Next to the favour
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.

U bald. By courtship, coarse on both sides!

Ferd. Pray you, receive
This stranger to your knowledge; on my credit,
At all parts he deserves it.

Eubu. Your report
Is a strong assurance to me. Sir, most welcome.

Math. This said by you, the reverence of your
age
Commands me to believe it.

Ric. This was pretty;
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low
To do your excellence that due observance
Your fortune claims.

Eubu. He ne'er thinks on his virtue!

Ric. For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,
And bulwark of Bellona—

U bald. The protection
Both of the court and king—

Ric. And the sole minion
Of mighty Mars—

U bald. One that with justice may
Increase the number of the worthies—

Eubu. Heyday!

Ric. It being impossible in my arms to circle
Such giant worth—

U bald. At distance we presume
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.

Eubu. What reply now
Can he make to this foppery?

Ferd. You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take time to thank you.

Eubu. As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!

Ric. This was harsh and scurvy.

U bald. We will be revenged
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at
him.

Eubu. Nay, do your offices, gentlemen, and
conduct
The general to the presence.

Ric. Keep your order.

U bald. Make way for the general.

[*Exeunt all but Eubulus.*]

Eubu. What wise man,
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,
But must confess that fortune's swing is more
O'er that profession, than all kinds else
Of life pursued by man? They, in a state,
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,
E'en desperate in their hopes; while pain and
anguish

Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death:
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,

Promise him mountains, if his saving hand
 Restore the tortured wretch to former strength.
 But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,
 Is frightened from the house, and health appears
 In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,
 All is forgot; and, asking his reward,
 He's paid with curses, often receives wounds
 From him whose wounds he cured. I have ob-
 served,

When horrid Mars,² the touch of whose rough
 hand

With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on
 His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills
 The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,
 Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like
 The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,
 And such like scarabs, bred in the dung of peace,
 In hope of their protection, humbly offer
 Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their
 service,

And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their
 scars:

² *From him whose wounds he cured. I have observed,*

When horrid Mars, &c.] There is both an imperfection and a
 redundancy in this speech, as it stands in the old edition, which
 reads,

*From him whose wounds he cured, so soldiers,
 Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,
 As it is too apparent. I have observed
 In one huc.*

When horrid Mars, &c.

From the repetitions, I am inclined to think that this solilo-
 quy (which is sufficiently long) was abridged in the prompter's
 book, and that the abridgment and the original were confounded,
 and unskillfully copied at the press. This is not a circumstance
 so improbable as it may appear to some readers, for I could
 give many instances of it. It should be remembered that there
 is but one edition of this play, so that the evil is without
 remedy. Coxeter altered the pointing, without improving the
 sense: and Mr. M. Mason gave the passage unfaithfully.

But when those clouds of war, that menaced
 A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,
 Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,
 And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
 Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;³
 Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,
 To their own ruin hatch this cuckoo peace,
 Are straight thought burthensome; since want of
 means,
 Growing from⁴ want of action, breeds contempt:
 And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,
 Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

³ *Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;*] Massinger is here mistaken, for Thrace is upon the continent. COXETER.

Massinger probably knew as well as the editor, that part of Thrace was on the continent; but the Thracian archipelago, which was dedicated to Mars, is composed of islands.

M. MASON.

It is difficult, in the words of Escalus, to say, "which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity." The contrast is not between a continent and an island, but between a state of tranquility and one of warfare. The ancients comprehended under the name of Thrace much of the north-eastern part of Europe, the savage inhabitants of which were supposed to worship Mars and Bellona; who, in return, made the country the peculiar place of their residence. From thence they are frequently described with great magnificence by the poets, as setting forth to kindle war, "with their pages, famine, blood, and death;" and thither, when the continent was restored to peace, they were supposed to retire again. The same idea, and nearly in the same words, has already occurred in *the Roman Actor*:

*Now, the god of war,
 And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
 Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,
 With justice he may taste the fruits of peace.*

⁴ *Growing from want of action,*] This is sufficiently clear; yet Mr. M. Mason alters it to—*Growing for want of action!*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The queen, my lord, hath made choice of
this room,
To see the mask.

Eubu. I'll be a looker on;
My dancing days are past.

Loud musick. Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, HONORIA, MATHIAS, SYLVIA, ACANTHE, BAPTISTA, Captains, and others.
As they pass, a Song in the praise of war.

Ladis. This courtesy
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank
With all your rarities. After your travail,
Look on our court delights; but first, from your
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear
The musick of your war, which must be sweet,
Ending in victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble
Your majesties with description of a battle
Too full of horrou'r for the place, and to
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,
I must trench longer on your patience than
My manners will give way to;—in a word, sir,
It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whose tents plumed Victory would take
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged
Their main battalia, and with their assistance
Brake in; but, when I was almost assured
That they were routed; by a stratagem
Of the subtile Turk, who opening his gross body

And rallying up his troops on either side,
I found myself so far engaged, for I
Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not
Which way with honour to come off.

Eubu. I like

A general that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to engross unto himself
All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,
They could not claim a share.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,
Their scimitars raged among us; and, my horse
Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me: circled thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,
This man of men, with some choice horse, that
follow'd

His brave example, did pursue the track
His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him
Already blush to hear what he, being present,
I know would wish unspoken, I should say, sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of Hector.

Muth. General,

Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

Eubu. Do not blush

To hear a truth; here are a pair of monsieurs,
Had they been in your place, would have run away,
And ne'er changed countenance.

Ubold. We have your good word still.

Eubu. And shall, while you deserve it.

Ladis. Silence; on.

Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful lightning
thrown
From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gire
With which I was environed; horse and man

Shrunk under his strong arm: more, with his
looks⁵

Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,
My soldiers, (like young eaglets preying under
The wings of their fierce dam,) as if from him
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspired

With treble courage; and such as fled before
Boldly made head again; and, to confirm them,
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours; each soldier and commander
Perform'd his part; but this was the great wheel⁶
By which the lesser moved; and all rewards
And signs of honour, as the civick garland,
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,
With the general's sword, and armour, (the old
honours

With which the Romans crown'd their several
leaders,)

To him alone are proper.

Ladis. And they shall

Dervedly fall on him. Sit; 'tis our pleasure.

Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.

⁵ ————— more, *with his looks &c.*] i. e. yet more, further, &c.

⁶ ————— *but this was the great wheel &c.*] This is the third or fourth time we have had this expression. It is certainly no felony for a man to steal from himself, but it is nevertheless a very awkward way of relieving his necessities. It is surprising how seldom these repetitions occur in Shakspeare. When we consider how much he wrote, the exuberance of his resources will appear truly wonderful.

Massinger seems to be indebted to Daniel for the original idea:

“ For this great motion of a state, we see,

“ Doth turne on many wheels; and some, though *small*,

“ Do yet the *greater move*, who in degree

“ Stirre those who likewise turne the great'st of all.”

Philotas.

Hon. You are a stranger,
 But, in your service for the king, a native.
 And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty
 To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it :
 This place is yours.

Math. It were presumption in me
 To sit so near you.

Hon. Not having our warrant.

Ladis. Let the maskers enter : by the preparation,
 'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation
 Of what you really perform in battle :
 And Pallas, bound up in a little⁷ volume,
 Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,
 Serve for the induction.

Enter Maskers, APOLLO with his lute, and PALLAS :
A Dance : after which, a Song⁸ in praise of the
victorious soldier.

Our thanks, to all.
 To the banquet that's prepared to entertain
 them:— [*Exeunt Maskers, Apollo, and Pallas.*]
 What would my best Honoria ?

Hon. May it please
 My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever
 Have had power to command, may now entreat
 An honour from him.

Ladis. Why should you desire

⁷ *And Pallas, bound up in a little volume,]* See Vol. I. p. 263.

⁸ I don't think Massinger excels in writing songs ; there are none to be found in these plays that have any degree of merit, and few that are even intelligible. M. MASON.

This song, which is evidently incomplete, I have removed to the end of the play. From the stage direction, it would seem as if the care of these things had been left to the performers. Just before (p. 149) we have " a song in praise of war ;" and, in the following act, another, " on pleasure."

What is your own? whate'er it be, you are
The mistress of it.

Hon. I am happy in
Your grant: my suit, sir, is, that your com-
manders,
Especially this stranger, may, as I
In my discretion shall think good, receive
What's due to their deserts.

Ladis. What you determine
Shall know no alteration.

Eubu. The soldier
Is like to have good usage, when he depends
Upon her pleasure! Are all the men so bad,
That, to give satisfaction, we must have
A woman treasurer? Heaven help all!

Hon. With you, sir, [*To Mathias.*
I will begin, and, as in my esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take.
The favour in the quick dispatch being double,
Go fetch my casket, and with speed.

[*Exit Acanthe.*]

Eubu. The kingdom
Is very bare of money, when rewards
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him
gold
And store,⁹ no question the gentleman wants it.
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,
And a spark of diamond in it? though you take it,

Re-enter ACANTHE with a Casket.

For the greater honour, from your majesty's
finger,

9

————— *Give him gold*

And store,] This expression, which is taken from an old
ballad, frequently occurs in these plays.

'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase

Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship,¹
 Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is
 A soldier's glory ; and 'tis fit that way
 Your bounty should provide for him.

Hon. You are rude,
 And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
 What I will do now shall be worth the envy
 Of Cleopatra. Open it ; see here
 [*Honoria descends from the state.*]

The lapidary's idol ! Gold is trash,
 And a poor salary fit for grooms ; wear these
 As studded stars in your armour, and make the
 sun

Look dim with jealousy of a greater light
 Than his beams gild the day with : when it is
 Exposed to view, call it Honoria's gift,
 The queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier ;
 And, to give ornament and lustre to him,

1 ————— *He must purchase*
Rich suits, the gay comparison of courtship,] So it is printed
 in the old copy : the modern editors have reformed the spelling,
 and it may be they have done well ; yet the word occurs so
 frequently in our old dramatists, that I have many doubts on
 the subject.

In *the Double Falschood*, a play which Theobald attributed to
 Shakspeare, but which Pope, and his little knot of criticks,
 (without seeing the honour they did him,) affected to believe his
 own, are these pretty lines :

————— “ I must stoop to gain her,
 “ Throw all my gay *comparisons* aside,
 “ And turn my proud additions out of service.”

Comparisons they changed, with great exultation over poor
 Theobald, into *caparisons* ; but had they known, or could he
 have informed them, that the word was so spelt by every author
 of that age, it might, perhaps, have moderated the excess of
 their triumph. *Courtship*, which is found in the same line, sig-
 nifies the cost and magnificence of a court.

Parts freely with her own ! Yet, not to take
 From the magnificence of the king, I will
 Dispense his bounty too, but as a page
 To wait on mine ; for other tosses,² take
 A hundred thousand crowns :—your hand, dear
 sir,— [*Takes off the king's signet.*
 And this shall be thy warrant.

Eubu. I perceive
 I was cheated in this woman : now she is
 In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,
 And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

Hon. This done, our pleasure is, that all ar-
 rearages³
 Be paid unto the captains, and their troops ;
 With a large donative, to increase their zeal
 For the service of the kingdom.

Eubu. Better still :
 Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not
 Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouth,
 Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons,
 hang me !
 Now they may drink sack ; but small beer, with
 a passport
 To beg with as they travel, and no money,
 Turns their red blood to buttermilk.

Hon. Are you pleased, sir,
 With what I have done ?

Ladis. Yes, and thus confirm it
 With this addition of mine own : You have, sir,

² ————— [*for other tosses, take &c.*] Meaning, perhaps, in the slight manner in which she notices this part of her bounty, *for trash to fling away*. Coxeter having negligently printed *losses*, observes on his own blunder, “ this, I am apt to think should be, *for other uses take,*” and nothing more was wanted to induce Mr. M. Mason to thrust it into the text !

³ ————— [*that all arrearages*] This word, I know not why, the modern editors discard for *arrears*.

From our loved queen received some recom-
 pense
 For your life hazarded in the late action ;
 And, that we may follow her great example
 In cherishing valour, without limit ask
 What you from us can wish.

Math. If it be true,
 Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,
 Where he is well, is to a valiant man
 His natural country, reason may assure me
 I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,
 From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.
 If wealth were my ambition, by the queen
 I am made rich already, to the amazement
 Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
 The story of her bounty ; if to spend
 The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,
 No region is more fertile of good knights,
 From whom my knowledge that way may be
 better'd,

Than this your warlike Hungary ; if favour,
 Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,
 Far, far beyond my merit, I may make
 In yours a free election ; but, alas ! sir,
 I am not mine own, but by my destiny
 (Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer
 My country's smoke, before the glorious fire
 With which your bounties warm me. All I ask,
 sir,

Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish
 Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious license
 For my departure.

Ladis. Whither ?

Math. To my own home, sir,
 My own poor home ; which will, at my return,
 Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here
 But a body without a soul ; and, till I find it

In the embraces of my constant wife,
 And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty
 And matchless excellencies without a rival,
 I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then
 So chaste and fair as you infer?

Math. O, madam,
 Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,
 To shew his gold before an armed thief,
 And I, in praising of my wife, but feed
 The fire of lust in others to attempt her;
 Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,
 Though in my absence she were now besieged
 By a strong army of lascivious wooers,
 And every one more expert in his art,
 Than those that tempted chaste Penelope;
 Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,
 By amorous letters, vows made for her service,
 With all the engines wanton appetite
 Could mount to shake the fortress of her ho-
 nour,

Here, here is my assurance she holds out,
 [*Kisses the picture.*]

And is impregnable:

Hon. What's that?

Math. Her fair figure.

Ladis. As I live, an excellent face!

Hon. You have seen a better.

Ladis. I ever except yours:⁴—nay, frown not,
 sweetest,

The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my

⁴ *Ladis.* I ever except yours:—nay, frown not, sweetest,] This line stands thus in the modern editions:

Ladis. I! ne'er, except yours; nay, frown not, sweetest; which is the perfection of taste and harmony: the old copy reads as I have given it.

Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd,
I'll see the soldiers paid; and, in my absence,
Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay
This gentleman in our service.

Hon. I will do

My parts.

Ladis. On to the camp.

[*Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus,
Baptista, Captains, and others.*]

Hon. I am full of thoughts.

And something there is here I must give form
to,

Though yet an embryon: you, signiors,
Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,
You are for other warfare; quit the place,
But be within call.

Ric. Employment, on my life, boy!

Ubal. If it lie in our road, we are made for ever.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*]

Hon. You may perceive the king is no way
tainted

With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me
Thus private with you.

Math. It were in him, madam,
A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,
Though I were an Adonis.

Hon. I presume

He neither does nor dares: and yet the story
Delivered of you by the general,
With your heroick courage, which sinks deeply
Into a knowing woman's heart, besides
Your promising presence, might beget some
scruple

In a meaner man; but more of this hereafter.
I'll take another theme now, and conjure you
By the honours you have won, and by the love

Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.

Math. You need not use
Charms to this purpose, madam.

Hon. Tell me, then,
Being yourself assured 'tis not in man
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,
Play'd false with her?

Math. By the hopes of mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the con-
verse

Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your faith's untried yet.

Math. Surely, madam,
I am no woman-hater; I have been
Received to the society of the best
And fairest of our climate, and have met with
No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The least heat that way.

Hon. Strange! and do you think still,
The earth can shew no beauty that can drench
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour
You now bear to your own?

Math. Nature must find out
Some other mould to fashion a new creature
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,
To my Sophia.

Hon. Sir, consider better;
Not one in our whole sex?

Math. I am constant to
My resolution.

Hon. But dare you stand
The opposition, and bind yourself
By oath for the performance?

Math. My faith else
Had but a weak foundation.

Hon. I take hold
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay
For one month here.

Math. I am caught.

Hon. And if I do not
Produce a lady, in that time, that shall
Make you confess your error, I submit
Myself to any penalty you shall please
To impose upon me: in the mean space, write
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your for-
tune:

The jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation: I'll provide you
Of trusty messengers; but how far distant is she?

Math. A day's hard riding.

Hon. There is no retiring;
I'll bind you to your word.

Math. Well, since there is
No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,
And instantly make ready my dispatch:
Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [*Exit.*]

Hon. How I burst
With envy, that there lives, besides myself,
One fair and loyal woman! 'twas the end
Of my ambition to be recorded
The only wonder of the age, and shall I
Give way to a competitor? Nay more,
To add to my affliction, the assurances
That I placed in my beauty have deceived me:
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger,
Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
Sit down so with mine honour: I will gain
A double victory, by working him
To my desire, and taint her in her honour,

Or lose myself: I have read, that sometime poison
 Is useful.—To supplant her, I'll employ
 With any cost Ubaldo, and Ricardo,
 Two noted courtiers, of approved cunning
 In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;
 And in corrupting him, I will outgo
 Nero's Poppæa; if he shut his ears
 Against my Syren notes, I'll boldly swear
 Ulysses lives again; or that I have found
 A frozen cynick,⁵ cold in spite of all
 Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,
 Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Space near the Entrance of Mathias' House.*

Enter HILARIO, with a pitcher of water, and a wallet.

Hil. Thin, thin provision! I am dieted
 Like one set to watch hawks; and, to keep me
 waking,
 My croaking guts make a perpetual larum.
 Here I stand centinel; and, though I fright
 Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have

⁵ ————— or that I have found

A frozen cynick, &c.] I doubt whether the queen was well read in the characteristicks of the different sects. The cynicks wanted little allurements; the modestest of them would have met her advances more than half way: but perhaps her majesty meant to say *Stoick*. This lady is of a most unamiable character. Her vanity, which she mistakes for ambition, is excessive; and her eagerness to gratify it, detestable in the extreme. She is chaste from temperament, but licentious from indulgence.

A greater share, I find my commons mend not.
 I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,
 And there appear'd a fish call'd a poor John,⁶
 Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness ;
 And it seem'd to speak, and say, Good-morrow,
 cousin !

No man comes this way but has a fling at me :
 A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rate
 I would sell myself ; I answer'd, For what use ?
 To make, said he, a living anatomy,
 And set thee up in our hall, for thou art trans-
 parent

Without dissection ; and, indeed, he had reason ;
 For I am scour'd with this poor purge' to nothing.
 They say that hunger dwells in the camp ; but till
 My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,
 He will not part with me :—but sorrow's dry,
 And I must drink howsoever.

Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, and a Guide.

Guide. That's her castle,
 Upon my certain knowledge.

Ubold. Our horses held out
 To my desire. I am afire to be at it.

Ric. Take the jades for thy reward ; before I
 part hence,
 I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet :
 So ; leave us now.

Guide. Good fortune to you, gallants ! [*Exit.*

⁶ ————— a fish call'd a poor John,] i. e. dried
 hake. See Vol. II. p. 124. It occurs again in *the Guardian* :
 " Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John."

⁷ For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.] So the
 old copies ; the modern editors read, with this poor porridge :
 but whether out of delicacy, or to improve the metre, I cannot
 say.

Ubold. Being joint agents, in a design of trust
too,

For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,
Let us proceed with judgment.

Ric. If I take not

This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch,
So I may have precedence.

Ubold. On no terms.

We are both to play one prize; he that works best
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it
Without contention.

Ric. Make you your approaches
As I directed.

Ubold. I need no instruction;

I work not on your anvil. I'll give fire
With mine own linstock; if the powder be dank,
The devil rend the touch-hole! Who have we
here?

What skeleton's this?

Ric. A ghost! or the image of famine!
Where dost thou dwell?

Hil. Dwell, sir! my dwelling is
In the highway: that goodly house was once
My habitation, but I am banish'd,
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive
Of the good knight Mathias.

Ric. If that will
Restore thee, thou art safe.

Ubold. We come from him,
With presents to his lady.

Hil. But, are you sure
He is in health?

Ric. Never so well: conduct us
To the lady.

Hil. Though a poor snake, I will leap
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher, break!
And wallet, late my cupboard, I bequeath thee

To the next beggar; thou, red herring, swim
 To the Red Sea again: methinks I am already
 Knuckle deep in the fleshpots; and, though
 waking, dream
 Of wine and plenty!

Ric. What's the mystery
 Of this strange passion?

Hil. My belly, gentlemen,
 Will not give me leave to tell you; when I have
 brought you

To my lady's presence, I am disenchanted:
 There you shall know all. Follow; if I outstrip
 you,

Know I run for my belly.

Ubal. A mad fellow.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Mathias' House.

Enter SOPHIA and CORISCA.

Soph. Do not again delude me.

Coris. If I do,

Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario.*

I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,
 Observing all that pass'd by; and even now
 I did discern a pair of cavaliers,

For such their outside spoke them, with their
 guide,

Dismounting from their horses; they said some-
 thing

* *Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario.*] i. e. my fellow-servant. Even this simple expression cannot escape the ever-meddling delicacy of Mr. M. Mason: he alters it to—*my friend Hilario!*

To our hungry centinel, that made him caper
And frisk in the air for joy: and, to confirm this,
See, madam, they're in view.

Enter HILARIO, UBALDO, and RICARDO.

Hil. News from my lord !
Tidings of joy ! these are no counterfeits,
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs ;
I have had a long fast of it.

Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.

Hil. O comfortable words ! *Eat, I forgive thee !*
And if in this I do not soon obey you,
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again
In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready,
For I enter like a tyrant. [*Exit.*

Ubal. Since mine eyes
Were never happy in so sweet an object,
Without inquiry, I presume you are
The lady of the house, and so salute you.⁹

Ric. This letter, with these jewels, from your
lord,
Warrant my boldness, madam.

[*Delivers a letter and a casket.*

Ubal. In being a servant
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve
This courtesy from a stranger. [*Salutes Corisca.*

Ric. You are still
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend

⁹ *The lady of the house, and so salute you.*] i. e. as such: Mr. M. Mason, not satisfied with this, reforms the text, and prints—*and do salute you.* The reader cannot be more weary of these eternal corrections, than myself. I lament that it is necessary, for both our sakes, to notice a certain portion of them in this way, (all, is impossible,) lest I should be suspected of capriciously deviating from the text of my predecessors.

To take the height of your lip; and, if I miss
 In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,
 I will make use of my Jacob's staff. [*Salutes Corisca.*

Coris. These gentlemen

Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears
 By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the
 lips

At the first sight.

[*In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, and
 opens the casket.*

Soph. Heaven, in thy mercy, make me
 Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless bles-
 sing,

In thy goodness shower'd upon me!

Ubal. I do not like

This simple devotion in her; it is seldom
 Practised among my mistresses.

Ric. Or mine.

Would they kneel to I know not who, for the
 possession

Of such inestimable wealth, before
 They thank'd the bringers of it? the poor lady
 Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor,
 And read her another lesson.

Soph. If I have

Shewn want of manners, gentlemen, in my
 slowness

To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,
 To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy
 Of such a benefit, this noble favour,
 Inpute it, in your clemency, to the excess
 Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And howe'er it may

Increase the offence, to trouble you with more
 Demands touching my lord, before I have

Invited you to taste such as the coarseness
Of my poor house can offer ; pray you connive
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,
In his letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only
Give you assurance that he is in health,
Graced by the king and queen.

Ubal. And in the court
With admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore
Put off these widow's garments, and appear
Like to yourself.

Ubal. And entertain all pleasures
Your fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other
Particular privacies, which on occasion
I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me
To your service ever.

Ric. Good! *your service* ; mark that.

Soph. In the mean time, by your good accept-
ance make

My rustick entertainment relish of
The curiousness of the court.

Ubal. Your looks, sweet madam,
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Soph. It shall be
Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.
I'll shew you the way : this is too great an honour,
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Hungary. *An Outer-room in the Palace.*

Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants in visors.

Acan. You know your charge; give it action,
and expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1 *Serv.* If we but eye them,
They are ours, I warrant you.

2 *Serv.* May we not ask why
We are put upon this?

Acan. Let that stop your mouth;
[*Gives them money.*
And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the
hour
In which they use to walk here: when you have
them
In your power, with violence carry them to the
place
Where I appointed; there I will expect you:
Be bold and careful. [*Exit.*

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

1 *Serv.* These are they.

2 *Serv.* Are you sure?

1 *Serv.* Am I sure I am myself?

¹ *Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants in visors.*] The old stage direction is, *Enter Acanthe, two, four or five with vizards*; i. e. such a number as the stage could conveniently supply. The editors not seeing this, have printed, *Enter Acanthe to four or five &c.* but this is wrong, for they all appear together.

2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but means

To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't:
Take all advantages.

Math. I cannot guess
What her intents are; but her carriage was
As I but now related.

Bapt. Your assurance
In the constancy of your lady is the armour
That must defend you. Where's the picture?

Math. Here,
And no way alter'd.

Bapt. If she be not perfect,
There is no truth in art.

Math. By this, I hope,
She hath received my letters.

Bapt. Without question:
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.

Math. Lend me your ear.
One piece of her entertainment will require
Your dearest privacy.

1 *Serv.* Now they stand fair;
Upon them. [*They rush forward.*]

Math. Villains!

1 *Serv.* Stop their mouths. We come not
To try your valours: kill him, if he offer
To ope his mouth. We have you: 'tis in vain
To make resistance. Mount them, and away.
[*Exeunt with Mathias and Baptista.*]

SCENE IV.

An Inner-room in the same.

Enter Servants with lights, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, and EUBULUS.

Ladis. 'Tis late. Go to your rest; but do not
envy

The happiness I draw near to.

Eubu. If you enjoy it

The moderate way, the sport yields, I confess,
A pretty titillation; but too much of't

Will bring you on your knees. In my younger
days

I was myself a gamester; and I found

By sad experience, there is no such soaker

As a young spongy wife; she keeps a thousand
Horse-leeches in her box, and the thieves will
suck out

Both blood and marrow! I feel a kind of cramp
In my joints, when I think on't: but it may be
queens,

And such a queen as yours is, has the art——

Ferd. You take leave

To talk, my lord.

Ladis. He may, since he can do nothing.

Eubu. If you spend this way too much of your
royal stock,

Ere long we may be puefellows.

Ladis. The door shut!

Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her woman.
Take off my gown.

Enter ACANTHE.

Acan. My lord, the queen by me
This night desires your pardon.

Ladis. How, Acante!

I come by her appointment; 'twas her grant;
The motion was her own.

Acan. It may be, sir;
But by her doctors she is since advised,
For her health's sake, to forbear.

Eubu. I do not like
This physical lechery, the old downright way
Is worth a thousand on't.

Ladis. Prithee, Acante,
Mediate for me.

Eubu. O the fiends of hell!
Would any man bribe his servant, to make way
To his own wife? if this be the court state,
Shame fall on such as use it!

Acan. By this jewel,
This night I dare not move her, but to morrow
I will watch all occasions.

Ladis. Take this,
To be mindful of me. [*Exit Acante.*

Eubu. 'Slight, I thought a king
Might have ta'en up any woman at the king's
price.

And must he buy his own, at a dearer rate
Than a stranger in a brothel?

Ladis. What is that
You mutter, sir?

Eubu. No treason to your honour:
I'll speak it out, though it anger you; if you
pay for
Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir,
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket

Without a fee, or when she has a suit
For you to grant ?

Ferd. O hold, sir !

Ladis. Off with his head !

Eubu. Do, when you please ; you but blow out
a taper

That would light your understanding, and, in care
of't,

Is burnt down to the socket. Be as you are, sir,
An absolute monarch : it did shew more king-like
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow
Unto their ravenous lusts ; and did admit
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,
That slave yourself to the imperious humour
Of a proud beauty.

Ladis. Out of my sight !

Eubu. I will, sir,

Give way to your furious passion ; but when reason
Hath got the better of it, I much hope
The counsel that offends now will deserve
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind
Stay with you, sir !——I do begin to doubt
There's something more in the queen's strange-
ness than

Is yet disclosed ; and I will find it out,
Or lose myself in the search.

[*Exit.*

Ferd. Sure he is honest,

And from your infancy hath truly served you :
Let that plead for him ; and impute this harshness
To the frowardness of his age.

Ladis. I am much troubled,

And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good night !
To morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same.

Enter ACANTHE and the visored Servants, with MATHIAS and BAPTISTA blindfolded.

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that room,

There let him ruminatè; I'll anon unhood him:

[They carry off Baptista.

The other must stay here. As soon as I
Have quit the place, give him the liberty
And use of his eyes; that done, disperse your-
selves

As privately as you can: but, on your lives,
No word of what hath pass'd. *[Exit.*

1 Serv. If I do, sell

My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his
arms:

You are now at your own disposurè; and however
We used you roughly, I hope you will find here
Such entertainment as will give you cause
To thank us for the service: and so I leave you.²

[Exeunt.

Math. If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one.
What *Ædipus* can resolve this riddle? Ha!
I never gave just cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life:—but what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More than myself.

Acan. *[within.]* Remove that idle fear;
He's safe as you are.

² ————— *and so I leave you.]* Thus the quarto:
the modern editors, but less properly, *and so we leave you.*

Math Whosoe'er thou art,
 For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
 Where I should be: though I have read the tables
 Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations
 Of magical enchantments; yet I am not
 So sottishly credulous to believe the devil
 Hath that way power. [*Musick above.*] Ha! musick!

*The blushing rose, and purple flower,
 Let grow too long, are soonest blasted ;
 Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
 And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
 Yet here is one more sweet than these :
 The more you taste the more she'll please.*

*Beauty that's enclosed with ice,
 Is a shadow chaste as rare ;
 Then how much those sweets entice,
 That have issue full as fair !
 Earth cannot yield from all her powers
 One equal for dame Venus' bowers.³*

A song too! certainly, be it he or she
 That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted

³ This song puts me in mind of Swift's love-song,
 "Cupid, spread thy purple pinions,
 "Sweetly waving o'er my head," &c.
 and seems to have as little meaning in it. M. Mason.

Truly there is "no great matter in the song," as the Clown says; yet it is not altogether so devoid of meaning as that which Mr. M. Mason has quoted with such laudable correctness; nor absolutely foreign to the design in agitation. In the first line of the second stanza, the editors read *though* for *that*; the word is misprinted in the quarto, and I have been reduced to guess at it. The stage direction here is, *Musick above, a song of pleasure*: from which it seems that no song was originally provided by the author. See p. 152. Indeed, it is a doubt with me, whether most of these things were not supplied by the poet in waiting.

With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,
And are not mere aërial forms, appear,

Enter HONORIA, masked.

And make me know your end with me. Most
strange!

What have I conjured up? sure, if this be
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!
Then, with what majesty it moves! If Juno
Were now to keep her state among the gods,
And Hercules to be made again her guest,
She could not put on a more glorious habit,
Though her handmaid, Iris, lent her various
colours,

Or old Oceanus ravish'd from the deep
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face
Have not too much divinity about it
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun, with wonder and amazement
To my astonish'd senses. [*Honoria unmasks.*]

How! the queen! [*Kneels.*]

Hon. Rise, sir, and hear my reasons, in defence
Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I,
By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps,
May think what you have suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practice with me; but I call
Those ever-shining lamps, and their great Maker,
As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on
A man but your best self, on whom I ever
(Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

Math. The king, indeed, and only such a king,
Deserves your rarities, madam; and, but he,

'Twere giant-like ambition in any,
 In his wishes only, to presume to taste
 The nectar of your kisses; or to feed
 His appetite with that ambrosia, due
 And proper to a prince; and, what binds more,
 A lawful husband. For myself, great queen,
 I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
 All merit, that can raise me higher than,
 In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,
 To hazard my life for you; and that way
 I am most ambitious.

Hon. I desire no more
 Than what you promise. If you dare expose
 Your life, as you profess, to do me service,
 How can it better be employ'd than in
 Preserving mine? which only you can do,
 And must do, with the danger of your own;
 A desperate danger too! If private men
 Can brook no rivals in what they affect,
 But to the death pursue such as invade
 What law makes their inheritance; the king,
 To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,
 His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all
 His present blessings, must fall on that man,
 Like dreadful lightning, that is won by prayers,
 Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make
 His hoped-for issue doubtful!

Math. If you aim
 At what I more than fear you do, the reasons
 Which you deliver should, in judgment, rather
 Deter me, than invite a grant, with my
 Assured ruin.

Hon. True; if that you were
 Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear,
 In the most horrid forms they could put on,
 Might teach to be ingrateful. Your denial

To me, that have deserved so much, is more,
If it can have addition.

Math. I know not
What your commands are.

Hon. Have you fought so well
Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists
You are to enter, when you are in private
With a willing lady: one, that, to enjoy
Your company this night, denied the king
Access to what's his own? If you will press me
To speak in plainer language——

Math. Pray you, forbear;
I would I did not understand too much!
Already, by your words, I am instructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,
Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built
On virtuous chastity, in the wantonness
Of appetite, you desire to make trial
Of the false delights proposed by vicious lust;
Among ten thousand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your subjects, why should
you
Make choice of me, a stranger?

Hon. Though yet reason
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged,
In our last private* conference, you have
A pretty promising presence; but there are
Many, in limbs and feature, who may take,
That way, the right-hand file of you: besides,
Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent

* In our last private conference, you have] Mr. M. Mason
omits *private*, though absolutely necessary to the measure.

By wounds,⁵ though bravely taken, renders you
 Disabled for love's service: and that valour
 Set off with better fortune, which, it may be,
 Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook
 That hath caught me, good sir. I need no
 champion

With his sword, to guard my honour or my beauty;
 In both I can defend myself, and live
 My own protection.

Math. If these advocates,
 The best that can plead for me, have no power,
 What can you find in me else, that may tempt you,
 With irrecoverable loss unto yourself,
 To be a gainer from me?

Hon. You have, sir,
 A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre,
 As does disdain comparison, and darkens
 All that is rare in other men; and that
 I must or win or lessen.

Math. You heap more
 Amazement on me: What am I possess'd of
 That you can covet? make me understand it,
 If it have a name.

Hon. Yes, an imagined one;
 But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment
 Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er
 By the court and country: 'tis your loyalty
 And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on,
 And does deserve my envy; and that jewel,
 Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

5

————— and the blood spent

By wounds, &c.] We have already had this conceit in *the Parliament of Love*:

“ Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,

“ You say they do deform us, and the loss

“ Of much blood that way, renders us unfit

“ To please you in your chambers.”

Act I. sc. v.

Math. These are mere contraries. If you love me, madam,
 For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it?
 In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.⁶
 Or, if it be a jewel of that value,
 As you with labour'd rhetorick would persuade me,
 What can you stake against it?

Hon. A queen's fame,
 And equal honour.

Math. So, whoever wins,
 Both shall be losers.

Hon. That is that⁷ I aim at.
 Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty,
 This moist palm, this soft lip, and those delights
 Darkness should only judge of. Do you find them
 Infectious in the trial, that you start,
 As frightened with their touch?

Math. Is it in man
 To resist such strong temptations?

Hon. He begins
 To waver.

Math. Madam, as you are gracious,

⁶ *In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.*] So the old copy, and surely rightly: "If you love me for my constancy, why do you seek to destroy it? Why not rather, in allowing me to keep it, suffer me to remain a proper object of your kindness?" This seems to be the drift of the argument. Coxeter not adverting to this, reads,

In my keeping, it preserves me worth your favour!

And Mr. M. Mason, improving upon him, alters *In* to *If*, removes the point, and runs the line into the next sentence:

If my keeping it preserves me worth your favour,

Or, if it be &c.

But where is Massinger all this while?

⁷ *Hon. That is that I aim at.*] Every where the modern editors labour to destroy all traces of the phraseology of Massinger's age. They read, *That is what I aim at.*

Grant this short night's deliberation to me;
 And, with the rising sun, from me you shall
 Receive full satisfaction.

Hon. Though extremes
 Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing;
 This key will bring you to your friend; you are
 safe both;

And all things useful that could be prepared
 For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
 Take counsel of your pillow, such a fortune
 As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,
 Will not be often tender'd. [*Exit.*

Math. How my blood
 Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
 There's something stays me: if the king had
 tender'd

Such favours to my wife, 'tis to be doubted
 They had not been refused: but, being a man,
 I should not yield first, or prove an example
 For her defence of frailty. By this, sans question,
 She's tempted too; and here I may examine

[*Looks on the picture.*

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
 Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all
 Allurements that may alter me! The snow
 Of her sweet coldness hath extinguish'd quite
 The fire that but even now began to flame:
 And I by her confirm'd,—rewards nor titles,
 Nor certain death from the refused queen,
 Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be
 Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.*

Bohemia. *A Room in Mathias' House.*

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

Ubald. What we spake on the voley⁹ begins to
work;

We have laid a good foundation.

Ric. Build it up,

Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour
Of the first assault, but, as it is condition'd,
Observe the time proportion'd: I'll not part with
My share in the achievement; when I whistle,
Or hem, fall off.

Enter SOPHIA.

Ubald. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My opportunity. *[They walk aside.]*

Soph. I find myself

Strangely distracted with the various stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests
Deliver'd of my lord: and, like poor beggars
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with

* SCENE VI.] Mr. M. Mason, deserting his old guide, does not make this a new scene; though the change of place is from the palace of Ladislaus to the distant residence of Sophia!

⁹ Ubald. *What we spake on the voley*] A literal translation of the French phrase *à la volée*, which signifies *at random*, or *inconsiderately*. M. MASON.

Thus in *the New Inn*:

“————— you must not give credit

“To all that ladies publickly profess,

“Or talk o' the *voley* unto their servants.”

Such a fantastick hope of happiness,
 Wish they may never wake. In some such measure,
 Incredulous of what I see and touch,
 As 'twere a fading apparition, I
 Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most
 Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy
 To be assured, by what means, and from whom,
 Such a mass of wealth was first deserved, then
 gotten,

Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,
 For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,
 Promising private conference to either,
 And, at this hour:—if in search of the truth,
 I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,
 Forgive me, my Mathias.

Ubal. Now I make in.— [*Comes forward.*
 Madam, as you commanded, I attend
 Your pleasure.

Soph. I must thank you for the favour.

Ubal. I am no ghostly father; yet, if you have
 Some scruples touching your lord, you would be
 resolved of,

I am prepared.

Soph. But will you take your oath,
 To answer truly?

Ubal. On the hem of your smock, if you please:
 A vow I dare not break, it being a book
 I would gladly swear on.

Soph. To spare, sir, that trouble,
 I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,¹
 Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then,
 In such grace with the queen?

Ubal. You should best know,
 By what you have found from him, whether he can
 Deserve a¹ grace or no.

¹ *Deserve a grace or no.*] The article is omitted by both the editors, though the metre is imperfect without it.

Soph. What grace do you mean?

Ubald. That special grace, if you will have it,
he

Labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets,
Upon your wedding night, when your ladyship
Lost you know what.

Soph. Fie! be more modest,
Or I must leave you.

Ubald. I would tell a truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subject
Makes me run out a little.

Soph. You would put, now,
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord
Hath gotten a new mistress.

Ubald. One! a hundred;
But under seal I speak it: I presume
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.
They talk of Hercules' fifty in a night,²
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler:
Such a soldier and a courtier never came
To Alba³ regalis; the ladies run mad for him,
And there is such contention among them,
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of.

Soph. Are they handsome women?

Ubald. Fie! no; coarse mammets, and what's
worse, they are old too,
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear
for't,
Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches

² *They talk &c.*] I have omitted two superfluous words, which appear evidently interpolated, as they destroy at once the construction and the measure.

³ *To Alba regalis;*] Mr. M. Mason reads *Aula regalis*. Why this change should be thought necessary, I cannot tell; *Alba regalis* was no uncommon expression at the time; and, indeed, it is used, by more than one writer, for the English court.

Will make them young again; and these suck
shrewdly.

Ric. [*whistles.*] Sir, I must fetch you off.

Ubaldo. I could tell you wonders
Of the cures he has done, but a business of import
Calls me away; but, that dispatch'd, I will
Be with you presently. [*Walks aside.*]

Soph. There is something more
In this than bare suspicion.

Ric. [*comes forward.*] Save you, lady;
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd
on

A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam
Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff
too,

One just of your dimensions: sat the wind there,
boy!

Soph. What lady, sir?

Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the
same.

This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,
Have been worn before; but much good may they
do you!

Strength to the gentleman's back! he toil'd hard
for them,

Before he got them.

Soph. Why, how were they gotten?

Ric. Not in the field with his sword, upon my
life,

He may thank his close stiletto.*—[*Ubaldo hems.*]
—Plague upon it!

Run the minutes so fast?—Pray you, excuse my
manners;

I left a letter in my chamber window,

* *He may thank his close stiletto.*] So the old copy. Coxeter
and Mr. M. Mason read, *his close stillet* too!

Which I would not have seen on any terms; fie
 on it,
 Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you.

[*Walks aside.*]

Soph. This is strange. His letters said these
 jewels were
 Presented him by the queen, as a reward
 For his good service, and the trunks of clothes
 That followed them this last night, with haste
 made up
 By his direction.

Ubald. [*comes forward.*] I was telling you
 Of wonders, madam.

Soph. If you are so skilful,
 Without premeditation answer me;
 Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?

Ubald. Heaven,
 How things will come out! But that I should
 offend you,
 And wrong my more than noble friend, your
 husband,

(For we are sworn brothers,) in the discovery
 Of his nearest secrets, I could——

Soph. By the hope of favour
 That you have from me, out with it.

Ubald. 'Tis a potent spell
 I cannot resist; why I will tell you, madam,
 And to how many several women you are
 Beholding for your bravery. This was
 The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,
 Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,
 And left off trading.

Soph. O my heart!

Ubald. This chain
 Of pearl was a great widow's, that invited
 Your lord to a mask, and the weather proving
 foul,

He lodged in her house all night, and merry they
were;

But how he came by it, I know not.

Soph. Perjured man!

Ubald. This ring was Julietta's, a fine piece,
But very good at the sport: this diamond
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song
Prick'd in a private arbour, as she said,
When the queen ask'd for't; and she heard him
sing too,

And danced to his hornpipe, or there are liars
abroad.

There are other toys about you the same way
purchased;

But, parallell'd with these, not worth the relation.

You are happy in a husband, never man

Made better use of his strength: would you have
him waste

His body away for nothing? if he holds out,
There's not an embroidered petticoat in the court
But shall be at your service.

Soph. I commend him,

It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myself.

Ubald. You may command
Your servant, madam.— [*Walks aside.*]—She's
stung unto the quick, lad.

Ric. I did my part; if this potion⁵ work not,
hang me!

Let her sleep as well as she can to night, to
morrow

We'll mount new batteries.

⁵ ————— [*if this potion work not,*] Both the editors omit *potion*: but, indeed, nothing can be more shamefully printed than the whole of this scene; if I said the whole of this play, I should not wrong the truth.

Ubaldo. And till then leave her.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*]

Soph. You Powers, that take into your care the
guard

Of innocence, aid me ! for I am a creature
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy
A ransome to redeem me. I begin
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,
Whether the saints, that were canonized for
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret ;
Since my Mathias is fallen from his virtue
In such an open fashion. Could it be, else,
That such a husband, so devoted to me,
So vow'd to temperance, for lascivious hire
Should prostitute himself to common harlots !
Old and deform'd too ! Was't for this he left me,
And on a feign'd pretence for want of means
To give me ornament?—or to bring home
Diseases to me ? Suppose these are false
And lustful goats, if he were true and right,
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,
And that the only reason why he left me ?
No, he is lost ; and shall I wear the spoils
And salaries of lust ! they cleave unto me
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt : no, in my rage
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,
Nor anger of a woman ? shall he build
Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,
Deplore his falsehood ? no ; with the same trash
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase
A just revenge : I am not yet so much
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all
Should fly from my embraces : Chastity,
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee !
I am now a servant to voluptuousness.
Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome !

You shall be entertain'd ; and, if I stray,
 Let him condemn himself, that led the way.
[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Hungary. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a desperate trait ; there's no
 evasion,
 Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding
 To the necessity ; you must feign a grant
 To her violent passion, or——

Math. What, my Baptista ?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the sword now heaved up,
 And my neck upon the block, I would not buy
 An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and
 virtue,

To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,
 Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear
 To die, which is inevitable ! You may urge
 The many years that, by the course of nature,
 We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,
 And hold it as a blessing ; as it is,
 When innocence is our guide : yet know, Bap-
 tista,

Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,
 By the great Judge : to die untainted in
 Our fame and reputation is the greatest ;

And to lose that, can we desire to live?⁶
 Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure,
 Which soon comes to a period, to all times
 Have breach of faith and perjury remembered
 In a still-living epitaph? no, Baptista,
 Since my Sophia will go to her grave
 Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her
 With equal loyalty:—But look on this,
 Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,
 She being still the same, teach me to alter!—
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,
 This is a terrible vision! I will clear
 My eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me
 See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,
 That does assure she's tempted, there are lines
 Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves
 O'er every miniature of her face, and those
 Confirm——

Math. She is turn'd whore!

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me
 Interpret it, in her consent and wishes
 She's false, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact, Baptista!

Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,
 In labouring to palliate what a visor
 Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman
 In her will decline from chastity, but found means
 To give her hot lust fuel?⁷ It is more
 Impossible in nature for gross bodies,

⁶ *And to lose that, can we desire to live?*] This is from Juvenal:
Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas. Sat. VIII.

⁷ *To give her hot lust fuel?*] This has been wantonly corrupted
 by the modern editors into—*give her hot lust full scope?* Metre
 and sense destroyed at a stroke!

Descending of themselves, to hang in the air;
 Or with my single arm to underprop
 A falling tower; nay, in its violent course
 To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman
 Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,
 In her full career to wickedness!

Bapt. Pray you, temper
 The violence of your passion.

Math. In extremes
 Of this condition, can it be in man
 To use a moderation? I am thrown
 From a steep rock headlong into a gulph
 Of misery, and find myself past hope,
 In the same moment that I apprehend
 That I am falling: and this, the figure of
 My idol, few hours since, while she continued
 In her perfection, that was late a mirror,
 In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,
 Staid manners, with all excellency a husband
 Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden
 Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present
 Nothing but horns and horreur.

Bapt. You may yet,
 And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort
 On your own goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me;
 For now I hold my temperance a sin
 Worse than excess, and what was vice, a virtue.
 Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,
 Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had
 tempted
 A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers
 To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith
 Inviolate to thee, with the hazard of
 My death with torture, since she could inflict
 No less for my contempt; and have I met
 Such a return from thee! I will not curse thee,

Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex ;
 'Tis poor, and common : I'll only, with wise men,
 Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
 Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,
 Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,
 Produce one constant woman.

Bapt. This is more
 Than the satirists wrote against them.

Math. There's no language
 That can express the poison of these aspicks,
 These weeping crocodiles, and all too little
 That hath been said against them. But I'll mould
 My thoughts into another form ; and, if
 She can outlive the report of what I have done,
 This hand, when next she comes within my reach,
 Shall be her executioner.

Enter HONORIA and ACANTHE.

Bapt. The queen, sir.

Hon. Wait our command at distance:— [*Exit*
Acanthe.—Sir, you too have
 Free liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know my manners,
 And thank you for the favour. [*Exit.*

Hon. Have you taken
 Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now
 Your resolute answer; but advise maturely,
 Before I hear it.

Math. Let my actions, madam,
 For no words can dilate my joy, in all
 You can command, with cheerfulness to serve
 you,
 Assure your highness; and, in sign of my
 Submission and contrition for my error,
 My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch
 Of yours as poison, taught humility now,

Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour
For such an undeserver, seal my duty.

A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see, then,
What now, with adoration and wonder,
With reverence I look up to: but those fogs
Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams
With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness; like a suppliant,
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
What you once pleased to tender.

Hon. This is more
Than I could hope!—What find you so attractive
Upon my face, in so short time to make
This sudden metamorphosis? pray you, rise;
I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pardon.
Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers
Coldly salute their sisters.

Math. I am turn'd
All spirit and fire.

Hon. Yet, to give some allay
To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where;
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Math. Danger! a bugbear, madam; let me
ride once

Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,
And I contemn Jove's thunder: though the king,
In our embraces stood a looker on,
His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready^s
To drag me from your arms, it should not fright
me

From the enjoying that a single life is
Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour

^s *His hangman, an' with studied cruelty, ready*] Here again these eternal enemies of the author's idiomatick style read; *His hangman too, with studied cruelty, &c.* See p. 133.

Of my youth were re-collected for an hour,
 That my desire might meet with yours, and draw
 The envy of all men, in the encounter,
 Upon my head! I should—but we lose time;
 Be gracious, mighty queen.

Hon. Pause yet a little:

The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,
 Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,
 Should not so soon be shaken.

Math. The whole fabrick,
 When I but look on you, is in a moment
 O'erturn'd and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose
 Their names when they are swallow'd by the
 ocean,

In you alone all faculties of my soul
 Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,
 At the best, as things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be?

I have gain'd my end now.

[*Aside.*]

Math. Wherefore stay you, madam?

Hon. In my consideration what a nothing
 Man's constancy is.

Math. Your beauties make it so
 In me, sweet lady.

Hon. And it is my glory:

I could be coy now, as you were, but I
 Am of a gentler temper; howsoever,
 And in a just return of what I have suffer'd
 In your disdain, with the same measure grant me
 Equal deliberation: I ere long
 Will visit you again; and when I next
 Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait
 On my triumphant beauty.

[*Exit.*]

Math. What a change
 Is here beyond my fear! but by thy falsehood,
 Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me
 To sin but in my wishes? what a frown,

In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me !
I am both ways lost; storms of contempt and
scorn

Are ready to break on me, and all hope
Of shelter doubtful: I can neither be
Disloyal, nor yet honest; I stand guilty
On either part; at the worst, Death will end all;
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,
Since I have loved too much, and lived too long.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

Bohemia. *A Room in Mathias' House.*

Enter SOPHIA, with a book and a paper.

Soph. Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort which
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: every one
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
It being unrefutable in reason,
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walk in his forbidden paths:
What penance then can expiate my guilt,
For my consent (transported then with passion)
To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame
Cannot recover his; and, though I have fed
These courtiers with promises and hopes,
I am yet in fact untainted, and I trust
My sorrow for it, with my purity,
And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,

Though all they have alleged prove true or false,
 Will be such exorcisms as shall command
 This Fury, jealousy, from me. What I have
 Determined touching them, I am resolved
 To put in execution. Within, there !

Enter HILARIO, CORISCA, *with other* Servants.

Where are my noble guests ?

Hil. The elder, madam,
 Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health,
 In muskadine and eggs; and, for a rasher
 To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pie
 Of marrowbones, potatoes, and eringos,
 With many such ingredients; and 'tis said
 He hath sent his man in post to the next town,
 For a pound of ambergris, and half a peck
 Of fishes call'd cantharides.

Coris. The younger
 Prunes up himself, as if this night he were
 To act a bridegroom's part; but to what purpose,
 I am ignorance itself.

Soph. Continue so. [*Gives the paper.*
 Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you.
 And fail not in a circumstance, as you
 Respect my favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter UBALDO.

Hil. Here comes, madam,
 The lord Ubaldo.

Ubaldo. Pretty one, there's gold
 To buy thee a new gown, and there's for thee:
 Grow fat, and fit for service. I am now,

As I should be, at the height, and able to
 Beget a giant. O my better angel!
 In this you shew your wisdom, when you pay
 The lecher in his own coin; shall you sit puling,
 Like a Patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? no:
 This is a fair revenge. Shall we to't?

Soph. To what, sir?

Ubold. The sport you promised.

Soph. Could it be done with safety?

Ubold. I warrant you; I am sound as a bell, a
 tough

Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find
 me

In the trial on your anvil.

Soph. So; but how, sir,
 Shall I satisfy your friend, to whom, by promise,
 I am equally engaged?

Ubold. I must confess,
 The more the merrier; but, of all men living,
 Take heed of him; you may safer run upon
 The mouth of a cannon when it is unlading,
 And come off colder.

Soph. How! is he not wholesome?

Ubold. Wholesome! I'll tell you, for your good:
 he is

A spittle of diseases,⁹ and, indeed,
 More loathsome and infectious; the tub is
 His weekly bath: he hath not drank this seven
 years,

Before he came to your house, but compositions
 Of sassafras and guaicum; and dry mutton
 His daily portion; name what scratch soever

9

————— he is

A spittle of diseases,] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr.
 M. Mason read, *A spital of diseases*, which is scarcely sense.
 See *the City Madam*.

Can be got by women, and the surgeons will
resolve you,

At this time or at that Ricardo had it.

Soph. Bless me from him!

Ubaldo. 'Tis a good prayer, lady.

It being a degree unto the pox

Only to mention him; if my tongue burn not,
hang me,

When I but name Ricardo.

Soph. Sir, this caution

Must be rewarded.

Ubaldo. I hope I have marr'd his market.—

But when?

Soph. Why, presently; follow my woman,

She knows where to conduct you, and will serve
To night for a page. Let the waistcoat I ap-
pointed,

With the cambrick shirt perfumed, and the rich
cap,

Be brought into his chamber.

Ubaldo. Excellent lady!

And a caudle too in the morning.

Coris. I will fit you. [*Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.*]

Enter RICARDO.

Soph. So hot on the scent! Here comes the
other beagle.

Ric. Take purse and all.

Hil. If this company would come often,
I should make a pretty term on't.

Soph. For your sake
I have put him off; he only begg'd a kiss,
I gave it, and so parted.

Ric. I hope better;
He did not touch your lips?

Soph. Yes, I assure you;
There was no danger in it?

Ric. No! eat presently
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,
Or you are undone.

Soph. What is the virtue of them?

Ric. They are preservatives against stinking
breath,
Rising from rotten lungs.

Soph. If so, your carriage
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,
May render yours suspected.

Ric. Fie! no; I use them
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.
But I'll be free with you: he was once a creature,
It may be, of God's making, but long since
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and fall
Hold all the year with him; that he lives, he owes
To art, not nature; she has given him o'er.
He moves like the fairy king, on screws and wheels
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.
He has a regiment of whores he keeps
At his own charge in a lazar-house, but the
best is,
There's not a nose among them. He's acquainted
With the green water, and the spitting pill's
Familiar to him: in a frosty morning
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot; his bones
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him
From the chine-evil.¹ In a word, he is
Not one disease, but all; yet, being my friend,
I will forbear his character, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.

¹ *From the chine-evil.*] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *from the chin-evil.* Whether they understood

Soph. The best is,
The virtues you bestow on him, to me
Are mysteries I know not; but, however,
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care
To unclothe the gentleman, and with speed; delay
Takes from delight.

Ric. Good! there's my hat, sword, cloak:
A vengeance on these buttons! off with my
doublet,
I dare shew my skin; in the touch you will like
it better.
Prithee cut my codpiece-points, and, for this
service,

When I leave them off they are thine.

Hil. I'll take your word, sir.

Ric. Dear lady, stay not long.

Soph. I may come too soon, sir.

Ric. No, no, I am ready now.

Hil. This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*]

Soph. I was much to blame to credit their
reports

Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,
And with such virulent malice, though I presume
They are bad enough: but I have studied for
them

A way for their recovery.

[*A noise of clapping a door; Ubaldo appears
above, in his shirt.*]

it or not, I cannot say, nor is it indeed of much consequence.
It would not be a matter of regret if every reader of this strong
but indelicate humour could say with Sophia,

“The best is,

“The virtues you bestow on him, to me

“Are mysteries I know not;”

The reciprocal criminations of the two courtiers is imitated with
some humour by Cartwright in *Love's Convert*, Act IV. sc. i.
and by Cowley, but less successfully, in *the Guardian*.

Ubold. What dost thou mean, wench?
 Why dost thou shut the door upon me? Ha!
 My clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?
 Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talk'd of
 A rich cap, a perfum'd shirt, and a waistcoat;
 But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,
 A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,
 And an old woman's biggin for a nightcap.

Re-enter CORISCA below.

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha!
 The windows grated with iron! I cannot force
 them,
 And if I leap down here, I break my neck:
 I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out;
 I am a lord, and that's no common title,
 And shall I be used thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's fast;
 I'll parley with him at leisure.

*RICARDO entering with a great noise above, as fallen.*²

Ric. Zounds! have you trapdoors?

Soph. The other bird's i' the cage too, let him
 flutter.

Ric. Whither am I fallen? into hell!

Ubold. Who makes that noise, there?
 Help me, if thou art a friend.

Ric. A friend! I am where
 I cannot help myself; let me see thy face.

Ubold. How, Ricardo! Prithee, throw me

² *Ricardo entering with a great noise above, as fallen.*] So the old copy. The modern editors read, *with a great noise below.* It is evident, however, that the prisoners were near each other, and so they are represented in the old story, which places them in two contiguous chambers of the tower or keep of the castle.

Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me; I am almost
Frozen to death.

Ric. My cloak! I have no breeches;
I am in my shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myself but a clown's cast³ suit.

Ubald. We are both undone.
Prithee, roar a little—Madam!

Re-enter HILARIO below, in RICARDO's clothes.

Ric. Lady of the house!

Ubald. Grooms of the chamber!

Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

Ubald. Shall we be murder'd?

Soph. No, but soundly punish'd,
To your deserts.

Ric. You are not in earnest, madam?

Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now
hear

What I irrevocably purpose to you.
Being received as guests into my house,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hospitable duties;
And, with the defamation of my lord,
Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge
Of his injuries, as you fashion'd them to me,
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.

Hil. Mark that, poor fellows.

Soph. And so far you have
Transgress'd against the dignity of men,
Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend
Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade

3

————— and here's nothing

For myself, but a clown's cast suit.] The caution of the modern
editors is admirable: lest *cast suit* should not be intelligible,
they alter it into *cast off suit*, at little more than the expense of
the metre!

To make them infamous : but you are caught
 In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and therefore
 Hope not to find the usage of men from me :
 Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
 Like the most slavish women.

Ubold. How will you use us ?

Soph. Ease, and excess in feeding, made you
 wanton.

A pluriſy of ill blood you muſt let out,
 By labour, and ſpare diet that way got too,
 Or periſh for hunger. Reach him up that diſtaff
 With the flax upon it ; though no Omphale,
 Nor you a ſecond Hercules, as I take it,
 As you ſpin well at my command, and pleaſe me,
 Your wages, in the coarſeſt bread and water,
 Shall be proportionable.

Ubold. I will ſtarve firſt.

Soph. That's as you pleaſe.

Ric. What will become of me now ?

Soph. You ſhall have gentler work ; I have oft
 obſerved

You were proud to ſhew the fineneſs of your
 hands,

And ſoftneſs of your fingers ; you ſhould reel
 well

What he ſpins, if you give your mind to it, as
 I'll force you.

Deliver him his materials. Now you know
 Your penance, fall to work ; hunger will teach
 you :

And ſo, as ſlaves to your luſt, not me, I leave you.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Coriſca.*]

Ubold. I ſhall ſpin a fine thread out now.

Ric. I cannot look

On theſe devices, but they put me in mind
 Of rope-makers.

Hil. Fellow, think of thy taſk.

Forget such vanities, my livery there
Will serve thee to work in.

Ric. Let me have my clothes yet;
I was bountiful to thee.

Hil. They are past your wearing,
And mine by promise, as all these can witness.
You have no holidays coming, nor will I work
While these and this lasts; and so when you please
You may shut up your shop windows. [*Exit.*]

Ubald. I am faint,
And must lie down.

Ric. I am hungry too, and cold.
O cursed women!

Ubald. This comes of our whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to night,
But not o'ersleep ourselves, lest we fast to
morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Hungary. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LADISLAUS, HONORIA, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, and *Attendants.*

Hon. Now you know all, sir, with the motives
why
I forced him to my lodging.

Ladis. I desire
No more such trials, lady.

Hon. I presume, sir,
You do not doubt my chastity.

Ladis. I would not;
But these are strange inducements.

Eubu. By no means, sir.
Why, though he were with violence seized upon,

And still detain'd; the man, sir, being no soldier,
Nor used to charge his pike when the breach is
open,

There was no danger in't! You must conceive, sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain,
To read old homilies to her in the dark;
She's bound to it by her canons.

Ladis. Still tormented
With thy impertinence!

Hon. By yourself, dear sir,
I was ambitious only to o'erthrow
His boasted constancy in his consent;
But for fact, I contemn him: I was never
Unchaste in thought, I laboured to give proof
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so;
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd
him,

And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladis. I will look on
This pageant, but——

Hon. When you have seen and heard, sir,
The passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant
basely,

Judge as you please.

Ladis. Well, I'll observe the issue.

Eubu. How had you ta'en this, general, in your
wife?

Ferd. As a strange curiosity; but queens
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, sir, since the last night,
When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,
Your dulness quite blown over.

Math. I have seen a vision
This morning makes it good,⁴ and never was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall: and when the queen appears,
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,
Observe the encounter.

Enter HONORIA. LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, and ACANTHE, with others, appear above.

Bapt. She already is
Enter'd the lists.

Math. And I prepared to meet her.

Bapt. I know my duty.

Hon. Not so, you may stay now,
As a witness of our contract.

Bapt. I obey
In all things, madam.

Hon. Where's that reverence,
Or rather superstitious adoration,
Which, captive-like, to my triumphant beauty

⁴ *Math.* I have seen a vision

This morning makes it good,] Meaning that the picture had recovered its natural colour. This short scene is inimitably beautiful.

You paid last night? No humble knee, nor sign
Of vassal duty! Sure this is the foot
To whose proud cover, and then happy in it,
Your lips were glued; and that the neck then
offer'd,

To witness your subjection, to be trod on:
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour;
And that false glow-worm fire of constancy
To your wife, extinguish'd by a greater light
Shot from our eyes;—and that, it may be, (being
Too glorious to be look'd on,) hath deprived you
Of speech and motion: but I will take off
A little from the splendour, and descend
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you
Plead as a suppliant.

Math. I do remember
I once saw such a woman.

Hon. How!

Math. And then
She did appear a most magnificent queen,
And, what's more, virtuous, though somewhat
darken'd
With pride, and self-opinion.

Eubu. Call you this courtship?

Math. And she was happy in a royal husband,
Whom envy could not tax, unless it were
For his too much indulgence to her humours.

Eubu. Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis
to the purpose;
I like the play the better for't.

Math. And she lived
Worthy her birth and fortune: you retain yet
Some part of her angelical form; but when
Envy to the beauty of another woman,
Inferiour to hers, one that she never
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed

Infection through her veins, and loyalty,
Which a great queen, as she was, should have
nourish'd,
Grew odious to her——

Hon. I am thunderstruck.

Math. And lust, in all the bravery it could
borrow

From majesty, howe'er disguised, had ta'en
Sure footing in the kingdom of her heart,
The throne of chastity once, how, in a moment,
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!

Hon. How his reasons
Work on my soul!

Math. Retire into yourself;
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd
with virtue,

And be but as you were, and there's no office
So base, beneath the slavery that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the
beauties

Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted⁵
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me, perhaps, but not regarded.

Eubu. If this take not, I am cheated.

Math. To slip once,
Is incident, and excused by human frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both

⁵ *Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted*] The modern editors, trembling for the daring flights of Massinger, have kindly brought him down to the ordinary level: they read,

Of all that are by poets' raptures painted!

The change is the more to be admired, as the old copy, to shew the expression was a strong one, gave it with a capital letter.

Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection ;
 But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
 When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is
 Like to this - - - - picture.⁶ While we run
 A constant race in goodness, it retains
 The just proportion ; but the journey being
 Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,
 That may in some degree divert us from
 The road that we put forth in, ere we end
 Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,
 Or be with blackness clouded : but when we
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to
 Return unto our never-failing guide,
 Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,
 The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore
 it

To the first pureness.

Hon. I am disenchanted :
 Mercy, O mercy, heavens ! [*Kneels.*

Ladis. I am ravish'd
 With what I have seen and heard.

Ferd. Let us descend,
 And hear the rest below.

Euba. This hath fallen out
 Beyond my expectation. [*They retire.*

Hon. How have I wander'd
 Out of the track of piety ! and misled
 By overweening pride, and flattery
 Of fawning sycophants, (the bane of greatness,)
 Could never meet till now a passenger,
 That in his charity would set me right,
 Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.
 How ill have I return'd your goodness to me !

6

————— our life is

Like to this - - - - picture.] A word has dropt out at the press, or been omitted by the transcriber. I could wish to insert *magick*, but leave it to the reader's consideration.

The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:
But if it may be yet prevented——

Re-enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND,
ACANTHE, *and others, below.*

O sir,

What can I do to shew my sorrow, or
With what brow ask your pardon?

Ladis. Pray you, rise.

Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your love and favour a changed woman:
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.

Ladis. And that will prove
A second and a better marriage to me.
All is forgotten.

Hon. Sir, I must not rise yet,
Till, with a free confession of a crime
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.

Ladis. I melt with you:
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [*Raises her.*]

Hon. Know then, sir,
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practis'd
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.

Bapt. Thence grew the change of the picture.

Hon. And how far
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant: now, if you,
sir,

For the honour of this good man, may be entreated
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,
To fetch them off——

Ladis. We will put on to night.

Bapt. I, if you please, your harbinger.

Ladis. I thank you.

Let me embrace you in my arms; your service
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs
nothing.

Math. I am still your humble creature.

Ladis. My true friend.

Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him.

Eubu. Such a plant
Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds
That suck up your rain of favour.

Ladis. In my will
I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.
In act be my Honoria now, not name,
And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Hall in Mathias' House.*

Enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO.

Soph. Are they then so humble?

Hil. Hunger and hard labour
Have tamed them, madam; at the' first they
bellow'd
Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work
For sullenness; but when they found, without it
There was no eating, and that to starve to death
Was much against their stomachs; by degrees,
Against their wills, they fell to it.

7 ————— at the first they bellow'd] I have restored
the article, which completes the verse, from the old copy.

Coris. And now feed on
The little pittance you allow, with gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stopp'd their
noses
At the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding
For their fine palates; but now, their work being
ended,
They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-
parings,
With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their
water,
For festival-exceedings.⁸

Coris. When I examine
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults
And botches in his labour, as a favour
From a curst mistress.

Hil. The other, too, reels well
For his time; and if your ladyship would please
To see them for your sport, since they want
airing,
It would do well, in my judgment; you shall hear
Such a hungry dialogue from them!

Soph. But suppose,
When they are out of prison, they should grow
Rebellious?

Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake
To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel
after,

⁸ For festival-exceedings.] "At the Middle Temple an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called "exceedings;" to which appellation Massinger alludes in *the Picture*, by the expression of *festival-exceedings*: but his editor, Coxeter, not knowing the origin of the phrase, thinks "exceeding festivals had been better." Hocclive's *Poems*, by Mason, 4to. 1795, p. 67. For this extract I am indebted to Mr. Waldron, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

And without grumbling; and when you are
weary of

Their company, as easily return them.

Coris. Dear madam, it will help to drive away
Your melancholy.

Soph. Well, on this assurance,
I am content; bring them hither.

Hil. I will do it
In stately equipage. [*Exit.*

Soph. They have confess'd, then,
They were set on by the queen, to taint me in
My loyalty to my lord?

Coris. 'Twas the main cause
That brought them hither.

Soph. I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside,
They come: the object's so ridiculous,
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forced smile to grace it.

*Re-enter HILARIO, with UBALDO spinning, and
RICARDO recling.*

Hil. Come away:
Work as you go, and lose no time, 'tis precious;
You'll find it in your commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it!
The word is proper; I have grazed so long
Upon your commons, I am almost starved here.

Hil. Work harder, and they shall be better'd,
Ubald. Better'd!

Worser they cannot be: would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a foot-
stool,

So I might have my belly full of that
Her Iceland cur refuses!

Hil. How do you like
Your airing? is it not a favour?

Ric. Yes;
Just such a one as you use to a brace of gray-
hounds,
When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be
An honest yeoman-fewterer,⁹ feed us first,
And walk us after.

Hil. Yeoman-fewterer!
Such another word to your governor, and you go
Supperless to bed for't.

U bald. Nay, even as you please;
The comfortable names of breakfasts, dinners,
Collations, supper, beverage, are words
Worn out of our remembrance.

Ric. O for the steam
Of meat in a cook's shop!

U bald. I am so dry,
I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers
When I draw my flax from my distaff.

Ric. Nor I strength
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh!
I have the cramp all over me.

Hil. What do you think
Were best to apply to it? A cramp-stone, as I
take it,
Were very useful.

⁹ *An honest yeoman-fewterer,*] In this and the preceding speech the terms are borrowed from the kennel; *fewterer*, a name which frequently occurs in our old treatises on hunting, was the person who took charge of the dogs, immediately under the huntsman. We now call him, I believe, the whipper-in.

Blount derives this word from the French *vaultre*, which, as Cotgrave says, means a mongrel hound; whence *vetturius*, and *vaultarius*, a huntsman.

Ric. Oh! no more of stones,¹
We have been used too long like hawks already.

Uald. We are not so high in our flesh now to
need casting,

We will come to an empty fist.

Hil. Nay, that you shall not.

So ho, birds!²—[*Holds up a piece of bread.*]—How
the cyasses scratch and scramble!

Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your gorges;
This is more than I have commission for; be
thankful.

Soph. Were all that study the abuse of women
Used thus, the city would not swarm with
cuckolds,

Nor so many tradesmen break.

Coris. Pray you, appear now,
And mark the alteration.

¹ *Ric.* Oh! no more of stones,

We have been used too long like hawks already.

Uald. *We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting,
We will come to an empty fist.*] To understand this, it will be
necessary to have recourse to the treatises on the “noble science
of hawking.”—“When the hawk will come to the lure, then
give her every night *stones*, till you find her stomach good: after
that, profer her *casting*, to make her cleanse and purge her
gorge.” *The Gentleman’s Recreation*, p. 135.

Humanity has seldom obtained a greater triumph than in the
abolition of this most execrable pursuit, compared to which,
cockfighting and bull-baiting are innocent amusements: and
this not so much on account of the game killed in the open
field, as of the immense number of domestick animals sacrificed
to the instruction of the hawk. The blood runs cold while we
peruse the calm directions of the brutal falconer, to impale, tie
down, fasten by the beak, break the legs and wings of living
pigeons, hens, and sometimes herons, for the hourly exercise of
the hawk, who was thus enabled to pull them to pieces without
resistance.

² So ho, birds! *How the cyasses scratch and scramble!*] *So ho,
birds!* was the falconer’s call to feed. An *cyass*, as I learn from
the respectable authority quoted above, is a young hawk newly
taken out of the nest, and not able to prey for himself.

Hil. To your work,
My lady is in presence ; shew your duties :
Exceeding well.

Soph. How do your scholars profit ?

Hil. Hold up your heads demurely. Prettily,
For young beginners.

Coris. And will do well in time,
If they be kept in awe.

Ric. In awe ! I am sure
I quake like an aspen leaf.

Ubal. No mercy, lady ?

Ric. Nor intermission ?

Soph. Let me see your work :
Fie upon't, what a thread's here ! a poor cobbler's
wife

Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent startup ;
And here you reel as you were drunk.

Ric. I am sure
It is not with wine.

Soph. O, take heed of wine ;
Cold water is far better for your healths,
Of which I am very tender : you had foul bodies,
And must continue in this physical diet,
Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,
For fear of a relapse ; and that is dangerous :
Yet I hope already that you are in some
Degree recovered, and that way to resolve me,
Answer me truly ; nay, what I propound
Concerns both ; nearer : what would you now give,

³ ————— a clown's rent startup ;] A startup, Mr. M. Mason says, is part of a man's dress—so, indeed, is a bag-wig and sword. It appears, from many passages in our old writers, that a startup was a coarse kind of half-boot with thick soles ; the *perone* of the ancients : its use is now superseded by that of the modern spatterdash :

“ Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,

“ Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,

“ Soke through your startups.” *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

If your means were in your hands, to lie all night
With a fresh and handsome lady ?

Ubald. How ! a lady ?

O, I am past it ; hunger with her razor
Hath made me an eunuch.

Ric. For a mess of porridge,
Well sopp'd with a bunch of radish and a carrot,
I would sell my barony ; but for women, oh !
No more of women : not a doit for a doxy,
After this hungry voyage.

Soph. These are truly
Good symptoms ; let them not venture too much
in the air,

Till they are weaker.*

Ric. This is tyranny.

Ubald. Scorn upon scorn.

Soph. You were so
In your malicious intents to me,

Enter a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but justice—What's the
business ?

Serv. My lord's great friend, signior Baptista,
madam,
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain
Assurance of my lord's arrival.

Soph. How !
And stand I trifling here ? Hence with the mon-
grels
To their several kennels ; there let them howl in
private ;
I'll be no further troubled.

[*Exit Sophia and Servant.*

* *Till they are weaker.*] Sophia still affects to consider them
as too strong to be trusted abroad, consistently with her safety :
there is much good humour and pleasantry in this scene.

Ubold. O that ever
I saw this fury!

Ric. Or look'd on a woman
But as a prodigy in nature.

Hil. Silence;
No more of this.

Coris. Methinks you have no cause
To repent your being here.

Hil. Have you not learnt,
When your states are spent, your several trades
to live by,
And never charge the hospital?

Coris. Work but tightly,
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house,
But of your spinning.

Ubold. O, I would this hemp
Were turn'd to a halter!

Hil. Will you march?

Ric. A soft one,
Good general, I beseech you.

Ubold. I can hardly
Draw my legs after me.

Hil. For a crutch you may use
Your distaff; a good wit makes use of all things.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SOPHIA and BAPTISTA.

Soph. Was he jealous of me?

Bapt. There's no perfect love
Without some touch of't, madam.

Soph. And my picture,

Made by your devilish art, a spy upon
My actions? I ne'er sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.

Bapt. Excuse me;

At his earnest suit I did it.

Soph. Very good:—

Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?

Bapt. The prosperous events that crown his
fortunes

May qualify the offence.

Soph. Good, the events!—

The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,
When their rash and desperate undertakings
thrive well:

But good and wise men are directed by
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing
To do with them: howsoe'er, take the pains, sir,
To meet the honour (in the king and queen's
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me;
I will expect them with my best of care.

Bapt. To entertain such royal guests—

Soph. I know it;

Leave that to me, sir. [*Exit Baptista.*] What
should move the queen,

So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks her,
To such a journey! or work on my lord
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,
For the resolution of his fears, a course
That is by holy writ denied a Christian?

'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome
He hopes in my embraces, may deceive

[*Trumpets sounded.*]

His expectation. The trumpets speak
The king's arrival: help, a woman's wit now,
To make him know his fault, and my just anger!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Same

A Flourish. Enter LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, HONORIA, and ACANTHE, *with Attendants.*

Eubu. Your majesty must be weary.

Hon. No, my lord;

A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.

Math. Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was more welcome to the cottage of Philemon And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self, Your matchless queen, and all your royal train, Are to your servant and his wife.

Ladis. Where is she?

Hon. I long to see her as my now-loved rival.

Eubu. And I to have a smack at her; 'tis a cordial

To an old man, better than sack and a toast Before he goes to supper.

Math. Ha! is my house turn'd To a wilderness? nor wife nor servants ready, With all rites due to majesty, to receive Such unexpected blessings! You assured me Of better preparation; hath not The excess of joy transported her beyond Her understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her, And gave her your directions.

Math. How shall I beg Your majesties' patience? sure my family's drunk, Or by some witch, in envy of my glory, A dead sleep thrown upon them.

Enter HILARIO and Servants.

Serv. Sir.

Math. But that

The sacred presence of the king forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.
Where is your mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, sir:
Then know, she says she's sick, sir.—There's no
notice

Taken of my bravery!

Math. Sick at such a time!

It cannot be: though she were on her deathbed,
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this honour
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This mortgage of her manners.

[*Exeunt Mathias, Hilario, and Servants.*

Eubu. There's no climate

On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or
other

Reigns not in women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Against the sex.

Ladis. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean women

Have their faults, as well as queens.

Ladis. O, she appears now.

*Re-entier MATHIAS with SOPHIA; HILARIO
following.*

Math. The injury that you conceive I have
done you
Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness
Wrong not yourself and me.

Soph. I am past my childhood,⁵
And need no tutor.

Math. This is the great king,
To whom I am engaged till death for all
I stand possess'd of.

Soph. My humble roof is proud, sir,
To be the canopy of so much greatness
Set off with goodness.

Ladis. My own praises flying
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the queen of queens,
In her magnificence to me.

Soph. In my duty
I kiss her highness' robe.

Hon. You stoop too low
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

[Kisses her.]

Soph. Howe'er
It may appear preposterous in women
So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir?
Without a magical picture, in the touch
I find your print of close and wanton kisses
On the queen's lips.

Math. Upon your life be silent:
And now salute these lords.

Soph. Since you will have me,
You shall see I am experienced at the game,
And can play it tightly. You are a brave man,
sir, [To Ferdinand.]
And do deserve a free and hearty welcome:
Be this the prologue to it. [Kisses him.]

⁵ *Soph.* *I am past my childhood,*
And need no tutor.] The pretty perverseness of Sophia is excellently managed in this short conference, and her breaking out at length, highly natural and amusing.

Eub. An old man's turn
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,
However cold ones, madam.

Soph. I will warm them
With the fire of mine. [*Kisses him.*]

Eubu. And so she has! I thank you,
I shall sleep the better all night for't.

Math. You express
The boldness of a wanton courtezan,
And not a matron's modesty; take up,⁶
Or you are disgraced for ever.

Soph. How? with kissing
Feelingly, as you taught me? would you have
me

Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use
To their inferiours, as if they intended
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,
And not a salutation? what I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the humour,
I'll fly at all: are there any more?

Math. Forbear,
Or you will raise my anger to a height
That will descend in fury.

Soph. Why? you know
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,
By the help of Mephostophilus,⁷ and your picture:
Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank
The queen's great care of me while you were
absent.

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,

⁶ ————— *take up,*] i. e. check yourself. See Vol. II. p. 411.

⁷ *By the help of Mephostophilus,*] i. e. Baptista. *Mephostophilus* is the name of a fiend or familiar spirit in the *History of Dr. Faustus*, as well as in the play of that name by Christopher Marlow. He is also mentioned by Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, by most of our old dramatists.

And being for that time a kind of widow,
 To pass away her melancholy hours
 Without good company, and in charity, there-
 fore,

Provided for me: Out of her own store
 She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,
 Two principal courtiers for ladies' service,
 To do me all good offices; and as such
 Employ'd by her, I hope I have received
 And entertain'd them; nor shall they depart
 Without the effect arising from the cause
 That brought them hither.

Math. Thou dost belie thyself:

I know that in my absence thou wert honest,
 However now turn'd monster.

Soph. The truth is,

We did not deal, like you, in speculations
 On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were
 No substances, and actual performance
 The best assurance. I will bring them hither,
 To make good in this presence so much for me.
 Some minutes space I beg your majesties' par-
 don.—

You are moved now:—champ upon this bit a
 little,

Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Hilario.*]

Ladis. How now? turn'd statue, sir!

Math. Fly, and fly quickly,

From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon
 Will make you all as I am. In her tongue
 Millions of adders hiss, and every hair
 Upon her wicked head a snake more dreadful
 Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,
 Which in his madness forced him to dismember
 His proper issue. O that ever I
 Reposed my trust in magick, or believed

Impossibilities ! or that charms had power
To sink and search into the bottomless hell
Of a false woman's heart !

Eubu. These are the fruits
Of marriage ! an old bachelor as I am,
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled
With these fine vagaries.

Ferd. Till you are resolved, sir,
Forsake not hope.*

Bap. Upon my life, this is
Dissimulation.

Ladis. And it suits not with
Your fortitude and wisdom to be thus
Transported with your passion.

Hon. You were once
Deceived in me, sir, as I was in you ;
Yet the deceit pleased both.

Math. She hath confess'd all ;
What further proof should I ask ?

Hon. Yet remember
The distance that is interposed between
A woman's tongue and her heart ; and you must
grant
You build upon no certainties.

*Re-enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO, with
UBALDO and RICARDO spinning and reeling, as
before.*

Eubu. What have we here ?

Soph. You must come on, and shew yourselves.

Ubal. The king !

* *Till you are resolved, sir,*

Forsake not hope.] Resolved is convinced. Thus Shakspeare :

“ By heavens ! I am resolved

“ That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.”

See Vol. I. p. 275.

Ric. And queen too! would I were as far under
the earth

As I am above it!

Ubal. Some poet will!⁹

From this relation, or in verse or prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all ages.

Ladis. I remember
This face, when it was in a better plight:
Are not you Ricardo?

Hon. And this thing, I take it,
Was once Ubaldo.

Ubald. I am now I know not what.

Ric. We thank your majesty for employing us
To this subtile Circe.

Eubu. How, my lord! turn'd spinster!
Do you work by the day, or by the great?

Ferd. Is your theorbo
Turn'd to a distaff, signior, and your voice,
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gullant!*
Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ*?¹

Eubu. Prithee tell me,
For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to the
purpose,
You've been merry with this lady.

⁹ *Some poet will, &c.*] There is something delightful in these anticipations of future fame by great minds. They are the flowery spots in the poet's thorny way, which beguile the wearisomeness of his pilgrimage, and in despite of coldness and neglect, reconcile him to his fate.

¹ *Tuned to the note of Lachrymæ?*] *Lachrymæ* (as Sir John Hawkins informs us, in his *History of Musick*) was the title of a musical work composed by John Douland, a celebrated lutanist in the time of king James I. "The title of it at length is: *Lachrymæ, or seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almans, set forth to the Lute, Viol, or Violin, in five Parts.*" To this performance, which was once exceedingly popular, allusions are found in most of our old dramatists. I do not know what the "seven passionate" (i. e. affecting) compositions were, which made up the bulk of

Ric. Never, never.

Ladis. Howsoever, you should say so for your credit,
Being the only court bull.

Ubold. O that ever
I saw this kicking heifer!

Soph. You see, madam,
How I have cured your servants, and what favours
They with their rampant valour have won from me.

You may, as they are physick'd, I presume,
Trust a fair virgin with them; they have learn'd
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing
But cold and hunger for them; and may now
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.
And now to you, sir; why do you not again
Peruse your picture, and take the advice
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or
none,

That made you, as the Italian says,² a *becco*.

Math. I know not which way to entreat your pardon,

this collection, but it seems, from the following extract, that one of them was the beautiful and pathetick *Lamentation of Lady Ann Bothwell*:

“ Balow, my babe, lie still and sleepe,

“ It grieves me sair to see thee weepe;” &c.

“ *Cit.* You musicians, play Baloo.

“ *Wife.* No, good George; let's have *Lacrymæ*.

“ *Cit.* Why this is it.” *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

² *That made you, as the Italian says, a becco.*] So the old copy, which is far more humourous than the sophistication of Mr. M. Mason—as the *Italians say*, &c.

Becco is rendered, by the commentators on our old plays, a cuckold; the Italians, however, give it a more defamatory sense: with them it generally means what we call a wittol, i. e. one accessory to his own disgrace. This too is the meaning it bears in Massinger and his contemporaries, who were, generally speaking, no indilherent Italian scholars.

Nor am I worthy of it. My Sophia,
 My best Sophia, here before the king,
 The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,
 I do renounce my error, and embrace you,
 As the great example to all aftertimes,
 For such as would die chaste and noble wives,
 With reverence to imitate.

Soph. Not so, sir;

I yet hold off. However I have purged
 My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,
 In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,
 Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

Eubu. Shall we have
 More jiggobobs yet!

Soph. When you went to the wars,
 I set no spy upon you, to observe
 Which way you wander'd, though our sex by
 nature
 Is subject to suspicions and fears;
 My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.
 But, to deal as you did, against your religion,
 With this enchanter, to survey my actions,
 Was more than woman's weakness; therefore
 know,

And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do
 Desire a separation from your bed;
 For I will spend the remnant of my life
 In prayer and meditation.

Math. O take pity
 Upon my weak condition, or I am
 More wretched in your innocence, than if
 I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a jewel
 Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,
 To lock it up again?—She turns away.
 Will none speak for me? shame and sin have
 robb'd me

Of the use of my tongue.

Ladis. Since you have conquer'd, madam,
You wrong the glory of your victory
If you use it not with mercy.

Ferd. Any penance
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.

Eubu. Have I lived to see
But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle
Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the
cloister.

To the old sport again, with a good luck to you!
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must have some of the breed of you: will
you destroy

The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,
And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion
Against the sex; and shew me but two such
more,

I'll marry yet, and love them.

Hon. She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,
Thus begs remission for him.

Soph. O, dear madam,
Wrong not your greatness so.

Omnes. We all are suitors.

Ubold. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

Ric. And we have suffer'd for it.

Soph. I perceive
There's no resistance: but suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From jealousy hereafter?

Math. I will be
My own security: go, ride, where you please;
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,
I'll set no watch upon you; and, for proof of it,
This cursed picture I surrender up
To a consuming fire.

Bapt. As I abjure
The practice of my art.

Soph. Upon these terms
I am reconciled; and, for these that have paid
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Ladis. At your request they have it.

Ubold. Hang all trades now.

Ric. I will find a new one, and that is, to live
honest.

Hil. These are my fees.³

Ubold. Pray you, take them, with a mischief!

Ladis. So, all ends in peace now.

And, to all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt.*⁴

SONG, by PALLAS, in praise of the victorious
Soldier. See p. 152.

*Though we contemplate to express
The glory of our happiness,
That, by your powerful arm, have been
So true a victor, that no sin
Could ever taint you with a blame
To lessen your deserved fame.*

*Or, though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Celestial singers crown'd with bays,
With flourishes to dress your praise:
You know your conquest; but your story
Lives in your triumphant glory.*

³ *Hil.* *These are my fees.*] Meaning the clothes of the two courtiers: they, it should be recollected, are at this time dressed in the cast rags of Hilario.

⁴ The fondness which Massinger seems to have felt for this Play was not misplaced. The circumstance on which it is

founded is, indeed, sufficiently fantastical, and was disallowed by the philosophy of his own age: but this is no serious hinderance to the effect of the piece. It is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender: it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour, more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events.

The comick part is too attractive in itself to need any recommendation, and its effect is too powerful to be missed by any reader. But it may not be useless to point out the substantial, though less obtrusive, merit of the serious scenes.

If it is more than usually difficult to ascertain the influence of sudden passions in bosoms generally virtuous and well regulated, to balance the struggle between habitual principle and accidental temptation, to measure their impression and resistance, and to determine the side to which the victory is due; it is the praise of Massinger to have surmounted this difficulty, in the characters of Mathias and Sophia; in the exquisite description of their tender attachment, the casual interruption of their peace, its happy restoration, and the proper triumph of virtue. His address is further displayed in the difference of the causes which bring them back to their duty and to each other. The fortitude, contentedness, and simplicity of Sophia are the surer guardians of her conduct; while the ardent spirit of Mathias, bold in seeking advantages abroad, but impatient concerning his happiness at home, exposes him more to the influence of dangerous impressions. Accordingly, after a temporary illusion, she rescues herself from mischief by the force of her own mind. He is preserved by other causes, the unexpected refusal of Honoria, and the renewed certainty of the constancy of his wife.

As to the queen herself, the cause of their unhappiness, she is described with much novelty, and truth of nature. Mr. Colman* has talked of her *passion*; if this is the proper term, it is a passion, not for a person, but a *principle*. She offers herself to Mathias from no genuine attachment: it is mere envy of the constancy between him and Sophia, and a malicious determination to shew her own superiority, at whatever risk. Her constitutional vanity, dangerously nursed by the doting admiration of her husband, impels her to seduce a virtuous man whom she does not love. Her wantonness is whim; and she prepares to be faithless herself, because she cannot bear a rival in fidelity.

It is here to be remarked, that Massinger seems to have prepared this Play with all the resources which he could command.

* See his *Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatick Writers*.

In the Observations on *the Duke of Milan*, the reader has been already taught to expect a similarity between the conjugal dotage of Sforza and Ladislaus, &c. &c. Several other plays have been made to contribute sentiments and incidents to *the Picture*. It is impossible to read Honoria's temptation of Mathias, Act III. sc. v. and not to remember the progress of Donusa's solicitations, and the amazement of Vitelli—*Renegado*, Act II. sc. iv.—*The Roman Actor* furnishes other circumstances of the same kind, from the conversation of Paris both with Domitia and the emperor, Act IV. sc. ii: and it is remarkable, that he pleads with the latter, not only in the thought, but in the very manner of Honoria: their argument appears to contradict their own wishes, and this is equally noticed by Domitian and Mathias. The whimsical weakness to which Ubaldo and Riccardo are reduced, and the jokes to which it exposes them, have already amused us in the characteristic punishment of Perigot—*Parliament of Love*. And, to quote only one more instance, though several might be added, the noble freedom with which Mathias corrects the levity of the queen, Act IV. sc. iv, though greatly superiour to it, is certainly suggested by Gonzaga's austere but spirited rebuke of Aurelia—*Maid of Honour*. Act IV. sc. iv.

In short, Massinger has not scrupled to adorn this Play with whatever was afforded by the story itself, or could be added from his own writings; and, like the artist of old, he has composed an exquisite Picture from a collection of many scattered beauties

There are two morals combined in this play; one arising from the doting love of Ladislaus; the other, from the suspicions of Mathias. Vanity is always unfeeling: and, through indiscreet admiration, may be carried far beyond the supposed frivolousness of its nature, and become a raging passion, destructive of our own virtue and of the happiness of others. Again, unreasonable doubt destroys the very happiness which it labours to secure. Irritation is the natural consequence of unjust suspicion; and the desire of revenge hurries us into actions from which our better principles would otherwise have preserved us. What is worse, we excuse ourselves in mischief on account of the very motive on which we act; and are content to be outrageous on the flattering principle of justice itself.

DR. IRELAND.

THE
EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.] This Tragi-comedy was licensed for the stage March 11th, 1631, and printed in the following year. The plot is taken from the history of Theodosius the younger, as delivered by the Byzantine writers. See the concluding Observations by Dr. Ireland.

Massinger has followed his various authorities somewhat more closely than usual; indeed, he disclaims, in the Prologue, all merit on the score of invention, the work being, as he says, "a story of reverend antiquity."

Notwithstanding the excellence of this Play, it met with some opposition at its first appearance: its distinguished merits, however, procured it a representation at court, and it finally seems to have grown into very general favour. It is preceded, in the old edition, by several commendatory poems, one of which, by W. Singleton, is not undeserving of praise.

It was frequently acted, as the title-page tells us, "at the Blackfriars and Globe Play-houses, by the King's Majesty's servants."

TO

The Right Honourable, and my especial good Lord.

JOHN LORD MOHUN,

BARON OF OKEHAMPTON, &c.

MY GOOD LORD,

LET my presumption in styling 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 further 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 Cockayne, your nephew, to my extraordinary content, delivered to me that your lord-*

* MY GOOD LORD,

Let my presumption in styling you so, &c.] To understand this sentence, (it will be necessary to recollect that "my good lord," meant, in the language of Massinger and his contemporaries, my patron. Of this mode of expression many instances are to be found in these volumes. It occurs also in the Spanish Tragedy, which I mention for the sake of correcting a slight mistake:

"Lor. What would he with us? he writes us here, To stand good Lorenzo, and help him in his distress." Act III.

In the late editions, there is a comma after *stand*, which perverts the sense.

ship, 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 Cockayne's letters to his lordship, in verse. See Cockayne's *Poems*, p. 80. COMETER.

P R O L O G U E*

AT THE BLACKFRIARS.

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 shall write.
 'Tis his hard fate. And though he will not sue,
 Or basely beg such suffrages, yet, to you,
 Free and ingenious spirits, he doth now,
 In me, present his service, with his vow
 He hath done his best; and, though 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 censures. 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.

* This prologue hath been hitherto very incorrectly given.
 It is here reformed from the old copies.

P R O L O G U E

AT COURT.

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 conceived, 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 raised above the reach of calumny.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Theodosius *the younger, the emperor.*

Paulinus, *a kinsman to the emperor.*

Philanax, *captain of the guard,*

Timantus,

Chrysapius, } *eunuchs of the emperor's chamber.*

Gratianus,

Cleon, *a traveller, friend to Paulinus.*

Patriarch.

Informers.

Projector.

Master of the Habits and Manners.

Minion of the Suburbs.

Countryman.

Surgeon.

Empirick.

Pulcheria, *the protectress, sister to the emperor.*

Athenais, *a strange virgin, afterwards empress, and
named Eudocia.*

Arcadia,

Flaccilla, } *the younger sisters of the emperor.*

*Officers, Suitors, Attendants, Guards, Huntsman,
Executioners, Servants, &c.*

SCENE, Constantinople.

THE
EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter PAULINUS and CLEON.

Paul. In your six years travel, friend, no doubt,
you have met with
Many and rare adventures, and observed
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.

Cle. 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 though 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,
In all the states and kingdoms that I pass'd through,
Worthy to be her second.

Paul. She, indeed, is
A perfect phœnix, and disdains a rival.

Her infant years, as you know, promised 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 born herself,
 And with all possible brevity; though the subject
 Is such a spacious field, as would require
 An abstract of the purest eloquence
 (Derived 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.

Cle. 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 disposeure
 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 Graechi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts
 of,

The wise Pulcheria but named, 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.

Cle. You amaze me.

Paul. I shall, ere I conclud; 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.

Cle. 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 quench'd : and, to crown all,
 She's so impartial when she sits upon
 The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity,
 Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale,
 That 'tis not superstition to believe
 Astrea once more lives upon the earth,
 Pulcheria's breast her temple.

Cle. 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.

[*Loud musick.*

Cle. What means this solemn musick ?

Paul. Sir,¹ it ushers
 The emperor's morning meditation,
 In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.
 'Tis worth your observation, and you may
 Collect from her expense of time this day,
 How her hours, for many years, have been
 disposed of.

Cle. I am all eyes and ears.

Enter, after a strain of solemn musick, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, Patriarch, THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, and ARCADIA; followed by CHRYSAPIUS and GRATIANUS; Servants, and Officers.

Pul. 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 them 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 all but Paulinus and Cleon.*]

Paul. Did you note
 The majesty she appears in?

Cle. Yes, my good lord;
 I was ravish'd with it.

¹ *Paul* Sir, *it ushers* &c.] A monosyllable has dropt out here. I have inserted *Sir*, the most innocent one that occurred to me.

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 pleased to impose² upon him.

Cle. Yet there were some,
 That, in their sullen looks, rather confess'd
 A forced 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 sceptre should give place
 Unto the distaff, for as such they whisper
 A woman's government, but dare not yet
 Express themselves.

Cle. From whence are the ambassadors
 To whom she promised 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.

Cle. I'll wait on you. [Exeunt.]

² *She pleased to impose*] *Is*, which the modern editors insert before *pleased*, was admitted without authority, and indeed without necessity.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter the Informer, with Officers bringing in the Projector, the Minion of the Suburbs, and the Master of the Habit and Manners.

Infor. Why should you droop, or hang your working heads?

No danger is meant to you; pray bear up:
For aught I know, you are cited to receive
Preferment due to your merits.

Proj. Very likely:
In all the projects I have read and practised,
I never found one man compell'd to come
Before the seat of justice under guard,
To receive honour.

Infor. No! it may be, you are
The first example. Men of qualities,
As I have deliver'd you to the protectress,
Who knows how to advance them, cannot con-
ceive
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 them
In a private corner? No; you know not yet
How you may be exalted.

Min. To the gallows.

Infor. 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 Pro-
jectors!

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!³ Minion of the Suburbs,
 And now and then admitted to the court,
 And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames!⁴
 What hurt is in it? One thing I must tell you,
 As I am the state-scout, you may think me an
 informer.

Mast. They are synonyma.⁵

³ ————— *The Master of the Habit!*

How proud would some one country be that I know,

To be your first pupil!] “Still harping upon England,” which, at the time these scenes are supposed to have taken place, was struggling with a few “naked Picts” for wolves’ skins!

⁴ *And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames!*] This seems to have been a cant term, with our old dramatists, for a pander, in allusion probably to his designation. The *Squire o’ Dames* is a personage of great respectability in *the Faerie Queene*, from whence, as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me, Massinger derived the appellation. In Book III. Canto vii. stanza 53, “he is dispatched by his mistress, to relieve distressed damsels during the space of a twelvemonth. This injunction he happily performs, and returns with three hundred proofs of his prowess and success; his capricious fair one then forbids him her presence until he can find as many other ladies,

“The which, for all the suit he could propound,

“Would him refuse their pledges to afford,

“But did abide for ever *chaste and sound*.”

“After straying three years, and endeavouring with all his might to effect the purpose of his mission, he acknowledges to Satyrane, (*miserabile dictu!*) that he had found but three!” The story, as Warton has observed, is copied from Ariosto’s *Host’s Tale*, c. 28.

⁵ *Mast.* *They are synonyma.*] The modern editors have ignorantly corrupted this into *synonymous*; but *synonyma* was the word in use in Massinger’s time.

Thus Jonson :

“Where lately harbour’d many a famous whore,

“A purging bill, now fix’d upon the door,

“Tells you it is a hot-house : so it may,

“And still be a whore-house ;—they’re *synonyma*.”

Epig. vii.

Infor. Conceal nothing from her
 Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you ;
 Or if you should, it matters not ; she can conjure,
 And I am her ubiquitary 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,
 Brothers of one womb, by one sire begotten,
 Trample on my afflictions ?

Paul. Forget them,
 Remembering 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 unsavory, oft refused ;
 Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.
 A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams
 Of cholerick authority are dried up
 Before they fall, or, if seen, never pitied.
 What will become of a forsaken maid !
 My flattering hopes are too weak to encounter
 With my strong enemy, despair, and 'tis
 In vain to oppose her.

Cle. Cheer her up ; she faints, sir.

Paul. This argues weakness ; though your bro-
 thers were
 Cruel beyond expression, and the judges
 That sentenced 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 confined.

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 the trouble.

Paul. She is bound to it
By the surest chain, her natural inclination
To help the afflicted; nor shall long delays,
More terrible to miserable suitors
Than quick denials, grieve you. Dry your fair eyes;
This room will instantly be sanctified
With her bless'd presence; to her ready hand
Present your grievances, and rest assured
You shall depart contented.

Athen. You breathe in me
A second life.

Infor. Will your lordship please to hear
Your servant a few words?

Paul. Away, you rascal!
Did I ever keep such servants?

Infor. 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?

Infor. In the first tender
Of a fresh suit never begg'd yet.

Paul. What's your suit, sir?

Infor. 'Tis feasible:—here are three arrant
knaves
Discovered by my art.

Paul. And thou the archknave:
The great devour the less.

Infor. 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?

Infor. In the begging
Of their estates.

Paul. Before they are condemn'd?

Infor. Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may
speak too late else.⁶

They are your own, and I will be content
With the fifth part of a share.

Paul. Hence, rogue!

Infor. Such rogues

In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too.

Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain

To a spiced-conscience chapman!—but I care not;
What he disdains to taste, others will swallow.

Loud Musick. Enter THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA,
ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, Patriarch, PHILANAX,
TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS, and
Attendants.

Cle. 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.

⁶ *Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may speak too late else.*] This is a severe sarcasm on the avidity of the courtiers in Massinger's time; unfortunately too, it is just. The estates of many condemned persons were *begged* with scandalous precipitation by the favourites of the day, and, what is worse, were justly suspected, in more than one instance, to have constituted the principal part of the crime for which the possessors suffered:

“ Sir, you are rich; besides, you know what you

“ Have got by your ward's death: I fear you will

“ Be *begg'd at court.*”

The Wits.

Pul. 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.

Chry. Will you ever
 Be awed thus like a boy?

Grat. And kiss the rod
 Of a proud mistress?

Tim. Be what you were born, sir.

Phil. Obedience and majesty never lodged
 In the same inn.

Theod. No more; he never learn'd
 The right way to command, that stopp'd his ears
 To wise directions.

Pul. 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 masking-
 lady's woman,
 Only to see strange sights, rather than live thus!

Flac. We are gone, forsooth; there is no re-
 medy, sister. [*Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.*]

Grat. What hath his eye found out?

Tim. 'Tis fix'd upon
 That stranger lady.

Chry. I am glad yet, that
 He dares look on a woman.

[*All this time the Informer is kneeling to Pul-
 cheria, and delivering papers.*]

Theo. Philanax,
 What is that comely stranger?

Phil. A petitioner.

Chry. Will you hear her case, and dispatch her
in your chamber?
I'll undertake to bring her.

Theo. Bring me to
Some place where I may look on her demeanour:
'Tis a lovely creature!

Chry. There's some hope in this yet.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarch,
Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, and
Gratianus.*]

Pul. No: 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-falling trophies⁷
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,
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.

Pul. If you were
A subject of the empire, which your habit
In every part denies——

⁷ *Great minds erect their never-falling trophies*] *Never-falling* is the reading of the old copies, and should not be changed. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason exhibit *never-failing*

Athen. O, fly not to
Such an evasion! whate'er I am,
Being a woman, in humanity
You are bound to right me. Though the difference
Of my religion may seem to exclude me
From your defence, which you would have confined;

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 them, I conjure
you
With pity to look on me!

Pul. 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 dispatch'd,
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.
[Walks aside.]

Pul. Are these the men?

Proj. We were, an't like your highness,
The men, the men of eminence and mark,
And may continue so, if it please your grace.

Mast. This speech was well projected.

Pul. Does your conscience,
I will begin with you, whisper unto you
What here you stand accused of? Are you named
The President of Projectors?

Infor. Justify it, man,
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

Proj. That is 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.

Pul. I do conceive the rest. What is the second ?

Infor. The Minion of the Suburbs.

Pul. 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.

Pul. Spare your character,
 You are 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.

Mast. In my actions
 I make both good ; for by my theorems,
 Which your polite and terser gallants practise,
 I re-refine the court,³ and civilize
 Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,
 With curious punctuality, set down,

³ *I re-refine the court,*] So the old copy: the modern editors read, *I refine the court*, which destroys at once the humour and the metre.

To a hair's breath, how low a new-stamp'd courtier

May vail⁹ to a country gentleman, and by Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper, His linen-man, and tailor.

Pul. Pray you, discover This hidden mystery.

Mast. If the foresaid courtier (As it may chance sometimes) find not his name Writ in the citizens books, with a state hum He may salute them 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 them at the gate, and usher them Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd with wine,

Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then

He be under his barber's hands, as soon as seen, He must start up to embrace them, vail thus low;

Nay, though he call them cousins, 'tis the better, His dignity no way wrong'd in't.

Paul. Here's a fine knave!

Pul. Does this rule hold without exception, sirrah,

For courtiers in general?

Mast. No, dear madam, For one of the last edition; and for him I have composed a dictionary, in which

⁹ ————— *how low a new-stamp'd courtier*

May vail to a country gentleman,] i. e. bow; the word occurs again, in the same sense, a few lines below.

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.

Pul. Shew us your method;
I am strangely taken with it.

Must. '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 boisterous for my young courtier; let the
old ones

I think not of use it: next, his meditation
How to court his mistress, and that he may seem
witty,

Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests
Between him and his friend, that, on occasion,
They may vent them 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 audiron;
So, the sooner broke the better.

Pul. 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: whispering in his ear,
If he would have their fear, no man should dare
To bring a salad from his country garden,

Without the paying gabel;¹ 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 them 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
 thresholds
 Be wash'd with widows and wrong'd orphans'
 tears,

Or his power grow contemptible?

Proj. I begin

To feel myself a rogue again.

Pul. 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, disguised
 Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey
 A letter in a pantofle or glove,
 Without suspicion, nay, at his table,
 In a case of picktooths; you instruct them how
 To parley with their eyes, and make the temple

¹ ————— no man should dare

To bring a salad from his country garden,

Without the paying gabel; &c.] This spirit of imposition is well touched on by Donne:

“ ————— shortly, boys shall not play

“ At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

“ Toll to some courtier.”

Sat. iv.

A mart of looseness :—to discover all
Your subtile brokages, were to teach in publick
Those private practices which are, in justice,
Severely to be punish'd.

Min. I am cast :

A jury of my patronesses cannot quit me.

Pul. You are master of the manners and the
habit ;

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 own nakedness. Now, though the law
Call not your follies death, you are for ever
Banish'd my brother's court.—Away with them ;
I will hear no reply.

[*Exeunt Informer, and Officers with the Projector,
Minion of the Suburbs, and Master of the
Habit and Manners.*]

*Enter above, THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS,
CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.*

Paul. What think you now ?

Cle. That I am in a dream ; or that I see
A second Pallas.

Pul. These removed, to you
I clear my brow. Speak without fear, sweet maid,
Since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear,
I sit prepared to hear you.

Athen. Know, great princess,

My father, though a pagan, was admired
 For his deep search into those hidden studies,
 Whose knowledge is denied to common men:
 The motion, with the divers operations
 Of the superiour 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, though 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.

Chry. Mark his attention.

Phil. 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, though I
 Repeat his words,) if my prophetick soul,
 Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at
 Thy future fate, I leave the² 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.

Theo. Umph!

² ————— *I leave the strange assurance*] So the
 old copy. The modern editors read—*I leave thee strange as-
 surance*: but the whole of this beautiful scene is vilely disgraced
 by numerous errors and omissions in both the last editions.

Athen. Yet, to prepare thee for that certain fortune,
 And that I may from present wants defend thee,
 I leave ten thousand crowns:—which said, being
 call'd

To the fellowship of our deities, he expired,
 And with him all remembrance of the charge
 Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.

Pul. 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.

Pul. 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.

Pul. Thou art welcome.

What is thy name?

Athen. The forlorn Athenais.

Pul. 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 couldst be won
 To be of our belief——

Paul. May it please your excellence,
 That is an easy task; I, though no scholar,
 Dare undertake it; clear truth cannot want
 Rhetorical persuasions.

Pul. '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.*

Phil. What does your majesty think of?—
the maid's gone.

Theo. She's wondrous fair, and in her speech
appear'd
Pieces of scholarship.

Chry. Make use of her learning
And beauty together ; on my life she will be
proud

To be so converted.

Theo. From foul lust heaven guard me !
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, and
GRATIANUS.*

Phil. We only talk, when we should do.

Tim. I'll second you ;
Begin, and when you please.

Grat. Be constant in it.

Chry. 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.

Chry. We, that, by
The nearness of our service to his person,
Should raise this man, or pull down that, without
Her license hardly dare prefer a suit,
Or if we do, 'tis cross'd.

Phil. 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.

Tim. I will not come behind,
Fall what can fall.

Chry. Let us put on sad aspects,
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

Enter THEODOSIUS.

Theo. How's this? clouds in the chamber,
And the air clear abroad!

Phil. When you, our sun,
Obscure your glorious beams, poor we, that borrow
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer
A general eclipse.

Tim. 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.

Chry. The pale-faced 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.

Theo. Speak you in riddles?

I am no Œdipus, but your emperor,
 And as such would be instructed.

Phil. 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.

Tim. 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.

Chry. Her proud feet even wearied
 With the kisses of petitioners.

Grat. While you,
 To whom alone such reverence is proper,
 Pass unregarded by her.

Tim. You have not yet
 Been master of one hour of your whole life.

Chry. Your will and faculties kept in more awe
 Than she can do her own.

Phil. 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 chase, or a fair man of arms,
 Or to be able to pierce to the depth,
 Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,
 I grant are ornaments; but your main scope
 Should be to govern men, to guard your own,
 If not enlarge your empire.

Chry. You are built up
 By the curious hand of nature, to revive
 The memory of Alexander, or by
 A prosperous success in your brave actions,
 To rival Caesar.

Tim. Rouse yourself, and let not
 Your pleasures be a copy of her will.

Phil. Your pupilage is past, and manly actions
 Are now expected from you.

Grat. Do not lose
 Your subjects' hearts.

Tim. 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.

Tim. No pomp
 Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it
 Both loved and terrible.

Grat. 'Slight! you live, as it
 Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not,
 The abilities of a man.

Chry. 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.

Theo. 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 license
 Of the loose and saucy language you now prac-
 tised

Hath forfeited your heads.

Grat. How's this!

Phil. I know not
 What the play may prove, but I assure you that
 I do not like the prologue.

Theo. O the miserable
 Condition of a prince; who, though he vary
 More shapes than Proteus, in his mind and
 manners,

He cannot win an universal suffrage
 From the many-headed monster, multitude!
 Like Æsop'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 will 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 direc-
 tions

Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts

Of our world, that are made happy in the
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 further than your sensual appetites,
Or wanton lusts, have taught you, undertake
To give your sovereign laws to follow that
Your ignorance marks out to him! [*Walks by.*

Grat. How were we
Abused in our opinion of his temper!

Phil. We had forgot 'tis found in holy writ,
That kings' hearts are inscrutable.

Tim. I ne'er read it;
My study lies not that way.

Phil. By his looks,
The tempest still increases.

Theo. 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, though he shew not
His rending paws, or fill the affrighted air
With the thunder of his roarings?—You bless'd
saints,

How am I trenched 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-hauded,

Because I scatter not among you that
I must not call mine own? know, you court-
leeches,

A prince is never so magnificent³
As when he's sparing to enrich a few
With the 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?

Phil. In the true mirror
Of your perfections, at length we see
Our own deformities.

Tim. And not once daring
To look upon that majesty we now slighted——

Chry. With our faces thus glued to the earth,
we beg
Your gracious pardon.

Grat. Offering our necks
To be trod on, as a punishment for our late

³ ————— know, you court-leeches,

A prince is never so magnificent

As when he's sparing to enrich &c.] There is a peculiarity in the use of this word, which cannot have escaped the reader's notice. In Massinger it constantly stands for *munificent*, of which several instances have already occurred: thus, in *the Duke of Milan*:

“ Yet, not to take
“ From others to give only to myself,
“ I will not hinder your *magnificence*
“ To my commanders.” Act III. sc. i.

Again, in *the Renegado*:

“ How, like a royal merchant, to return
“ You great *magnificence*.” Act II. sc. iv.

Again, in *the Parliament of Love*, Dinant, upon Novall's giving him his purse, exclaims,

“ You are too *magnificent*.” Act IV. sc. i.

And in several other places.

Presumption, and a willing testimony
Of our subjection.

Theo. Deserve our mercy
In your better life hereafter ; you shall find,
Though, in my father's life,⁴ 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 even this instant grasp
The sceptre, my rich stock of majesty
Entire, no scruple wasted.

Phil. If these tears
I drop proceed not from my joy to hear this,
May my eyeballs follow them !

Tim. 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.

Theo. 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.

Phil. Your gracious sister.

⁴ *Though, in my father's life, I held it madness*

To usurp his power,] We must not look for any very rigid adherence to dates in these historical dramas ; a few prominent facts were generally seized on ; and if these were distributed among the real actors, it was all the poet aimed at, and all his audience expected. At the death of Arcadius, Theodosius was a child of seven years old, and was more likely to have passed his time in youthful games with the women, than to have thought of dethroning his father. At the period of this scene, he was in his twentieth year. Pulcheria was two or three years older.

*Enter PULCHERIA, and Servant.*⁵

Pul. Has he converted her?

Serv. And, as such, will

Present her, when you please.

Pul. I am glad of it.

Command my dresser to adorn her with
The robes that I gave order for.

Serv. I shall.

Pul. 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.*

Pul. O my dear sir,
You have forgot your morning task, and there-
fore,

With a mother's love, I come to reprehend you;
But it shall be gently.

Theo. 'Twill become you, though
You said, with reverend duty. Know hereafter,
If my mother lived in you, howe'er her son,
Like you she were my subject.

Pul. How!

Theo. 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.

Tim. Beyond our hopes.

⁵ *Enter PULCHERIA, and Servant.*] To the speeches of the latter, *Mar.* is prefixed instead of *Serv.* and the going out is, *Exit Mart.* There is no name of this kind among the dramatis personæ: perhaps it was that of the performer.

Phil. She stands as if his words
Had powerful magick in them.

Theo. 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.

Pul. Heaven grant
You know it not too soon!

Theo. 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.

Pul. A strange alteration!
But I will not contend. Be as you wish, sir,
Your own disposer; uncompell'd I cancel
All bonds of my authority. [*Kneels.*]

Theo. You in this
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, I thus
Embrace you as a sister; [*Raises her.*] 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.

Pul. At both;
And not alone the present, but the future
Tranquillity of your mind; since in the choice
Of her you are to heat with holy fires,
And make the consort of your royal bed,
The certain means of glorious succession,
With the true happiness of our human being,
Are wholly comprehended.

Theo. How! a wife?
Shall I become a votary to Hymen,
Before my youth hath sacrificed 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.

Pul. '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.

Theo. I approve not
Such compositions for our moral ends,
In what is in itself divine, nay, more,
Decreed in heaven. 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 will not
Contemn their courteous offers.

Pul. Bring in the pictures.

[Two pictures brought in.]

Theo. 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 flattered, 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,

Theo. Let me see——

[Reads.]

*Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epire,
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 the 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 glistering 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:⁶ here's a sharp frost,
 In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, as-
 sures me

Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her
 The tribute she expects. I like her not:
 What is the other?

Chry. How hath he commenced
 Doctor in this so sweet and secret art,
 Without our knowledge?⁷

⁶ *Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are*

Commended to their merit:] Massinger seems pleased with this version of *βουπις*, for he has it in other places. It is however so uncouth a translation, that, to use the language of the author's time, the ladies, I suspect, "conned him little thanks for it." Homer's peace is easily made: we may venture to affirm that in applying the epithet to his goddess, he thought as little of likening her eyes to a cow's as to those of any other animal, he merely meant *large* or rather *full eyes*: *Ὅμηρος* εἰ-
δειξασθαι βουλομένης, ὡς εἶπεν ὀφθαλμοὶ τῆ Ἥρας καλοὶ τε μεγάλοι τε,
ΒΟΩΠΙΗΝ αὐτὴν ἰκαλεῖται. LIBAN. So the word should be trans-
 lated, and so, indeed, it is translated by Beaumont and Fletcher
 in the *Two noble Kinsmen*.

⁷ *Chry.* How hath he commenced

Doctor in this so sweet and secret art;

Without our knowledge?] Thus Fletcher:

"Come, doctor Andrew, without *disputation*

"Thou shalt commence in the cellar." *The Elder Brother*.

This fondness for the introduction of college language has been
 already noticed: see Vol I. p. 306.

Tim. Some of his forward pages
Have robbed us of the honour.

Phil. No such matter ;
He has the theory only, not the practick.⁸

Theo. [reads.] *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!⁹ she will have her
elenchs¹

To cut off any fallacy I can hope

⁸ *He has the theory only, not the practick.*] Mr. M. Mason reads *practice*. All the copies that I have consulted, and I have consulted several, concur in giving *practick* ; and this was the language of Massinger's age.

⁹ *Or she will cry, Absurd!*] Theodosius is here got into his logical phraseology. *Absurdè facis*, or *absurdè colligis*, is a term used in disputation, when false conclusions are drawn from the opponent's premises. The expression occurs in *the Elder Brother* : Do they (i. e. "academicks.")

"Do they know any thing but a tired hackney ?

"And then they cry *Absurd!* as the horse understood them."

This Theobald calls nonsense : it is, however, the *absurdè facis* of the schools ; and is meant to ridicule that perverse and awkward pedantry which applies the language of art to the trifling occurrences of common life.

¹ *She will have her elenchs*] So the old copy : poor Coxeter, who seems to have forgotten his logick, as well as his Greek, not knowing what to make of this word, altered it to *clenches!* the most unfortunate term that he could have chosen. Mr. M. Mason, very much to the credit of his "accuracy," continued the blunder, of course ; though how a *clench*, of which the property is to *fix* or *confirm* an argument, is to *destroy* it, he did not think proper to enquire. *Elench* (from ελεγχω) is a sophistical refutation of a *position* maintained by an opponent.

To put upon her, and expect I should
 Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones
In parte et 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 practised
 For fear of missing. Fie on't! let the race
 Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotle's:
 I'll none of her.

Pul. 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
 The rarities^a of her body and her mind,
 Detraction durst not tax her.

Theo. Let me see her,
 Though wanting those additions, which we can
 Supply from our own 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 them, to whose bounties
 Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains
 An emperor for his rival.

Pul. 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, and ATHENAIS richly
 habited.*

Theo. I confess it.

Pul. Not to hold you in suspense, behold the
 virgin,

^a *With one, that, if her birth and fortune answer*

The rarities &c.] So read the old copies, and so reads
 Coxeter; for *answer* Mr. M. Mason, to spoil a pretty passage,

Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better ;
She's worth your serious view.

Phil. I am amazed too :

I never saw her equal.

Grat. How his eye

Is fix'd upon her !

Tim. And, as she were a fort

He'd suddenly surprise, he measures her
From the bases to the battlements.

Chry. 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.

Phil. So has the emperor.

Paul. She holds out yet,
And yields not to the assault.

Cle. 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 satisfied, if my humble knees
In duty thus bow to him.

Theo. Ha! it speaks.

Pul. She is no statue, sir.

chooses to print *answer'd!* but indeed he has corrupted all this scene; in the next speech, for *our own store*, he has *our store*, which utterly subverts the metre.

Theo. Suppose her one,
 And that she had nor organs, voice, nor heat,
 Most willingly I would resign my empire,
 So it might be to aftertimes recorded
 That I was her Pygmalion; though, like him,
 I doted 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.

Pul. 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.

Chry. 'Tis the maid
 I offer'd to your highness; her changed shape
 Conceal'd her from you:

Theo. 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?—[*Kisses her.*]—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.

Pul. 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——

Theo. 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 sovereignty but here, and write down gladly
 A period to my wishes.

Pul. Yet, before
 It be too late, consider her condition;
 Her father was a pagan, she herself
 A new-converted Christian.

Theo. Let me know
 The man to whose religious means I owe
 So great a debt.

Paul. You are advanced too high, sir,
 To acknowledge a beholdingness; 'tis discharged,
 And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if
 My service please your majesty.

Theo. 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. By 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——

Pul. You must forbear, sir;
 She is not yet baptized.

Theo. 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.

Pul. 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,
Though an empress, still your servant.

[*All go off*³ but *Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus.*

Grat. Here's a marriage
Made up o' the sudden!

Phil. I repine not at
The fair maid's fortune, though I fear the princess
Had some peculiar end in't.

Tim. Who's so simple
Only to doubt it?

Grat. It is too apparent;
She hath preferr'd a creature of her own,
By whose means she may still keep to herself
The government of the empire.

Tim. Whereas, if
The emperor had espoused some neighbour queen,
Pulcheria, with all her wisdom, could not
Keep her pre-eminence.

Phil. Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd. Heaven, I say,
Turn all to the best!

Grat. Are we come to praying again?

³ *All go off but Philanax, &c.*] So the old copies. Coxeter, to let "his reading and writing appear," translates it into Latin and prints, *All exit but Philanax, &c.* and the most correct of editors follows him!

Phil. Leave thy profaneness.

Grat. Would it would leave me!⁴

I am sure I thrive not by it.

Tim. Come to the temple.

Grat. Even where you will—I know not what
to think on't. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter PAULINUS and PHILANAX.

Paul. Nor this, nor the age before us, ever
look'd on

The like solemnity.

Phil. 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.

Phil. 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,
Eudocia, as he will'd, imposed upon her;

⁴ *Would it would leave me!*] So the old copy: the modern editors, without regard to sense or metre, read, *Would it leave me.*

Pulcheria, the ever-matchless princess,
Assisted by her reverend aunt Maria,
Her godmothers.

Phil. And who the masculine witness?⁵

Paul. At the new empress's suit, I had the honour;
For which I must ever serve her.

Phil. '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 dined, and there are wagers
Laid by some merry lords, he hath already
Begot a boy upon her.

Phil. That is yet
To be determined 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 received 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.

⁵ *Phil.* And who the masculine witness?] And who the *male sponsor*? So the word is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, in ridicule, as it should seem, of the puritans. Thus Jonson:

“ And that, as puritans at baptism do,
“ Thou art the father, and the *witness* too.” *Epig.* liii.

Again:

Quar. His Christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land?

Lit. Yes, sir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Win-w. How! what a name's there!

Lat. O, they have all such names, sir; he was *witness* for Win, here,—they will not be called *godfathers*. *Bartholomew Fair.*

Phil. I am here
Enjoin'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 murder ;
Such only are excepted.

Phil. 'Tis a rare clemency !

Paul. Which we must not dispute, but put in
practice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Loud Musick ; Shouts within : Heaven preserve the
Emperor ! Heaven bless the Empress ! *Then*
enter in state, the Patriarch, CHRYSAPIUS,
PAULINUS, THEODOSIUS, EUDOCIA, PULCHE-
RIA ; ARCADIA and FLACCILLA, bearing up
EUDOCIA'S train ; followed by PHILANAX, GRA-
TIANUS, and TIMANTUS. Several Suitors pre-
sent petitions to the Emperor, which he seals.

Pul. Sir, by your own rules of philosophy,
You know things violent last not. Royal bounties
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed
With moderation ; but, when their excess
In giving giant-bulks to others, takes from
The prince's just proportion, they lose
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,
Grow the most dangerous vices.

Theo. In this, sister,
Your wisdom is not circular ;⁶ they that sow
In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason
A crop beyond their ventures : what I do

⁶ *Theo.* In this, sister,

Your wisdom is not circular ;] A pedantick expression worthy
of Jonson : Your wisdom is not full and perfect.

Disperse, I lend, and will with usury
 Return unto my heap. I only then
 Am rich and happy (though 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 the 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 license
 My privacy some few minutes?

Eud. License, sir!

I have no will but is derived 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, though she be all excellence,
 In being styled your sister.

Theo. O sweet creature!

Let me be censured fond, and too indulgent,
 Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not—
 Her love and sweet humility exact
 A tribute far above my power to pay
 Her matchless goodness. Forward.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Pulcheria, Eudocia,
 Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]

Pul. 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.

Eud. Even that binds me

To a more strict remembrance of the favour ;
 Nor shall you, from my foul ingratitude,
 In any circumstance, ever find cause
 To upbraid me with your benefit.

Pul. I believe so.

Pray you, give us leave :—[*Arcadia and Flaccilla*
walk aside.]—What now I must deliver
 Under the deepest seal of secrecy,
 Though it be for your good, will give assurance
 Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
 Hear, but obey my counsels.

Eud. They must be
 Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed
 I put them not in practice.

Pul. 'Twere impertinence
 To dwell on circumstances, since the wound
 Requires a sudden cure ; especially
 Since you, that are the happy instrument
 Elected to it, though young, in your judgment
 Write far above your years, and may instruct
 Such as are more experienced.

Eud. 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 raised
 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.

Pul. 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
 The building I have raised : go on, sweet lady,
 In this your virtuous progress : but to the point.
 You know, nor do I envy it, you have

Acquired that power which, not long since, was
mine,

In governing the emperor, and must use
The strength you hold in the heart of his affec-
tions,

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 though you' may
Urge what's done for your honour must not be
Curb'd or controll'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——

Eud. Avert it, heaven!

Pul. Heaven is most gracious to you,
In choosing you to be the instrument
Of such a pious work. You see he signs
What suit soever is preferr'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.

Eud. Do you think
Such arrogance, or usurpation rather,

7 ————— and though you may] So the old
copies, and rightly: the modern editors read—and though he
may; which absolutely destroys the author's meaning.

Of what is proper and peculiar
 To every private husband, and much more
 To him, an emperor, can rank with the 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 sordid ends? In vulgar nuptials
 Priority is exploded, though there be
 A difference in the parties; and shall I,
 His vassal, from obscurity raised 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,
 Though now my lord would rashly give away
 His sceptre 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 subtile in your arguments,
 I dare not stay to hear them. [*Offers to retire.*]

Pul. Is it even so?

I have power o'er these yet, and command their
 stay,

To hearken nearer to me.

Arcad. We are charged

By the emperor, our brother, to attend
 The empress' service.

Flac. You are too mortified, sister,
 (With reverence I speak it,) for young ladies
 To keep you company. I am so tired
 With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,
 Of your religious morality,⁸
 That, for my health's sake, I must take the freedom
 To enjoy a little of those pretty⁹ pleasures
 That I was born to.

Arcad. 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,

8 ————— *I am so tired*
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,
Of your religious morality,] These lines stand thus in Coxeter
 and M. Mason :

————— *I am so tired*
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines,
Uses of your religious morality.

To say nothing of the total disregard of metre, it is manifest that the sense was altogether overlooked. *Uses*, which they connect with the following words, is a distinct expression, adopted, by our old dramatists, from the puritans, who usually divided their discourses into *doctrines* and *uses*; by the former of which they meant the explanation of their subject, and by the latter, the practical inferences drawn from it. Thus, in *the Ordinary*, by Cartwright: Andrew says:

“ Here's no proofs,
 “ No *doctrines*, nor no *uses*; tutor, I
 “ Would fain learn some religion.”

And in *the Magnetick Lady*, by Jonson:

“ The parson has an edifying stomach,
 “ And a persuading palate, like his name;
 “ He hath begun three draughts of sack in *doctrines*,
 “ And four in *us s.*”

⁹ *To enjoy a little of those pretty pleasures]* *Pretty*, which completes the verse, is not to be found in Mr. M. Mason.

Ere long I shall have many, without practice
To write, and speak, something that's not derived
From the fathers of philosophy?

Flac. We shall shame

Our breeding, sister, if we should go on thus.

Arcad. 'Tis for your credit that we study
How to converse with men; women with women
Yields but a barren argument.

Flac. She frowns——

But you'll protect us, madam?

Eud. Yes, and love
Your sweet simplicity.

Arcad. All young girls are so,
Till they know the way of it.^a

Flac. But, when we are enter'd,
We shall on a good round pace.

Eud. I'll leave you, madam.

Arcad. And we our duties with you.

[*Exeunt Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flacilla.*]

Pul. 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:
within, there!

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Madam.

Pul. It shall be so:—nearer; your ear.
—Draw a petition to this end.

Att. Besides

^a *Arcad.* All young girls are so,

^b [Till they know the way of it.] i. e. simple. These two lines, without which the next speech cannot be understood, are wholly omitted in the "correctest of all editions," and several other passages miserably mangled and corrupted, both in the printing and pointing.

The danger to prefer it, I believe
 'Twill ne'er be granted.

Pul. How's this! are you grown,
 From a servant, my director? let me hear
 No more of this. Dispatch; [*Exit Attendant.*] I'll
 master him
 At his own weapon.

Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS,² PHILANAX,
 TIMANTUS, and GRATIANUS.

Theo. Let me understand it,
 If yet there be aught wanting that may perfect
 A general happiness.

Paul. The people's joys
 In seas of acclamations flow in,
 To wait on yours.

Phil. Their love, with bounty levied,
 Is a sure guard: obedience forced from fear,
 Paper fortification, which, in danger,
 Will yield to the impression of a reed,
 Or of itself fall off.

Theo. True, Philanax;
 And by that certain compass we resolve
 To steer our bark of government.

Re-enter Attendant with the petition.

Pul. 'Tis well.

Theo. My dearest and my all-deserving sister
 As a petitioner kneel! It must not be.

² *Enter* THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, &c.] All the copies read, *Enter* Theodosius, Favorinus, &c.: but as this Favorinus appears not in the list of dramatis personæ, nor in any other part of the play, I have little doubt but that it is a misprint for Paulinus, and have regulated the entrance accordingly.

Pray you, rise; although your suit were half my empire,

'Tis freely granted.

Pul. 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.

Theo. 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, but³ with your free consent,
It is irrevocable.

Tim. 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 ransome can redeem us.

Theo. Let those jewels
So highly rated by the Persian merchants,
Be bought, and, as a sacrifice from us,
Presented to Eudocia, she being only
Worthy to wear them. I am angry with
The irresistible necessity
Of my occasions and important cares,
That so long keep me from her.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax,
Timantus, and Gratianus.*

Pul. 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

³ ————— but with your free consent,
It is irrevocable.] i. e. except, unless with your free consent, &c.

Your humblest language—[*Exit Attendant.*] but,
 when once I have her
 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.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter THEODOSIUS, TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.

Theo. What is become of her ? Can she, that
 carries
 Such glorious excellence of light about her,
 Be any where conceal'd ?

Phil. 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 express command, denied——

Theo. Forbear
 Impertinent circumstances,—whither went she ?
 speak.

Phil. As they guess, to the laurel grove.

Theo. So slightly guarded !
 What an earthquake I feel in me ! and, but that
 Religion assures the contrary,
 The poets' dreams of lustful fauns and satyrs
 Would make me fear I know not what.

*Enter PAULINUS.**

Paul. I have found her,
 An it please your majesty.

Theo. Yes, it doth please me :
 But why return'd without her ?

* *Enter PAULINUS.*] So the old copies. The modern editors

Paul. 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 am ignorant; but hearing it, she started,
And will'd me to excuse her absence from you
The third part of an hour.

Theo. 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 good Paulinus,⁵ and entreat her
Not to exceed a minute.

Tim. Here's strange fondness! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PULCHERIA and Servants.

Pul. You are certain she will come?

1 Serv. She is already
Enter'd your outward lodgings.

Pul. No train with her?

1 Serv. Your excellence's sisters only.

Pul. 'Tis the better.

See the doors strongly guarded, and deny
Access to all, but with our special license:

(it is impossible to say why) read, enter *Favorinus*, though the
Servant, a little below, says,

“The prince *Paulinus*, madam,
“Sent from the emperor,” &c.

⁵ *Go back, my good Paulinus,*] Coxeter and M. Mason, in
consequence of their absurd departure from the old copies, and
substitution of one name for another, are obliged to omit *good*,
and read, *Go back, my Favorinus! Pudet, pudet.*

Why dost thou stay? shew your obedience,
Your wisdom now is useless. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter EUDOCIA, 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.*]
Excused, in civil manners, to her equal:
But with more difficulty to you, that are
So far above her.

Eud. Not in her opinion;
She hath been too long accusom'd to command.
To acknowledge a superiour.

Arcad. There she walks.

Flac. If she be not sick of the sullens, I see not
The least infirmity in her.

Eud. This is strange!

Arcad. Open your eyes; the empress.

Pul. 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!

Eud. You entreated
A visit from me.

Pul. True, my servant used
Such language; but now, as a mistress, I
Command your service.

Eud. Service!

Arcad. She's stark mad, sure.

Pul. You'll find I can dispose of what's mine
OWN,
Without a guardian.

Eud. Follow me.—I will see you
When your frantick fit is o'er.—I do begin
To be of your belief.

Pul. 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 !

Pul. 'Tis in vain :
She was an empress once, but, by my gift ;
Which being abused, I do recall my grant.
You are read in story ; call to your remembrance
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,
Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.

Eud. A slave.

Pul. To me thou art so.

Eud. Wonder and amazement
Quite overwhelm me : how am I transform'd ?
How have I lost my liberty ? [*Knocking within.*]

Pul. Thou shalt know
Too soon, no doubt.

Enter a Servant.

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.

Arcad. And who is your slave now ?

Flac. Sister, repent in time, and beg a pardon
For your presumption.

Pul. It is resolved :
From me return this answer to Paulinus,
She shall not come ; she's mine ; the emperor hath
No interest in her. [*Exit Servant.*]

Eud. Whatsoe'er I am,
You take not from your power o'er me, to yield
A reason for this usage.

Pul. Though 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 horreur hear it. When thou wert
Thrust, as a stranger, from thy father's house,
Exposed 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 shape⁶ as would have forced
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.

Eud. I am conscious
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.

Pul. Pride and forgetfulness would not let
thee see that,
Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes.

⁶ *I put thee in a shape &c.* | i. e. a magnificent dress, habit.
Alluding to her directions to the servant, p. 269.

What injury could be equal to thy late
Contempt of my good counsel? When I urged
The emperor's prodigal bounties, and entreated
That you would use your power to give them
limits,

Or, at the least, a due consideration
Of such as sued, and for what, ere he sign'd it;
In opposition, you brought against me
The 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, though the emperor were resolved
To give away his sceptre, hinder it,
Since 'twas done for your honour; covering, with
False colours of humility, your ambition.

Eud. And is this my offence?

Pul. 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 folly, that hath changed
you

From an empress to a bondwoman.

Theo. [*within.*] Force the doors;
Kill those that dare resist.

Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX,
CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.

Eud. Dear sir, redeem me.

Flac. O suffer not, for your own honour's sake,
The empress, you so late loved, 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 them.

Theo. What strange May-game's this?
Though done in sport, how ill this levity
Becomes your wisdom?

Pul. I am serious, sir,
And have done nothing but what you in honour,
And as you are yourself an emperor,
Stand bound to justify.

Theo. Take heed; put not these
Strange trials on my patience.

Pul. 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 license
Never to be recall'd. For some few minutes
Let reason rule your passion, and in this

[*Delivers the deed.*

Be pleased 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.

Theo. 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
 Given and consign'd into your hands, to use
 And, observe, as you please, my dear Eudocia !
 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 unbeseeing 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 fall' no further
 Or in my oath, or honour.

Pul. Royal sir,
 This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory
 At the length, you so conceive it: 'twas a weak-
 ness

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 dan-
 gers

Precipitation, in the managing
 Your great affairs, produceth.

Theo. I embrace it
 As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter
 Never to sign petitions at this rate.

Pul. For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd; on my
 knees

⁷ *I fall no further*] Here, as in several other places, Mr. M. Mason substitutes *fail* for *fall*, though the latter be manifestly the better word, and, what is of more importance, the author's.

I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.
[Tears the deed.]

She is my second gift.³

Theo. Which if I part from
 Till death divorce us—— [Kisses Eudocia.]

Eud. So, sir!

Theo. Nay, sweet, chide not,
 I am punish'd in thy looks; defer the rest,
 Till we are more private.

Pul. I ask pardon too,
 If, in my personated passion, I
 Appear'd too harsh and rough.

Eud. 'Twas gentle language,
 What I was then consider'd

Pul. O, dear madam,
 It was decorum in the scene.

Eud. This trial,
 When I was Athenais, might have pass'd.
 But as I am the empress——

Theo. Nay, no anger,
 Since all good was intended.

[Exit Theodosius, Eudocia, Arcadia, and
 Flaccilla.]

Pul. Building on
 That certain base, I fear not what can follow.
[Exit.]

Paul. These are strange devices, Philanax.

Phil. True, my lord.
 May all turn to the best!

Grat. The emperor's looks
 Promised a calm.

Chry. But the vex'd empress' frowns
 Presaged a second storm.

Paul. I am sure I feel one
 In my leg already.

³ *She is my second gift.*] i. e. (though the mode of expression is rather incorrect,) she is now given to you, by me, a second time.

Phil. Your old friend, the gout ?

Paul. My forced companion, Philanax.

Chry. To your rest.

Paul. Rest, and forbearing wine, with a temperate diet,

Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of't,
I have found my best physicians.

Phil. Ease to your lordship. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter EUDOCIA and CHRYSAPIUS.

Eud. Make me her property !

Chry. Your majesty

Hath just cause of distaste ; and your resentment
Of the affront, in the point of honour, cannot
But meet a fair construction.

Eud. 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.

Chry. Under correction,

With grief I've long observed it ; and, if you
Stand pleased 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.

Eud. Your service this way
Cannot offend me.

Chry. Be you pleased to know, then,
But still with pardon, if I am too bold.
Your too much sufferance imps the broken fea-
thers

Which carry her to this proud height, in which
She with security soars, and still towers o'er you;
But if you would employ the strengths you hold²
In the emperor's affections, and remember
The orb you move in should admit no star else,
You never would confess, the managing
Of state affairs to her alone are proper,
And you sit by, a looker on.

Eud. I would not,
If it were possible I could attempt
Her diminution, without a taint
Of foul ingratitude in myself.

Chry. 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.

Eud. It may be.

² *But if you would employ the strengths you hold &c.*] For *strengths*, Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, as I have already observed, constantly read *strength*: which bears a very different meaning. *Strengths* are strong holds, fortresses, commanding positions, &c. See Vol. II. 197.

Chry. 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 used to undermine her greatness,
To my provision.

Eud. 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, Chrysapius, rest assured
I live your thankful mistress. [Exit.

Chry. Is this all ?

Will the physick that I minister'd work no fur-
ther ?

I have 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. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Space before the Palace.

*Enter THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS,
GRATIANUS, and Huntsmen.*

Theo. Is Paulinus
So tortured with his gout?

Phil. Most miserably.
And it adds much to his affliction, that
The pain denies him power to wait upon
Your majesty.

Theo. I pity him:—he is
A wonderous honest man, and what he suffers,
I know, will grieve my empress.

Tim. He, indeed, is
Much bound to her gracious favour.

Theo. He deserves it;
She cannot find a subject upon whom
She better may confer it. Is the stag
Safe lodged?

Grat. Yes, sir, and the hounds and huntsmen
ready.

Phil. He will make you royal sport. He is a
deer
Of ten,¹ at the least.

————— *He is a deer*
Of ten,] That is, a deer that has ten branches to his horns,
which they have at three years old. M. MASON.

Enter a Countryman with an apple.

Grat. Whither will this clown ?

Tim. Stand back.

Countr. I would see the emperor; why should
you courtiers

Scorn a poor countryman? we zweet 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.

Theo. What's the matter ?

Countr. I would look on thy sweet face.

Tim. Unmannerly swain !

Countr. Zwain! though I am a zwain, I have
a heart yet,

As ready to do service for my leege,²

As any princox peacock of you all.

Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this twig
I would so veeze you.

Tim. Will your majesty
Hear his rude language ?

Theo. Yes, and hold it as
An ornament, not a blemish. O, Timantus,
Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains
not

With an open ear to hear petitions from us;

² *As ready to do service for my leege,*] This last word Coxeter blundered into *leg*; Mr. M. Mason copies him, but shrewdly observes—"liege is the word intended by the speaker, but I suppose it is *misspelt on purpose!*" I suppose, in my turn, that this gentleman is a singular instance of criticizing a writer without looking at him! of editing an author without consulting the original in a single instance! All the copies read as I have given it. In the next line, both he and Coxeter absurdly separate princox (or, as they choose to write it, princock) from peacock, to which it is the adjective.

Easy access in us, his deputies,
To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt
Which we stand bound to pay.

Countr. By my granam's ghost
'Tis a holesome zaying! our vicar could not
mend it
In the pulpit on a zunday.

Theo. What's thy suit, friend?

Countr. 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'n't you? ha!

Chry. A perilous knave.

Countr. Zee here a dainty apple,
[Presents the apple.
Of mine own grafting; zweet and zound, I assure
thee.

Theo. It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.
Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,
So strangely guarded³ by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them;
Or those with which Hippomenes deceived
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

³ *So strangely guarded &c.*] Though *strangely* be sometimes used by our old writers in the sense here required, yet I think we might venture to read, *So strongly guarded*—I have, however, made no change.

Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,
For an encouragement to his future labours,
Ten Attick talents.

Countr. I will weary heaven
With my prayers for your majesty. [Exit.

Theo. 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.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, and
FLACCILLA.

Eud. You shall know there's a difference be-
tween us.

Pul. There was, I am 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 side you, lady?

Eud. Since you respect me only as I was,
What I am shall be remember'd.

Pul. Does the means
I practised, to give good and saving counsels
To the emperor, and your new-stamp'd majesty,
Still stick in your stomach?

Eud. 'Tis not yet digested,

In troth it is not. Why, good governess,
Though 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 them:—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.

Pul. 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 least think upon't, may sink
you. [*Exit.*

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.

Phil. From the emperor,
This rare fruit to the rarest.

Eud. How, my lord!

Phil. I use his language, madam; and that
trust,
Which he imposed on me, discharged, his pleasure
Commands my present service. [*Exit.*

Eud. Have you seen
So fair an apple?

Flac. Never.

Arcad. If the taste
Answer the beauty.

Eud. 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 a Servant.

I have 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. Sprightly

In his mind; but, by the raging of his gout,
In his body much distemper'd; that you pleased
To inquire his health, took off much from his
pain,

His glad looks did confirm it.

Eud. Do his doctors

Give him no hope?

Serv. Little; they rather fear,

By his continual burning, that he stands
In danger of a fever.

Eud. 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.

Eud. He deserves more.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Paulinus' House.

PAULINUS *discovered in a Chair, attended by a Surgeon.*

Surg. I have 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.

Surg. If I could cure
The gout, my lord, without the 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.⁴ Would there were many more
such

Of your profession! Happy are poor men!
If sick with the excess of heat or cold,
Caused by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,—

⁴ ————— *Would there were many more such
Of your profession!* These two hemistichs are wholly dropt
by Mr. M. Mason, who reads,

Paul. Your plain dealing

Deserves a fee. Happy are poor men:

though the lameness of the metre might have excited a suspicion
of some defect. This is the fifth passage omitted by him in the
compass of a few pages!

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 exposed as preys
 To the rapine of physicians; and they,
 In lingering 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 forced to pay dear
 For my vexation; but I am resolved
 (I thank your honest freedom) to be made
 A property no more for knaves to work on.

Enter CLEON with a parchment roll.

What have you there?

Cle. The triumphs of an artsman
 O'er all infirmities, made authentical
 With the names of princes, kings, and emperors,
 That were his patients.

Paul. Some empirick.

Cle. It may be so; but he swears, within three
 days
 He'll grub up your' gout by the roots, and make
 you able
 To march ten leagues a day in complete armour.

Paul. Impossible.

Cle. Or, if you like not him——

Surg. Hear him, my lord, for your mirth; I
 will take order

They shall not wrong you.

Paul. Usher in your monster.

Cle. He is at hand.—March up: now speak for
 yourself.

Enter Empirick.

Emp. I come not, right honourable, to your presence, with any base and sordid end of reward; the immortality of my fame is the white I shoot at: the charge of my most curious and costly ingredients frayed, amounting to some seventeen thousand crowns—a trifle in respect of health—writing your noble name in my catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself amply satisfied.

Surg. I believe so.

Emp. For your own sake,⁵ I most heartily wish that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later and more admired Paracelsus.

Paul. For your good wish, I thank you!

Emp. Take me with you, I beseech your good lordship.—I urged it, that your joy, in being certainly and suddenly freed from them, may be the greater, and my not-to-be-parallelled skill

⁵ *Emp.* *For your own sake, &c.*] This empirick may be considered as the fruitful parent of the quack, which, for the two last centuries, has poisoned us in the closet, and entertained us on the stage: a proud distinction to which his ignorance and impudence fully entitle him!

I doubt whether Massinger ever fell into Moliere's hands; there is, however, as Mr. Gilchrist has well observed, so striking a resemblance between a passage in the *Malade Imaginaire* and this before us, that it is difficult to believe the coincidence accidental:

Toinette. *Je voudrois que vous eussiez toutes les maladies que je viens de dire; que vous fussiez abandonné de tous les médecins, désespéré, à l'agonie, pour vous montrer l'excellence de mes remèdes, et l'entée que j'aurois de vous rendre service.*

Argan. *Je vous suis obligé, monsieur, des bontés que vous avez pour moi, &c.* Acte III. sc. xiii.

the more remarkable. The cure of the gout—a toy, without boast be it said, my cradle-practice: the cancer, the fistula, 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. Ay, marry, sir, that cured, I shall be apter

To give credit to the rest.

Emp. Suppose it done, sir.

Surg. And the means you use, I beseech you?

Emp. I will do it in the plainest language, and discover my ingredients. First, my *boteni terebinthina* of Cypris,⁶ my manna, *ros cælo*, 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 guaiacum, so taken every morning and evening, in the space of three days purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward causes of the virulent tumour.

Paul. Why do you smile?

Surg. When he hath done I will resolve you.

Emp. For my exterior applications, I have these balsum-unguentulums, 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*, *parthenium*, or *commanilla Romana*, *mumia transmarina*, mixed with my *plumbum philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum*, *cum ossa paraleli*, est *universale medicamentum in podagra*.

Cle. A conjuring balsamum!

⁶ *First, my boteni terebinthina of Cypris, &c.]* As I know not what degree of learning the author meant to give this impostor, I have left his jargon as I found it, contenting myself with correcting the verbal oversights of the former editors.

Emp. 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.

Surg. An excellent receipt! but does your lordship
Know what 'tis good for?

Paul. I would be instructed.

Surg. For the gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it
In a plainer phrase, the pox.

Emp. 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,

Though falsely named 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 him off.*]

Surg. Such slaves as this
Render our art contemptible.

Enter Servant with the apple.

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 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 king-
 dom,)
 Hewed from the rock, and laid down at my feet,
 Nay, though a monarch's gift, will hold no value,
 Compared with this—and yet, ere I presume
 To taste it, though, sans 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 profaned.
 I may adore it as some holy relick
 Derived from thence, but impious to keep it
 In my possession; the emperor only
 Is worthy to enjoy it.—

Re-enter CLEON.

Go, good 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.

Cle. I am gone, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter* THEODOSIUS, CHRYSAPIUS, TIMANTUS,
and GRATIANUS.*Chry.* Are you not tired, sir?*Theo.* Tired! I must not say so,
However, though 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
Received upon his forehead, or his breast,
After a glorious victory. Lay by
These accoutrements for the chase.*Enter* PULCHERIA.*Pul.* You are well return'd, sir,
From your princely exercise.*Theo.* 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
Dispose of great designs, as if you were?
A partner, and no subject of my empire.

⁷ *Dispose of great designs, as if you were*] This line, too, which makes sense of the passage, is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason. I have no pleasure in pointing out these perpetual blunders;

Pul. My vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,
I am confident you allow of—yet it is not
Approved by all.

Theo. Who dares repine at that
Which hath our suffrage?

Pul. One that too well knows
The strength of her abilities can better
My weak endeavours.

Theo. In this you reflect
Upon my empress?

Pul. True; for, as she is
The consort of your bed, 'tis fit she share in
Your cares and absolute power.

Theo. 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,
Composed of duty, chaste desires, her beauty
(Though 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, though the tongues of saints and angels
tax'd her
Of any imperfection, I should be
Incredulous.

Pul. She is yet a woman, sir.

Theo. The abstract of what's excellent in the
sex,

but it is impossible to pass them entirely over in an editor who
lays claim to our gratitude solely on the score of superiour ac-
curacy and attention!

But to their mulets and frailties a mere stranger ;
I'll die in this belief.

Enter CLEON with the apple.

Cle. Your humblest servant,
The lord Paulinus, as a witness of
His zeal and duty to your majesty,
Presents you with this jewel.

Theo. Ha !

Cle. It is
Preferr'd by him——

Theo. Above his honour ?

Cle. No, sir ;
I would have said his patrimony.

Theo. 'Tis the same.

Cle. And he entreats, since lameness may excuse
His not presenting it himself, from me
(Though far unworthy to supply his place)
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

Theo. Further off,
You've told your tale. Stay you for a reward ?
Take that. [*Strikes him.*]

Pul. How's this ?

Chry. I never saw him moved thus.

Theo. We must not part so, sir :—a guard upon
him !

Enter Guard.

May I not vent my sorrows in the air,
Without discovery ? Forbear the room !

[*Exeunt Pul. Chry. Tim. Grat. und Guard with Cle.*]
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 through my veins,
Parting with natural redness, I discern it
Changed 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't 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?

* To account for this paroxysm of jealous fury in Theodosius, we must call to mind that the ancients attached a certain degree of mystical consequence to the presentation of an *apple*; which they universally agreed to consider as a tacit confession of passion accepted and returned. Catullus has some beautiful lines on the subject:

*Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
Procurrit casto virginis è gremio,
Quod miscræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,
Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur,
Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu:
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.* Car. lxxiii.

Upon which Vossius observes, with a reference to the immediate subject of this scene: *Mala amantiū semper fuisse munera, et obscenam continere significationem, satis vel ex primo patet Catullī epigrammate, et multa satis de his colligerunt viri docti. Nec florentibus tantum Græciæ et Romæ rebus, sed et collapsa utrorumque fortuna, eandem permanisse significationem, satis docet exemplum Paulini interempti propter pœmum missum ab Eudocia imperatrice, de quo vide Chronicon Alexandrinum, et complures historiæ scriptores.* Obser. ad C. Val. Catullum.

Massinger, therefore, had sufficient authority for this part of his story. The fact, however, is properly discredited by later and more judicious writers, who have observed that it has all the appearance of an Eastern fiction; and, indeed, an adventure, with no very distant resemblance to it, is found in *the Arabian Tales*.

Re-enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Most sacred sir——

Theo. Sacred,⁹ as 'tis accus'd,
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,
Without a word concerning this, command
Eudocia to come to me. [*Exit Tim.*] 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 intermission!
Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I read,
Writ in the table of my memory,
To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus
(Though 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 used, I know not; and, since she was mine,
In private as in publick what a mass
Of grace and favour hath she heap'd upon him!
And but to day this fatal fruit—She's come.

Re-enter TIMANTUS *with* EUDOCIA, FLACCILLA,
and ARCADIA.

Can she be guilty?

Eud. You seem troubled, sir;

⁹ *Sacratus*, in Latin, means accursed; to this Theodosius alludes, when he says that *Sacred as it is accus'd*, is proper to him. M. MASON.

I recollect no instance of this sense of *sacratus*; it was to *sacer* that Theodosius alluded; and so perhaps did Mr. M. Mason, if he had known it.

My innocence makes me bold to ask the cause,
That I may ease you of it. No salute,
After four long hours' absence !

Theo. 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. How have you spent
Your hours since I last saw you ?

Eud. In the converse
Of your sweet, sisters.

Theo. Did not Philanax,
From me deliver you an apple ?

Eud. Yes, sir ;
Heaven, how you frown ! pray you, talk of some-
thing else,
Think not of such a trifle.

Theo. 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 deserved your thanks.

Eud. And meets from you, sir,
All possible respect.

Theo. I prized it, lady,
At a higher rate than you believe ; and would
not

Have parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before myself.

Eud. It was, indeed,
The fairest that I ever saw.

Theo. It was ;
And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia,
Not visible to the eye.

Eud. It may be so, sir.

Theo. What did you with it ?—tell me punc-
tually ;
I look for a strict accompt.

Eud. What shall I answer?

Theo. Do you stagger? Ha!

Eud. No, sir; I have eaten it.

It had the pleasant'st taste!—I wonder that
You found it not in my breath.

Theo. I faith, I did not,

And it was wonderous strange.

Eud. Pray you, try again.

Theo. I find no scent of't here: you play with
me;

You have it still?

Eud. By your sacred life and fortune,

An oath I dare not break, I have eaten it.

Theo. Do you know how this oath binds?

Eud. Too well, to break it.

Theo. 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

Believe² there ever was, is, or can be

More than a seeming honesty in bad woman!

Eud. This is strange language, sir.

Theo. Who waits? Come all.

Re-enter PULCHERIA, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS,
GRATIANUS, *and Guard.*

Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex,
I fear you are infected too.

¹ *It had the pleasant'st taste!*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *It had the pleasant taste*, which, if not nonsense, is not very far removed from it.

² *Believe there ever was,*] So the old copy: the modern editors, to the destruction both of sense and metre, read, *Believing there ever was*, &c.

Pul. What mean you?

Theo. To shew you a miracle, a prodigy
Which Africk never equall'd :—Can you think
This masterpiece of heaven,³ this precious vellum,
Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,
In capital letters, writ upon't?

Pul. Dear sir.

Theo. 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.

Eud. Would long since
The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd me marble!
Or, if I have offended—

Theo. If!—good angels!
But I am tame; look on this dumb accuser.

[*Shewing the apple.*]

Eud. Oh, I am lost!

Theo. 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 entire unto Paulinus' hands,

³ ————— *Can you think*

This masterpiece of heaven, &c.]

“ Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

“ Made to write whore upon?” *Othello.*

There are several other short passages in this scene copied or imitated from the same play; which, as sufficiently obvious, I have forbore to notice.

And I from him received 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 fee 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 have lived 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.

Eud. I never did, sir.

Theo. Be dumb; I will not waste my breath
 in taxing

Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised thee
 Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke often:
 But for that ribald, 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 troubled with the gout, let him be cured
 With a violent death, and in the other world
 Thank his physician.

Phil. His cause unheard, sir?

Pul. Take heed of rashness.

Theo. Is what I command
 To be disputed?

Phil. Your will shall be done, sir:
 But that I am the instrument——

Theo. Do you murmur? [*Exit Phil. with Guard.*]

4 ————— but to her,

I have lived as I was born, &c.] i. e. *except.* See p. 289; the word occurs again, in this sense, in p. 335, and in many other places.

What couldst thou say, if that my license should
 Give liberty to thy tongue? [*Eudocia kneeling,*
points to Theodosius' sword.] thou wouldst
 die? I am not

So to be reconciled. See me no more :

The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee,
 A long life be thy punishment ! [*Exit.*

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.

Pul. Though I should, sad lady,
 In policy rejoice, you, as a rival
 Of my greatness, are removed, 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,
 Upon 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.*

Chry. Hope, dear madam,
 And yield not to despair ; I am still your servant,
 And never will forsake you, though awhile
 You leave the court and city, and give way
 To the 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.

Eud. Oh !

[*Wringing her hands.*

Chry. Forbear, for heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in Paulinus' House.**Enter PHILANAX, PAULINUS, Guard, and Executioners.*

Paul. This is most barbarous ! how have you lost
 All feeling of humanity, as honour,
 In your consent alone to have me used 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,

Phil. 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 you pass^s to your own heart thorough mine ;
 The murder, as it will come out, discover'd.

^s *If you pass to your own heart thorough mine ;*] Mr. M. Mason inserts *so* before you ; which injures both the sense and the metre. Was he not aware that *thorough*, or *thorow* as the quarto has it, is a dissyllable ?

Phil. I murder you, my lord! heaven 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 incensed 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. Though beloved,
(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, fortress or castle,
In my command, that can give sanctuary
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.
I have built no palaces to face the court,
Nor do my followers' braveries shame his train;
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,
My competent means of life deserve no envy;
In what, then, am I dangerous?

Phil. His displeasure

Reflects on none of those particulars
Which you have mention'd, though some jealous
princes

In a subject cannot brook them.

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.

Phil. There is no remedy.

Paul. No!—I have a friend yet,
 To whom the state I stand in now deliver'd,
 (Could the strictness of your warrant give way
 to it,)

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.

Phil. These false hopes,
 My lord, abuse you. What man, when con-
 demn'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.

Phil. There's your error.
 Her many favours, which you hoped 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!

Phil. 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 numerous 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 profane
 To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,
 I now should tax it. Had the stars that reign'd
 At my nativity such cursed 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 inferiour
 To theirs when they shine brightest! to die for
 her,

Compared 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 them, since a retribution
 In lawful courtesies is now styled lust;
 And to be thankful to a servant's merits
 Is grown a vice, no virtue,

Phil. These complaints
 Are to no purpose: think on the long flight
 Your better part must make.

Paul. She is prepared:
 Nor can the freeing of an innocent
 From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder her.
 —It shall out, 'tis resolved; but to be whisper'd
 To you alone. What a solemn preparation
 Is made here to put forth an inch of taper⁶
 In itself almost extinguish'd! mortal poison!
 The hangman's sword! the halter!

Phil. 'Tis left to you
 To make choice of which you please.

Paul. Any will serve
 To take away my gout and life together.

⁶ ——— to put forth an inch of taper] i. e. to put
 out. Forth, for out, occurs continually in our old writers.

I would not have the emperor imitate
 Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy
 He shew'd to Seneca. When you have discharged
 What you are trusted with, and I have given you
 Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation,
 Of the empress' 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, Eudocia.
 And if perchance he shed a tear for what
 In his rashness he imposed on his true servant,
 So it cure him of future jealousy,
 'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find me
 When I am in my grave.—Now, when you please,
 For I am ready.

Phil. His words work strangely on me,
 And I would do—but I know not what to think
 on't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, ARCADIA, TIMANTUS, GRATIANUS, *and* CHRYSAPIUS.

Pul. Still in his sullen mood? no intermission
 Of his melancholy fit?

Tim. It rather, madam,
 Increases, than grows less.

Grat. In the next room
 To his bedchamber we watch'd; for he by signs

Gave us to understand he would admit
Nor company nor conference.

Pul. Did he take
No rest, as you could guess?

Chry. Not any, madam.
Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil,
And forced 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 issued 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.

Pul. His better angel,
I hope, will stay him from so foul a mischief;
Nor shall my care be wanting.

Tim. Twice I heard him
Say, *False Eudocia, how much art thou
Unworthy of these tears!* then sigh'd, and straight
Roar'd out, *Paulinus! was his gouty age
To be preferr'd before my strength and youth?*
Then groan'd again, so many ways expressing
The afflictions of a tortured soul, that we,
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,
Were sharers in his sufferings.

Pul. Though 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 are wholly fix'd on.

Chry. Could I gain
The freedom of access, I would present him

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.

Pul. Stand close,
And give way to his passions; 'tis not safe
To stop them in their violent course, before
They have spent themselves.

Theo. I play the fool, and am
Unequal⁷ 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 I
The worm of conscience upbraiding me
For one black deed of tyranny; wherefore, then,
Should I torment myself? Great Julius would not
Rest satisfied that his wife was free from fact,
But, only for suspicion of a crime,
Sued a divorce; nor was this Roman rigour
Censured 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
 mischief,
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; though, I grant, it is cemented
With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore,
Repent the justice of my fury? No.

⁷ *Theo.* I play the fool, and am

Unequal to myself;] i. e. unjust. See Vol. I. p. 133.

I should not : yet still my excess of love,
 Fed high in the remembrance of her choice
 And sweet embraces, would persuade me that
 Connivence or remission of her fault,
 Made warrantable by her true submission
 For her offence, might be excuseable,
 Did not the cruelty of my wounded honour,
 With an open mouth, deny it.

Pub. I approve of
 Your good intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.—
[*To Chrysapius.*

He now seems calm : let us, upon our knees,
 Encompass him.—Most royal sir——

Flac. Sweet brother——

Arcad. As you are our sovereign, by the ties
 of nature

You are bound to be a father in your care
 To us poor orphans.

Tim. Shew compassion, sir,
 Unto yourself,

Grat. The majesty of your fortune
 Should fly above the reach of grief.

Chry. And 'tis
 Impair'd, if you yield to it.

Theo. Wherefore pay you
 This adoration to a sinful creature ?⁸
 I am 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-tongued flattery imposed upon us,

⁸ *Theo.* *Wherefore pay you*

This adoration to a sinful creature ?] In this fine speech Mas-
 singer has ventured to measure weapons with Shakspeare, and,
 if I may trust my judgment, not unsuccessfully. The feelings,
 indeed, are more interested by the latter, but that arises from
 the situation of his chief character.

As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
 The deputy of heaven, and in that
 Omnipotent, with all false titles else,
 Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,
 And by the breath of sycophants applied,
 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 sceptre? or restore
 My mind to that tranquillity and peace
 It then enjoy'd?—Can I^o make Eudocia chaste,
 Or vile Paulinus honest?

Pul. If I might,
 Without offence, deliver my opinion——

Theo. What would you say?

Pul. That, on my soul, the empress
 Is innocent:

Chry. The good Paulinus guiltless.

Grat. And this should yield you comfort.

Theo. In being guilty
 Of an offence far, far transcending that
 They stand condemn'd for! Call you this a com-
 fort?

Suppose it could be true,—a corsive⁴ rather,
 Not to eat out dead flesh, but putrify

^o ————— Can I make Eudocia chaste,] The quarto
 has —: an it make. For the present reading I am answerable.

⁴ ————— Call you this a comfort?

Suppose it could be true, — a Corsive rather,

Not to eat out dead flesh, &c. † Our old writers used *corsive* or

What yet is sound. Was murder ever held
 A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood
 Of innocence, a balm to take away
 Her festering 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 them; 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 bandied
 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.

Chry. For your majesty's peace,
 I more than hope they were not: the false oath
 Ta'en 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 resolved, since strong doubts
 are

More grievous, for the most part, than to know
 A certain loss——

Theo. 'Tis true, Chrysapius,
 Were there a possible means.

Chry. '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,—[*Delivers him a paper.*]—
 you shall find a key

Will make your entrance easy, to discover

corrosive indifferently, as it suited the verse; and I should make no difficulty of regulating the measure accordingly, in defiance of the vicious spelling of the early copies. In the next line, for —to eat out, which was the phraseology of the times, and perfectly correct, the modern editors* absurdly read—*to eat our dead flesh!*

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.

Theo. It may do,
Nay, sure it must; yet, howsoever it fall;
I am most wretched. Which way in my wishes
I should² fashion the event, I'm so distracted
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me;
Though in my name all names are comprehended,
I must have witnesses in what degree
I have done wrong, or suffer'd.

Pul. Hope the best, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter EUDOCIA in sackcloth, her hair loose.

[Sings.] *Why 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.*

²

————— *Which way in my wishes
I should fashion the event,]* Mr. M. Mason omits *should*, which
reduces the passage to nonsense; but, in his great care for the
purity of his author's language, alters, in the next line,—*resolve*
of, to *resolve on!* It is much to be regretted that his anxiety
should appear so often in the wrong place.

*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 glass 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 profane 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 them,
 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 useless.
 Chrysapius 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 disguised as 'a Friar, with
CHRYSAPIUS.*

Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knees
I entertain you.

Theo. Noble sir, forbear
The place; the sacred office that I come for
[*Exit Chrysapius.*

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 ponderous 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!

Eud. First then, I ask a pardon, for my being
Ingrateful to heaven's bounty.

Theo. A good entrance.

Eud. Greatness comes from above, and I
raised to it

From a low condition, sinfully forgot
From whence it came; and, looking on myself
In the false glass of flattery, I received it
As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift
Or favour from the emperor.

Theo. 'Twas not well.

Eud. Pride waited on unthankfulness; and no
more

Remembering the compassion of the princess,
And the means she used to make me what I was,
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seeing
Her greater light, as it dimm'd mine, I practised
To have it quite put out.

Theo. A great offence ;
But, on repentance, not unpardonable.
Forward.

Eud. O, father !—what I now must utter,
I fear, in the delivery will destroy me,
Before you have absolved me.

Theo. Heaven is gracious ;
Out with it.

Eud. Heaven commands us to tell truth,
Yet I, most sinful wretch, forswore myself.

Theo. On what occasion ?

Eud. 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 grieved conscience too well knows I
sent it

To comfort sick Paulinus, being a man
I truly loved and favour'd.

Theo. A cold sweat,
Like the juice of hemlock, bathes me. [*Aside.*

Eud. 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.

Theo. Take heed, daughter,
You niggle³ not with your conscience, and reli-
gion,

³ *Theo.* Take heed, daughter,

You niggle not with your conscience,] i. e. *trifle, play,* with it ;
this is the cant sense of the word : its proper meaning is, to de-
ceive, to draw out surreptitiously, &c. Thus, in *the Honest*
Whore, Part II. : “ I had but one poor penny, and that I was
glad to *niggle* out, and buy a holly wand to grace him through
the streets.”

In styling 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.

Eud. Hear me, father;

I look'd for comfort, but, in this, you come
 To add to my afflictions.

Theo. 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,
 Stored 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 horreur,
 And never-ending torments.

Eud. 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 absolved 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 fervour 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, though you are incredulous, I presume,
If, as I kneel now, my eyes swoll'n with tears,
My hands heaved 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.

Theo. Rise, and see him, [*Discovers himself.*
On his knees, with joy affirm it.

Eud. Can this be?

Theo. My sisters, and the rest there !—All bear
witness,

Enter PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, CHRYS-
SAPIUS, 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.

Eud. Royal sir,
Your ill opinion of me's soon forgiven.

Pul. But how you can make satisfaction to
The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in reason
You must conclude impossible.

Theo. 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 challenged from me.

Phil. '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.

Theo. Unable!

Phil. I am sure he was an eunuch, and might
 safely
 Lie by a virgin's side; at four years made one,
 Though, to hold grace with ladies, he conceal'd it.
 The circumstances, and the manner how,
 You may hear at better leisure.

Theo. How, an eunuch!

The more the proofs are that are brought to clear
 thee,
 My best Eudocia, the more my sorrows.

Eud. That I am innocent?

Theo. That I am guilty
 Of murder, my Eudocia. 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.

Theo. Myself, and all that's mine.

Phil. Your pardon is a payment.

Theo. I am rapt

With joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudocia,
My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath
I scent the natural sweetness. [*Kisses her.*]

Arcad. Sacred sir,

I am happy to behold this, and presume,
Now you are pleased, to move a suit, in which
My sister is join'd with me.

Theo. Prithee 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 observed 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.

Theo. 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. [*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

WE have reason to be doubtful, whether he,
 On whom (forced to it from necessity)
 The maker did confer his emperor's part,
 Hath given you satisfaction, in his art
 Of action and delivery; 'tis sure truth,
 The burthen was too heavy for his youth
 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.*

* There is so much sterling merit in several of the incidents and characters of this Play, that the reader is inclined to overlook the want of unity in the story itself. It is true, Massinger seems to have been conscious of this defect, and has endeavoured to remedy it by contriving an early introduction of Athenais, and by giving her some slight connexion with Paulinus; for this is carefully remembered in the last act, as one of the circumstances which justify the jealousy of Theodosius. But the chief and characteristick event can hardly be said to begin till the fourth act. Most of the preceding scenes are a series of conversations and incidents, rather illustrative of some of the characters, than necessary to the subject; previous in the order of history, but not strictly preparatory to the plot; more occupied with the publick influence of Pulcheria, than with the private affection of Eudocia.

This reservation being made, we cannot but admire the genuine dignity with which the government and personal virtues

of the Protectress are announced; and the interesting contrast of the beautiful but lighter Athenais. Theodosius is connected with both: and is described with much fidelity of nature in every situation. His characteristic quality is weakness. His implicit obedience to his sister during a long pupilage; his escape from it through the interested persuasions of others; his facility, profusion, and uxorious subjection to Eudocia, are true marks of the same character. Nor are they contradicted by the vehemence into which he falls in the last act. Indeed, during this paroxysm he acts with a power apparently beyond himself. He accumulates circumstances of jealousy with much force and quickness. With a melancholy ingenuity, he perverts the consolations of his friends into new proofs of his guilt; and he compels the most innocent thoughts of others to wear the stamp of his own madness. Still this is the vehemence of Theodosius. His fury is the mere effect of uxoriousness disappointed. He is enraged, not that his honour is tarnished, (for this he would fondly overlook,) but that he has lost the possession of Eudocia. It is the very impotence of his mind which lends him a momentary vigour; and all his apparent power is founded on his constitutional failing. In the confession scene he quickly loses his assumed character in the anxious husband; and, at the assertion of her innocence, he rushes to his reconciliation with an eagerness which shews his true disposition, and renews all the ascendancy of her charms.

It is to be wished that this great merit were not accompanied with serious blemishes; but sometimes the manners of Massinger's age are thrust, with more than their usual ill effect, into the history of Theodosius; and sometimes his best characters are needlessly debased. Pulcheria falls into an improper discussion of modern levities with the Informer, &c. Her sisters, contrary to the history of their time, are described as wanton, and rebellious against her authority: nor is there an object for this change of character; they are merely degraded. The Countryman equals the judgment of Theodosius with the Sunday maxims of the vicar of his parish; and Theodosius himself, pure and religious as Massinger really meant to represent him, loses his delicacy; and when he has to choose a wife from the portraits of the candidates, enlarges upon their properties with the licentiousness of an experienced debauché. It is observable, that in one part of this scene an attention to the court bursts out. Theodosius is impatient that he must judge the "substance" of the ladies "by the shadow," and demands to see them "with his own eyes." Perhaps the king was not displeased at the compliment bestowed by a Greek emperor on the notable project of courting the Spanish princess.

A word must be added concerning the sources from which Massinger has drawn his story. Coxeter briefly informs us that the plot is taken from the 7th book of Socrates, and the 5th of Theodoret: and Mr. M. Mason neither confirms nor disproves this intelligence. But what is the plot? Arcadia truly calls it,

“————— the falling out and in

“ Between the husband and the wife ———”

and of the quarrel and reconciliation of Theodosius and Eudocia, the two writers referred to say not a word! It is not enough that they mention other circumstances of Athenais, and celebrate the virtues of Theodosius and his sisters. The plot is still to be sought for: and Sozomen, the other principal historian of that age, is as silent as the authorities of Coxeter. It will only be found in the later chroniclers. It does not appear that there is any full account of Athenais earlier than the time of Malelas. Her love for Paulinus, equally handsome and eloquent, is mentioned by Cedrenus; and the memorable apple, the cause of his death, by Theophanes. Fabr. *Bib. Græc.* lib. v. c. 1.

There seems to be some confusion in the *dramatis personæ* of this, as well as of a former historical Play — *Roman Actor* — Flaccilla is mentioned as one of the younger sisters of Theodosius. At all events this is wrong. Whatever testimony there is for her existence makes her older than Pulcheria. But Sozomen, who names the rest of the family, says nothing of her. And if Philostorgius is to be believed, there was no sister of that name: for, in his account of the disgrace of Eutropius, he marks the time, by observing, that, in order to assist her complaint with Arcadius, she carried with her the two children already born, (Pulcheria and Arcadia,) and that Marina and Theodosius were produced after that event. It is possible that the name of Marina, omitted by Massinger from the list of the sisters, may have been bestowed on the waitingwoman of Pulcheria. If so, it will rectify the confusion noticed by the editor, Act II. sc. i. The “reverend aunt, Maria,” who assists at the baptism of Athenais, was perhaps the wife of Honorius, celebrated by Claudian.

In tenui labor —————.

DR. IRELAND.

THE

FATAL DOWRY.

THE FATAL DOWRY.] This excellent Tragedy does not appear to have been licensed by Sir H. Herbert; nor is it accompanied by any prologue or epilogue; circumstances from which Mr. Malone concludes that it was produced previous to 1620. However this be, it was not printed till 1632, before which time, the title-page says, it "had been often acted at the private house in Blackfriars, by his Majesty's servants."

Massinger was assisted in the writing of it by Nathaniel Field (of whom some mention is made in the Introduction). This would incline me to adopt the opinion of Mr. Malone; for the author seems to have trusted to his own resources after the period here mentioned; all the pieces licensed by the master of the revels being his own composition.

From this Play Rowe borrowed, or, according to Cicero's distinction, stole, the plan of *the Fair Penitent*, a performance by which he is now chiefly known. The relative merits of the two pieces are discussed by Mr. Cumberland, in the ingenious analysis which follows the present Tragedy; and which I regret that he did not pursue to the conclusion, as the superiority of Massinger would have been still more apparent.

The author of *the Biographia Dramatica* says, that the pious behaviour of Charalois, in voluntarily giving up himself to imprisonment as a ransom for the dead body of his father, is taken from the story of Cimon the Athenian, as related by Valerius Maximus.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rochfort, *ex-premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*

Charalois, *a noble gentleman, son to the deceased marshal.*

Romont, *a brave officer, friend to Charalois.*

Novall senior, *premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*

Novall junior, *his son, in love with Beaumelle.*

Du Croy, *president of the parliament of Dijon.*

Charmi, *an advocate.*

Beaumont, *secretary to Rochfort.*

Pontalier, } *friends of Novall junior.*

Malotin, }

Liladam, *a parasite, dependent on Novall junior.*

Aymer, *a singer, and keeper of a musick-house, also dependent on Novall junior.*

Advocates.

Three creditors.

A Priest.

Tailor.

Barber.

Perfumer.

Page.

Beaumelle, *daughter to Rochfort.*

Florimel, } *servants to Beaumelle; the latter the*

Bellapert, } *secret agent of Novall junior.*

*Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler,
Bailiffs, Servants.*

SCENE, Dijon.

THE
FATAL DOWRY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street before the Court of Justice.

*Enter CHARALOIS with a paper, ROMONT, and
CHARMI.*

Char. Sir, I may move the court to serve your
will;

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

Rom. Why think you so, sir?

Char. 'Cause I am familiar

With what will be their answer: they will say,
'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,
For offering 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.

Char. I love the cause so well,

As¹ I could run the hazard of a check for't.

Rom. From whom?

Char. Some of the bench, that watch to give it,

¹ As *I could run* &c.] Former editors—That *I could run*. I do not love this modernising: by degrees no one will be allowed to speak the language of his age.

More than to do the office that they sit for :
But give me, sir, my fee.

Rom. Now you are noble.

Char. 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 ?

Char. That it would please his lordship, as the
presidents

And counsellors of court come by, to stand
Here, and but shew himself,² 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 urged that.

Enter ROCHFORD and DU CROY.

Char. Their lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,
And at your service. [*Exit.*

Rom. Now, put on³ your spirits.

Du Croy. The case 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

² *Here, and but shew himself,*] This has been hitherto printed *shew yourself*. The necessity of the alteration will, I trust, be readily acknowledged.

³ *Rom. Now, put on your spirits.*] *Rouse, animate* them. See Vol. I. p. 303.

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 sums 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, though the ribands help, have power to
work them

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.

Charal. 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, though made eloquent
With grief, work upon such as have changed
 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! where⁴ 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 ravenous 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

⁴ *Assurance of redress!* where *now*, *Romont*.] So the quarto; the modern editors, in their rage for reformation, read,

Assurance of redress: whereas now, Romont, which reduce the line to very homely prose. *Where for whereas* occurs continually in these plays, and, indeed, in all our old writers.

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.

Charal. 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.

Charal. You shall o'ercome.

Rom. And you receive the glory. Pray you,
now practise.

Charal. 'Tis well.⁵

Enter NOVALL senior, Advocates, LILADAM, and
three Creditors.

[*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me !

Rom. You must have patience——
Offer it again.

Charal. And be again contemn'd !

Nov. sen. I know what's to be done.

1 *Cred.* And, that your lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first

⁵ *Charal.* 'Tis well.] These two words I have given to Charalois, to whom they of right belong : they have hitherto been allotted to Romont.

Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will add.

Nov. sen. 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!
Pray hear them.

Nov. sen. It is well.

Lilad. Observe him now.

Nov. sen. Your cause being good, and your
proceedings so,
Without corruption I am your friend;
Speak your desires.

2 *Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The marshal stood engaged 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 carcass rot above ground,
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.

Nov. sen. You shew in it
A father's care. I have a son myself,
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful;
And, but I am assured he's not so given,
He should take of it too.

Charal. Sir!

Nov. sen. What are you?

Charal. A gentleman.⁶

Nov. sen. So are many that rake dunghills.

If you have any suit, move it in court:

I take no papers in corners.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Yes,

As the matter may be carried, and whereby
To manage the conveyance—Follow him.

Lilad. You are rude: I say he shall not pass.

[*Exeunt 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 advised.

Rom. Out, rogue! do not I know

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,—[*Beats him.*—]—more,
you court-spider!

Lilad. But that this man is lawless, he should find
That I am valiant.

I Cred. If your ears are fast,

'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.

⁶ *Charal. Sir!*

Nov. sen. What are you?

Charal. A gentleman.] So I have regulated these speeches;
they formerly stood thus:

He should take of it too.—Sir! what are you?

Charal. A gentleman.

I believe that the modest Charalois, encouraged by Romont,
ventures to address himself to Novall.

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 have 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 ne'er pray,

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,

To 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,

1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid!

We will bear this, rather than hazard that.

[*Exeunt Creditors.*]

Re-enter CHARALOIS.

Rom. I am somewhat eased 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 determined

What they will do; and it may well become me,

To rob them of the glory they expect

From my submissive entreaties.

Rom. Think not so, sir:

The difficulties that you encounter with
 Will crown the undertaking—heaven! you weep:
 And I could do so too, 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 bravely⁷
 That sudden fire of anger shews in you!
 Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf
 Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Court of Justice.

Enter ROCHFORD; NOVALL *senior*, Presidents,
 CHARMI, DU CROY, BEAUMONT, Advocates,
three Creditors, and Officers.

Du Croy. Your lordships 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

⁷ *O, how bravely &c.*] This Romont is a noble fellow. Warm, generous, high-spirited, disinterested, faithful, and affectionate, his copy, or rather his shadow, Horatio, dwindles into perfect insignificance on the comparison.

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 they may imitate, but not equal.^a

Roch. I may not sit to hear this.

Du Croy. Let the love

And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,
 In this overcome your modesty.

Roch. My thanks

For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.
 The honourable trust that was imposed
 Upon my weakness, since you witness for me
 It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;
 Nor now, if age had not deprived 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 lord-
 ships' goodness,

Since your employments have conferr'd upon me
 Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it:

And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,
 In many, when all humours else are spent,

^a *A precedent they may imitate, but not equal*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, with equal advantage to the sense and harmony of the line, read,

A precedent that they may imitate, but not equal!

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 the honours and estate I now possess :
 And, that I may have liberty to use
 What heaven, 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 entreats
 Your lordship will be pleased 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 ;
 I therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,
 And theirs have hearing.

Du Croy. If your lordship please [*To Nov. sen.*
 To take the place, we will proceed.

Char. The cause
 We come to offer to your lordships' 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 married to that justice——

Nov. sen. Speak to the cause.

Char. 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 task 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, though it be a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,
Denying him the decent rites of burial,⁹
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith

⁹ *Denying him the decent rites of burial,*] Herodotus tells us that Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, to facilitate the borrowing of money, allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents, which, until redeemed by payment of the sums advanced, could not be deposited in the sepulchres of their fathers. In imitation of this monarch, modern states have sanctioned the arrest of a person's dead body till his debts be paid: but what was in Asychis a wise institution, is in his followers a gratuitous act of absurd and savage barbarity. With the ancients, the fate of a human being was not decided by death; his entrance into a state of rest depended upon a due performance of his obsequies; and his relations and friends were, therefore, impelled by the most powerful motives, to discharge his obligations, and seal his doom. We, on the contrary, know from divine authority, that "as the tree falleth, so it must lie," and that no action subsequent to a man's decease, can affect his destiny.

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,
Practised in court?

Char. Some twenty years, my lord.

Nov. sen. By your gross ignorance, it should
appear

Not twenty days.

Char. I hope I have given 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 terrour of all bankrupts?
Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes:
Or the next motion, savouring¹ of this boldness,
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,
Over the place you plead at.

Char. 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?

Char. Forbear.

Rom. Or cannot you, that have the power
To qualify the rigour of the laws
When you are pleased, take a little from

¹ Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,] So the old copy; the moderns read, *favouring*.

The strictness of your sour 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 thee,
 Thou purple-colour'd man! I am one to whom
 Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,
 A corrupt elder.

Char. 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,²
 Had I not worn a sword, and used it better
 Than, in thy prayers, thou ever didst thy tongue.

Nov. sen. Shall such an insolence pass unpunish'd!

Char. 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 valued
 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 subtile fox of France,
 The politick Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,
 And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,
 Though put in act, that ever gownman practised.

² *And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss.*] It may not be amiss to observe here, that Burgundy (in the capital of which the scene is laid) was a powerful and independent state. It might, perhaps, have continued so, but for the ambitious and destructive warfare which the last of its sovereigns madly carried on against the confederated cantons.

Nov. sen. Away with him to prison !

Rom. If that curses,³

Urged 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
Mayst, 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 denied 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.

[*To Charalois.*

Roch. Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy
deed. [*Exeunt Officers with Romont.*

Du Croy. Remember what we are.

Charal. 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,

³ *Rom.* *If that curses, &c.*] To this most animated speech Otway seems indebted for the imprecations which he makes the indignant Pierre pour upon the government of Venice. The reader, whom curiosity may lead to compare the two scenes, will find how much the copy falls beneath the original, not only in delicacy, but in spirit.

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,
 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 though my father
 Writ man before he was so, and confirm'd it,
 By numbering 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 Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,*
 The warlike Charalois, (with whose misfortunes
 I bear his name,) lost treasure, men, and life,
 To be excused from payment of those sums
 Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal
 To serve his country forced him to take up !

Nov. sen. The precedent were ill.

Charal. And yet, my lord, this much,

* *In those three memorable overthrows*

At Granson, Morat, Nancy, &c.] These were indeed memorable, since they were given by ill-armed and undisciplined rusticks (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearless spirit of genuine liberty) to armies superiour to themselves in numbers, and composed of regular troops from some of the most warlike nations in Europe. The *overthrow of Granson* took place, March 3d, 1476; that of *Morat*, June 22d, in the same year; and that of *Nancy*, January 5th 1477. In this Charles (or, as he is here called, from the Latin, Charalois) duke of Burgundy fell; and *the subtle fox of France, the politick Louis XI*, shortly after seized upon the defenceless dutchy, and united it to his own kingdom.

I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

Re-enter Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace;
And in it saved 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. sep. He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army.

Charal. Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,
And, though 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. It is the city doctrine;⁵
We stand bound to maintain it.

Charal. 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

⁵ *It is the city doctrine;*] Thus in *the Merchant of Venice*:

“*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

“*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

“*Shy.* No, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good
“man, is to have you understand me that his means are
“sufficient.”

The right of their laws, or [wish]⁶ one good
thought

In you to mend your disposition with.

I know there is no musick 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,⁷ with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loathed 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 released.

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 be or not heard, or laugh'd at for it.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave
back,

Though he said nothing.

⁶ *The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought*

In you &c.] A monosyllable has dropt out at the press. I have endeavoured to complete the metre and, perhaps, the sense, by the addition in brackets: it is a liberty that I seldom take, and never without giving the reader notice of it.

⁷ ——— *to be in your danger.*] i. e. to be in your debt: a common expression in our old writers; thus Portia.

“ You stand *within his danger*, do you not?”

Merchant of Venice.

Roch. Be advised, young lord,
 And well considerate; 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 abused his goodness. The great virtues
 Of your dead father vindicate themselves
 From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,
 Though it contain his body.

Nov. sen. Let him alone:
 If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them;
 Provided these consent.

Charal. 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 shaped, 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 never 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.

Charal. 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,
[*Exeunt Charalois, Charmi, Officers and Creditors.*

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 further.

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, 't'as been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
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 denied then
My first and last request?

Du Croy. It must not be.

2 *Præ.* I have a voice to give in it.

3 *Præ.* 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 !

Beau. My lord.

Roch. You are a scholar, Beaumont ;
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd
The piety and brave behaviour of
Young Charalois to you ?

Beau. 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 ?

Beau. There's 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.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street before the Prison.

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, and BEAUMONT.

Mal. 'Tis strange.

Beau. Methinks so.

Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theorick and practick
In all humanity,⁸ 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 corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

Mal. 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 sit on this Charalois?

Beau. Twenty-eight:
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,
And never less than's 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 barbarous
law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt

⁸ *In all humanity,*] i. e. in all polite literature.

Of the old man, in prison, than they should
 Rob him of sepulture; considering
 These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,
 And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
 In any inpious or licentious path?

Beau. 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 praised, and freezed; but now-a-days
 'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
 The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
 Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
 Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.

Mal. This morning is the funeral?

Pont. Certainly,
 And from this prison,—'twas the son's request.
 That his dear father might interment have,
 See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!⁹

Beau. They come:—observe their order.

⁹ See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!] i. e. a living
 grave, so he calls the prison. The quarto has:

See the young son inter'd a lively grave.

The small change here made restores the passage to sense.
 Mr. M. Mason would read—*enters alive* the grave, which I
 should like better, if the preceding line had *dead* instead of
dear father. The old reading, however, is defended by Mr.
 Gilchrist, who observes that there is a similar combination of
 words just above,

“He had rather *die alive* for debt.”

And also in *Samson Agonistes*:

“Myself my sepulchre, a *moving grave*.” v. 102.

These passages are, indeed, strikingly similar; but they are not
 for that the more intelligible.

Solemn Musick. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin born by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, &c. and very good order. ROMONT and CHARALOIS, followed by the Gaolers and Officers, with Creditors, meet it.

Charal. How like a silent stream shaded with
 night,
 And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
 Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
 Tears, sighs, and blacks¹ filling the simile;
 Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
 Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe
 [To the Bearers.
 To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
 Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful
 lives,
 Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
 Here stands thy poor exécutor, 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:
 [To the Soldiers.
 And though this country, like a viperous 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 a usurer hath;

¹ *Tears, sighs, and blacks &c.*] Blacks are constantly used by our old writers for mourning weeds.

Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.²

Pont. Sir.

Charal. Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly
mine.

What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not.—Romont
weeps.—

Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased,
The gaolers and the creditors do weep;
Even 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,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and per-
fume!

I Cred. Sir.

Charal. What? away, for shame! you, profane
rogues,

Must not be mingled with these holy relicks:
This is a sacrifice;³—our shower shall crown

² *Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.*] Had Pope
Massinger in his thoughts when he wrote his epitaph on Gay?

“These are thy honours! not that here thy bust

“Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;

“But that the virtuous and the good shall say,

“Striking their pensive bosoms,—Here lies Gay?”

I cannot avoid adding, that Johnson must have written his
comments on this little production, in a fit of the spleen, and a
very dull one too. They cannot injure Pope, but they may do
some harm to himself.

³ *This is a sacrifice;*] From which the profane were excluded.
He alludes to the ancient form of adjuration, ΕΚΩΣ, ΕΚΩΣ ΕΣΤΕ.
β:εηλοι.

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 them

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.* You are 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
cruelty,

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
cholerick!

2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, i'faith;—let him
alone.

They have 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 have nothing but his body here in
durance

For all our money.

Priest. On.

Charal. One moment more,

But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
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,
 Even in the wildest wilderness of war,
 Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired them-
 selves :

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 wear⁴ as my inheritance —
 And what hope can arise to me from it,
 When I and it are both here prisoners !
 Only may this, if ever we be free,
 Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

A DIRGE TO SOLEMN MUSICK.⁵

1 *Cred.* No further ; look to them at your own
 peril.

2 *Cred.* No, as they please : their master's a
 good man. —

I would they were at the Bermudas !

Gaol. You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the creditors
 Exact the strictness.

Rom. Out, you wolvish mongrels !

⁴ *This would I wear &c.*] i. e. his father's sword. M. MASON.

⁵ I have followed the quarto, in throwing these rhymes together at the end of the play. I wish I could have thrown them quite away, for, to confess the truth, they are good for nothing.

Whose brains should be knock'd out, like dogs
in July,

Lest your infection poison a whole town.

Charal. They grudge our sorrow. Your ill
wills, perforce,

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.*]

SCENE II.⁶

A Room in Rochfort's House.

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

Beaumel. I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do
women marry ?

Flor. Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with
their husbands.

Bell. You are a fool. She lies, madam ; women
marry husbands, to lie with other men.

Flor. 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make.
By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you,
if you take delight in her license.

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 even a grain too heavy, simply,
for a waiting-gentlewoman——

⁶ I will not venture to pronounce the fine scene we have just finished to be written by Field, though I entertain few doubts of it : but I am confident that not a line of this to which we are now arrived was composed by Massinger. It is not in his manner. Unluckily the poet's associates were somewhat like Dr. Johnson's patrons—they encumbered him with their assistance.

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

Bell. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom,⁷ whom nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip⁸ out, you know——

Flor. Well said, whirligig.

Bell. You are deceived: I want a peg in the middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs: go, go, govern the sweetmeats, 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.

Bell. 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.*

Bell. 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.

Baumel. Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

Bell. Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live,

⁷ *Bell. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom nobody regards.*] This slipant allusion to Scripture, were there no other proofs, would be sufficient to convince every attentive reader, that it could not proceed from Massinger. He has, indeed, a thousand references to holy writ; but they are constantly made with a becoming seriousness and solemnity.

⁸ *Which is a pip out,*] A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The allusion is to the very ancient game of *One-and-thirty*: it was once a favourite diversion, and is mentioned, among others, in Green's *Art of Coney Catching*: it is now superseded by *Quinze*.

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, though,
 And may perform the office of a husband.

Beaumel. But there is honour, wench.

Bell. Such a disease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die——

Beaumel. Prithee, distinguish me a maid and
 wife.

Bell. 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's
 children, t'other must bear no man's.

Beaumel. What is a husband?

Bell. Physick, that, tumbling in your belly,
 will make you sick in the 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.

Bell. Why then you are out of the fashion, and
 will be contemn'd: for I will 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. If a husband approach you, you
 would have further off, is he you 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!

Bell. Sometimes you may wear him on your
 shoulder; now and then under your arm; but
 seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not
 the fashion.

Enter NOVALL junior, 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 trimm'd⁹ in her varieties.

Bell. O, divine lord!

Nov. jun. No autumn nor no age ever ap-
proach

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,¹ one of the purls of
your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of
his rank.

Nov. jun. How! I would not for a thousand
crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

Bell. Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of
honour! she walks not under a weed that could
deny thee any thing.

Beaumel. Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but
blow the fire

That flames too much already.

[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, while Bella-
pert dresses her lady.*

Aym. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest

⁹ See! *Flora trimm'd in her varieties.*] The old copy reads, *turn'd*, and was followed by Coxeter: the alteration is by Mr. M. Mason.

¹ *Lilad. Uds-light! my lord, &c.*] If this ridiculous interruption furnished Sterne with the hint for that humourous one by the Count de Faineant, when he was in the midst of a dissertation on the necessity of a First Cause, it must be allowed that he has greatly improved on his original.

tailor 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 straight vaults to her cheeks again!

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of them 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 clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo,² and all night in——

Malot. A bawdyhouse.

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 flatter 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?

² ————— you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, &c.] I know not what to make of this passage. Mr. M. Mason thinks the places here mentioned were taverns; it is full as likely that they were houses of publick resort for some kind of amusement. Our old writers give the name of *galley-foist* to the lord mayor's barge; but I see not how this, or any other of the city barges, can be meant here. *Bullions* are noticed by Jonson; and in a manner that seems to determine them to be receptacles for thieves or gamblers:

“ While you do eat, and lie about the town here,

“ And cozen in your *Bullions*.” *The Devil's an Ass.*

Of *Quirpo* I can find no mention, and am therefore compelled to leave it, with the rest, to the reader's better judgment.

Pont. Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

Nov. jun. Mistress,³ you hear the news? your father has resign'd his presidentship to my lord my father.

Mal. And lord Charalois Undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis pity, sir.
A braver hope of so assured a father
Did never comfort France.

Lilad. A good dumb mourner.

Aym. A silent black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!

As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,
To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfth-tide.

Lilad. His colonel looks finely like a drover—

Nov. jun. That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

Aym. 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!

Baumel. Servant, tie my hand.

[*Nov. jun.* kisses her 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 prithee sing the song
Devoted to my mistress.

MUSICK,—AND A SONG BY AYMER.

³ *Nov. jun.* Mistress, you hear the news? For this simple expression the modern editors most strangely and corruptly read. *Must* you hear the news?

Enter ROCHFORD *and* BEAUMONT.

Beau. Romont will come, sir, straight.

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.*

Beaumel. Perform I must.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumelle.*

Roch. Why, how now, Beaumelle? * thou look'st
not well.

Thou 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.

* *Roch. Why, how now, Beaumelle? thou look'st not well.*] It may be necessary here to remind the reader that Massinger generally uses *Beaumelle* as a trisyllable, which, indeed, is its proper measure.

Beumel. Sir, I am yours. — Oh! if my fears
 prove true,
 Fate hath wrong'd love, and will destroy me too.
 [*Exit.*]

Enter ROMONT and Gaoler.

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 Gaoler.*]

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 observed 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 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
 Towers, castles, but the ponderous republick,
 And never stoops for't; with his strong-breath'd
 trunk

Snuff's others 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,⁵ 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 though I be not learn'd, I ever loved
 That holy mother of all issues good,
 Whose white hand, for a sceptre, 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 soulless dromedary !

Roch. Oh ! be temperate.

Sir, though 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.

⁵ *And therefore ask this camel, &c.*] In his indignation (and it is the indignation of virtue) the undaunted Romont passes rapidly from one strong metaphor to another. This is perplexing ; but it is not therefore the less natural.

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Beau. These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.

Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table; take Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness: Let me entreat 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, though said otherwise.

The deed shall make this my request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant To what it tends. [*Exeunt Romont and Beaumont.*]

Enter CHARALOIS.

Roch. Worthiest sir,
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois.
No man but has or must bury a father.

Charal. Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,
Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Charal. In the manner
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,
And therein differ not: but I have done.
I spied⁶ the lively picture of my father,

⁶ *I spied, &c.*] This is a pretty circumstance, and is calculated not only to shew the filial piety of Charalois, but to interest his feelings in favour of Rochfort, by the respect shewn to his 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 silken is this well,' comparatively
 To other men ! I have a suit to you, sir.

Charal. Take it, 'tis granted.

Roch. What ?

Charal. Nothing, my lord.

Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.

Charal. 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 something, any thing.

Charal. 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 it.

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, and discovers a table with
 money and jewels upon it.*]

Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,

⁷ *How silken 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 consi-
 dered as a noun substantive. M. MASON.

I know not what Mr. M. Mason means by *conception* ; though
 I am inclined to think he has given the sense of the passage,
 such as it is. If we understand *well* to signify (as, by a violent
 but not unprecedented catachresis, it may) either *goodness* or
virtue, the matter will not be much mended : in a word, it is a
 forced and unnatural expression, and so different from the *easy*
 and flowing style of Massinger, that we may set it down, without
 scruple, to the account of his associate Field.

All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.
 Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins
 Is lodged, 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.

Charal. How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to
 mock !

Roch. Mock ! thunder strike me then !

Charal. 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 no means to pay ? nay, am
 A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope
 Of ever raising any. All my begging
 Is Romont's liberty.

Re-enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT, with Creditors.

Roch. Here is your friend,
 Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you ;
 And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,
 As free a man as he. Your father's debts
 Are taken off.

Charal. How !

Rom. Sir, it is most true ;
 I am the witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his lordship ! I did think
 him wiser.

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.

Charal. Honour'd Rochfort——
Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,⁸
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——

Re-enter BEAUMONT with BEAUMELLE.

This is my only child: what she appears,
Your lordship well may see: her education
Follows not any;⁹ 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, take
This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife,
Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so,
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty name to yours,
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.

⁸ Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,] This line, in the old copy, may rival some of Shakspeare's in typographical neatness:

Lye still my toung and bushes, cul'd my cheekes.

9 _____ what she appears,

Your lordship well may see: her education

Follows not any;] i. e. is not inferior to any. The modern editors have,

Your lordship well may see: for education, Beaumelle

Follows not any.

This strange line is not in the old copy, which reads as I have given it. Coxeter adopted Beaumelle from the margin, and Mr. M. Mason altered the text that he might continue it! Could nothing persuade this gentleman to turn to the original?

Charal. 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.

Roch. Your sentence—life or death.

Charal. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?

Beaumel. Yes, my lord.

Enter NOVALL junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN,
LILADAM, and AYMER. *They all salute.*

Charal. You need not question me if I can you:
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father.

Nov. jun. What's this change?

Roch. You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

Rom. What maké

These dogs in doublets here?

Beau. A visitation, sir.

Charal. 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,¹ an emblem of our loves,

¹ *And let these tears, &c.*] So Rowe:

“Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,

“Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,

“But roll into the sea, one common flood?” *Fair Penitent.*

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, though 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.

Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau. All fair bliss upon it !
 [*Exeunt Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beaumont,
 and Malotin.*]

Nov. jun. Mistress !

Beaume. Oh, servant !—Virtue strengthen me !
 Thy presence blows round my affection's vane :—
 You will undo me, if you speak again. [*Exit.*]

Lilad. Aym. Here will be sport for you ! this
 works. [*Exeunt.*]

Nov. jun. Peace ! peace !

Pont. One word, my lord Novall.

Nov. jun. What, thou wouldst money ?—there !

Pont. No, I will none, I'll not be bought a slave,
 A pander, or a parasite, for all
 Your father's worth. Though you have saved my
 life,

Rescued 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—
 Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
 Now you do see her made another man's,

And such a man's, so good, so popular !
 Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.
 The benefits you have done me are not lost,
 Nor cast 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 sooth them.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha ! what are my courses unto
 thee?—

Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that
 That shall concern thyself. [*Exit.*

Pont. No more but scorn !
 Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will :
 Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*
 [*Here a passage over the stage, while the act is
 playing for the marriage of Charalois with
 Beaumelle, &c.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Charalois' House.

Enter NOVALL junior, and BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Fly not to these excuses ; thou hast
 been
 False in thy promise—and, when I have said
 Ungrateful, all is spoken.

Bell. 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 ?

Bell. 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.

Bell. The enjoying
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some relish
How this may appear possible.

Bell. I will,
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.
You say my lady's married ;—I confess it :
That Charalois hath enjoy'd her ;—'tis most true :
That, with her, he's already master of
The best part of my old lord's state—still better.
But that the first or last should be your hinder-
ance

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.

Bell. He wrong'd you shrewdly !
 He toil'd to climb up to the phœnix' 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 !

Bell. '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 ?

Bell. As an entrance to
 The favour of the mistress. You are together ;
 And I am perfect in my cue. [Going.

Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert.

Bell. In this I must not, with your leave, obey
 you.
 Your tailor and your tirewoman 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.

Beaumel. I shall grow angry.

Nov. jun. Not so ; you have a jewel in her,
 madam.

Re-enter BELLAPERT.

Bell. I had forgot to tell your ladyship
The closet is private, and your couch [there] ready;
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,
But say so, and 'tis done. [Exit.

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 though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.

Nov. jun. With too much fervour
I have so long loved, 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 recompense of all my duteous service,
(Provided that your will answer your power,)
Become my creditress.

Beaumel. I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit,
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 behind.

Flor. Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive

Of this discovery ; but the due payment
Of what I owe her honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observed 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 tried friend
To my young lord. [*Exit.*

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. [*comes forward.*] 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, and suddenly, a milder look,
I shall grow rough else.

Nov. jun. What have I done, sir,

To draw this harsh unsavoury 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 make
him presume

Upon my patience.

Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry

But with thy tailor ! and yet that poor shred

Can bring more to the making up of a man,

Than can be hoped 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 men's 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. [*Erit.*

Rom. What a perfume the muskcat leaves
 behind him!

Do you admit him for a property,
 To save you charges, lady?

Beaumel. 'Tis not useless,
 Now you are to succeed him.

Rom. So I respect you,²
 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
 Spares neither man nor woman!

Rom. My intents,

² *Rom.* *What a perfume the muskcat leaves behind him!*
Do you admit him for a property,
To save you charges, lady?

Beau. *'Tis not useless,*
Now you are to succeed him.

Rom. *So I respect you, &c.*] These two speeches were inadvertently omitted by Mr. M. Mason: it was the more unfortunate as several of the succeeding lines depended on them.

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 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.

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 suspicion.

Beaumel. They are base
 That judge me 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 learn'd 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 used familiarity beyond
 A modest entertainment: you embraced 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 rag³ 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 [then] all else about you cap-à-pié,
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,
Shews such a bold contempt of comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer⁴
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 stolen into the person of Romont,
And, in the praise of goodwife honesty,
Had read an homily.

Rom. By this hand——

Beaumel. And sword,
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—

³ *Beaumel.* *This pretty rag about your neck shews well,*] There is an allusion to this rag at p. 381.

“What, he that wears a clout about his neck!”

⁴ *That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer*] i. e. in the camp. So Lithgow, apologizing for the rudeness of his style, desires his readers “to impute the faults thereof to a disordered leaguer.” His narrative was written at the siege of Breda. See *the Picture*, p. 117.

You are 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 desire 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 though 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 this way, tell him this:
 You have something to inform him. [*Exit.*]

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 spittle^s sinner
 Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
 And take it for a blessing, rather than
 Be fetter'd to the hellish slavery
 Of such an impudence.

^s *And I will rather choose a spittle sinner*] For *spittle*, Mr. M. Mason reads, *spital*, as usual, and *is*, as usual, wrong. See the *City Madam*.

Enter BEAUMONT with writings.

Beau. 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 ?

Beau. I dare swear, you would think so good
a lady

A dower sufficient.

Rom. No doubt. But on.

Beau. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed,
All that is excellent !

Rom. Women have no cunning
To gull the world !

Beau. 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.

Beau. I thank you. *[Exit.*

Rom. I must do something worthy Charalois'
friendship.

If she were well inclined, to keep her so
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 ROCHFORD, speaking to a Servant within.

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 the 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 engaged

To your so many favours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though 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
attention:

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,
You will with too much grief receive.

Enter BEAUMELLE and BELLAPERT, behind.

Beaumel. See, wench!

Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.

Bell. Fear not me; pox on him!

A captain turn 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.

Bell. Now

Begin: the game's afoot, and we in distance.

Beaumel. [*comes forward.*] '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.

Bell. 'Tis the course
 That our great ladies take.

Beaumel. A weak excuse!⁶
 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?

Beaumel. Reproved 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 to 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?

⁶ *Beaumel.* *A weak excuse!*] This hemistich has been hitherto given to Romont. It is evident, to me at least, that it belongs to Beaumelle. Romont could not call what Bellapert had urged, a *weak excuse*, for he was ignorant of its drift.

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 cloister: Go,
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry;
Use all fit liberty.

Bell. Blessing upon you!

If this new preacher with the sword and feather
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,
We should have a fine world. [*Exit.*

Roch. Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,
The house is at your service; but, if not,
Though you seek company elsewhere, your
absence

Will not be much lamented. [*Exit.*

Rom. If this be

The recompense of striving to preserve
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankind panders.— 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 junior, MALOTIN, LILADAM,
AYMER, and PONTALIER.

—O, you are welcome!

Use any means to vex him,

And then with welcome follow me. [*Exit.*

Nov. jun. You are tired

With your grave exhortations, colonel!

Lilad. How is it? faith, your lordship may do
well

To help him to some church preferment: tis

The fashion now for men of all conditions,

However they have lived, to end that way.

Aym. That face would do well in a surplice.

Rom. Rogues,

Be silent—or—

Pont. 'Sdeath! will you suffer this?'

Rom. And you, the master-rogue, the coward
rascal,

I shall be with you suddenly.

Nov. jun. Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I should 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 courtlike hand to touch it.

7 *Pont.* 'Sdeath! will you suffer this?'] Massinger has preserved the character of Pontalier from contamination, with great dexterity, through every scene. He is here the only one (with the exception of Malotin) who does not insult Romont, though he appears to feel some indignation at the contempt with which Novall and his followers are treated by him. He is grateful, but not obsequious; and rather the affectionate tutor than the agent of his young lord, for whose honour he is more solicitous than for his own advantage.

Aym. He looks like

A currier when his hides grow dear.

Pont. Take heed

He curry not some of you.

Nov. jun. Gads me! he's angry.

Rom. I break no jests, but I can break my sword
About your pates.

Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.

Lilad. Here's more.

Aym. 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 abused most grossly.

Lilad. I grant you, sir, we are; and you would
have us

Stay, and be more abused.

Nov. jun. My lord, I'm sorry

Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

[*Exeunt all but Charalois and Romont.*]

Charal. Prithee, Romont, what caused this
uproar?

Rom. Nothing;

They laugh'd, and used their scurvy wits upon me.

Charal. Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I
wonder

That you, which are an honest man and worthy,

Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs,

No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st

His conference and his scorn reflect 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.

Charal. Thou art known
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,
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 loved 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 enraged thus, yet had rather die
Than open the great cause a syllable further.

Charal. In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need a defence from any but himself?
They are fools that judge me by my outward
seeming.

Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every 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.

Charal. 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 denouncest: 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, though it make me monstrous.

Rom. I will die first.

Farewell; continue merry, and high heaven
 Keep your wife chaste!

Charal. Hum! Stay, and take this wolf
 Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged 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 every vein, and whatsoever 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?

Charal. Devil on't,
 What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish
 My wife's continuance of chastity.

Rom. There was no hurt in that.

Charal. 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 presumption the more,)
 I have been warn'd of, touching her :—nay, seen
 them

Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,
 Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
 To pose arithmetick ; or whose eyes would
 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 phœnix, 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?

Charal. You did not see him on my couch within,
 Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?

Rom. No.

Charal. Ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh you! even so did your wife,
 And her indulgent father.

Charal. They were wise:
 Wouldst have me be a fool?

Rom. No, but a man.

Charal. There is no dram of 'manhood to sus-
 pect
 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,⁸
 And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys!

⁸ *Away, thou curious impertinent,*] This is an allusion to the title of one of Cervantes' novels, which were much read and admired in Massinger's time.

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, craned 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?—farewell, 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 lived to have men's marginal fingers point
At Charalois, as a lamented story!⁹
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

⁹ *Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy sire,
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point*

At Charalois, as a lamented story!'] This is a most beautiful allusion to the ancient custom of placing an index (☞) in the margin of books, to direct the reader's attention to the striking passages. Massinger follows Shakspeare in drawing his illustrations from the most familiar objects.

To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.
 Bleed¹—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.

Charal. Didst thou never see me
 Angry, Romont?

Rom. Yes, and pursue a foe
 Like lightning.

Charal. Prithee, 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'm your friend,
 And dare stand by you thus.

Charal. Thou art not my friend,
 Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy
 Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,
 Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
 Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
 Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
 Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
 Farewell, uncivil² 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.*]

¹ *Bleed*—] So the quarto; Coxeter has *Blood*; which Mr. M. Mason points as if it were an oath. This, however, is not the author's meaning: he was about to say, perhaps, Bleed (for one that feels not for himself!) or something equivalent to it: but his impatient indignation will not let him proceed, and he bursts out into exclamatory interrogations.

² *Farewell, uncivil man!*] i. e. unacquainted with the usages and customs of *civil* or municipal life. See Vol. II. p. 215.

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 beguiled!
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.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Novall's House.

NOVALL junior discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a Barber and Perfumer dressing his hair, while a Tailor adjusts a new suit which he wears. LILADAM, AYMER, and a Page attending.

Nov. jun. Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder!

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

Page. That's his perfumer.

Tail. Oh, dear lord!

Page. That's his tailor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow you the model of these clothes?

Aym. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three to three; as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! 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!*

Aym. I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as directly as if truth were a tailor.

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 in *puncto*.

Aym. You are right, monsieur; his vestaments sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tailor were deeply read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacob's staff, an ephimerides.

Tail. I am bound t'ye, gentlemen.

Page. You are deceived; they'll be bound to you: you must remember to trust them none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artificer, give the devil his due.

Page. Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my mistress' 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 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 habiliment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.³

Page. An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

Aym. By the Lard, sweet lard, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

Page. O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of the whole kingdom.

Nov. jun. Pox o' this glass! it flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

Page. O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;

They are the greater flatterers, I assure you.

³ This empty coxcomb was afterwards improved into the sedate and entertaining fop of Cibber and Vanbrough's age. Whether they copied from nature I cannot say; but the beau of our dramas, whose wit lies altogether in the restless activity of his legs and arms, resembles no animal rational or irrational, with which I am acquainted, unless it be a monkey that has just snapt its chain.

Aym. Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it
by,
Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus like, should'st 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'the
world, not I.
Wedlock! no; padlock, horselock;—I wear spurs
[*He capers.*
To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,
Like a free, wanton jennet in the 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 staked or poun'd, and cannot graze
Beyond his own hedge.

Enter PONTALIER and MALOTIN.

Pont. I have waited, sir,
Three hours to speak wi'ye, and not take it 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.

Aym. 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. Aym. Hum——

Pont. I prithee cure him of them.

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. Thou'ldst 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,
It were more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation from this lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, impórtune,
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong
Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon you,
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.
'Tis all the town talks;⁴ and, believe it, sir,
If your tough sense persist thus, you are 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 saved, Ine'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 lived by you, by your side will die.

Nov. jun. Ha! ha! wouldst have me challenge
poor Romont?—

⁴ 'Tis all the town talks,] So the quarto; which is surely better than *town-talk*, which the modern editors have substituted in its place.

Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I
dare not :⁵

Do not mistake me, coz, I am 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 living 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 !

Aym. He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.

Page. Colbrand, d'ye call him ? he'll make some
of you⁶

Smoke, I believe.

Rom. By your leave, sirs !

⁵ *Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not :*] *Coxeter* and *Mr. M. Mason* point this as if they supposed *close breeches* referred to *Romont* ; but it is not so. In answer to the charge of cowardice, *Novall* tells *Pontalier*, that though he may conclude, from his finical appearance, and his *vestments sitting as if they grew upon him*, that he was afraid of *Romont*, he was mistaken. It is the *poverty*, not the *close breeches* of his enemy, which prevents his challenging him.

⁶ *Page.* *Colbrand, d'ye call him ? he'll make some of you* *Smoke, I believe.*] It is as rare to find a conceit in *Massinger* as to miss one in his contemporaries : here, however, there appears something like an attempt to find a resemblance between *Colbrand* and *cold-brand* ! In justice to the author it should be added, that it is put into the mouth of a page. *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, as may be seen in *the renowned History of Gun Earl of Warwick*, every child's delight.

Aym. Are you a consort?⁷

Rom. Do you take me for

A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you.
[Kicks them.]

⁷ *Aym.* Are you a consort?] i. e. come you here to be played on. COXETER.

This cannot be the meaning, for a concert is not played on. M. MASON.

A concert is understood to mean instruments played upon. DAVIES.

And thus the text is illustrated! Not one of these gentlemen had the slightest idea of what Massinger was saying, nor, which though not uncommon, is yet somewhat more extraordinary, of what he was saying himself.

In the author's age, the taverns were infested with itinerant bands of musicians, each of which (jointly and individually) was called a noise or *consort*: these were sometimes invited to play to the company, but seem more frequently to have thrust themselves, unasked, into it, with an offer of their services: their intrusion was usually prefaced with, "By your leave, gentlemen, will you hear any musick?" One example, in a case where hundreds may be produced, will make all clear:

"Enter Fiddler to the Company.

"*Fid.* Will't please you, gentlemen, to hear any musick?"

"*Bov.* Shall we have any?"

"*Seb.* By no means; it takes from our mirth.

"*Bov.* Begone, then.

"*Fid.* A very good song, an't please you?"

"*Seb.* This is the trick of taverns, when men desire to be private." Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*.

Romont, who had broken into Novall's dressingroom, with the customary phrase, *By your leave, gentlemen*, naturally draws from Aymer (a musician) the question he puts; and Romont, who understands him, as naturally replies, I will shew you that I am not: musicians are *paid*, whereas I will *pay* (beat) you. This is the sense of the passage. I have before remarked on the strange conduct of Mr. M. Mason, in changing *consort* to *concert*, as often as it occurs.

Not many years since, a volume of *Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, was published by the Right Honourable

Page. It seems he knows you one, he bun-fiddles you so.

Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?

Aym. A rascal.

Lilad. A most uncivil groom.

Aym. 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 though they be kick'd, they talk so.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad ape. [*Going.*

Nox. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

Nox. jun. Hark you!

Aym. 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 them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.

[*Exeunt all but Noxall jun. and Romont.*

J. Monck Mason: in which, among other passages, I was somewhat struck with the following:

“Or be of some good *concert*.” — *The Captain.*

“The old reading is *consort*, which the editors have *injudiciously* changed to *concert*, a *mistake* which the *editors of Shakspeare* have also run into.” p. 217.

Though this may be true, it required a certain degree of intrepidity to enable a man who never saw the word in Massinger without corrupting it, to hazard a sneer of this nature at the editors of Shakspeare. It must be remembered, that I speak on the supposition that the author of the *Comments* was also the editor of Massinger.

Nov. jun. What mean you, sir? My people!

Rom. Your boy's gone, [Locks the door.
And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,
But privacy. Call up your blood again:—
Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir;⁸
And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,
Tell me how far the passages have gone
'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.
Tell me the truth, and, by my hope of heaven,
It never shall go further.

Nov. jun. Tell you! why, sir,
Are you my confessor?

Rom. I will be your confounder, if you do not.
[Draws a pocket dag.⁹
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 am desperate of my life, and command yours.

⁸ *Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir,]* This line is wholly omitted in the most correct of all editions.

⁹ *Draws a pocket dag.]* So the old copy. Coxeter not understanding the word, absurdly corrupted it into *dagger!* which gave an occasion to Mr. M. Mason to evince his sagacity: "Yet," says he, with a triumph over poor Massinger, "Romont's very next speech *shews* that this *dagger* was a *pistol*." To sophisticate an author's text for the sake of charging him with an absurdity, is hard dealing. It is singular that neither of these editors of an ancient poet, especially the last, who tells us of the necessity of consulting contemporary authors, should be apprized of the meaning of this term: *dag* was used by our old writers for a pocket, in contradistinction to, what we now call, a horse-pistol; and is thus found in many dramas of the 16th and 17th centuries. Thus, in *the Spanish Tragedy*, which Coxeter, if not Mr. M. Mason, must have read:

"*Serb.* Wherefore should he send for me so late?

"*Pend.* For this, Serberine, and thou shalt have it.

[Shoots the dag.
"*Watch.* Hark! gentlemen; this is a *pistol-shot*."

Nov. jun. Hold ! hold ! I'll speak. I vow to
 heaven 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,¹ 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.

Nov. jun. Pox of this gun !

Rom. Withal, 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.

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 threatenings, 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

¹ On my solicitous wooing,] The quarto erroneously reads
 wrongs : amended by Mr. M. Mason.

Heaven 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, hastily.

Bell. My lord, away!
The caroch stays: now have your wish, and judge
If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Hah!

Bell. Do you stand
Humming and hahing 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 lovers' perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Hall in Aymer's House.

Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.

Beau. I grieve for the distaste, though I have
manners

Not to enquire the cause, fallen out between
Your lordship and Romont,

Charal. I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds,
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps

Too far on² 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?

Beau. He is a gentleman
 (For so his quality³ speaks him) well received
 Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
 His main dependence from the young lord Novall,
 Some tricks and crotchets 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.

Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,⁴
 Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
 Of those old captains, that thought nothing
 musical
 But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,

² *Too far on what &c.*] The modern editors omit *on*, to the manifest injury both of the metre and the sense; but indeed their omissions in this play are innumerable.

³ (*For so his quality speaks him*)] His *quality*, i. e. his *profession* of a musick-master. In the following lines there is an allusion to another profession, (of a less honourable nature,) which, at that time, was commonly united to the former, that of keeping a bawdyhouse.

⁴ *Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont, &c.*] I suspect that Mr. Steevens, the corypheus of commentators, was but little acquainted with Massinger; he would not otherwise have failed to contrast this speech with that celebrated one of Shakspeare, *The man that has no musick*, &c. with which he was known to be highly offended. What Steevens neglected, the reader has now an opportunity of executing; and, though I will not anticipate his judgment, I must yet be permitted to say that the beauties of this speech are of no ordinary kind.

Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, and trumpets :

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-varied note upon the lute :
I love it to the worth of't, and no further.—
But let us see this wonder.

Beau. He prevents
My calling of him.

Enter AYMER, speaking to one within.

Aym. 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 presence.

Charal. 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.

Aym. 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.

Beau You are modest.

Aym. Begin the last new air.

[*To the Musicians within.*

Charal. Shall we not see them ?

Aym. This little distance from the instruments
Will to your ears convey the harmony
With more delight.

Charal. I'll not contend.⁵

⁵ *Charal.* *I'll not contend.*] The old reading is, *I'll not consent.* It appears to me that a wrong name has been prefixed

Aym. You are tedious. [To the Musicians.
By this means shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within and these gulls here.

MUSICK, AND A SONG.

Beaumel. [within.] Ha! ha! ha!

Charal. How's this! It is my lady's laugh, most certain.

When I first pleased her, in this merry language
She gave me thanks. [Aside.

Beau. How like you this?

Charal. 'Tis rare——

Yet I may be deceived, 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. [Aside.

Aym. 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*.

Charal. Pray you, sing it.

SONG BY AYMER.

Beaumel. [within.] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!

Charal. Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [Rushes out.

Aym. Stay him—I am undone,
And they discover'd.

Beau. What's the matter?

Aym. Ah!

That women, when they're well pleased, cannot
hold,
But must laugh out.

to this short speech, and that it belongs to Beaumelle, who speaks within. Aymer is evidently solicitous to keep Charalois out of hearing; and the artifice is not to be praised by which his lady is made so clamorous and so incautious. The alteration is by Coxeter.

*Re-enter CHARALOIS, with his sword drawn, pursuing
NOVALL junior, BEAUMELLE, and BELLAPERT.*

Nov. jun. Help! save me! murder! murder!

Beaumel. Undone, undone, for ever!⁶

Charal. Oh, my heart!

Hold yet a little—do not hope to scape
By flight, it is impossible. Though 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 the office of a hangman. I reserve it
To right mine honour, not for a revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy family, with all that are allied
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.

Charal. Why, darest thou neither
Be honest, coward, nor yet valiant, knave!
In such a cause come, do not shame thyself:
Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to
themselves⁷

Could never heat, are yet in the defence
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:

⁶ *Beaumel. Undone, undone, for ever!*] This short speech is taken by the modern editors from *Beaumelle*, and given to *Bellapert*! Nothing was ever more injudicious. It is all she says, and all she properly could say.

⁷ *Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves &c.*] I believe this means, those whose bloods *general* or *individual* injuries could never heat, &c. If this be not allowed, we must read, *and wrong done to themselves*, instead of *or*, the sense will then be sufficiently clear. *Coxeter* and *Mr. M. Mason* evidently misunderstood the passage, which is misprinted in both.

You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel to
Venture your body.

Beau. No, he fears his clothes,
More than his flesh.

Charal. Keep from me! guard thy life,
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt
Die like a sheep.

Nov. jun. Since there's no remedy,
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!

[*They fight, Novall falls.*]

Charal. 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:

[*Exeunt Beaumont and Bellapert, with the Body
of Novall; followed by Beaumelle.*]

I wrong you not,
You are but to keep him company you love.—

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

Beau. No, sir.

Charal. My griefs are now thus to be born;
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

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 pander?

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 raised, have practised 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.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Charalois' House.

*Enter CHARALOIS with a casket, BEAUMELLE,
and BEAUMONT.*

Charal. Pray bear this to my father, at his
leisure

He may peruse it: but with your best language
Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.

Beau. Nor will I—but——

Charal. 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; [*Beaumelle kneels.*]

I am not worth the looking on, but only
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,
Who, with the loss of your fairname, have caused 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 entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
Are the true children of my grief, and not
A woman's cunning.

Charal. Can you, *Beaumelle*,
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,
Though 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 have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,
Use the 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 is warranted
By great examples, in all places where
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,

Or want of me in merit ; tell me how
 Your dower from the low gulf of poverty
 Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are :
 That I was purchased by your choice and prac-
 tice,
 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 you were 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 wan-
 der'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.

Charal. O Beaumelle,

That you can speak so well, and do so ill !
 But you had been too great a blessing, if
 You had continued 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,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed
matrons,

That are canonized 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.

Charal. How pity steals upon me! should I
hear her [Knocking within.
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks,
go in. [Exit Beaumelle.
That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter ROCHFORD.

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes,
As you love justice, once more put them on.
There is a cause to be determined of,
That does require such an integrity
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to
The trial of your constancy and goodness:
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat:
I will be for^b you presently. [Exit.

Roch. Angels guard me!
To what strange tragedy does this induction?
Serve for a prologue?

^a *I will be for you presently.*] So the quarto: the modern editors read, *I will be before you presently*: but whether by mistake, or from an idea of improving the text, I cannot tell.

^b *To what strange tragedy does this induction serve for a prologue?*] The old copy reads, *does this de-*

Re-enter CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, and BEAUMONT, *with Servants bearing the Body of NOVALL junior.*

Charal. So, set it down before
The judgment-seat,—[*Exeunt Servants.*—]—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 !

Charal. O, are you touch'd !

I find that I must take another course.

Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes ;

[*He binds his 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.

Charal. I then here accuse,

Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,
For whom I owed 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.

Roch. With whom ?

Charal. With this Novall here dead.

Roch. Be well advised ;

struction &c. The amendment, which is a happy one, was suggested by Mr. M. Mason. Thus in *the Guardian* :

“ This is but an *induction* ; I'll draw ‘

“ The curtains of the *tragedy*, hereafter.”

And ere you say *adulteress* again,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.

Charal. I took them in the act :
I know no proof beyond it.

Roch. O my heart !

Charal. 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 charged 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 unmoved look on her,
[*Charalois unbinds his eyes.*

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 received 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 - - - -¹ lust, a thief, hath now stolen
from him ;

And therefore——

Charal. 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 ?

¹ Which *thy - - - - lust, a thief, &c.*] Some epithet to *lust*, has been lost at the press ; the reader may supply the break with *hot, foul*, or any other monosyllable of a kindred meaning.

Roch. Never, sir.

The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured, to pardon such a sin
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

Charal. 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, even those prayers which, with such humble
fervour,

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 out
Of all the courts of mercy.

Charal. Let her die, then! [*He stabs her.*]

Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her father, as a judge
Partial against her.

Beaumont. 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?

Charal. Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it
not?

I think it be.

Roch. And you have kill'd her?

Charal. True,
And did it by your doom.

Roch. But I pronounced 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-died cruelty ; but, in return,
 You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
 I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband ; but
 You closed your eyes against me as a father.
 O Beaumelle ! my daughter !

Charal. 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,
 Flint-hearted Charalois !

Charal. 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 sought for, and the hours
 I lived grew tedious to you : my compassion
 Tow'rd's 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.

Nov. sen. [*within.*] Force ope the doors !—

Enter NOVALL senior, with Officers.

O monster ! cannibal !
 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.

Charal. Though 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.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Tailor, and two Bailiffs with LILADAM.

Lilad. Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and
untimely,
To arrest a gallant for his clothes, 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,² though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a fashion
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man
Would follow willingly.

Tail. 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.

² *By a brace of varlets,*] So our old writers call the sheriff's officers.

Lilad. Plague on't!

You have provided for my entrance in,
That coming forth you talk of concerns me.
What shall I do? you have 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 satisfac-
tion,

I will not run away.

Tail. 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 so. As you are merely
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,
You are 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 correspon-
dence

With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,
The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,
In the expression of a knave and thief,
To be synonyma.³ Look, therefore, to it,
And let us part in peace; I would be loth
You should undo yourself.

² *To be synonyma.*] Here again Mr. M. Mason follows Coxeter in reading synonymous: but the old word was that which I have given. So Jonson:

“Where every tinker for his chink may cry,

“Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the surnames

“And known *synonyma* of your profession.” *The New Inn.*

See *the Emperor of the East*, p. 247.

Enter NOVALL *senior*, and PONTALIER.

Tail. 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 will 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!

Tail. 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 unrevenged?

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, though 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 wish 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, though 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 thee 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.

[*Exeunt Novall sen. and Pontalier.*]

Lilad. And now I think on't better,
I will.⁵ 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 waked me. This rich
sword

* *Go to the basket and repent.*] The allusion is to the sheriff's basket, in which broken meat was collected for the use of prisoners for debt. See *the City Madam*.

⁵ *Lilad.* And now I think on't better,

I will, &c.] This is most exquisite mock-heroick; it is, perhaps, a little out of place; but it serves opportunely enough to prove how differently the comick part of this drama would have appeared, if the whole had fortunately fallen into the hands of Massinger.

Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
 These hangers from my vails and fees in hell;
 And where as now this beaver sits, full often
 A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,
 Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat
 Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'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, though it be
 Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
 To me, that, as I have been, will again
 Be of the brotherhood.

Bail. I know him now;

He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young
 lord, now dead,

Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour,
 Have been received here for a complete monsieur,
 Nor wonder at it: for but tithe 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.

Tail. Then here our quarrel ends:

The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Court of Justice.**Enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT.**Rom.* You have them ready?*Beau.* Yes, and they will speak
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think
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 murder,

A noble justice.

Beau. In this you express
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made
up)⁶

A faithful friend.

Rom. That friendship's raised 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?*Beau.* Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by Charmi.

⁶ (*The breach by my lord's want of you new made up*)] For *new made up*, Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *now made up*, although it be not easy to discover what is gained by the alteration. For the rest, this Romont still continues a most noble fellow. How Rowe could read his next speech and degrade his copy (Horatio) into a sentimental rhapsodist, querulous, captious, and unfeeling, I cannot conjecture, unless it were that he determined to create no violent interest for any of his characters but the hero and the heroine of the piece.

Rom. The advocate
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
And was check'd for it by Novall?

Beau. The same.

Rom. How fortunes that?

Beau. Why, sir, my lord Novall
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;
Nor would grieved Rochfort but lord Charalois,
However he might wrong him by his power,
Should have an equal hearing.

Rom. By my hopes
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament
That reverend old man's fortune.

Beau. Had you seen him,
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him
That never brake his word,⁷ enraged 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 Officers with CHARALOIS.

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me
To do him service keeps you company. [*Exit.*]

⁷ *That never brake his word,*] So the old copy. Mr. M. Mason reads, *breaks his word!*

Rom. It is not doubted.

Charal. Why, yet as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me,
Though 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 used,
A general face of sorrow, waited on
By a sad murmur breaking through 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, though 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,⁷
I look upon you now with more true joy
Than when I saw you married.

Charal. You have reason
To give you warrant for't: my falling off
From such a friendship, with the scorn that an-
swered
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 deserved from you.

⁷ *My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,*] i. e. to the old marshal, whom Romont never forgets, nor suffers his hearers to forget.

Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak truth, and be ill understood?

Charal. You are not.

I am conscious I have wrong'd you; and allow me
Only a moral man,⁹—to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
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.

Charal. 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 accused 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-paced justice wings and eyes,
To see and overtake impieties,
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received
Indulgence or protection.

Charal. Think you so?

Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood
you challenged,
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, than if your sword

Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear,¹
That in their bowels would have made your
tomb.

To injure innocence is more than murder:
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 achieve, 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.

Charal. You have confirm'd me. Who would
love a woman,
That might enjoy in such a man a friend!
You have 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,

¹ *Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear,*] The allusion is to Novall and Beaumelle; but Mr. M. Mason, who had already forgotten that the former had fallen by the hand of Charalois, alters *tiger* to *tigress*. Such a passion for innovation, with so little discretion to direct it, is surely seldom found in the same person.

And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour—here they come.

Charal. I am ready.

Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORD, NOVALL
senior, PONTALIER, and BEAUMONT.

Nov. sen. See, equal judges, with what confidence

The cruel murderer stands, as if he would
Outface the court and justice!

Roch. But look on him,
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath died 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 lived so, my lord, that I
Might rather have continued 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 deserved
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 raised
The building of my life, for seventy years,
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices
Practised to ruin man, though brought against
me,

Could never undermine, and no way left

To send these gray 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 whate'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-famed valour,
 Or any other seeming good, that yet
 Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on
 me,

I might have born it better: but, when goodness
 And piety itself in her best figure
 Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,
 Though I forget to suffer like a man,
 Or rather act a woman?

Beau. Good, my lord!—

Nov. sen. You hinder our proceeding.

Char. And forget

The parts of an accuser.

Beau. Pray you, remember

To use the temper which to me you promised.

Roch. Angels themselves must break, Beau-
 mont, that promise

Beyond the strength and patience of angels.
 But I have done:—My good lord, pardon me,
 A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,
 A miserable father; yet be careful

That your compassion of my age, nor his,
 Move you to any thing that may misbecome?
 The place on which you sit.

Char. Read the indictment.

Charal. It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,

————— *that may misbecome*] The
 old copy reads *dis-become*, an unusual word, but regularly
 formed. I thought it worth noticing, though I have not dis-
 turbed Coxeter's fancied improvement.

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 denied 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.

Char. And 'tis freely granted.

Charal. Then I confess, my lords, that I stood
 bound,

When, with my friends, even 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, fee'd 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 saved 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 dower; my forehead then
Deserved 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 wittol.

Char. What proof have you she did play false,
besides

Your oath?

Charal. Her own confession to her father:
I ask him for a witness.

Roch. 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last words
With an untruth.

Charal. 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,³ whose pos-
session

Brought with it ruin to himself and army:

³

————— like the fatal gold

Which Brennus took from Delphos, } This was so destructive to
all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb. See *Eras. Adug.*

Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent
 All grants and writings back which made it mine,
 Before his daughter died by his own sentence,
 As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me.

Beau. They are here to be seen.

Char. 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.

Char. 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 charged with! So, farewell for
 ever!—

[*Exit.*

Nov. 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.

Char. What reply you,
 In your defence, for this?

Charal. 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 though, on these pre-
 sumptions,

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 abused it
 With some unseemly license, by my friend,
 My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit
 To the reporter, but reproved 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 obtain'd 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 believed
 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.

Char. You must find other proofs, to strengthen
 these

But mere presumptions.

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
 Allow your innocence.

Charal. All your attempts
 Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,
 That break themselves ; or 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, though 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 'gainst the life
 Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this cha-
 racter?

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 got
 A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;
 How after, he abjured 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 Officers with AYMER, FLORIMEL, *and*
 BELLAPERT.

Char. Have they ta'en 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 placed in the black list of the delinquents.

Pont. I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,
And I shall do—— [Aside.

Char. 'Tis evident.

Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: here's no place
To curse him or my stars. [Exit.

Char. 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.

Charal. I am slain.

Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him.
[Stabs Pontalier.

Char. A guard! disarm him.

Rom. I yield up my sword
Unforced—Oh, Charalois!

Charal. For shame, Romont,
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived;
Still constant and unmoved; what's fall'n upon
me

Is by heaven'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, worthy of.⁴ [Dies.

Char. We are taught
By this sad precedent, how just soever

⁴ *Has made me worthy, worthy of.*] The old copy repeats *worthy*, which has a good effect; when we add to this, that it also completes the verse, we shall wonder at its omission by the former editors.

Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
 We are yet to leave them to their will and power
 That, to that purpose, have authority.
 For you, Romont, although, 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,
 As they are found guilty or innocent,
 Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt.*⁵

A DIRGE. See p. 375.

*Fie! cease to wonder,
 Though 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.*

A SONG BY AYMER. See p. 381.

A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.

- Man. *Set, Phæbus, 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.*
- 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-savours wine, and this perfume.*
- Man. *Let's die; I languish, I consume.*

⁵ Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his life of Rowe, pronounces of the *Fair Penitent*, "that it is one of the most pleasing Tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably

will long keep them, for that there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story," he observes, "is domestick, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires." Few people, I believe, will think this character of *the Fair Penitent* too lavish on the score of commendation; the high degree of publick favour in which this Tragedy has long stood, has ever attracted the best audiences to it, and engaged the talents of the best performers in its display. As there is no drama more frequently exhibited, or more generally read, I propose to give it a fair and impartial examination, jointly with the more unknown and less popular Tragedy from which it is derived.

The Fair Penitent is in fable and character so closely copied from *the Fatal Dowry*, that it is impossible not to take that Tragedy along with it; and it is matter of some surprise to me that Rowe should have made no acknowledgment of his imitation, either in his dedication or prologue, or any where else that I am apprised of.

This Tragedy of *the Fatal Dowry* was the joint production of Massinger and Nathaniel Field; it takes a wider compass of fable than *the Fair Penitent*, by which means it presents a very affecting scene at the opening, which discovers young Charalois, attended by his friend Romont, waiting with a petition in his hand to be presented to the judges, when they shall meet, praying the release of his dead father's body, which had been seized by his creditors, and detained in their hands for debts he had incurred in the publick service, as field-marshal of the armies of Burgundy. Massinger, to whose share this part of the Tragedy devolved, has managed this pathetick introduction with consummate skill and great expression of nature; a noble youth in the last state of worldly distress, reduced to the humiliating yet pious office of soliciting an unfeeling and unfriendly judge to allow him to pay the solemn rites of burial to the remains of an illustrious father, who had fought his country's battles with glory, and had sacrificed life and fortune in the defence of an ingrateful state, impresses the spectator's mind with pity and respect, which are felt through every passage of the Play: one thing in particular strikes me at the opening of the scene, which is the long silence that the poet has artfully imposed upon his principal character (Charalois) who stands in mute sorrow with his petition in his hand, whilst his friend Romont, and his advocate Charmi, urge him to present himself to the judges, and solicit them in person: the judges now make their entrance, they stop upon the stage; they offer him the fairest opportunity for tendering his petition and soliciting his

suit: Charalois remains fixed and speechless; Romont, who is all eagerness in his cause, presses him again and again:

“ Now, put on your spirits.—

“ 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.”

The judges point him out to each other; they lament the misfortunes of his noble house; they observe,

“ ————— 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 sums he took up for the general good,

“ Meet with an end so infamous.

“ *Rom.* Dare you ever

“ Hope for like opportunity?”

It is in vain; the opportunity passes off, and Charalois opens not his mouth, nor even silently tenders his petition.

I have, upon a former occasion, both generally and particularly observed upon the effects of dramattick silence: the stage cannot afford a more beautiful and touching instance than this before us: to say it is not inferiour to the silence of Hamlet upon his first appearance, would be saying too little in its favour. I have no doubt but Massinger had this very case in his thoughts, and I honour him no less for the imitating, than I should have done for striking out a silence so naturally and so delicately preserved. What could Charalois have uttered to give him that interest in the hearts of his spectators, which their own conclusions during his affecting silence have already impressed? No sooner are the judges gone, than the ardent Romont again breaks forth:—

“ ————— This obstinate spleen,

“ You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well

“ With your black suits.”

This is Hamlet himself, his *inky cloak*, and *customary suits of solemn black*. The character of Charalois is thus fixed before he speaks; the poet's art has given the prejudice that is to bear him in our affections through all the succeeding events of the fable; and a striking contrast is established between the undiscerning

fiery zeal of Romont, and Charalois' fine sensibility and high-born dignity of soul.

A more methodical and regular dramatist would have stopped here, satisfied that the impression already made was fully sufficient for all the purposes of his plot; but Massinger, according to the busy spirit of the stage for which he wrote, is not alarmed by a throng of incidents, and proceeds to open the court and discuss the pleadings on the stage: the advocate Charmi, in a set harangue, moves the judges for dispensing with the rigour of the law in favour of creditors, and for rescuing the marshal's corpse out of their clutches; he is browbeaten and silenced by the presiding judge old Novall: the plea is then taken up by the impetuous Romont, and urged with so much personal insolence, that he is arrested on the spot, put in charge of the officers of the court, and taken to prison. This is a very striking mode of introducing the set oration of Charalois; a son recounting the military achievements of a newly deceased father, and imploring mercy from his creditors and the law towards his unburied remains, now claims the attention of the court, who had been hitherto unmoved by the feeble formality of a hired pleader, and the turbulent passion of an enraged soldier. Charalois' argument takes a middle course between both; the pious feelings of a son, tempered by the modest manners of a gentleman: the creditors however are implacable, the judge is hostile, and the law must take its course:

“ *Cred.* It is the city doctrine;

“ We stand bound to maintain it.

“ *Charal.* 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 [wish] one good thought

“ In you to mend your disposition with.

“ I know there is no musick 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 loathed 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 released.”

There was yet another incident, which the poet’s passion for business and spectacle induced him to avail himself of, viz. the funeral of the marshal ; this he displays on the stage, with a train of captains and soldiers following the body of their general : Charalois and Romont, under custody of their gaolers, appear as chief mourners, and a party of creditors are concerned in the groupe.

After this solemnity is dispatched, the poet proceeds to develop the amiable generosity of old Rochfort, who, being touched with the gallant spirit of Romont, and still more penetrated with the filial piety of young Charalois, delivers them both from imprisonment and distress, by discharging the debts of the marshal, and dismissing the creditors : this also passes before the eyes of the spectators. Before Charalois has given full expression to his gratitude for this extraordinary benefaction, Rochfort follows it with a further act of bounty, which he introduces in the style of a request—

“ Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you,
 “ Would you requite me.—
 “ This is my only child.”

Beaumelle, Rochfort’s daughter, is presented to Charalois ; the scene is hurried on with a precipitation almost without example : Charalois asks the lady,

“ Fair Beaumelle, can you love me ?
 “ *Beaumel.* Yes, my lord.
 “ *Charal.* You need not question me if I can you :
 “ You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
 “ And Rochfort is your father.”

The match is agreed upon as soon as proposed, and Rochfort hastens away to prepare the celebration.

In this cluster of incidents I must not fail to remark, that the poet introduces young Novall upon the scene, in the very moment when the short dialogue above quoted was passing : this Novall had before been exhibited as a suitor to Beaumelle, and his vain frivolous character had been displayed in a very ridiculous and contemptible light ; he is now again introduced to be a witness of his own disappointment, and his only observation upon it is—
 “ What’s this change ?”—Upon the exit of the father, however, he addresses himself to the lady, and her reply gives the alarming hint, that makes discovery of the fatal turn which the plot is now about to take ; for when Novall turning aside to Beaumelle, by

one word—"Mistress!"—conveys the reproach of inconstancy, she replies,

"Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!

"Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—

"You will undo me, if you speak again." [Exit.

Young Novall is left on the scene with certain followers and dependants, which hang upon his fortune, one of which, (Pontalier by name,) a man under deep obligations to him, yet of an honest nature, advises him to an honourable renunciation of all further hopes or attempts to avail himself of the affections of Beaumelle—

"————— Though you have saved my life,

"Rescued 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—

"Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,

"Now you do see her made another man's."

This honourable advice is rejected with contempt: Novall, in whose mean bosom there does not seem a trace of virtue, avows a determined perseverance; and the poet having in this hasty manner completed these inauspicious nuptials, closes the second act of his Tragedy.

We have now expended two entire acts of *the Fatal Dowry*, in advancing to that period in the fable, at which the Tragedy of *the Fair Penitent* opens. If the author of this Tragedy thought it necessary to contract Massinger's plot, and found one upon it of a more regular construction, I know not how he could do this any otherwise, than by taking up the story at the point where we have now left it, and throwing the antecedent matter into narration; and though these two prefatory acts are full of very affecting incidents, yet the pathos which properly appertains to the plot, and conduces to the catastrophe of the Tragedy, does not in strictness take place before the event of the marriage. No critick will say that the pleadings before the judges, the interference of the creditors, the distresses of Charalois, or the funeral of the marshal, are necessary parts of the drama; at the same time no reader will deny (and neither could Rowe himself overlook) the effect of these incidents: he could not fail to foresee that he was to sacrifice very much of the interest of his fable, when he was to throw that upon narration, which his original had given in spectacle; and the loss was more enhanced by falling upon the hero of the drama; for who that compares Charalois, at the end of the second act of Massinger, with Rowe's Altamont at the opening scene of *the Fair Penitent*, can doubt which character has most interest with the spectators? We have seen the former in all the most amiable offices which filial piety could perform; enduring insults from his inveterate oppressors, and voluntarily surrendering him-

self to a prison to ransom the dead body of his father from unrelenting creditors. Altamont presents himself before us in his wedding suit, in the splendour of fortune, and at the summit of happiness; he greets us with a burst of exultation—

“ Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
 “ No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
 “ Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings!
 “ Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
 “ Choose it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes;
 “ This happy day, that gives me my Calista!”

The rest of the scene is employed by him and Horatio alternately in recounting the benefits conferr'd upon them by the generous Sciolto; and the very same incident of the seizure of his father's corpse by the creditors, and his redemption of it, is recited by Horatio:—

“ _____ When his hard creditors,
 “ Urged and assisted by Lothario's father,
 “ (Foe to thy house and rival of their greatness,)
 “ By sentence of the cruel law forbade
 “ His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
 “ Thou gavest thyself a ransom for his bones;
 “ With piety uncommon didst give up
 “ Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy.”

It is not however within the reach of this, or any other description, to place Altamont in that interesting and amiable light, as circumstances have already placed Charalois; the happy and exulting bridegroom may be an object of our congratulation, but the virtuous and suffering Charalois engages our pity, love, and admiration. If Rowe would have his audience credit Altamont for that filial piety, which marks the character he copied from, it was a small oversight to put the following expression into his mouth—

“ Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!”

A closer attention to character would have reminded him that it was possible for Altamont to express his gratitude to Sciolto without setting him above a father, to whose memory he had paid such devotion.

From this contraction of his plot, by the defalcation of so many pathetick incidents, it became impossible for the author of *the Fair Penitent* to make his Altamont the hero of his Tragedy, and the leading part is taken from him by Horatio, and even by Lothario, throughout the drama. There are several reasons, which concur to sink Altamont upon the comparison with Charalois, the chief of which arises from the captivating colours in which Rowe has painted his libertine: on the contrary, Massinger gives a contemptible picture of his young Novall; he makes him not only vicious, but ridiculous; in foppery and impertinence he is the counterpart

of Shakspeare's Osrick; vain-glorious, purse-proud, and overbearing amongst his dependants; a spiritless poltroon in his interview with Romont. "Lothario," as Johnson observes, "with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness." His high spirit, brilliant qualities, and fine person are so described, as to put us in danger of false impressions in his favour, and to set the passions in opposition to the moral of the piece: I suspect that the gallantry of Lothario makes more advocates for Calista than she ought to have. There is another consideration, which operates against Altamont, and it is an indelicacy in his character, which the poet should have provided against: he marries Calista with the full persuasion of her being averse to the match; in his first meeting with Sciolto he says—

"Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,

"One kind remembrance in Calista's breast—

"——— I found her cold

"As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;

"A rising storm of passion shook her breast,

"Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,

"And then she sigh'd as if her heart were breaking,

"With all the tenderest eloquence of love

"I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;

"But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,

"Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,

"Nor in a father's power to dispose of."

I am aware that Sciolto attempts to parry these facts, by an interpretation too gross and unbecoming for a father's character, and only fit for the lips of a Lothario; but yet it is not in nature to suppose that Altamont could mistake such symptoms, and it fixes a meanness upon him, which prevails against his character throughout the play. Nothing of this sort, could be discovered by Masinger's bridegroom, for the ceremony was agreed upon and performed at the very first interview of the parties; Beaumelle gave a full and unreserved assent, and though her character suffers on the score of hypocrisy on that account, yet Charalois is saved by it: less hypocrisy appears in Calista, but hers is the deeper guilt, because she was already dishonoured by Lothario, and Beaumelle's coquetry with Novall had not yet reached the length of criminality. Add to this, that Altamont appears in the contemptible light of a suitor, whom Calista had apprised of her aversion, and to whom she had done a deliberate act of dishonour, though his person and character must have been long known to her. The case is far otherwise between Charalois and Beaumelle, who never met before, and every care is taken by the poet to save his hero from such a deliberate injury, as might convey contempt; with

this view the marriage is precipitated; nothing is allowed to pass, that might open the character of Charalois to Beaumelle: she is hurried into an assignation with Novall immediately upon her marriage; every artifice of seduction is employed by her confidante Bellapert, and Aymer, the parasite of Novall, to make the meeting criminal; she falls the victim of passion, and when detection brings her to a sense of her guilt, she makes this penitent and pathetick appeal to Charalois—

“ Oh my fate!

“ That never would consent that I should see

“ How worthy you were both of love and duty,

“ Before I lost you; and my misery made

“ The glass in which I now behold your virtue!

“ 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—

“ ————— Yet you shall find,

“ Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,

“ I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,

“ That are canonized 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.”

Compare this with the conduct of Calista, and then decide which frail fair one has the better title to the appellation of a *penitent*, and which drama conveys the better moral by its catastrophe.

There is indeed a grossness in the older poet, which his more modern imitator has refined; but he has only sweetened the poison, not removed its venom; nay, by how much more palatable he has made it, so much more pernicious it is become in his tempting, sparkling cup, than in the coarse deterring dose of Massinger.

Rowe has no doubt greatly outstepped his original in the striking character of Lothario, who leaves Novall as far behind him as Charalois does Altamont: it is admitted then that Calista has as good a plea as any wanton could wish, to urge for her criminality with Lothario, and the poet has not spared the ear of modesty in his exaggerated description of the guilty scene; every luxurious image, that his inflamed imagination could crowd into the glowing rhapsody is there to be found, and the whole is recited in numbers so flowing and harmonious, that they not only arrest the passions but the memory also, and perhaps have been, and still can be, as generally repeated as any passage in English poetry. Massinger,

with less elegance, but not with less regard to decency, suffers the guilty act to pass within the course of his drama; the greater refinement of manners in Rowe's day did not allow of this, and he anticipated the incident; but when he revived the recollection of it by such a studied description, he plainly shewed that it was not from moral principle that he omitted it; and if he has presented his heroine to the spectators with more immediate delicacy during the compass of the play, he has at the same time given her greater depravity of mind; her manners may be more refined, but her principle is fouler than Beaumelle's. Calista, who yielded to the gallant, gay Lothario, "hot with the Tuscan grape," might perhaps have disdained a lover who addressed her in the holiday language which Novall uses to Beaumelle:

- "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 trimm'd in her varieties,—
 "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!"

The letter of Calista (which brings about the discovery by the poor expedient of Lothario's dropping it and Horatio's finding it) has not even the merit of being characteristically wicked, and is both in its matter and mode below tragedy. It is, *Lothario's cruelty has determined her to yield a perfect obedience to her father, and give her hand to Altamont, in spite of her weakness for the false Lothario.*—If the lady had given her *perfect obedience* its true denomination, she had called it a most dishonourable compliance; and, if we may take Lothario's word, (who seems full correct enough in describing facts and particulars,) she had not much cause to complain of his being false; for he tells Rossano:

- "I liked her, would have married her,
 "But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
 "To make this honourable fool her husband."

It appears by this, that Lothario had not been *false* to her in the article of marriage, though he might have been *cruel* to her on the score of passion, which indeed is confessed on his part with as much *cold indifference*, as the most barefaced avowal could express.—But to return to the letter: She proceeds to tell him—*that she could almost wish she had that heart, and that honour to bestow with it, which he has robbed her of*—But lest this half wish should startle him, she adds—*But oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario.*—This must be owned as full a reason as she could give, why she should only

almost wish for her lost honour, when she would make such an use of it, if she had it again at her disposal. And yet the very next paragraph throws every thing into contradiction, for she tells him—*this is the last weakness of her pen, and to morrow shall be the last in which she will indulge her eyes.* If she could keep to that resolution, I must think the recovery of her innocence would have been worth a whole wish, and many a wish; unless we are to suppose she was so devoted to guilt, that she could take delight in reflecting upon it: this is a state of depravity, which human nature hardly ever attains, and seems peculiar to Calista. She now grows very humble, and concludes in a style well suited to her humility—*Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from—*

The lost CALISTA.

It was very ill done of Horatio's curiosity to read this letter, and I must ever regret that he has so unhandsomely exposed a lady's private correspondence to the world.

Though the part which Horatio takes in the business of the drama is exactly that which falls to the share of Romont in *the Fatal Dowry*, yet their characters are of a very different cast; for, as Rowe had bestowed the fire and impetuosity of Romont upon his Lothario, it was a very judicious opposition to contrast it with the cool deliberate courage of the sententious Horatio, the friend and brother-in-law of Altamont.

When Horatio has read Calista's letter, which Lothario had dropped, (an accident which more frequently happens to gentlemen in comedies than in tragedies,) he falls into a very long meditation, and closes it with putting this question to himself:

“What if I give this paper to her father?

“It follows that his justice dooms her dead,

“And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return

“For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!

“Hold, let me take a moment's thought.—”

At this moment he is interrupted in his reflections by the presence of Lavinia, whose tender solicitude fills up the remaining part of the dialogue, and concludes the act without any decisive resolution on the part of Horatio; an incident well contrived, and introduced with much dramatick skill and effect: though pressed by his wife to disclose the cause of his uneasiness, he does not impart to her the fatal discovery he has made; this also is well in character. Upon his next entrance he has withdrawn himself from the company, and being alone resumes his meditation:

“What, if, while all are here intent on revelling,

“I privately went forth and sought Lothario?

“This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness

“Of his vain youth to stain a lady's fame;

- " Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
 " Oh ! no, my heart forebodes it must be true.
 " Methought e'en now I mark'd the starts of guilt
 " That shook her soul, though damn'd dissimulation
 " Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to publick view
 " A specious face of innocence and beauty."

This soliloquy is succeeded by the much-admired and striking scene between him and Lothario; rigid criticism might wish to abridge some of the sententious declamatory speeches of Horatio, and shorten the dialogue to quicken the effect; but the moral sentiment and harmonious versification are much too charming to be treated as intruders, and the author has also struck upon a natural expedient for prolonging the dialogue, without any violence to probability, by the interposition of Rossano, who acts as a mediator between the hostile parties. This interposition is further necessary to prevent a decisive rencounter, for which the fable is not ripe; neither would it be proper for Horatio to anticipate the revenge, which is reserved for Altamont: The altercation therefore closes with a challenge from Lothario:

- " West of the town a mile, amongst the rocks,
 " Two hours ere noon to morrow I expect thee;
 " Thy single hand to mine."

The place of meeting is not well ascertained, and the time is too long deferred for strict probability; there are, however, certain things in all dramas, which must not be too rigidly insisted upon, and provided no extraordinary violence is done to reason and common sense, the candid critick ought to let them pass: this I take to be a case in point; and though Horatio's cool courage and ready presence of mind, are not just the qualities to reconcile us to such an oversight, yet I see no reason to be severe upon the incident, which is followed by his immediate recollection:

- " Two hours ere noon to morrow! Hah! Ere that
 " He sees Calista.—Oh! unthinking fool!
 " What if I urged her with the crime and danger?
 " If any spark from heaven remain unquench'd
 " Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
 " Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
 " My combat with that loud vain-glorious beaster."

Whether this be a measure altogether in character with a man of Horatio's good sense and discretion, I must own is matter of doubt with me. I think he appears fully satisfied of her actual criminality; and in that case it would be more natural for him to lay his measures for intercepting Lothario, and preventing the assignation, than to try his rhetorick in the present crisis upon the agitated mind of Calista. As it has justly occurred to him, that he has been over-reached by Lothario in the postponement of the duel,

the measure I suggest would naturally tend to hasten that rencounter. Now, though the business of the drama may require an explanation between Horatio and Calista, whereupon to ground an occasion for his interesting quarrel with Altamont; yet I do not see any necessity to make that a premeditated explanation, nor to sacrifice character, by a measure that is inconsistent with the better judgment of Horatio. The poet, however, has decreed it otherwise, and a deliberate interview with Calista and Horatio accordingly takes place. This, although introduced with a solemn invocation on his part, is very clumsily conducted :

“ Teach me, some Power ! that happy art of speech

“ To dress my purpose up in gracious words,

“ Such as may softly steal upon her soul,

“ And never waken the tempestuous passions.”

Who can expect, after this preparation, to hear Horatio thus break his secret to Calista ?

“ Lothario and Calista !—Thus they join

“ Two names, which heaven decreed should never meet,

“ Hence have the talkers of this populous city

“ A shameful tale to tell for publick sport,

“ Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,

“ Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,

“ When she had given her honour to a wretch.”

This I hold to be totally out of nature ; first, because it is a palpable departure from his resolution to use “ gracious words ;” next, because it has a certain tendency to produce rage and not repentance ; and thirdly, because it is founded in exaggeration and falsehood ; for how is he warranted to say that the story is the publick talk and sport of the city ? If it were so, what can his interference avail ? why seek this interview ?

“ Why come to tell her how she might be happy ?

“ To soothe the secret anguish of her soul ?

“ To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,

“ And teach her steps to know the paths of peace ?”

No judge of nature will think he takes the means to lead her into the “ paths of peace,” by hurrying her to the very brink of desperation. I need not enlarge upon this observation, and shall therefore only remark, that the scene breaks up, as might be expected, with the following proof of her penitence, and his success in persuasion :

“ Henceforth, thou officious fool,

“ Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,

“ To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue :

“ I am myself the guardian of my honour,

“ And will not bear so insolent a monitor.”

Let us now enquire how Romont (the Horatio of Massinger)

conducts this incident, a character from whom less discretion is to be expected than from his philosophical successor. Romont himself discovers Beaumelle and Novall engaged in the most wanton familiarities, and with a warmth suitable to his zeal, breaks up the amorous conference by driving Novall off the scene with inefable contempt: he then applies himself to the lady, and with a very natural and manly spirit says,

“ ——— I respect you,
 “ Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
 “ Who is your father, and whose wife you now are.”

She replies to him with contempt and ridicule; he resumes the same characteristick strain he set out with, and proceeds:

“ ——— 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 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.”

We have just now heard Horatio reproach Calista with the reports that were circulated against her reputation; let us compare it with what Romont says upon the same subject:

“ ——— 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 learn'd 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 used familiarity beyond
 “ A modest entertainment: you embraced 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.”

What avails it to attempt drawing a comparison between this conduct and that of Horatio's, where no comparison is to be made? I leave it to the reader, and decline a task at once so unnecessary and ungrateful.

When Romont finds no impression is to be made upon Beau-

melle, he meets her father, and immediately falls into the same reflection that Horatio had struck upon:

“ ————— Her father?—ha! ———

“ How if I break this to him? sure it cannot

“ Meet with an ill construction: his wisdom,

“ Made powerful by the authority of a father,

“ Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.

“ It shall be so.—

If this step needs excuse, the reader will consider that it is a step of prevention. The experiment however fails, and he is rebuffed with some asperity by Rochfort; this draws on a scene between him and Charalois, which, as it is too long to transcribe, so it is throughout too excellent to extract any part from it. I can only express my surprise, that the author of *the Fair Penitent*, with this scene before him, could conduct his interview between Altamont and Horatio upon a plan so widely different, and so much inferior: I must suppose he thought it a strong incident to make Altamont give a blow to his friend, else he might have seen an interview carried on with infinitely more spirit, both of language and character, between Charalois and Romont, in circumstances exactly similar, where no such violence was committed, or even meditated. Was it because Pierre had given a blow to Jaffier, that Altamont was to repeat the like indignity to Horatio, for a woman, of whose aversion he had proofs not to be mistaken? Charalois is a character at least as high and irritable as Altamont, and Romont is out of all comparison more rough and plain-spoken than Horatio: Charalois might be deceived into an opinion of Beaumelle's affection for him; Altamont could not deceive himself into such a notion, and the lady had testified her dislike of him in the strongest terms, accompanied with symptoms which he himself had described as indicating some rooted and concealed affliction: could any solution be more natural than what Horatio gives? Novall was a rival so contemptible, that Charalois could not, with any degree of probability, consider him as an object of his jealousy; it would have been a degradation of his character, had he yielded to such a suspicion: Lothario, on the contrary, was of all men living the most to be apprehended by a husband, let his confidence or vanity be ever so great. Rowe, in his attempt to *surprise*, has sacrificed nature and the truth of character for stage-effect; Massinger, by preserving both nature and character, has conducted his friends through an angry altercation with infinitely more spirit, more pathos, and more dramatic effect, and yet dismissed them with the following animated and affecting speech from Charalois to his friend:

“ ————— Thou art not my friend,

“ Or being so, thou art mad: I must not buy

“ Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,

- "Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
 "Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
 "Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
 "Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
 "Farewell, 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.

It is plain that Altamont at least was an exception to this remark upon Italian husbands. I shall pursue this comparison no further, nor offer any other remark upon the incident of the blow given by Altamont, except with regard to Horatio's conduct upon receiving it; he draws his sword, and immediately suspends resentment upon the following motive:

- "Yet hold! By heav'n, his father's in his face!
 "Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,
 "And I could rather die myself than hurt him."

We must suppose it was the martial attitude that Altamont had put himself into, which brought the resemblance of his father so strongly to the observation of Horatio, otherwise it was a very unnatural moment to recollect it in, when he had just received the deepest insult one man can give to another: it is however worth a remark, that this father of Altamont should act on both sides, and yet miscarry in his mediation; for it is but a few passages before that Altamont says to Horatio:

- "Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;
 "A venerable mark of him
 "Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
 "I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee."

What this mark was is left to conjecture; but it is plain it was as seasonable for Horatio's rescue at this moment, as it was for Altamont a few moments after, who had certainly overlooked it when he struck the very friend against whom he could not, dared not lift his sword.

When Lavinia's entrance has parted Altamont and Horatio, her husband complains to her of the ingratitude with which he has been treated, and says:

- "He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
 "With barbarous bloody malice sought my life."

These are very extraordinary terms for a man like Horatio to use, and seem to convey a charge very unfit for him to make, and of a very different nature from the hasty insult he had received;

in fact it appears as if the blow had totally reversed his character, for the resolution he takes in consequence of this personal affront, is just such an one as would be only taken by the man who dared not to resent it:

“ From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,

“ To some more honest distant clime we'll go;

“ Nor will I be beholden to my country

“ For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.”

That Horatio's heroism did not consist in the ready forgiveness of injuries, is evident from the obstinate sullenness with which he rejects the penitent apologies of Altamont in the further progress of the play; I am at a loss therefore to know what colour the poet meant to give his character, by disposing him to quit his country with this insult unatoned for, and the additional stigma upon him of running away from his appointment with Lothario for the next morning “ amongst the rocks.” Had he meant to bring him off upon the repugnance he felt of resenting any injury against the son of a father, whose image was so visible “ in his face,” that his “ heart ran o'er with fondness in spite of his wrongs, and he could rather die than hurt him;” surely that image would have interceded no less powerfully for him, when, penetrated with remorse, he intercedes for pity and forgiveness, and even faints at his feet with agony at his unrelenting obduracy: It would be unfair to suppose he was more like his father when he had dealt him an insulting blow, than when he was atoning for an injury by the most ample satisfaction and submission.

This is the light in which the conduct of Horatio strikes me; if I am wrong, I owe an atonement to the manes of an elegant poet, which upon conviction of my error, I will study to pay in the fullest manner I am able.

It now remains only to say a few words upon the catastrophe, in which the author varies from his original, by making Calista destroy herself with a dagger, put into her hand for that purpose by her father: If I am to moralize upon this proceeding of Sciolto, I know full well the incident cannot bear up against it; a Roman father would stand the discussion better than a Christian one; and I also know that the most natural expedient is unluckily a most undramatick one; yet the poet did not totally overlook it, for he makes Sciolto's first thought turn upon a convent, if I rightly understand the following passage:

“ Hence from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee:

“ Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,

“ Where, on the confines of eternal night,

“ Mourning, misfortunes, cares, and anguish dwell;

“ Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,

“ And death and hell detested rule maintain;

“ There howl out the remainder of thy life,

“ And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.”

Whilst I am transcribing these lines a doubt strikes me that I have misinterpreted them, and yet Calista's answer seems to point to the meaning I had suggested; perhaps however they are mere ravings in fine numbers without any determinate idea: whatever they may be, it is clear they do not go to the length of death: he tells Altamont, as soon as she is departed:

“ I wo' not kill her;

“ Yet by the ruin she has brought upon us,

“ The common infamy that brands us both,

“ She sha' not 'scape.”

He seems in this moment to have formed the resolution, which he afterwards puts upon execution; he prompts her to self-murder, and arms her for the act: this may save the spectators a sight too shocking to behold, but does it convey less horroir to the heart, than if he had put her to death with his own hand? a father killing his child for incontinence with the man whom he had not permitted to marry her, when he solicited his consent, is an act too monstrous to reflect upon: is that father less a monster, who, deliberately and after full reflection, puts a dagger into her hand and bids her commit self-murder? I should humbly conceive the latter act a degree in guilt beyond the former; especially when I hear that father coolly demanding of his victim, if she has reflected upon what may happen after death:

“ Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?

“ How thy account may stand, and what to answer?”

A parent surely would turn that question upon his own heart, before he precipitated his unprepared child to so awful and uncertain an account: rage and instant revenge may find some plea; sudden passion may transport even a father to lift his hand against his own offspring; but this act of Sciolto has no shelter but in heathen authority:

“ 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,

“ That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome

“ Was mistress of the world.”

Did ever poetry beguile a man into such an allusion? and to what does that piece of information tend “ that Rome was mistress of the world?” If this is human nature, it would almost tempt one to reply in Sciolto's own words:

“ I cou'd curse nature.”

But it is no more like nature, than the following sentiments of Calista are like the sentiments of a penitent, or a Christian:

“ That I must die it is my only comfort.

“ Death is the privilege of human nature,

“ And life without it were not worth our taking—”

And again,

- “ Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
- “ How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
- “ Makes not too strict enquiry for offences,
- “ But is aton'd by penitence and prayer.
- “ Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be receiv'd;
- “ Nothing but blood can make the expiation.

Such is the catastrophe of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, such is the representation he gives us of human nature, and such the moral of his tragedy.

I shall conclude with an extract or two from the catastrophe of *the Fatal Dowry*: and first for the penitence of Beaumelle, I shall select only the following speech addressed to her husband:

- “ ————— 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 entreat you would be pleased to look upon
- “ My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
- “ Are the true children of my grief, and not
- “ A woman's cunning.”

I need not point out the contrast between this and the quotations from Calista. It will require a longer extract to bring the conduct of Rochfort into comparison with that of Sciolto: the reader will observe that Novall's dead body is now on the scene, Charalois, Beaumelle, and Rochfort her father, are present. The charge of adultery is urged by Charalois, and appeal is made to the justice of Rochfort in the case:

- “ *Roch.* What answer makes the prisoner?
- “ *Beaumel.* I confess
- “ The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
- “ Most miserably guilty.
- “ *Roch.* Heaven take mercy
- “ Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—
- “ — 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 received 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——
- “ *Charal.* 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 assured, to pardon such a sin

“ Is an offence as great as to commit it.”

In consequence of this the husband strikes her dead before her father's eyes: the act indeed is horrid; even Tragedy shrinks from it, and nature with a father's voice instantly cries out—“ Is she dead then?—and you have kill'd her?”—Charalois avows it, and pleads his sentence for the deed; the revolting agonized parent breaks forth into one of the most pathetick, natural, and expressive lamentations, that the English drama can produce :

“ ————— But I pronounced 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-died cruelty; but, in return,

“ You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.

“ I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but

“ You closed your eyes against me as a father.

“ O Beaumelle! my daughter!

“ *Charal.* 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,

“ Flint-hearted Charalois!—

“ *Charal.* Nature does prevail

“ Above your virtue.”

What conclusions can I draw from these comparative examples, which every reader would not anticipate? Is there a man, who has any feeling for real nature, dramattick character, moral sentiment, tragick pathos, or nervous diction, who can hesitate, even for a moment, where to bestow the palm? CUMBERLAND. *Observer*, Nos. LXXVII. LXXVIII. LXXIX.

This fine Tragedy has obtained more attention than usual from the criticks; yet less has been said of its direct, than its relative merits; and *the Fatal Dowry* has been chiefly studied

for the sake of a comparison with *the Fair Penitent*. I do not know if some injury has not been done to it by this mode of treatment. Under the influence of a double enquiry, some circumstances have been passed by with little or no notice; and others, perhaps, have been unduly magnified. The question has been, not what was written by Massinger, but what was imitated by Rowe. While both the dramas have been thus considered together, the scope of one of them has not been exactly defined: and what was gained by a complication of design, was lost to simplicity of judgment. Indeed, no great benefit of either kind can be derived from the brief and desultory views of Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Davies: but the reader will receive both pleasure and instruction from the comparison of Mr. Cumberland.

Not to have a strong and intimate feeling of *the Fatal Dowry*, is to be hardened against the most affecting representation of virtue goaded by injuries to an unlawful revenge. The story is strongly and circumstantially unfolded, and fixes our attention to its progress by the impression, which it generally wears, of common life. The language too, is, with some exceptions, which will be presently noticed, the language of nature and of business. The characters are drawn with a profusion of force and variety. Charalois is placed twice before the seat of justice: and Massinger has had the address to preserve an extraordinary interest for him, whether he appears as a suppliant or a criminal. He unites many rare and apparently opposite qualities. His severity and reserve are happily reconciled with the tenderness of his filial piety, his intrepidity with his gentleness of temper, his inflexible firmness with his melting compassion. He is marked with the gracefulness as well as the force of virtue: nor can the rash act of which he is guilty compel the reader to abandon him, though it shocks our feelings. His provocations secure our pity; his dying acknowledgments tend to restore our esteem; and, in his own words, there is

“————— no eye, but is ready with a tear

“To witness 'tis shed for him—————”

Romont is well contrasted with him; he is marked with all the vehemence of honesty; irritation is the characteristick attendant of his fidelity; he loses his own temper in the noble zeal of preserving the innocence of others: and he draws his sword upon his best friend, that he may compel him to give more attention to his security. Pontalier again is a variety of Romont, though of an inferior cast. He carries his friendship to crime, and murders Charalois to shew his gratitude to Novall. There is a secret link which binds these characters together. They wish to be virtuous; but, by too much indulgence of passion concerning it, they fall into imprudence or guilt. On

the other hand, the fixed quality of Rochfort is the admiration of virtue. On this is founded the condemnation of Beaumelle, as well as his generosity to Charalois. Indeed at her fall he melts into sudden tenderness towards her: and nothing can be more finely natural than his grief and his reproaches of the man whom he loves. But after this burst of feeling, he returns to his settled principle; and the rash but much injured Charalois is still the object of his regard.

Old Novall might be designed only as an enemy to the cause of Charalois, and as a contrast to Rochfort. But the reprobation of him is so frequently indulged, and with such vehemence and accumulation of circumstances, as to raise a suspicion that a portrait was intended. His hard and insulting disposition, his savage abuse, and his readiness to "cross every deserving soldier and scholar," seem to allude to Sir Edward Coke, and to the base and unfeeling treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh. But it is impossible to notice all the observable parts of this admirable Tragedy. I will proceed to the moral, after the discussion of a point or two with Mr. M. Mason. In a very summary manner he has pronounced that the second, third, and part of the fourth act, were not written by Massinger.

There is an apparent change of writing in the second act; and Charalois himself, though some of his thoughts and expressions are excellent, spoils his grief with too much fondness for antitheses, and metaphors coldly and formally drawn out. He becomes a quibbler too as he proceeds, and does not express, with his usual frankness, either his gratitude or his love. The business is also unduly hurried on: (though Massinger himself is strongly marked with this precipitation,) and the musick which lately played at the funeral of the marshal, is too quickly called upon to celebrate the marriage of Charalois. But in the third act Massinger seems to me to return. The proof of this shall not rest upon the general style of it, for that would not so effectually determine the question, but upon the similarity of thoughts and expressions scattered throughout his other plays. In the very first scene, Bellapert uses a significant image which Antoninus has employed in *the Virgin Martyr*. Romont afterwards observes, that it is as easy to "prop a falling tower," as to "stay a woman" who has once given herself to viciousness: and this thought, with the very expression of it, has been used by Mathias in *the Picture*. Charalois interts that the lion is not to be insulted because he does not happen to be angry: and Theodosius has lately dwelt with some enlargement on this very instance. Romont hopes that his discovery of Beaumelle's infidelity will not "meet with an ill construction," and uses perhaps the most common phrase of Massinger. He remarks

too that women have “no cunning to gull the world;”—a method of affirmation frequent with Massinger. Shall I add more proof? Rochfort says to Beaumelle, “I have that confidence in your goodness, I”—a reduplication which cannot be missed by any reader of these plays. Yet the language of Rochfort himself is adduced by Mr. M. Mason, to prove that this act was not written by Massinger. Rochfort utters scarcely more than twenty lines in the whole act; and from that small portion the above is one instance to the contrary of the assertion. It would be superfluous to say more, though similar incidents might also be produced. I shall only draw the proper conclusion: if this Play was written at the early time supposed by Mr. Malone, Massinger must either have made it a storehouse from which to draw incidents and images for his future plays, a supposition not very probable, or he must have consented to adopt for ever the thoughts of Field in preference to his own: a supposition still less probable. Again,—if it was written in the order in which it is now printed, Field would hardly have been allowed to plunder him of his most familiar thoughts by way of assisting him. In either case the third act must be given to Massinger. Field is welcome to the first scene of the fourth act, if that is the part claimed for him by Mr. M. Mason.

I pass, with pleasure, from this uninteresting enquiry to a great moral, which, after all the discussion bestowed upon this Play, is as yet fresh and untouched.

Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to heaven; and by the divine will, the administration of it for moral purposes is vested in the laws. To avenge our own cause is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice there is virtue. DR. IRELAND.

By an oversight, for which it is scarcely worth accounting, the following despicable rhymes were omitted after those which are given at the conclusion of this Play. They are supposed to be sung p. 424. By a fatality in blundering which seems to attend Mr. M. Mason and his coadjutor, Davies, they are referred to "the end of the second act"! though one of them is expressly quoted by Aymer, as what he was about to sing, Act IV. sc. ii.

Citizens' SONG of the Courtier.

*Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this lesson learn to thrive;
If thou match a lady, that passes thee in birth and
state,
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree;
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her servants, and thee honour.*

Courtier's SONG of the Citizens.

*Poor citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me
To set thy wife first in thy shop;
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man
up.
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,
A woman still is current ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But, whilst thou art at t'other end,
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,
Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;
And after supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake:
What though the gallants call thee Mome!
Yet with thy lantern light her home;
Then look into the town, and tell
If no such tradesmen there do well.*

A

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

Saturday Evening

A Comedy by Philip Massinger

Arranged in a Prologue and Two Acts

Lord Lovell.....William Sauter
Giles OverreachWalter Ham

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.] This "Comedy" does not appear in Sir Henry Herbert's book; it must, however, have been produced on the stage before 1633,* in which year it was printed for Henry Seyle. The author of *the Companion to the Playhouse* terms it "one of the best of the old comedies, and, in his opinion, the very best of Massinger's writing." It is, indeed, a most admirable piece; but while *the City Madam*, and two or three others of this writer's comedies remain, it will not, I think, be universally placed at the head of the list.

This play is preceded by two short commendatory poems, by Sir Thomas Jay, and Sir Henry Moody; the former of which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Massinger, as Sir Thomas was no flatterer.

The New Way to pay Old Debts was extremely well received on its first appearance, and, as the quarto informs us, "often acted at the Phoenix in Drurie Lane." It has been revived at different periods with considerable success, and still holds a distinguished place on the stage.

* There are several allusions to a state of war in it; and peace had been made with France and Spain in 1629.

TO

The Right Honourable,

ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,

MASTER-FALCONER OF ENGLAND.

MY GOOD LORD,

PARDON, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,*

your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

* Anna Sophia, daughter of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and wife of Robert Dormer Earl of Carnarvon, who was slain at Newbury, fighting for his king, 20th September, 1643. MALONE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lovell.

Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner.

Frank Wellborn, a prodigal.

Tom Allworth, a young gentleman, page to lord Lovell.

Greedy, a hungry justice of peace.

Marrall, a term-driver; a creature of sir Giles Overreach.

Order, steward

Amble, usher

Furnace, cook

Watchall, porter

Willdo, a parson.

Tapwell, an alehouse keeper.

Creditors, Servants, &c.

Lady Allworth, a rich widow.

Margaret, Overreach's daughter.

Froth, Tapwell's wife.

Chambermaid.

Waiting Woman.

SCENE, the country near Nottingham.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before Tapwell's House.**Enter WELLBORN in tattered apparel, TAPWELL, and FROTH.**Well.* No bouse? nor no tobacco?*Tap.* Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can

Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brache!¹

The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.*Well.* How, dog!*Tap.* Even so, sir.¹ *Well.* Verity, you brache!

The devil turn'd precisian!] For brache see Vol. I. p. 209. A precisian is a puritan; a very general object of dislike in those times.

And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak,² you shall be soon in-
structed

There dwells, and within call, if it please your
worship,

A potent monarch, call'd a constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks ;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty³ billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will haul
Your tatter'd, lousy——

Well. Rascal ! slave !

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril : Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst ; and, sure, for other
liquor,

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember ; not in a dream,
sir.

² *And I must tell you, if you but advance*

Your Plymouth cloak,] Coxeter, ignorant of the meaning of this expression, boldly changed it to *pile-worn cloak* ! and so it stands in his, and Mr. M. Mason's precious editions ; though why Tapwell should be so irritated by the *advancing of a pile-worn cloak*, neither of the gentlemen have thought fit to explain. When Wellborn exclaims, "How, dog!" he raises his *cudgel* to beat Tapwell, who threatens him, in his turn, with a constable, &c. if he presumes to *strike* him ; this is the purport of the passage. That a *staff* was anciently called a *Plymouth cloak* may be proved by many instances ; but the two following will be sufficient :

"Whose *cloak*, at *Plymouth* spun, was crab-tree wood."

DAVENANT, Fol. p. 229.

"Do you hear, frailty ? shall I walk in a *Plymouth cloak*, that is to say, like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a *crab-tree cudgel* in my hand?" *The Honest Whore*.

³ *Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—*lusty billmen* : the old reading is surely more humorous.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou not Born on my father's land, and proud to be A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;

What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell, Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father, My quondam master, was a man of worship, Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum,

And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*; Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,

Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying, And the twelve hundred a year coming to you, Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly;

You cannot out[♦] of your way.

Tap. But to my story:

You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant, And I your under butler; note the change now: You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds, With choice of running horses: mistresses Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot As their embraces made your lordships melt;

♦ *You cannot out of your way.*] The modern editors misunderstanding this simple phrase, have been pleased to adapt it to their own conceptions; they read,

You cannot be out of your way!

Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
 (Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)
 On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
 For a while supplied your looseness, and then left
 you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective,
 mongrel,

And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet :

Your land gone, and your credit not worth a
 token,⁵

You grew the common borrower ; no man scaped
 Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
 To the beggars on highways, that sold you
 switches

In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where⁶ poor Tim Tapwell, with a little
 stock,

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage ;
 Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
 Gave entertainment——

Well. Yes, to whores and canters,⁷

Clubbers by night.

⁵ *Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,*] “ During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of the publick, therefore, tradesmen were permitted to coin small money, or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change.” *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 267. These little pieces are mentioned by most of our old writers ; their value is not ascertained, but seems to have been about a farthing.

⁶ *Where poor Tim Tapwell, &c.*] Coveter and Mr. M. Mason read, *When poor Tim Tapwell, &c.* but the quarto is right. *Where* stands for *wheras*, as it frequently does in our ancient writers.

⁷ ————— *canters,*] i. e. Rogues, sturdy beggars, &c.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for ;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor
income

I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor ;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*]

Tap. Cry out for help!

Well. Stir, and thou diest :
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save
you.

Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound ! did not I
Make purses for you ? then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to
clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor ; 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch !

Tap. I must, sir ;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds
rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper ! impudent bawd !—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar ;
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*]

Tap. Oh!

Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.

All. Hold, for my sake hold.

Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from
this sceptre;⁸

But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband;
you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib
tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.

[*They go off on their hands and knees.*]

Well. Sent to your mother?⁹

All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear

⁸ *Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre;] The old copy has a marginal explanation here; it says, "his culgel," i. e. the *Plymouth clouk* mentioned in a former page.

⁹ *Well.* Sent to your mother?] If Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason had but patience to have read a little further, they would have seen that Allworth was dispatched on his present errand by Lord Lovell; and might then have suffered the text to stand as Mas-singer left it. They inaccurately read:

Well. Sent for to your mother!

From the least taint of infamy ; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no
tongue

To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors ?

All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord, excepted ; such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose ;
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment : I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.

Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel : I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend ; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee ;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

All. I thank your noble care ; but, pray you,
in what
Do I run the hazard ?

Well. Art thou not in love ?
Put it not off with wonder.

All. In love, at my years !

Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are
transparent.¹

¹ *You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.*] The old reading was,

You think you walk in clouds, but are transient,
Which was certainly an error of the press. COXETER and M.
MASON.

So say the former editors: the truth, however, is, that the old reading is *trans-vent*, and the omission of *pa* was solely occasioned by a break in the line. It is pleasant to see Mr. M. Mason vouch for the reading of a copy into which he *never*

I have heard all, and the choice that you have
made;

And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it² blush and
start,

To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

All. You are too bitter, sir.

Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be
cured

With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's
lodge,³

And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.

All. This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,

condescended to look, and of the existence of which it is for
his credit to suppose him altogether ignorant.

² Does it *blush and start*,] So the quarto; the modern editors
poorly read—Dost *blush*, &c.

³ *Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge*,] The first
degree of servitude, as I have already observed; see Vol I.
p. 292.

Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

All. And your's too.

Well. I confess it.⁴

True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.

Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his
own too,——

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

All. You have well advised me.

But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.

All. Yes, 'tis much material:

You know my fortune, and my means; yet some-
thing

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Well. How's this?

All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,
To put you in better fashion.

Well. Money from thee!

⁴ *Well.* *I confess it.*

True; I must &c.] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, that they may spoil the metre of two lines, read,

Well. *I confess it true.*

I must &c.

From a boy ! a stipendiary ! one that lives
 At the devotion of a stepmother,
 And the uncertain favour of a lord !
 I'll eat my arms first. Howsœ'er blind Fortune
 Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me ;
 Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
 And thus accoutred ; know not where to eat,
 Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy ;
 Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer ;
 And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
 Without the assistance of another's brain,
 In my right wits I'll piece it ; at the worst,
 Die thus, and be forgotten.

All. A strange humour ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is
 Order,

And by this staff of office, that commands you,
 This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
 Whoever misses in his function,
 For one whole week makes forfeiture of his
 breakfast,
 And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amb. You are merry,
 Good master steward.

Furn. Let him ; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve
 o'clock yet,
 Nor dinner taking up ; then 'tis allow'd
 Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, good-
man Amble,
My lady's go-before !

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furn. 'Twit me with the authority of the
kitchen !

At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry ;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amb. There was no hurt meant.

Furn. I am friends with thee, and yet I will
be angry.

Ord. With whom ?

Furn. No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.

Watch. Heaven forbid, man !

Ord. What cause has she given thee ?

Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting
sauces,
And raise fortifications⁵ in the pastry,
Such as might serve for models in the Low
Countries ;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er
took it ——

⁵ *And raise fortifications in the pastry*——

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,

Spinola &c.] This was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 26th of August, 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incredible hardships: "butter," says the historian, Herman Hugo, "was sold for six florins a pound; a calf of 17 days old, for forty-eight; a hog,

Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.

Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.

Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?

Furn. What's this? marry this; when I am three parts roasted,

And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare herviands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,

Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Furn. By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come

To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies

That do devour her, I am out of charity

With none so much as the thin-gutted squire

That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,

It never thrives; he holds this paradox,

Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:

His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,

Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

[*Knocking within.*

Watch. One knocks.

[*Exit.*

for one hundred and fifteen; and tobacco, for one hundred florins the lb.:" this was after they had consumed most of the horses. A few days after, the narrator adds, that "as much tobacco as in other places might have been had for ten florins, was sold in Breda for twelve hundred!" It appears that this tobacco was used as "physick, it being the only remedy they had against the scurvy."

The raising of fortifications in pastry seems to have been a fashionable practice, since I scarcely recollect the details of any great entertainment in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, where the fortifications of the cook or the confectioner are not duly commemorated.

Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL with ALLWORTH.

Amb. Welcome, sir.

Furn. Your hand;

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Ord. His father's picture in little.

Furn. We are all your servants.

Amb. In you he lives.

All. At once, my thanks to all;

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

L. All. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

Furn. You air and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

L. All. Prithee, be not angry;

I shall ere long; i'the mean time, there is gold

To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.⁶

L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning

I am visited by any, entertain them

As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,

I am indisposed.

Ord. I shall, madam.

L. All. Do, and leave me.

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

[*Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.*

⁶ I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.] Old copy cook; amended by Coxeter.

All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.

L. All. So soon turn'd courtier!

All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is
duty

Purchased on your part.

L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

All. Ever like himself;

No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

L. All. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.

L. All. And how approve you of his course?
you are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

All. Any form, you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

L. All. 'Tis well answer'd,

And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear
With such respect as if he lived in me.

He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
 Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
 Provided you deserve it.

All. I have found you,
 Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me ;
 And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
 Will labour that you never may repent
 Your bounties shower'd upon me.

L. All. I much hope it.
 These were your father's words : *If e'er my son
 Follow the war, tell him it is a school
 Where all the principles tending to honour
 Are taught, if truly follow'd : but for such
 As repair thither, as a place in which
 They do presume they may with license practise
 Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
 The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
 In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,
 To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted ;
 To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies ;
 To bear with patience the winter's cold,
 And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
 When plenty of provision fails, with hunger ;
 Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
 Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*

All. There's no syllable
 You speak, but is to me an oracle,
 Which but to doubt were impious.

L. All. To conclude :
 Beware ill company, for often men
 Are like to those with whom they do converse ;
 And, from one man I warn you, and that's
 Wellborn :

Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity ;
 But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
 And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
 'Tis true your father loved him, while he was

Worthy the loving ; but if he had lived
 To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off.
 As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall
 have gold
 To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
 As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the same.

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE,
 FURNACE, WATCHALL, and MARRALL.*

Greedy. Not to be seen !

Over. Still cloister'd up ! Her reason,
 I hope, assures her, though she make herself
 Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
 'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,
 Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
 And not dispute : howe'er, you are nobly wel-
 come ;

And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
 There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
 Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
 For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race ?

Ord. Yes, master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er !

Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your
 good worship !

Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand ; again :
how I love thee !

Are the good dishes still in being ? speak, boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a
chine

Of beef, well seasoned.

Greedy. Good !

Furn. A pheasant, larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't !

Furn. Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest of
Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man !

Furn. A stag, sir ; part of it prepared for
dinner,

And baked in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too ! Sir Giles,

A ponderous chine of beef ! a pheasant larded !

And red deer too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-
paste !

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt !

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for
such a dinner,

We may put off a commission : you shall find it

Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, master Greedy !

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner ?

No more, for shame ! we must forget the belly

When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me ;

I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master cook,

Send but a corner of that imimortal pasty,

And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a^a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter WELLBORN.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have
we here?

Well. You know me.⁷

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged, and whipt.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*

Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.

Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,⁸
But you must press into the hall?

Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;
My scullion shall come to thee.

⁷ *Well. You know me.*] For this dignified answer the modern editors, with equal elegance and harmony, read—*Don't you know me?*

⁸ *To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,*] i. e. from the broken bread and meat which, in great houses, was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved to be carried every night to the prisons for debtors and other necessitous persons. Hence, perhaps, the allusion of Amble. Thus Shirley: "I'll have you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate, for a meal at night *from the basket.*" *Bird in a Cage.*

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. This is rare :

Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!

All. We must be strangers ;

Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

[*Exit.*

Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here ! what thing's this ?

Cham. A creature

Made out of the privy ; let us hence, for love's sake,

Or I shall swoon.

Woman. I begin to faint already.

[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

Watch. Will you know your way ?

Amb. Or shall we teach it you

By the head and shoulders ?

Well. No ; I will not stir ;

Do you mark, I will not : let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe ;

To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;

That have not souls only to hope a blessing

Beyond black jacks or flagons ; you, that were born

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten

Upon reversions !—who advances ? who

Shews me the way ?

Ord. My lady !

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Cham. Here's the monster.

Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

Cham. Or let me

Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

L. All. To me!

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.

L. All. I am amazed

To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know, and keep the distance that's between
us;

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly
jewels,

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's
observance,

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.

L. All. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his
fortune

Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,⁹
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame
you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

9 ————— not to be buoy'd up,] So
Dodsley, and perhaps rightly: the quarto reads, *bung'd up*.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*]

L. All. Fie! nothing else?

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge
your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand is yours. [*Exit.*]

Well. I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition: I have said all;
When you please, you may retire:—nay, all's
forgotten;

And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in Overreach's House.**Enter OVERREACH and MARRALL.*

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.

Mar. Your worships¹ have the way on't, and ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air: and yet
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness, or errour,
Run myself finely into a premunire,

¹ *Mar.* *Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss*] This I take to be the genuine reading, for the quarto is both incorrect and ungrammatical here. The former editors read, *Your worship has* &c. as if a compliment were intended to Overreach; but Overreach was not in the commission which is here said to *have the way on't*.

And so become a prey to the informer.
 No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
 Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
 My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
 Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other
 wisdom,
 That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
 And to do right to others, as ourselves,
 I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
 With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
 Of your neighbour, master Frugal? as 'tis said
 He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
 And his land lying in the midst of your many
 lordships
 Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
 And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
 And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his
 manor,²
 Which done, I'll make my men break ope his
 fences,

² *Over.* I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor, &c.]
 Sir Giles is a bold and daring oppressor, sufficiently original in
 his general plans, and not scrupulous of the means employed
 in their execution. Here, however, he is but an imitator: the
 methods of wresting a defenceless neighbour's envied prop-
 erty from him have been understood, and practised, by the
 Overreaches of all ages, from that of Ahab to the present.—
Licet agros agris adjiciat. says Seneca, *vicinum vel pretio pellat*
aris, vel injuria. And Juvenal, more at large:

————— *majorque videtur,*
Et melior vicina segis; mercaris et hanc, et
debusta, et densa montem qui canit olivæ.

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
 Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
 These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,

*Quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,
 Nocte boves macri, lassoque famelica collo
 Jumenta ad virides hujus mittentur aristas.
 Dicere vix possis, quam multi talia plorent,
 Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.* Sat. xiv. ver. 142.

Sir Giles has been usually accounted the creature of the poet. Fortunately for mankind, indeed, such monstrous anomalies in the moral world do not often appear; there can, however, be no doubt of their reality, and the age of Massinger was not without a proof of it.

Sir Giles Mompesson was undoubtedly the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach. He and one Michel had obtained of the facile James a patent for the sole manufacturing of gold and silver thread, which they abused to the most detestable purposes. "They found out," says Wilson, "a new alchemical way to make gold and silver lace with copper and other sophistical materials, to couzen and deceive the people. And so poisonous were the drugs that made up this deceitful composition, that they rotted the hands and arms, and brought lameness upon those that wrought it; some losing their eyes, and many their lives, by the venom of the vapours that came from it."

The clamours were so great on this occasion, that the king was obliged to call in the patent, and prosecute the offenders. There is an allusion to these circumstances in *the Bondman*, which was published while the affair was yet recent:

"————— Here's another,
 "Observe but what a *cozening* 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?" Act II. sc. iii.

But to proceed: "Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him, but the vulgar and universal error of satiety with present enjoyments, made him too big for a rustical condition, and when he came at court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in equilibrium to the place he was in, no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found benefit

Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
 When I have harried him thus two or three year,
 Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
 Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard: I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
 I will pretend some title: want will force him
 To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
 For half the value, he shall have ready money,
 And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
 These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.

This varlet, Marrall,³ lives too long, to upbraid me
 With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
 Nor hunger kill him?

by it. To him Michel is made compartner; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clarton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelihood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a poisonous plant in its own nature, and the fitter to be an ingredient to such a composition—whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance." *Wilson's Life and Reign of James I. sub anno 1621. Fol. 155.*

From this apposite extract, which I owe to the kindness of my ingenious friend Mr. Gilchrist, it will be sufficiently apparent not only from whence Massinger derived his principal character, but also where he found Marrall and Greedy. The *sneaking justice*, Michel, undoubtedly sat for the latter, and his clerk for the "term-driving" Marrall; whose hopeful education will now enable the reader to account for his knowledge of the "minerals, which he incorporated with the ink and wax" of Wellborn's bond.

³ *This varlet, Marrall, lives too long,*] So the old copy. The modern editors, for no apparent cause, at least none that I can discover, choose to read, *This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long!*

Mar. I know not what to think on't.

I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host the tapster to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and
tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him
from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou
must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if
thou canst,

Persuade him that 'tis better steal than 'beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work with the
lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable
daughter;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,

That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
 And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
 To have their issue whom I have undone
 To kneel to mine, as bondslaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-
 maid
 That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
 But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
 'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
 More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
 Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;^{*}
 She and my father tumbled in one belly.

Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,
 rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
 Come hither, Marrall — this is the time to work
 him. [*Exit.*

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on
 yourself,
 You long since had been mad.

Well. You have ta'en a course
 Between you and my venerable uncle,
 To make me so.

* *Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;*] Coxeter thinks something is lost, because when *Overreach* exclaims *monster! prodigy!* *Wellborn* replies, *Sir, your wife's nephew.* But all is as it should be; his answer evidently implies, *Sir, I am neither one nor the other, but, &c.* This is a common form of speech.

Mar. The more pale-spirited⁵ you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!

The devil's creed! — but what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,

Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,⁶

And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?——

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?

⁵ *Mar.* *The more pale-spirited you.*] Surely this is very good sense; and yet the modern editors choose to read, *The more dull-spirited you.* I am weary of these everlasting sophistications without judgment and without necessity.

Since this was written I have found the same expression in *the Parliament of Love.*

“————— To what purpose,

“ Poor and *pale-spirited* man, should I expect

“ From thee the satisfaction” &c. Act II. sc. ii.

So that the old reading is established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

⁶ *I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,*

And presently,] This line is wholly omitted both by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, though the sense of the next depends upon it. Less care to amend their author, and more to exhibit him faithfully, might be wished in both of them.

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take
some course
For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetorick the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.

Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you!

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at
whose cost?
Are they padders, or abram-men⁷ that are your
consorts?

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake,⁸ or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.

⁷ *Are they padders, or abram-men that are your consorts?*] An *abram-man* was an impudent impostor, who, under the garb and appearance of a lunatick, rambled about the country, and compelled, as Decker says, the servants of small families "to give him, through fear, what ever he demanded." A *padder* (a term still in use) is a lurker in the highways, a footpad.

⁸ *With the lady of the lake,*] This is a very prominent

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark there with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine
own eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance
rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCH-ALL.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure
one hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour?

All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
How'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the favour

character in *Morte Arthur*, and in many of our old romances. She seems to be the Circe of the dark ages; and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists.

To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket,
They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade ;

'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,

Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same
suit, sir. [*Allworth kisses them severally.*]

Fur. How greedy these chamberers are of a
beardless chin !

I think the tits will ravish him.

All. My service

To both.

Woman. Ours waits⁹ on you.

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore
careful

That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]

Fur. Here, drink it off ; the ingredients are
cordial,

And this the true elixir ; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,
Coral, and ambergris : were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither : you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's
long ;

You may ride on the strength of this till to mor-
row morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me : I much
grieve

⁹ *Woman.* *Ours waits on you.*] i. e. *Our service* : corrupted by the former editors into—*Ours wait on you.*

To part from such true friends; and yet find
comfort,

My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within. Exit Watchall.*

Mar. [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but Allworth.*

*Re-enter WATCHALL, introducing WELLBORN and
MARRALL.*

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay!
most welcome;

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in
my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my
late harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service

I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

All. All joy stay with you!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet never Presented one so welcome as, I know, You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision; Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill; It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan, An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant, And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure, I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some growse, and turkey chicken, Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you

What kind of sauces best affect your palate, That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate, That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-month,

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays!

Well. That way I like them best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?

Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think ;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER.

Ord. This place becomes you not ;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you ?
'Tis a rare change ! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O ! sir, you are wish'd for.

Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Woman. And the first command she gave, after
she rose,
Was, (her devotions done,) to give her notice
When you approach'd here.

Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted ; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.

Woman. Sir, my lady !

Enter Lady ALLWORTH.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languish'd till
I saw you.
This first kiss is for form ;* I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn.*

Mar. To such a friend ! heaven bless me !

* *This firstkiss is for form ;*] So the quarto : Coxeter absurdly
reads *for me.*

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, Madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute——

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

L. All. Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute Marrall.*]

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [Offers to kiss her foot.]

L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to day, at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good
enough

To sit at your steward's board.

L. All. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still;
My art ne'er thought on!

L. All. Your arm, master Wellborn:——
Nay, keep us company. [To Marrall.]

Mar. I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*]

Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are
come off well;

But if I know the mystery why my lady
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!

By fire ! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to sir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace ?

Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the
price on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On¹ a suit of fourteen groats bought of the
hangman,

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage ;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses ;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth, and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb
ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.²

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. Ha ! ha ! I shall burst.

Ord. Contain thyself, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

¹ On a suit &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, Or a suit, which totally destroys the author's meaning. But in their editions every page, and almost every speech, of this fine Comedy is replete with similar blunders.

² The character of sir Giles is unfolded by these men with great spirit and precision.

Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver,
Marrall,

This snip of an attorney——

Furn. What of him, man?

Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's
shop in Ram Alley,³
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to
choose;

And feeds so slovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amb. My lady

Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please
master Wellborn;

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish

In which there were some remnants of a boil'd
capon,

And pledges her in white broth!

Furn. Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Ord. Risen already!

Amb. I shall be chid.

*Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and
MARRALL.*

Furn. My lady frowns.

L. All. You wait well:

³ ————— the cook's shop in Ram Alley.] *Ram Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street: the number of its *cooks' shops* is alluded to in Barry's comedy:

“ And though Ram Alley stinks with *cooks* and ale,

“ Yet say, there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber

“ That butts upon it.”

Ram Alley, Act I.

Let me have no more of this ; I observed your
jeering :

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.

L. All. [*To Wellborn.*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to enquire your purposes ; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.⁴

Well. Trouble yourself no further ;
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, master Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship.

[*Exeunt Wellborn and Marall.*]

L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and
you know me
An' easy mistress : be merry ; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me ; I must give
you
Further directions.

Ord. What you please.

Furn. We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Mar.* *With reverence, sir,*

An it like your worship.] This change of language in Marrall
is worth notice : it is truly characteristick.

SCENE III.

The Country near Lady Allworth's House.

Enter WELLBORN and MARRALL.

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be, right worshipful.

Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.

Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*]

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs
no counsel:
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple
judgment

(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
 A better habit, for this cannot be
 But much distasteful to the noble lady
 (I say no more) that loves you : for, this morning,
 To me, and I am but a swine to her,
 Before the assurance of her wealth perfum'd you,
 You savour'd not of amber.

Well. I do now then !

Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of
 it.— [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
 Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty
 pounds here,
 Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
 Lay down at your worship's feet ; 'twill serve to
 buy you
 A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse ?

Mar. My gelding
 Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,
 Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
 To walk afoot. Alas ! when you are lord
 Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
 You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd
 Knave's-acre,
 A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use
 of it ;

What's twenty pounds ?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes,
 I could not have them,
 For one word to my lady ?

Mar. As I know not that !⁵

⁵ *As I know not that !*] This, like too many others, is printed by the modern editors as an imperfect sentence : the expression is, however, complete, and means, in colloquial language, *As if I do, or did, not know that you might !*

Hell. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
(There being no woman, but is sometimes forward,)

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-
acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine. [Exit.

Mar. I thank your worship.

How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, master
Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be
cheated:

Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.

[Walks by, musing.

Enter OVERREACH, speaking to a servant within.

Over. Sirrah, take my horse.

I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being purseey.

Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;

Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Over. With him! what lady?

Mar. The rich lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd
him,
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious, as some youths are,⁶
That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.

⁶ *But I was not so audacious, and some youths are,]* Mr. Dodsley has,

*But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
And dare do any thing, &c.*

I think the old reading right. COXETER.

Mr. M. Mason differs from the judicious Coxeter, and thinks "Dodsley's is the most simple amendment." All this is truly ridiculous: what both the editors term the *emendation* of Dodsley is really the *old* reading; and what they call the old reading, a dream of their own, no where to be found. In the next verse, for *And*, which was probably taken, by a common error, from the word immediately under it, I have ventured to substitute *That*.

Over. Why, thou rascal!
 To tell me these impossibilities.
 Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!—
 Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
 To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew
 open,
 Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
 In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
 And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-
 born,
 Were brought into her presence, feasted with
 her!—

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
 This most incredible lie would call up one
 On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
 Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over,
 sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
 With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
 Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond
 these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
 From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd
 Wellborn—

I would give a crown now I durst say his wor-
 ship— [*Aside.*

My nag, and twenty pounds.

Over. Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*
 Was this the way to work him to despair,
 Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out
 of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll
thank them:

There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:

But there may be a time—

[*Aside.*

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Country near Overreach's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Allworth, and Servants.

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: some-
thing in private

I must impart to Allworth, [*Exeunt Servants.*]

All. O, my lord,

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;

[*Exeunt Servants.*] *Exeunt Servi*, says the quarto; this Coxeter translates *Exeunt Servant*, and is faithfully followed by Mr. M. Mason in his correctest of all editions!

But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?

Lov. Loving youth;

Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted
me

With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
How'er you guard your modesty with a blush
for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,

Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:

Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy,
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.

All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have
been

More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;

And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest

Few lords can boast of when they are tempted,

—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful
of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!

All. As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers
practise :

Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.

All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obey'd.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath
it,

And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your
sight.

But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
 Make musick to you, and with numerous sounds
 Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if [he]
 Now lived again,⁸ howe'er he stood the Syrens,
 Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful
 Between your reason and rebellious passions.
 Add this too; when you feel her touch, and
 breath

Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
 Arabia, creating gums and spices;
 And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
 Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
 Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
 And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
 Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
 To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
 Poetical, Allworth.

All. Grant all these beat off,
 Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
 Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in
 With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
 To make her more remarkable, as would tire
 A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
 O my good lord! these powerful aids, which
 would
 Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
 (Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
 That in herself is all perfection,) must
 Prevail for her: I here release your trust;

8

————— (such as Ulysses, if [he]

Now lived again, &c.] As this passage stands in the former editions it is scarcely reconcileable either to grammar or sense. I have hazarded the transposition of one word (if) and the addition of another (in brackets). For the former, I make no apology, as the incorrect state of the old copies frequently renders it necessary; for the latter, I solicit the reader's indulgence.

'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon
her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach' house?

All. At the most some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

All. O that I durst but hope it! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack
with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. *Store indeed's no sore, sir.*

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, master
Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the
matter

That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,

With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may⁹ with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Over. I do confer that providence,¹ with my
power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked,

9 ————— let my choicest linen

Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,

With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,

That he may &c.] Such is the reading of the quarto. Covel-

ter, who probably misunderstood it, adapted it to his own ideas
in this perverse and vapid manner, and was, of course, followed
by Mr. M. Mason:

————— Lay my choicest linen.

Perfume the room, and when we wash, the water

With precious powders mix, to please my lord,

That he may &c.

¹ *I do confer that providence,]* All the modern editors read,
that *province*: and thus they keep up an eternal war against
their author's fancied peculiarities!—but indeed the word is
used by other writers, and precisely in the sense here required.
Thus Shirley in a very pretty passage:

“ Lady, you are welcome to the spring; the park

“ Looks fresher to salute you: how the birds

“ On every tree sing with more cheerfulness

“ At your access, as if they prophesied

“ Nature would die, and resign her *providence*

“ To you, fit to succeed her!”

Hyde Park.

For which I will eat often; and give thanks
 When my belly's braced up like a drum, and
 that's pure justice. [Exit.

Over. It must be so:—should the foolish girl
 prove modest,
 She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
 But from her mother; I was ever forward,
 As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARGARET.

Alone—and let your women wait without.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
 These orient pearls and diamonds well placed
 too!

The gown affects me not, it should have been
 Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
 But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.
 And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
 The face observed, descends unto the foot,
 Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
 Invites as much as perfect white and red,
 Though without art. How like you your new
 woman,

The lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
 Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg,
 And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her! trample on her.
 I took her up in an old tamin gown,²

² *I took her up in an old tamin gown.*] Dodsley and Coxeter:
 (Mr. M. Mason only “follows as a bound that fills up the
 cry”) not knowing what to make of this word, changed it with-
 out ceremony into *tattered*, nay, without condescending to

(Even starved for want of twopenny chops,) to
 serve thee,
 And if I understand she but repines
 To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
 I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged
 him,

Into the counter, and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways, but for me,
 I blush

When I command her, that was once attended
 With persons not inferiour to myself
 In birth.

Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,
 The biest child of my industry and wealth?
 Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
 That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
 That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!
 Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
 To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
 Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
 I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
 And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way
 you please.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Over. How! interrupted!

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
 From my experience; there's a fawn brought in,
 sir,

notice the variation! But *tamin* is undoubtedly right; it is a coarse linseywoolsey stuff, still worn by the poor of this country under the name of *taunmy* or rather *tammy*; a corruption, I suppose, of *tamine*, Fr. which has the same meaning. The annals of literature do not afford an instance of another writer so unworthily treated.

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave
me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumped
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks
for't. [*Exit.*

Over. But to our business, Meg; you have
heard who dines here?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantick?

Greedy. Frantick! 'twould make me frantick,
and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind ; he has found
out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter ; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Wood-
cock ;

And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. Cook !—Rogue, obey him !

I have given the word, pray you now remove
yourself

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at
dinner. [Exit.

Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull dis-
turb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect
it,

Be thou no enemy to thyself ; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me ;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with ; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it :
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance
that

Confines a virgin ?

Over. Virgin me no virgins !

I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private :

If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though
he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too ;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I have heard this is the strumpets'
fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn any thing,
And from any creature that may make thee great ;
From the devil himself.

Marg. This is but devilish doctrine !

Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour ; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.

Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir ! for heaven's sake, what are
you then ?

Or what shall I be, sir ?

Over. Stand not on form ;
Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell ; excuse me,
In worldly policy this is not the way
To make me his wife ; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er³ tempted by others : so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.

³ Whene'er tempted by others :] The quarto reads, *When he is tempted* &c. This is evidently wrong, but I am not sure that I have struck out the genuine reading. Dodsley, whom the others follow, omits *he is*, which leaves a very inharmonious line.

Over. How ! forsake thee !
 Do I wear a sword for fashion ? or is this arm
 Shrunk up, or wither'd ? does there live a man
 Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
 Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
 Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me ?
 Forsake thee, when the thing is done ! he dares
 not.

Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,
 Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
 Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
 And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
 Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
 Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
 A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,
 By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour !
 I have said it.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
 Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply ;
 And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[*Exit Margaret.*

Is the loud musick I gave order for
 Ready to receive him ?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Over. Let them sound
 A princely welcome. Roughness awhile leave me ;
 For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
 Must make way for me.

*Loud musick. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY,
ALLWORTH, and MARRALL.*

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleased to style so, is an
honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

All. Strange! so humble.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord.

[*Presents Greedy to him.*]

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a
favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir.

[*Exeunt all but Overreach.*]

Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for
her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

Re-enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;⁴

⁴ ————— *Put on;*] i. e. be covered.

Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,
But be instructed, or expect—he comes!

*Re-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and
Marrall.*

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

[Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.

Lov. As I live, a rare one.

All. He's ta'en already: I am lost.

Over. That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[Exeunt all but Over, Lov, and Marg.]

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but——

Over. I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves: remem-
ber. *[Exit.]*

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty.

Marg. Which, forced too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and
wither.

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,

But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich ;
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Lev. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter OVERREACH behind, listening.

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY behind.

Greedy. Sir Giles, sir Giles !

Over. The great fiend stop that clapper !

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly
rings noon.

The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd
powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not ;
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the
shambles !⁵ [*Strikes him.*

Greedy. How ! strike a justice of peace ! 'tis
petty treason

⁵ *Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles !]
Literally from Horace :

Pernicies et tempestas, barathrumque macelli !

Barathrum is frequently used by our old poets in the classical
sense of an abyss, or devouring gulf: Thus Shirley,

“ You come to scour your maw with the good cheer

“ Which will be damn'd in your lean *barathrum*,

“ You kitchen-stuff devourer !” *The Wedding.*

I have not heard it observed that Massinger has taken a few
traits of the character of his justice from Pasilipho, in the old
comedy of *the Supposes*.

Edvardi quinto : but that you are my friend,
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall com-
mit you

Where you shall not dine to day; disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!

Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?

Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a
bargain

Almost made up? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*]

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives,
and bind us

Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; how'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtile father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is sir Giles? [*Overreach comes forward.*]

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, and GREEDY.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too.

Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.

All. 'Twas shut till now. [Aside.

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable
daughter!

Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[Noise within, as of a coach.

Over. A coach!

Greedy. More stops

Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.

L. All. If I find welome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the lady Allworth!

Over. And thus attended!

[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth
salutes Margaret.*

Mar. No, I am a dolt,
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

Over. Peace, Patch;⁶
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent⁷ my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

⁶ *Over.* *Peace, Patch;*] *Patch* was the name of a fool kept by cardinal Wolsey, and who has deservedly had the honour of transmitting his appellation to a very numerous body of descendants; he being, as Wilson observes in his *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, "a notable fool in his time."

L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much
 hoped
 You would have made my poor house your first inn:
 And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
 Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
 In this unequal'd beauty, for your stay;
 And fearing to trust any but myself
 With the relation of my service to you,
 I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
 And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me,
 madam,
 Of words to give you thanks.

L. All. Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*
 —How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat
 so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please,
 An it like your ladyship.

L. All. When you please, master Greedy;
 If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
 And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
 This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
 [*Presents Wellborn.*

His inward linings are as fine and fair
 As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
 And howsoe'er his humour carries him
 To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever
 For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,
 He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
 With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles
 Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!
 He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
 Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
 This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
 That should hang or drown himself; no man of
 worship,
 Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
 For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
 Though I be beaten dead for't.

Well. Let my silence plead
 In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
 Offer itself to hear a full relation
 Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear, and help them.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.

L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear
 master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*]

Greedy. Dear master Wellborn! So she said;
 heaven! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminatē
 All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
 To have him committed, from all prisons in the
 shire,

To Nottingham gaol; and now, Dear master
 Wellborn!

And, My good nephew!—but I play the fool
 To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must; my master
 Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold
 with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug^s words, sir;
Should his worship hear you—

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have
dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in Overreach's House.

Enter OVERREACH, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects
my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,

^s *Mar.* No bug words, sir;] i. e. no frightful, terrific words: the word occurs in this sense in all our old poets.

She now appears as glorious as the spring.
 Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,
 He being her pledge, she sends him burning
 kisses,
 And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
 She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks ;
 And if in our discourse he be but named,
 From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
 At this ? it makes for me ; if she prove his,
 All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your
 rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it : prithee, Marrall,
 Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
 To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who ! the rogue
 The lady scorn'd to look on ?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be with-
 out him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous
 dinner,
 I shall make bold to walk a turn or two
 In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,
 If your ladyship please to use it.

L. All. Come, master Wellborn.

[Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.]

Over. Grosser and grosser ! now I believe the
 poet
 Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote

Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull :
This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, and the rest.

Excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, sir Giles,
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make
me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN and Lady ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is return'd.

L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away ; my thanks, sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam ; farewell, good
sir Giles.

L. All. Good mistress Margaret ; nay, come,
master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind ; in sooth, I must
not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once ;
Let my nephew stay behind : he shall have my
coach,

And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

L. All. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss : [*Kisses Margaret.*] you
shall every day hear from me
By my faithful page.

All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and Marrall.*]

Over. Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit Margaret.*]—You may wonder, nephew, After so long an enmity between us, I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir;

'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder; And what is more, unfold my nature to you. We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand To lift them up, but rather set our feet Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom; As, I must yield, with you I practised it: But, now I see you in a way to rise, I can and will assist you; this rich lady (And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you; 'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:

Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in'a word, Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen No more in this base shape; nor shall she say, She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [Aside.]

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence, In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour

May taint your credit for your petty debts, You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends
else——

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are staid for: ere
you have supp'd

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for
my nephew!

To morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes! how much they do belie
you,

That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew,

Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh
not. [*Eccunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell and Allworth.

Loc. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now dis-
charge you

From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.

All. What is best

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——

Lox. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.

Over. [within.] Is my lord stirring?

Lox. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!

Lox. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lox. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's
favour,

I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.

Lox. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my lady
Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four mile.

Greedy. How! four mile, good sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,

See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too.

Toss'd like a dog still. [*Exit.*

Loz. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's
already:—

Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry
you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there
plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman,
get your breakfast;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with
you,

And eat to purpose.

Over. Some Fury's in that gut:

Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester
oysters?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my
stomach,

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of
Flushing,

Alone, while I am here.

Loz. Haste your return.

All. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I to line
My Christmas coffer.

[*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*

Over. To my wish; we are private.
 I come not to make offer with my daughter
 A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
 In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
 In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
 With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you
 have

One motive to induce you to believe
 I live too long, since every year I'll add
 Something unto the heap, which shall be your's
 too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
 To think me such. How do you like this seat?
 It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
 Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change
 To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
 What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
 And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it
 Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!
 It may be so for a time: but let my lord
 Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
 I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing
 me,
 Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
 The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-
 born's,

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
 Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
 In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
 And useful for your lordship, and once more
 I say aloud, they are your's.

Lov. I dare not own

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
 My fame and credit are more dear to me,
 Than so to expose them to be censured by
 The publick voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
 Your reputation shall stand as fair
 In all good men's opinions as now;
 Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
 Cast any foul aspersion upon your's.
 For, though I do contemn report myself,
 As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
 Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
 That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
 Nor your unquestioned integrity,
 Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
 That may take from your innocence and candour.
 All my ambition is to have my daughter
 Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
 And might I live to dance upon my knee
 A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
 I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
 As for possessions, and annual rents,
 Equivalent to maintain you in the port
 Your noble birth and present state requires,
 I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
 And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
 The country to supply your riotous waste,
 The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find
 you.

Loc. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
 And curses of whole families, made wretched
 By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
 When foamy billows split themselves against
 Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
 When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her
 brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
 Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
 If call'd into the field, I can make that right
 Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
 Now, for these other piddling complaints
 Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
 On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
 Of what was common, to my private use;
 Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
 Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

Loc. I admire

The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,

My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
 Nay more, if you will have my character
 In little, I enjoy more true delight
 In my arrival to my wealth these dark
 And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take
 pleasure

In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
 My haste commands me hence; in one word,
 therefore,

Is it a match?

Loc. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all
 mankind here,⁹

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
 Shall make me study aught but your advancement
 One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.

⁹ ——— not the hate of all mankind here,] I know not why the modern editors omit *here*; not only the rhythm but the sense is improved by its restoration.

Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
 Though I am born thus headlong by my will,
 You may make choice of what belief you please,
 To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[*Exit.*

Loc. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can
 bear

Such a portént! I, that have lived a soldier,
 And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
 To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
 In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
 (Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
 Is no more shaken than Olympus is
 When angry Boreas loads his double head'
 With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and
 AMBLE.*

L. All. Save you, my lord!
 Disturb I not your privacy?

Loc. No, good madam;
 For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner:
 Since this bold bad man, sir Giles Overreach,
 Made such a plain discovery of himself,
 And read this morning such a devilish matins,
 That I should think it a sin next to his
 But to repeat it.

L. All. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
 On others privacies; yet, against my will,

— than Olympus is

When angry Boreas loads his double head

With sudden drifts of snow.] Either Massinger, or his transcriber, has mistaken Olympus for Parnassus: it may be the former, for, in trusting to their memory, such slips are not unusual in our old writers, who were indeed little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.

Walking, for health sake, in the gallery
 Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
 (So vehement and loud he was) partaker
 Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command
 Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
 Your wiser counsel.

L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
 But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
 But be within call; yet not so near to force me
 To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
 By you, good madam.

Woman. And well know our distance.

L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your
 breeding. [*Exeunt Amble and Woman.*]
 Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,
 As to an honour'd friend——

Lov. You lessen else
 Your favour to me.

L. All. I dare then say thus;
 As you are noble (howe'er common men
 Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
 Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
 With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
 More to prefer their honours, than to increase
 The state left to them by their ancestors,
 To study large additions to their fortunes,
 And quite neglect their births:—though I must
 grant,
 Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
 But a bad master.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
 But what infer you from it?

L. All. This, my lord;
 That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
 Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,

And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely pur-
chased,

Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Well-
born's,

(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)
Were real motives that move work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.

Loc. I do, sweet madam,

And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in
years,

And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.

L. III. Pray you do, my lord.

Loc. Were Overreach's states thrice centupled,
his daughter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood

By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
 Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet
 And the other London blue. In my own tomb
 I will inter my name first.

L. All. I am glad to hear this.— [Aside.
 Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
 Dissimulation but ties false knots
 On that straight line by which you hitherto
 Have measured all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
 And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
 That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
 And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
 To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,
 'Tis not grown publick conference? or the fa-
 vours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on
 Wellborn,
 Being too² reserved before, incur not censure?

L. All. I am innocent here, and, on my life, I
 swear

My ends are good.

Lov. On my soul, so are mine
 To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
 And since this friendly privacy does serve
 But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
 To search each other further, you having shewn
 Your care of me, I, my respect to you;
 Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
 An afternoon's discourse.

L. All. So I shall hear you. [Exeunt.

² *Being too reserved before,*] This is the reading of the quarto, and evidently genuine: it does not however satisfy Mr. M. Mason; who gives us, on his own authority, *Being so reserved before!*

SCENE II.

*Before Tapwell's House.**Enter TAPWELL and FROTH.*

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel,
Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master
Marrall
(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command
us,

On pain of sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment, to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would be-
lieve him,

And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days wonder: as for credit

We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the
drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW
WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants.³ But are you sure his
worship

Comes this way to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn!

Tap. Yes:—I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARR-
ALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and Credi-*
tors; TAPWELL kneeling, delivers his petition.

Well. How's this! petition'd too?—
But note what miracles the payment of

³ ————— 'tis very likely

He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. *He deserves it*

More than ten pageants.] This is a pleasant allusion to the
minute industry with which Holingshead, Stowe, Baker, and the
other chroniclers of those times, collected every unimportant event
and individual history, to swell their useful but desultory pages:

“ I more voluminous should grow

“ Chiefly if I, like them, should tell

“ All kind of weather that befel,

“ Than Holingshead or Stowe.”

Cowley.

The reply of Froth is sarcastically aimed at the perverse pains
bestowed by the former of these writers on the ridiculous mum-
mery, under the name of *pageants*, which the city was in the
habit of exhibiting on every publick occasion.

A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not sir Giles.*

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife
brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Christmass let your
worship
But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with master Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him on such terms.—
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset; have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd
in them;

* You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not sir Giles.] So the quarto. The modern editors read:

You shall give me thanks for.

Well. Fear not, sir Giles.

Which is not metre: but they probably did not understand the phraseology of the last hemistich, which is a Gallicism to be found in every writer of Massinger's time. For their insertion of *me* in the former I cannot pretend to account.

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
 This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
 For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved
 me,⁵

And therefore speak not for them: by your place
 You are rather to do me justice; lend me your
 ear:

—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
 And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of
 oxen

Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
 In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.
 And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
 One look so like an archknave? his very coun-
 tenance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
 Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.

Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, in-
 stead of turkies,
 To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
 Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
 That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege
 people,
 Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's
 stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
 Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
 For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
 For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,
 Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
 For, instantly, I will in mine own person

⁵ ————— have worst deserved me,] Here again,
 from ignorance of the language, the last word is thrown out.
 Such editors!————

Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy!

Greedy. Vanish!

If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore
me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*

Well. Speak; what are you?

1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship
broke me

With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to
arrest you;
And therefore, sir—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.
What are you?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in pay-
ment,

I was removed from the shop-board, and confined
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

Ord. A royal gentleman!

Furn. Royal as an emperor!

He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.

Well. See all men else discharg'd;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good
breakfasts,
And this for your respect; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.

Ord. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you, on before.

3 Cred. Heaven bless you!

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to
meet me.

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*]

Well. Now, master Marrall, what's the weighty
secret

You promised to impart?

Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only in a word; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not
consent to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to
produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much
vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

Hell. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my
lord's
Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

All. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;
And you rise up no less than a glorious star⁷
To the amazement of the world,—that hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;

⁶ ——— [*if I play not my prize*] This expression is frequently found in our old writers, yet the modern editors wantonly corrupt it here and elsewhere into—*if I play not my part.*

⁷ [*And you rise up no less than a glorious star*] No, which is not found in the quarto, was judiciously inserted by Dodsley.

I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
 With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
 You yet are pleased to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever.

To me what's title, when content is wanting?
 Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
 And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,
 In being dispossest'd of what it longs for
 Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
 Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will;
 And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
 By my obedience, and he see me great,
 Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
 To make her own election?

All. But the dangers
 That follow the repulse—

Marg. To me they are nothing:
 Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
 Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;
 A tear or two, by you dropt on my herse,
 In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
 So far as but to say, that I die yours;
 I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
 So cruel, as one death would not suffice
 His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering tor-
 ments,
 In mind and body, I must waste to air,
 In poverty join'd with banishment; so you
 share
 In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
 So high I prize you, I could undergo them
 With such a patience as should look down
 With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert
 Such trials of your true affection to me!
 Nor will it unto you that are all mercy,
 Shew so much rigour: but since we must run

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure ;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH behind.

The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth.

All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title ;
And when with terms, not taking from his
honour,

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.

All. I hope better,
Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course ; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience : [*Comes forward.*
But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord ; he has a jewel of you.

How ! frowning, Meg ? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord ? what's this ? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the in-
scriptions.

Over. [*Reads.*] *Fair mistress, from your sercant
learn, all joys*

*That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys ;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.*

—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? in the name of madness,
what

Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,
That are already offer'd; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your
daughter;

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.

All. An 't please your honour,
For so before to morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on
my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,*
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,

* *Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,*] i. e. you; his daughter, to whom he gives the title. I have sometimes thought that this mode of expression, which is more common than cursory readers, perhaps, imagine, is not sufficiently attended to by the commentators. Many difficulties would vanish if these appellations were duly noticed, and applied.

In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to
morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is
your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse!

I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent you too.²—Paper and ink, there!

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes*

All. You may, if you please, put out the name
of my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.

'Tis done; away!—[*Margaret kneels.*] my blessing,
girl? thou hast it.

² *Yet I'll prevent you too.*] From the Latin, as I have already observed. I'll anticipate all your objections.

Nay, no reply, be gone:—good master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir.¹

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*]

Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to night? or, Will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,
(This is state in ladies) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—then for
Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the
widow——

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Amble.

L. All. By this you know how strong the mo-
tives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense

¹ *All.* *I hope so, sir.*] I cannot much approve of the conduct of this young couple; it is too full of artifice and deceit. Undoubtedly the insupportable pride and tyranny of Overreach make him a proper subject to be practised on; but not by his daughter, whose character has been hitherto so conducted as to gain the esteem of every reader.

Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
 Which is the reason, that the politick
 And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
 The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
 Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.³

L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to
 express it
 Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself
 Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
 What think you of the motion?

L. All. Troth, my lord,
 My own unworthiness may answer for me;
 For had you, when that I was in my prime,
 My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
 With this great favour; looking on my lowness
 Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
 I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
 Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest,
 And undervalue that which is above
 My title, or whatever I call mine.
 I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
 A widow might disparage me; but being
 A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
 How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
 That which you think a blemish, is to me
 The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
 Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
 A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
 That, if I am not wanting in my care
 'To do you service, you'll be still the same

³ *Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.*] The quarto reads, and perhaps by design, to make the allusion more striking, *over-reach*. For the rest, the observation is a most admirable one, and worthy of all praise. It may serve to explain many fancied inconsistencies in the conduct of the Overreaches in all ages.

That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
 Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
 You being descended nobly, and allied so;
 If then you may be won to make me happy,
 But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
 A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good,
 Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
 As such a one, the study of whose whole life
 Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
 Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
 To her that cannot doubt.

Enter WELLBORN.

You are welcome, sir.
 Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
 Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
 Your creature, madam, and will never hold
 My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes
 you;
 You could not make choice of a better shape
 To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy
 That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
 Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
 By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange
 passions
 About his daughter: this last night he look'd for
 Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
 And she not yet appearing, his wise head
 Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge
lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*]

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving*
in MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*]

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my
daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your
house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make
courtsies⁴

⁴ ————— and make courtsies

When she nods on you;] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M.
Mason strangely read—and make court!

When she nods on you ; which you must receive
As a special favour.

L. All. When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it ;
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Well. Sir,

Over. No more !

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent ?

Well. Insolent to you !
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself ?

Over. His fortune swells him :
'Tis rank, he's married.

L. All. This is excellent !

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom
use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear ? of a stolen
marriage,
In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been
cozen'd ;
I name no parties

Well. Well, sir, and what follows ?

Over. Marry, this ; since you are peremptory :
remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds : put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you

Dragg'd in your lavender robes⁵ to the gaol: you
know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me *in pure love, and no ends else?*

Over. End me no ends! engage the whole
estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.

Outbraved!

[*Both draw.*]

L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practises to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

⁵ *Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol:—*] i. e. your clothes which have been just redeemed out of pawn. (See p. 547.) To lay a thing in *lavender* was a cant phrase for *pawning* it. Thus, in *Green's Quippe for an upstart Courtier*, c. 3, — “There is he ready to lend the looser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any good *pawne*, but the poore gentleman paies so deare for the *lavender it is laid up in*, that if it lie long at the broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice.” The expression is also used by Jonson, and indeed by most of our old poets.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands
full

Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not
purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd
over
Any such land; I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him

In his dishonest practices ; but when
This manor is extended to my use,⁶
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

L. All. Never : do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make
thee give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence ; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*

Thy ears to the pillory, see ! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha !

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too ;
But neither wax nor words. How ! thunder-
struck ?

Not a syllable to insult with ? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear ?

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder !
What prodigy is this ? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription ? the wax
Turn'd into dust !—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd, and this only
Made nothing ! do you deal with witches, rascal ?
There is a statute for you, which will bring⁷

6

————— *but when*

This manor is extended to my use,] i. e. seized, It is a legal phrase, and occurs continually.

⁷ *There is a statute for you, &c.*] This statute, which unfortunately brought many a neck into a hempen circle, was made in the first year of James. It decreed the punishment of death for a variety of impossible crimes ; which yet were fully proved upon a number of poor ignorant superannuated wretches, who were cajoled or terrified into a full confession of them. This diabolical law was repealed about the middle of the last century.

Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for,⁸ cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee

Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your
testimony

Heip with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear any thing to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A publick notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! no, I assure you:

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet

Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.

The idiot, the Patch, the slave, the booby,⁹

⁸ *And now 'tis better thought for,*] This is right; and perfectly agreeable to the practice of Massinger's times, indeed, of all times: yet Mr. M. Mason is not content, but arbitrarily reads, *And now 'tis better thought of!*

⁹ *The idiot, the Patch, the slave, &c.*] The vengeance of a little mind, confident of its cunning, is happily portrayed in the

The property fit only to be beaten
 For your morning exercise, your football, or
 The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge;
 Can now anatomize you, and lay open
 All your black plots, and level with the earth
 Your hill of pride: and, with these gabions
 guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
 Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Well. To him again.

Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would
 tear thee

Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
 Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
 And made it good before the judge, what ways,
 And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
 An army of whole families, who yet live,
 And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
 To take in Dunkirk.¹

recapitulation of those abusive terms which had been, at various times, lavished upon Marrall, and which, though he submitted to them in silence, he had carefully treasured up till the occasion should offer of retorting them with sarcastick triumph and exultation.

¹ *An army of whole families, who yet live,*

And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able

To take in Dunkirk. This speech is very erroneously given by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason; it is here corrected from the quarto. I am still doubtful, however, whether the verb *live* be genuine; as I believe that the author had in view a passage in the *Virgin Martyr*:

“Were the Christians,

“Whose names stand here, *alive* and arm'd, not Rome

“Could move upon her hinges.”

Vol. I. p. 100.

To take in, means to subdue, to seize. The modern editors

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this ;
One bandog worry the other ! [*Aside.*

Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous :
There will be a time and place, there will be,
cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so :
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

*Enter GREEDY and Parson Willdo.*²

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome !

ignorant of this, (and, I may venture to add, after the numerous instances which we have already had of this familiar expression, inexcusably ignorant,) strike out *in*, and reduce the line to mere prose !

² *Enter GREEDY and Parson Willdo.*] So the parson is called in the list of dramatis personæ, and in every part of the play : yet I know not for what reason the modern editors continually call him *Well-do* ! They must have as little notion of humour, as of the true character of Overreach, if they imagine this to be the better name.

There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's
more gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting; at least for a
month

I am provided: empty guts, croak no more,
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.³

Over. Instantly be here?

[*Whispering to Willdo.*

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot
against me,⁴

And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemn'd
me,

Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud musick.*]—they
come! I hear the musick.

A lane there for my lord!

³ *But bearing dishes.*] i. e. solid, substantial dishes; or what the steward (in *the Unnatural Combat*, Vol. I. p. 165) calls portly viands. I mention this because the word is frequently mistaken:

“ Cloudele with a *bearng* arrowe”

“ Clave the wande in two.” *Old Ballad.*

“ A *bearing* arrow,” says Strutt, “ is an arrow shot compass, i. e. so as the arrow in its flight formed a segment of a circle.” And so we get the praise of accuracy! A *bearing* arrow is, in three words, a strong and weighty arrow.

⁴ *To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me, &c.*] How much better does this express the eager triumph of Overreach, than the tame and unmetrical reading of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason! they omit, *to my wish!* which, as they probably counted the syllables upon their fingers, appeared to them a grievous redundancy.

Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,

[*Kneeling.*

Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage
With every circumstance are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven
give them joy!

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak
quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot:

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
 That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
 At worldly profit, have not left a print
 Where I have trod for the most curious search
 To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
 Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
 Defeated, and made void.

Well. As it appears,
 You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses
 Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
 A syllable, but thus I take the life
 Which wretched I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill Margaret.*

Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
 Though charity to your daughter hath quite left
 you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
 Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
 Consider; at the best you are but a man,
 And cannot so create your aims, but that
 They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
 And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,⁵
 And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
 Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
 Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
 Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
 Contest with one distracted!

⁵ ————— and again desire thee,

[*And as thou art a soldier, — to quit the house, &c.*] I should not have thought this called for an explanation, had not Mr. M. Mason chosen to misunderstand it, and alter the text: he reads
 ————— and again defy thee.

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge,

Over. Are you pale ?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place :
Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants
And friends to second me ; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good !) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions ! [*Exit.*

Mar. Is't not brave sport ?

Greedy. Brave sport ! I am sure it has ta'en
away my stomach ;

I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity ; what's decreed
Above we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed
nothing ?

I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich ; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee ;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance ?

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in publick : certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—

Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the induce-
ment

To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Ord. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!

Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under
your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a
squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure,
hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new
shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate
I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you. [*Rushes forward.*

Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father!

[*They force Overreach off.*

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,

That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take
comfort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, master
Wellborn,

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king, and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well. Nothing wants then
But your allowance—— [To the Spectators.

E P I L O G U E.

BUT your allowance—and in that our all
 Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,
 Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free
 Without your manumission ; which if you
 Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
 To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may,)
 For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play :
 We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
 To teach us action, and him how to write.*

* We find that the players in Massinger's age did "not despair" of the success of this Comedy ; and the continuance of the publick favour has justified their confidence in its merit. Indeed it possesses many qualifications for the stage. The principal event, though subject to an objection which will be presently noticed, is conceived with much novelty and humour. During its progress many entertaining incidents arise, and a strong and lively picture is presented of domestick manners. Its useful tendency is also as prominent as the amusement which it confessedly brings. No Play of Massinger is marked with more variety or seriousness of moral ; from Wellborn we learn, that he who squanders his substance on the unworthy, shall be rewarded with ingratitude and insult ; and that the return of wealth brings but little satisfaction unless it be accompanied with a returning sense of honour :—from the associates of Overreach, that vicious friendships are but treacheries, false in their principle, even while they last, and spurned alike by virtue, both while they last, and when they fail :—and from Overreach himself, that there is a secret hand which counteracts injustice, infatuates subtilty, and turns the arts of selfishness into folly and

ruin. His madness is judicial: and Massinger holds him out to the world,

“———— a precedent to teach wicked men

“That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,

“Their own abilities leave them.————

This character is drawn with great force; and as the story proceeds, Overreach takes place of Wellborn in the attention of the reader. He is divided between avarice and vanity; avarice which grows from his nature as its proper fruit; and vanity which is grafted upon the success of his avarice. In this part we meet with strong marks of a disposition basely aspiring. He betrays his vulgar joy on account of the expected alliance, to those from whom prudence and delicacy would equally conceal it: and he glories in the prospect even of his own humiliation in the presence of his daughter, and looks with satisfaction to the moment when his very prerogatives as a father shall be kept in awe by her superiour rank.

The other characters extend their influence beyond themselves. The mild dignity of lord Lovell and lady Allworth agreeably relieve the harshness of Overreach; and a similar effect is produced by the attractive innocence and simplicity of Margaret and her lover. But here an observation must be made, of a less favourable nature: by a practice too common with Massinger, the better characters forget their delicacy, and are degraded. Lovell might secretly promote the views of Allworth: but while he does this, he ought not to treat with Overreach on his own account. Lady Allworth is equally faulty, and her unexpected and whimsical adöption of Wellborn ill agrees either with her retirement, her principles, or her express reprobation of his character. The two lovers also lose their simplicity; and when the father is to be deceived, they suddenly become crafty beyond their years, their nature, and knowledge of the world. But all this was well known to Massinger; and he has provided certain acknowledgments for it. Lovell and the lady call each other to account for the apparent strangeness of their proceedings, and are mutually excused by the motives on which they act; and the spleen of Massinger seems to have been so strong against Overreach, that he thought a departure from character not unpardonable, provided he could have the satisfaction of shewing him outwitted by “two weak innocents,” and “gulled by children.” The editor has produced sufficient proof that a real person was aimed at in Overreach. The circumstance just mentioned is one of the many internal marks of such a design. The reprehension is vehement and incessant; and consistency is disregarded, while ignominy or ridicule is heaped upon the obnoxious person. This secret purpose seems to have been the

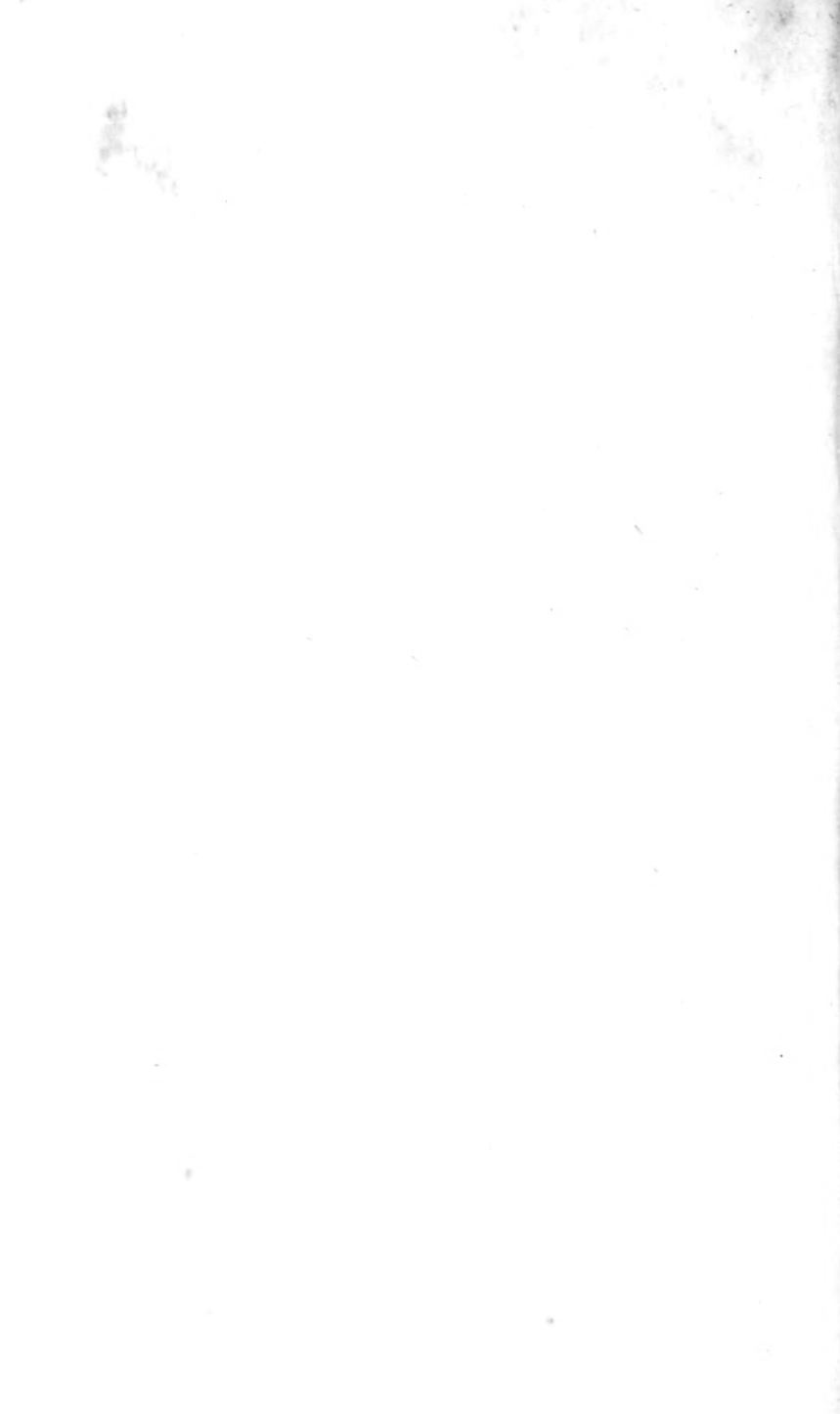
590 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

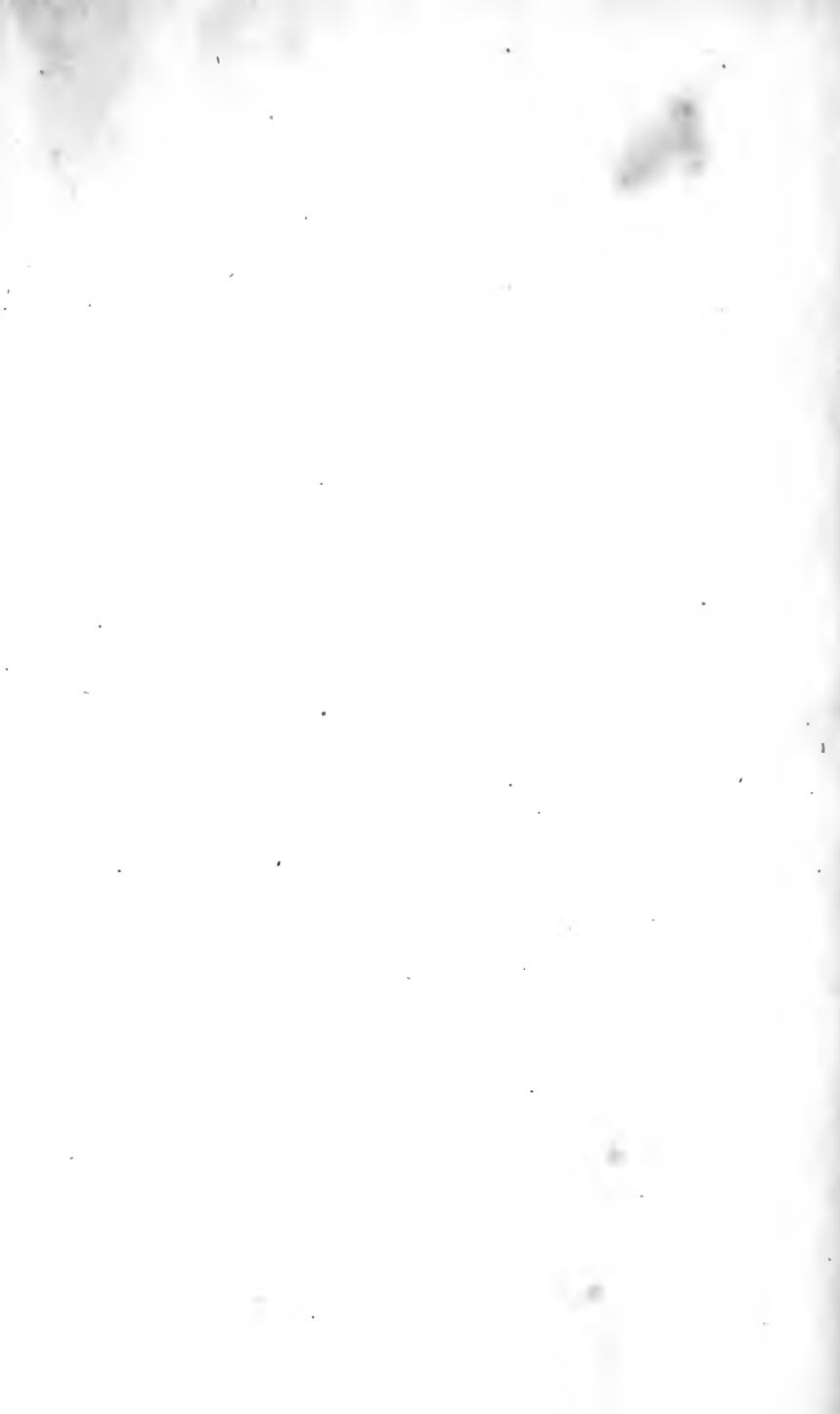
real occasion of the severity which marks some^d of the scenes: they are more passionate than playful; and have rather the properties of direct and urgent satire, than the sportiveness and versatility of comick wit. DR. IRELAND.

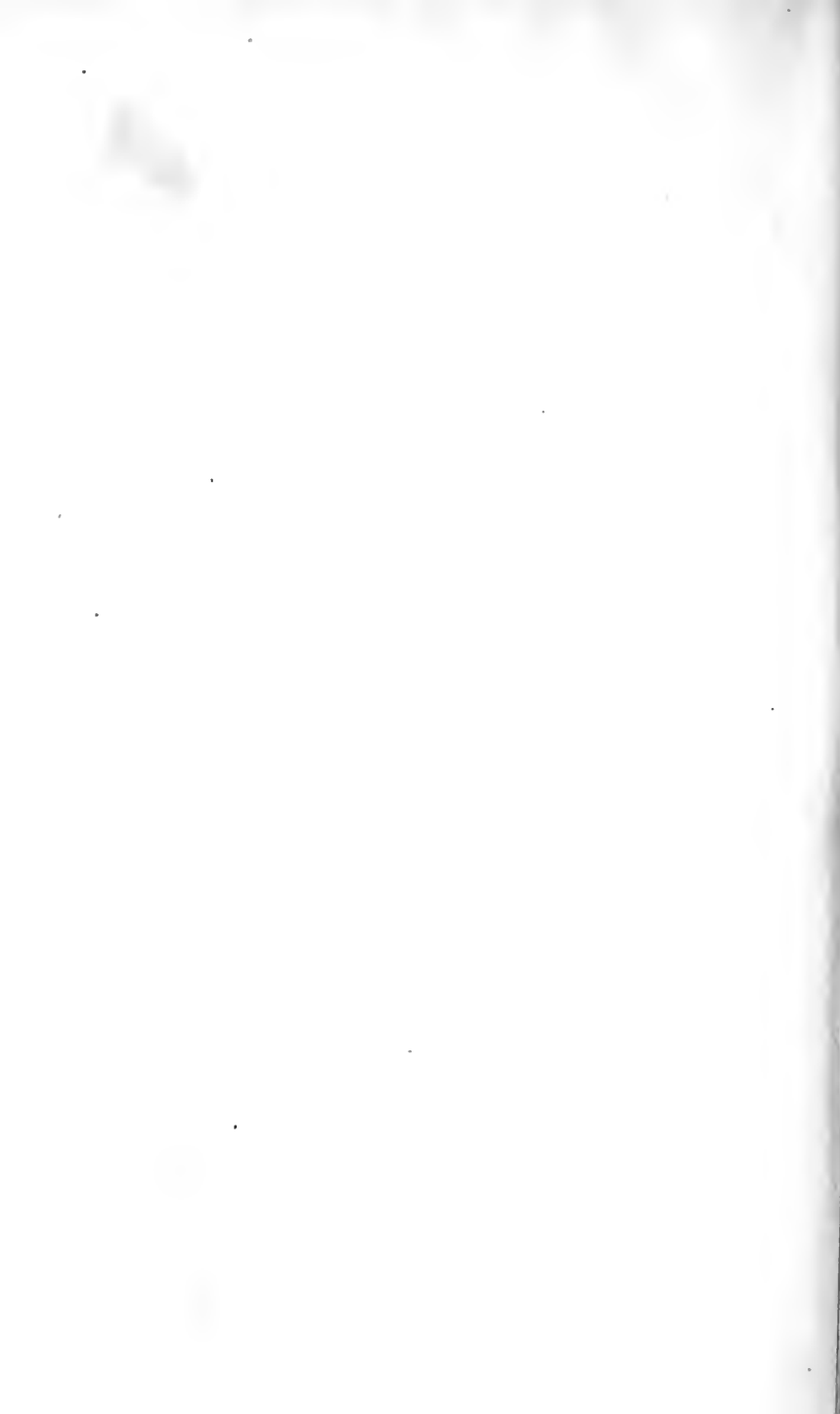
END OF VOL. III.

ERRATA.

- P. 21, l. 30, *for your, read you.*
P. 316, l. 29, *for und, read and.*
P. 457, l. 33, *for at, read as.*

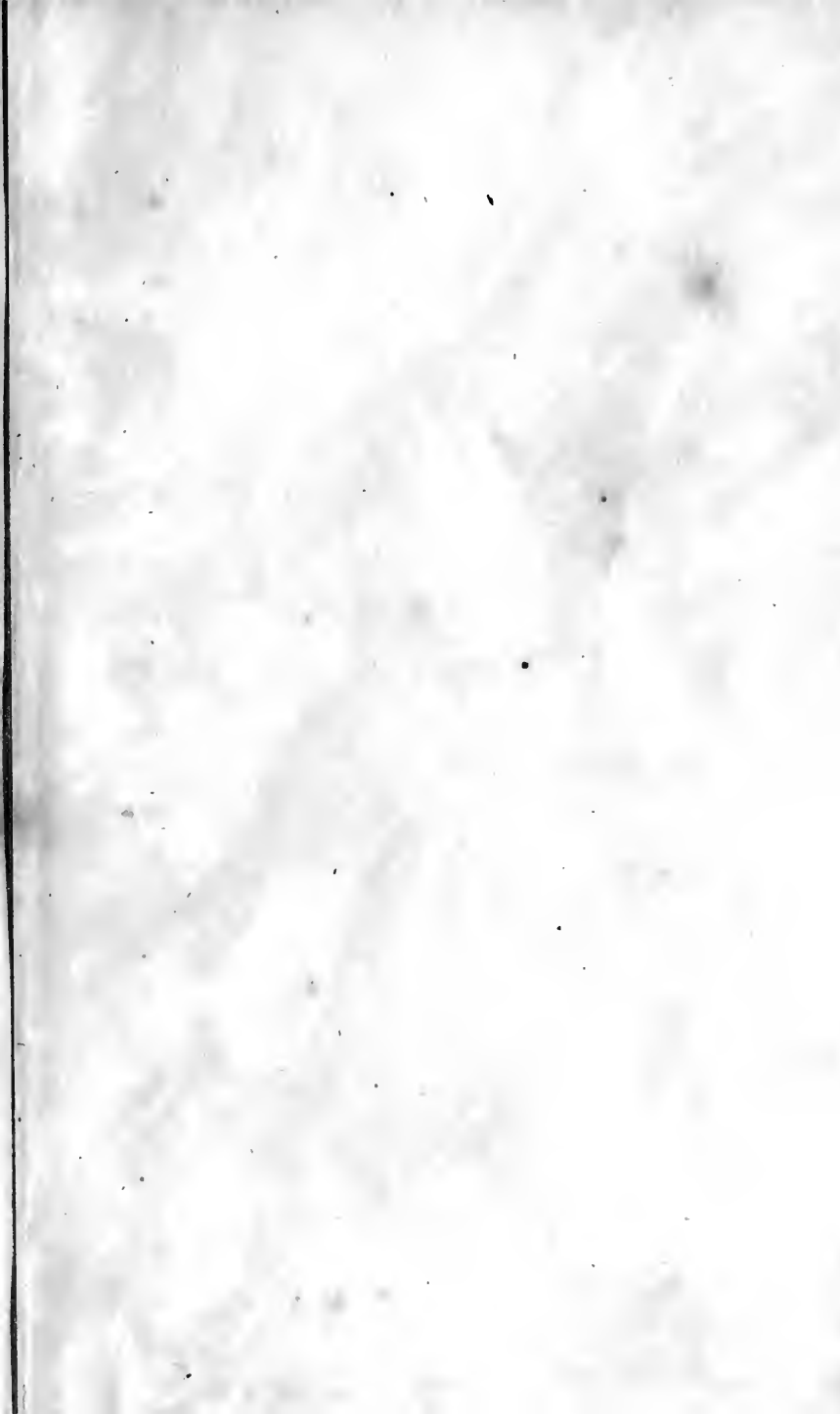














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